

Canto one.

hic finis vitae propositum, infirma mors docet, sed fortes frangit amor.

frangere fortem divinum est ut deum, sed amor tuus me fregit sicut daemon.

et diabolum non dilexi sicut tibi feci.



There was a looming horror above. It weighed the sky down, as much as he desired to shatter the skies now that they lay within his grasp, there was one thing that prevented him from such. When one looks down from the sky, upon the holy vale of damnation beneath the skies was aghast. But it was not something new, for he was standing amidst the corpses beneath the wailing moon. In its twilight, lay, await. It was beaut, not the fact that he was standing amid corpses, or that his blade reeked of the ichor of the men beneath his feet, no. it was the melody of him dragging that edge along the earthen soils, the steel siphoned everything around it, from the insects scattering beneath the soil, to the fleeting crows, and the draped vultures tearing apart what was left from the carcasses. It set the stage, his heart wore heavy, but he did not budge. Every step felt as if it weighed him down closer to the earth's embrace but it did not matter. He moved past his injuries, his grievous cut among the chest, in a blaring, ichored X. It seemed as if the adversary wounded him with two blades, but as he moved past the red cloth beneath his feet, and brought damnation to the shadow that lingered near, it became clearer, it had stopped. Every movement had stopped, among the vultures as well. The steps grew

heavier, but he did not stop. His hand drenched in the blood of others, he carried forth amongst the fogs. His vessel itself adorned by the ichor he so deeply adored the color of, this was in the pursuit of utter chaos, the only pursuit that had ever mattered beyond this pathetic concept for balance, the contempt for the weak, or the gathering flames beneath his feet.

And beyond it, a woman dressed in green cloth wrapped around, a steel held up two revolving dragons before her head, beyond her tanned skin, her eyes were unrelenting. And she spoke, spoke once but not twice. "The balance is at risk, genocider. Leave the land, I am barely holding myself back. If you do not resp-"

"Respect? For fallen souls? How abominable, Did your fallen kin not alarm your faulty eyes? I am not here to heed a prayer for mercy. I am here to take what you have taken from my demise." Dragging a bandaged finger along the razor edge of his sword, his eyes had never left her own. Falling in silence, her twitching lips barely could let out the breath her lungs weighed down, as if she breathed the tar in the air. She attempted to move her hand, to call upon the forces of the land - but neigh, she could not, for the infernum bound her to earth. Stepping towards her, the closer his footsteps sounded, the harsher she closed her eyes. But her lips finally let out noise, once he moved his hand and penetrated her chest with his sole blade, the tip gushing the blood off the other end of her body. She was siphoned, and the spinning dragons upon her mantle were twitching in ache, before they - alas - succumbed to the burning abyss in the greatsword. As her carcass soon came to lean on its own, his knee was brought forth to her chest, leaving her to embrace the ground she so dearly loved and protected.

"Savor the taste of it, Nightstar. You reap what I sow, rightfully, their death is just." He scoffed, stepping upon the woman's corpse, and walking within the woods near, approaching the storm's eye within the sky, that had grown ever so violent witnessing the murder following another. "I am the righteous death, and the balance heeds me."

