

Clock Dva "The Unseen"

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Last textural reports
A plan of locations
Cross points of agencies
A program of density
Of a force that cannot be determined
Science at this point must become alembic

Magnetic field disturbances
Have irradiated our equipment
We have lost all contact
We are alone
In the shadow of shadows
In the dream of dreams
In the sleep of sleep
I see it's form
We have no more time now
We are alone

Final entry report
I have removed all obstacles
That impedes it's progress
My duty is to serve the power
That holds me captive
There are no more choices
We have opened a new door
To a new horror that will finally destroy us

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