

Ancient, The Draining

(Solo - Aphazel)

How deep is your sleep? That I may not interrupt your turbulent dreams?
Disrupting the sanity of slumber, the vile and wretched creature from the
astral realm stands right before you. Purple mist slips through window
cracks hovering above your miserable shape. "What turmoil spoils my evening
bliss?" A turmoil savor permeates your nostrils.

Horrendous fright upon awakening your frigid cast paralyzed and spellbound.
Fiery eyes piercing through your alarmed soul, as ethereal tentacles
penetrate the energy shield. It's the Draining, It's the draining,
draining, draining..

How does it feel to be drained so feverishly? Fear carries a rather
exquisite taste. I only take as much to leave you terrified. My victims
shall become my bounded disciples.

(Solo -Aphazel)

"As the satiated vapor disappears from sight, know that I may come again
some other dreary night."