

The Nightshadow

From a glob, one of darkness, he emerges. Mightier than any weapon known to man. The ones daring to face shall be banished. Banished, to the realm of torture. Guarded by the God of Excess, you'll experience the peak of damnation. Scorning, worse than a mother's despal. Splitting space, he makes his way. Tearing through planets, eating the stars. He goes his way. A shimmer of light, cutting horizon's edge. Approaching, the thing's end draws near. Arriving, utter confusion marks its face. The arrival, the task is done; the creature is gone. The scenery left behind is astonishing; debris, supernovae peaking in sheer destruction. Preparations are done, "it" will arrive shortly.

A rip in space-time, crimson. It has arrived. The entrance is there. One thing is definite, death. An arm rips them apart, feeds on their misery. Slowly; one speck, a bone, a skeleton. The flesh is being born. It has arrived, the eater of worlds, tremendous. An incomprehensible amount at that. It's claws; brighter than the morning sun. Its skin; at crimson's peak. Brave heroes, they cross his way. A man, part of those who from the heavens came. As bright as god. Facing it. One's destruction. Damnation for it, the crimson one. God's legion, those who from the heavens came.

Those who from the heavens came, God's - false - legion. Heretics, a spoiled kind of humans. Those, they slaughter them. A true bloodshed. The sacrilegious ones, their death unavoidable. Arrogance, their sin. Truly sinister, sinful at that. The false God, descending from the heavens.

His arrival, damnation. The ones knowing the purpose, committing suicide. The site truly is horrible. Slid throats, bloated bodies close to bursting. The purpose is to be fulfilled. Eradicating existence. Silence -.