

Destro

"Hang The Vermin"

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Blood stains the castle walls, down the stairs, and into
green gold.

Shadows of an invisible war haunt the streets.

Mass hysteria tramples the old, drowns the young into
the depths of a terror whose treachery runs deep.

Deep enough to disembowel the earth.

Grab them by the throat, rip out a chunk and salt the
hole.

Reputation is inept when waging war.

The death of a holy one is worth fighting for. Hang the
vermin.

We will exterminate the night.

You'll be the first to die at the gallows.

The sound of your spine tingles me to the bone.

Retribution is a cause worth fighting for, the whores of
restlessness are begging for more.

We're on the brink of the death of a golden age, an
age where all there is to get paid.

At the price of a golden age, all the damage is done.

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