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(Revelation 9:11)

I am Abaddon. Devourer. Destroyer.
Everything I touch dies. The anti-Midas
Touch is mine. No gold. All's black.
All roads lead to dust as all men must.

My lot was cast right here to ruin & reign
A thousand years & more bring death & pain.
There is no end to the calamities
Upon your unsuspecting vanities.

Despair! Despair! I eat the very air
You breathe until you wrench & retch.
No more! No more! Your rot. Your stench.
Each day brings a new well-delivered death.

*Wherein lies your hope: you are temporal.
In your hopelessness: become immortal.*