

TW: Slightly graphic

Someday,
You will die.
And I will kill you.
But not initially.

There will be unimaginable pain.
I will flay your skin.
Gouge out your eyes.
Rip every fingernail from your hands.

Cut and grate your ears.
Run knives over
Every inch of your body.
And hack you to pieces.

And when you finally die,
You will go to hell.
But even there,
You are not safe.

Because *I* will be there.

You may ask,
God, where are you?
But even God,
Lives in fear of *me*.

Even in the heart of heaven
Angels still know fear.
So I will never be stopped.
Not by you,

Not by *anyone*.

I will not stop.
Not until
All,
Life,

Ends

Kindred?

Or something more sinister?

"You'll take everything from me, which means I'll have nothing left to lose" - The Beast in the dark