

End **"Of Fist And Flame"**

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The outside world has its own open sores by our mores.
To be sanitized.
Filthy! Unclean! What do they fear? This is their evil this
year. Why do
they fear? The clearly defined "Bad guys." Follow
whomever you believe and
raise a torch to our family, the blinded mind and eye is
their disease. We
are more in death than they'll ever be. They will all
follow suit and
execute a sentence of death for malicious fools. You
will not bend but break
our wills. The smell of burning blood and still the
ladder clung to g ether,
around one. The embodiment of the pure, but yet she
burned. The demiurge.
Her breath never wavered, heart never faltered until
the last. Beware the
hands of fear. We were the light they could not see. But
where the bloodline

ends is where you begin. You, the enlightened.

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