Prelude to Repulsion

Suffocation

Pressure on the inner walls of my brain grows heavier. I must =
alleviate the pain I feel, for soon many will die as they come =
before me with effortless attempts. The search for divine power =
beckons me and the only way to achieve is to destroy. Victims of a =
torn society lay in waste, as I pick through the bloody carcasses. =
Dead bodies just seem to fall before me. =
Saving the most edible morsels, the weak ones scatter. With bloody =
weapon in hand, I tear through the limbs. Cries of anguish filter =
through the land, echoing in the valley. Many have tried to come =
before me with effortless attempts. I sift my way through the fields =
of dead bodies, stopping to take a trophy or two.
=
The fields run deep and far, for I have killed m
any and I must =
travel far to reach my destination.
=
My final resting place, where I will be reborn. For now, the air is =
still, smell of dead bodies is ever so prevalent. I am the last and =
here I shall remain. The pain I have once felt is lifted from my =
being. Villages of useless waste, a race witch does not deserve to =
live. I reek havoc amongst the children from a present with no =
future,
For I am the strong and those who defy me lay in waste. The days of =
travel are long and the stench of how many I have killed lingers on.
I am tired and need rest, but the forces pulls me to my =
destination. =

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