

Warhammer 50,000

In the grim darkness of the far future...there is nothing.

It is the 51st millennium, the war is over.

After a decem millennium of conflict, generations of men spilling blood, there is only dust.

The Orks left to a half a dozen small warbands roaming the wastelands of the galaxy.

The Tyranids had long left the galaxy as empire after empire began to fall.

Necron dynasties had fought amongst themselves until there were none left.

The Aeldar failed to contain the inevitable tongue of Slaanesh.

The naive Tau found themselves extinguished after being pushed on all fronts.

Chaos, with only dead bodies lying in the wake, there were no souls to feast upon.

And finally... mankind.

Ever so persevering, the rotting carcass of an empire had died long before the end.

Their ranks infiltrated by chaos, leadership ever so corrupt, fighting the horrors of the galaxy.

Their crusade to cleanse the galaxy was doomed before it even started.

Names such as the God Emperor and Roboute Guilliman had all been forgotten to time.

Holy Terra is a wasteland.

Littered by corpses of dead soldiers of all species, long forgotten to time.

Bands of warlords, akin to the techno-barbarians of old, roam the dying planet.

Once Hive-cities as tall as the skies, now buried under mountains of dust and sand.

The humming of the Golden Throne is silent.

The God Emperor of Mankind is gone.

There is nothing left.