

Prophetic Illusions

Molotov Solution

You have been chosen to serve as a predecessor for human cultivation.

We are a living monument to their eternal glory; our civilizations are testament to their timeless story.

Over the centuries of war and disease, entire civilizations have been swallowed by the sea.

Thousands of years of oppressive integration.

A cursed race.

A failed existence.

We are gradually being conditioned to accept lies of a substantial magnitude, our keepers frantically scheming, preparing to create a race bound by their servitude.

We are a living monument to their eternal glory; our civilizations are testament to their timeless story.

Prophetic illusions, the end of days: an endless cycle from birth to the fucking grave.

Complete destruction of the archaic ways, regressing farther as we drift away.

You will see the fire in my eyes as I burn down the heavens.

Ignite the skies!

Burn down the heavens!

Ignite the skies!

Empires lay in ruins, buried by time.

Crushed by the divine.

Our world is bound for destruction.

Your way of life as you know it, is about to change.

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They will come to reclaim their previous glory with malicious intent.

Their eternal return is not only inevitable, it is imminent.

Burn down the heavens!

Ignite the skies!