

Breathing Process "Leveler"

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I am the leveler We are century take heed my dust and
humble.

You'll bow down and humble.

The sands will vanquish, vanquish your memory.
Now a desert was once a kingdom take heed my dust
and humble.

I am the leveler We are century take heed my dust and
humble.

You'll bow down and humble.

Even your gods have faded into oblivion in my realm of
existence.

My hunger cannot be stifled.

Legion follows through where his muses have sent him
to die.

The abyss known as time has threatened death upon
his name.

The sands are all Centuries children.

And blood is what they lust.

Faith within his name is his only guiding light.

Light is consumed by darkness beneath the levelers
tide.

As Legions devoured by the vortex, He's prepared to
die.

Now you'll bow down.

Kill.

We are century take heed I am ever consuming

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