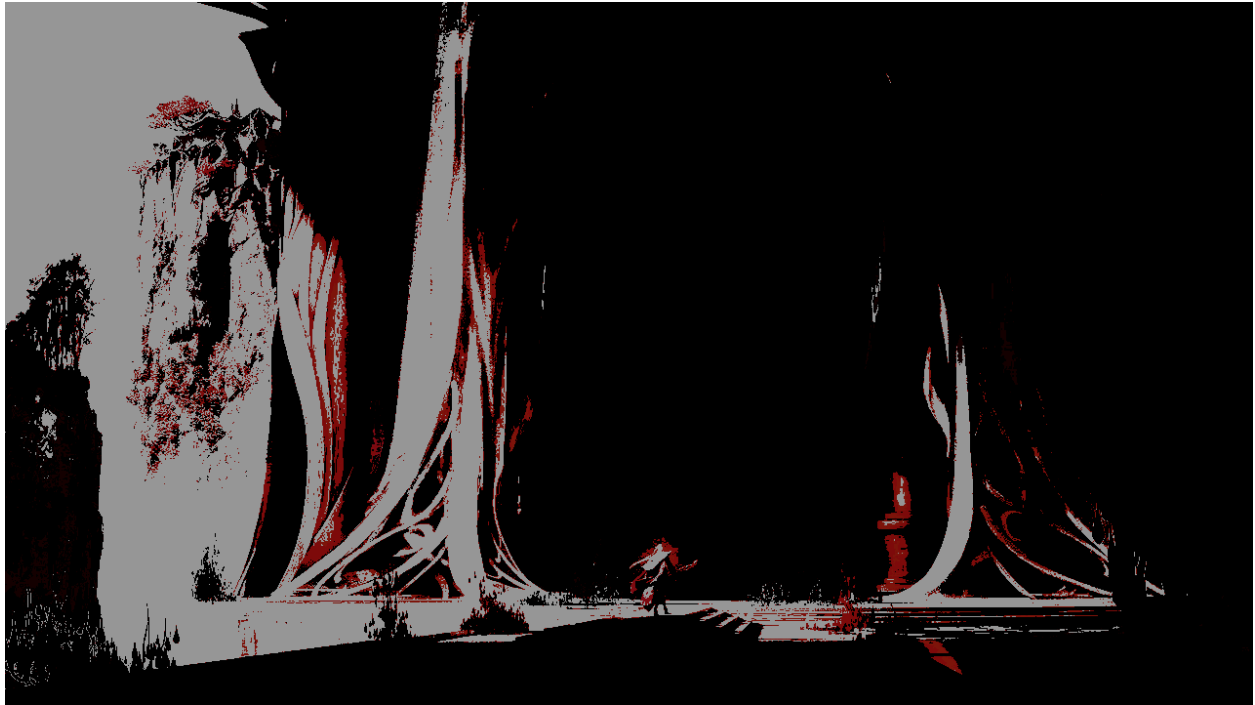
Each step took him closer, became barren and weighed his chest more. But rest not and find no respite, the pacing forth carries on. What was this that tore his heart apart? It left corpses in its wake of names that were protectors of the land but now they lay amidst the remnant of death.

Canto two.

Tu es ille quem optavi semper ex quo oculos posui in foedissima tua.

et cum dies efferrentur, te iam non putidum appellare poteram, sic ense meum latus in cogitatione conlocasti.

factus es mihi aliquid, quod me comprehendis, toto corde et animo.



Lethiferous claws, tapping along her throne of stone and lost souls. The halls filled with the breaths and mourns of the fallen, where death embraced her whole, her leaned head upon her closed fist displayed what boredom it gave her, where she desired more, way more than what this world had to offer her at the given time within the night. She heard the storm brew, her wrath grew consistent, yet the souls that embraced the earth below were suffering a worse fate than the boredom - had it mattered? No, not to her. She arose from her throne, Echoing in the harrowing air, was her aura's descent. Approaching the gates of her castle, the stone stained with ichor, barely held through the holes in its structure, her looming gaze trailed the world beneath her sight with condescending eyes. Witnessing sanguine amid the dark, A rising flame - Dark coloured sanguine, the conflagration carried above a man with black veil. His eyes harbored a red darker than the horizon, and how he dared step within thin air into her sights, but she propelled him not, yet welcomed him with laughter, a mockery of his unholy copy of

life. To which his frown deepened, stepping on the same platform as her, barely the distance covered between them. Her claws reached to trail his blood-stained neck, carving out the wound, and furthering his ache, but he did not do as much as flinch. "It seems my little jest has become a bit too indulgent in these pathetic lands."

