

Ten thousand years pass as the flesh of a god remnants,  
waiting for the spark of oblation to become nevermore  
suppressive. Scales in the form of spines, Eyes;  
translucent creators of sin and enthrallment. These eyes  
radiate in never ending pattern until it's animation. The  
anticipating factor of an act of blasphemy, pagan like  
and serpentine. The circle created a square, the night is  
luminosity. A vermillion spear of light, a howl of the  
beast soars through the oceans of time. It's time for our  
abstract aspiration to shatter the arms of Morpheus. Now  
we are just a schematic. A figurement of time, a  
measurement of mine. Now we are just a race with a  
visible end. The human race is the only valuable source  
of subconscious sustenance for the underwater ensemble.  
Now we are just a schematic. Let the star-god apocalypse  
begin.