

## **A Different Breed Of Killer "The Cleansing Apparatus"**

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Legend will tell of a machine who lives to destroy the  
world of man.  
With virtue as his cause.  
Inside is nothing.  
A barren wasteland.  
Inside is nothing.  
But a heart of blackened oil.  
And a self-righteous soul.  
He is crank and lever.  
He is but bolt and clasp.  
The cogs turn about.  
Each wheel is locking into place.  
He is the machine.  
An abomination!  
He is the machine.  
His might shall rectify the sins of all.  
His might shall rectify the sins of all transgressors.  
Unseating those who oppose his judgement.  
His indignation boils with such virulence that all shall  
yield to him!  
All shall yield to him.  
He is the end.  
He comes for blood!

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