

Tormentor "Trance"

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Midnight...
Six men sat together
Around hexagonal table
They connected their hands
Whispering incantation
After
Six minutes later
The magic circle
Became grower
They connected their hands
Whispering incantation
Their eyes closed down
And fall into a nightmare
They started to tremble
They started connected
With the aliens of Darkness
They became possessed
Trance
Feeling - grew into horrible dream
Soon they massacred each other

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