

Krallice

"Ash-Shahid"

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"There is no darkness in damnation. When all great truths begin as Heresies, it is a vileness to believe. Let this our gospel's Inquisition be Reborn and, in the throes of birth, enact it's first rites of communion upon Their flesh and blood."
The first trumpet sounded.
We are the Children of Perdition, basking in the glow of their churches
Burning.
"Beside 'truth' I've descried the chosen lie whereby your lives be death
Glorified, praising the hands that fasten tight upon your throats - and you Choke."
In this, our hour of judgment, humanity is violently redeemed. Thena'
Shaitan! Ana Dajjal! Enta Shaitan - and every knee may bow except for mine.
The second trumpet sounded.
"There is no light borne with salvation, the tragic fallacy's that we've Perceived a death's the worthy price to forgive ourselves for simply being Alive, a vicious lie. Cast the bastards to the pyre.
"I am Legion, who have been sent to dwell among the swine, hearts corrupt
With diseases, minds clouded by the treacherous divine."
The third angel sounded and there fell a great star from heaven, blazing as
If it were a lamp, and it's name was Wormwood.
"We are the Great Satan."

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