

Resonance Of The Foul

Burning the Masses

Mass gaces, open opportunitys for our minds to replicate the pleasure of fear. Mocking the prosiness of sound, the frequency drops to subsonic standards. Phantasmal tempest prospects the rain of arrows. Sharpness defined by the solidification of man fragments and desecrates the ears of the unborn. Auditory perception infects it's genesis for the genetics of superlative venom lactating spawn. A spawn of man, irreconcilable to moral of virtue. The evil of man is upon us. Resonance. The depraved separation of lie is between us. The mass graves, filled with ear ruptured versions of adoration. Resonance Supersonic beings relapse their versions of noise. Resonance Only the deaf contain sanity. Resonance. Only the reverberating aftermath of this insistent apocalypse settles in the minds of the deaf, forever.