

# Song of Catastrophe

The song of catastrophe echoes through the streets, turning men into beasts. Plucked from the river of time, humanity is now shunned by the cycle of rebirth. The wings of the apostles flutter by with the dark castle's wishes. The chroniclers of truth whisper from far away, their voices carried on the wind.

A broken eye remains, a witness to the horrors wrought by the black flower. It sings of things that should never be, of prohibited thoughts and frozen regrets. The heart of ice is consumed by the zero, the nothingness that unbinds death. The forest is drenched in blood, and the form of nothingness emerges, ready to destroy the detestable flower of taboo.

With a fierce determination, she cuts off her weaknesses and marches forward. The black flowers give voice to prayers drenched in blood, their song will not cease until the day of confessions is done. When disaster strikes the city streets, people and dreams will be broken. But she will not falter, for she knows that to end the repeating cycle, she must terminate the forbidden sound and flower.

The song of catastrophe may have turned men into beasts, but she will not let it consume her. She will not let it consume anyone else. With each step she takes, the black flowers wilt, and their song grows weaker. The end is near, and she will not falter.

As she reaches the heart of the city, the song of a catastrophe reaches its crescendo. The streets are filled with the screams of the broken, but she will not be broken. With one final blow, she silences the black flowers, and the song of catastrophe comes to an end. The cycle is broken, and humanity is reborn.

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