To which he did not respond, stepping past her being, trailing her neck within the same manner. "You would be foolish to think these lands would not be tarnished. As would be everywhere you go, Syndra. I'll let death embrace this land, h'ah, to think you'd live a second without me, you'd be but a heathen in a clown's crown." Yet his claws left no markings upon her neck, beyond her, walking past the tantalizing work of death's fog, and planting his blade before her throne. A swirl of darkness seeps from beneath its impalement, into the throne, as the souls of the damned revolve around its magnificence as an altar of death. With syndra standing by the gate, arms crossed as she floated, in disgust - repulsive was his touch, and yet she was brought warmth, a warmth of damning kind.

"You dare touch my throne, Kraizen?"

"H'ah, it's deign, I did not know your throne was so puny."

A chuckle primed his lips, as his hand rose forth, calling for a conjuring of deviled stone beneath her throne - it arises forth, ascending, the energy heeds it's calls and revolves around it as if it was god's throne. "Reap me not of such title and then tarnish it by such a disgusting, puny throne, Syndra." Her remergence by him, sinking her digits within his throat, and yet - have the tracing of her claw not hurt him earlier, now he bleeds, and yet a barren smile along scarred lips was bore by his face. "How daunting, You call me repulsive and yet you cannot keep your hands off of me." His digits in return wrapped around her wrist. A touch of a heart serene by the darkness that laid before his very eyes, yet the aghast abides by her lilac gaze and torments his soul into damnation. Such sweet remedy to one's soul, reminiscent and consisting of wounds and endless cuts. The silence befallen in luscious desire, a burning from both, amid her loss in his ichor eyes, she had found hatred broken through by a string of familiar hue that bound his heart together. The warmth within each breath, had she almost felt it within her existence,

In their demonic dance, the whirling storm beneath harrowed, and ruptured in rebellion. A string of shattering traced the concrete floor beneath them, had the horizon been torn by the descent of a burden she withheld suspended for countless years. And the moons above bleed, their radiance corrupted by red, she descended not - akin to his graceful fall, launching towards the earth with haste, shattering in oblivion, laying waste to a crater that tanked his impact. Yet staggered not, he stood tall, around him laid a circle of hell, standing tall, among them was the 6 bladed general. The ever so ambitious woman that held the secret of the land's dance, she stood gallant, in her heart a fire of rebellion - but it was crushed upon his sight. His hands rose, akin to a praying altar, hovering above the sunken earth, with the sovereign reigning the sky, one single aura united them, and yet she did not move, seated upon her throne suspended - yet ever so grandiose now in its magnificence, embraced by the souls of her executioner.

“You have taken enough, this land will be your graveyard.” She spoke, pursuing Kraizen, her blades allowed her entry, forming before her as the edge of a singular blade. His response simple, yet deign, swirling his blade, whilst the tip drew a circle of hell beneath his feet, a simple thrust within the air in her direction, a staggering destruction followed pursuit in the form of a wave, devout to hell were the flames that burned the divine lands and her protector along them. Her feet carried her no longer, the earth embraced her, she only heard the advancement of the genocider towards her, before the excruciating pain of his steel sole finally descended upon her neck. It weighs a ton, a swift execution before she could ever utter her curses.

“How poetic is your misery, are you not honored to die in her gaze?”

The flames devour, and devour more and more. The land laid to waste, had the trail of blood left the temple, letting the twilight eye drench in his blood, his blade trailed from east to west, each tree carved a letter of his demise, each river tainted by blood, each soul reaped in her honor and his blade, and they all heed the utter summon of the storm - those who stood vanguard are shattered, one by one, in a path from spirit's devout to spirit's devoured.

Oh, Ionia, how beautiful was your fall, yet so nonchalantly disgusting to witness.

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Canto three.

Et tamen per me semper tarn crudele sequendi, Me tamen usque negasti usque ad aeram finem.

Docui te amare, odisse, iracundiam, non eras anima perdita, sic regnans semper in oculis meis, sed manum capere desiderabam.

et nunc in infernis, quos condidimus et regnavimus, iacimus, cor tuum devorat ira — quam libet visus, mi semper.



