whether It be May 7,2019 or even a century from now, we will return, and we will kill. We don't care about you, your family, you friends, or your INE. Life is a trap, a detox center, a LIE. Consider it a gift by dyng by our spells and hands. · Our arms may be thin but we can snap your bones the turgs, we can suffocate you by simply hugging you, we don't need guns or amountation, we are literally a wavering and floating deleased femonine doomsday machine, and we won't stop unan everyone suffers, becomes a slave, and dres. No one win be left alive on Barh by 2200, our squad is only one of thousands that win be invading the planet. YOU WILL ALL FUCKING