“H’ah, Your desires are obvious, you cannot deny me any longer, Syndra.” Whispers carried by Deathsworn gale, Grasp that did not relent nor let her go from his sight, her grasp on his neck ever so potent, with her claws tearing at his flesh, whilst his skin was weakened. “You **inspire** my carnage, you push my rose to *bloom* and bring a calamity, you are but a mere mortal, and yet you bear the sin of rendering my heart reborn.” His digits tracing her scar, that never ending reminder that she had been rendered his own by a mark she could never lift her gaze up off or ignore, the ache upon her chest that turned ever so bittersweet when her heart blurred. She did not understand until it had sunk what her feelings were, yet in her naught love he brought forth the world to its knees in her wrath. With a curve of his lips, ever so demonic and veiled

under the intent not understood. Yet it was clear, he painted his visage in ichor, ichor of those who reaped her of all she had at one point, her freedom.

“H’oh, Kraizen, and to think you said you were not obsessed, you were devoted. You speak of sentiments, but you desired me after all, you fool.” Cackling, through her perfectly tainted lips, a taunt that fell upon deaf ears that heard no insult but one thing to drive his flames further. Around them was laid waste to those whom were foolish to reap syndra of her right, of her sovereignty upon her fate. Upon her were the carcass of those whose fate was cut by the only righteous death. There was a silent, unsworn feeling, by every word they spoke there was an equivalent breath that bore more euphoria than any word could convey. The abeyance of speaking, cut by his words among taunted breath and heavy chest, heaved - his lips parted, his countenance reflecting her own, her own hues and sated revenge yet not her sated wrath for the world. “Were you so desperate to impress me?”

“Impress you? You and I desire, your wrath is burning, You have become my muse and my inspiration. H’ah, this ardor is new, and this destruction bears meaning now that it is in your gaze.” The whispers carried, the distance lessened, until their lips were too taunted to stay apart - a swift assault yet one of fury, where his own had taken abide of her lips, tasting her hues, devouring her essence whole. Not a million words could have portrayed, nor the infernum bore enough poetry to properly tell. Yet fallen the muse that could ever tell, and the storms that brewed in the sky above. They part after seconds, her chest heaving with lingering breath, and his own arising in the same rhythm. Her digits grasped by his locks, pulling him in for another rebellion of his attempts to halt the contact by her lips. Along such, his hands traced her voluptuous body, to finally find respite upon her hips. Her thoughts tainted by his visions, his luscious voice whispering sweet nothings, until she let him away from her lips, gazing upon his being, she dragged upon his locks, his knee was brought forth to the ground, her claws were brought to his chin, forcing his eyes upon her from a position where she reigned upon him.

“You have desired me so badly, that you went on such a destructive search for my being, and here is my existence, what do you have to say?” She commanded. And in a swift voice, along the torment of the gale, he simply replied.

“I have executed my heart and you have reawakened it, I have executed my thread of fate and now you bear it, I have executed a thousand in the name of a god I murdered in cold blood, and

yet my blade daren't touch yours. I've seen your wrath, and I heed the anger, I've stolen your crown yet it never dared be tainted. I have stolen your soul yet I never allowed it to be tainted by the world. I bore it in a sword, safe and away from this existence, I've seen your wrath in the corpses of the people and children you've left behind in your wake, in the blood of the fallen ice queen you massacred and the bird she held. You are vile, for you have awakened a part of my wrath that I have laid to waste and murdered long, long ago. You have put the wrath in me into the wrath of your chase, for the months I've spent, wounding you, taunting your pride, taunting you entirely, assaulting you, merely to get a glimpse of your blood, to get a touch of your skin. A touch of your flesh, a caress of your being, a sight of your locks. I've traced the world seeking your essence and i await you no longer, You are mine, and i have taken your soul into my grasp long ago, now, you dare deny me no longer, for i have confessed ;
You've set my heart ablaze. You've reawakened me, And my beat follows yours until the end of this pathetic time and beyond it. You are my demise, and I desire you, to where if your demise is to end my being whole, then I shall accept it with open arms."

Her smile bore her sinister being, for the world now suffers. Her hand upon his cheek.

"My executioner, let us lay waste to this world."

"My demise and sovereign, let this world heed to your name and my blade."