

To my brothers and sisters in damnation,

I write those words in my language for they surely are the last I will write. I read them outloud while writting for they are the last I will tell.

You may think that because of my infernal blood, because of my plead to the Baal, I might just be sent to hell, back where I belong, and you may be right. I don't deserve compassion and don't ask for it either. I know the hells by heart and the demons by name. I am prepared to join them or to be utterly destroyed. I feel nor fear nor shame about death or eternal torment. Simply put, something far worse will happen to me for **they** are after me, the Horde of pure nightmares. The Sheddims are not gone and they bring fire and death wherever they go, a death so gruesome that even a damned soul like mine feels fear before this kind of End. I should had some applied this proverb sooner: Never two without three. We mastered the Black Death millenias ago, and it should have sufficed. But Tlala and her masters from Chorazin opened the way for the Green Death, wich endangered life itself during the last century (the 8th one in Islamic calendar) but was pushed away far from life spheres before it could bring a quick Armageddon the Abishaï wanted for itself and Chorazin helped to become to anticipate it's revenge against it's foretold destruction. Still, if the Black and Green deaths were close relatives in terms of their nature (spiritual and demonic) there's no common measure with the Third One (whom is finally the first) wich is a concrete and vampiric entity created and controlled by another, unique entity.

This time, they are coming after me, the three children of the dreadful night, and I cannot flee nor hide anywhere for IT has marked me. Yea, I have been touched by the RedDeath, the sole creator of the Sheddims or Children of the Dreadful Night, and will die soon of atrocious pain. They have been raised and fed to destroy us, and even the eldest of the Hive did not talk about them. The Salubri never destroyed us, Samiel never had the powers of Shaïtan at is best, it was HER who cursed us to exile and shadows, it was HER who transformed our labyrinths into pits, who forced us underground once more. I was proud to be Baali and committed nameless evils for centuries before, in the name of

Namtarru and the secret names of the Angra Mayniu. Yet, Death is after me and my lineage, a death far worse than those I have given in the most exalted moments of demonic cruelty. Never the sheperds did vanquish us, I repeat, it was something far worse than us, Children of the Pit. They are pure horrors, straight from baali's eternal and bloody nightmares. I know they were there before us and now it's seems that they want to survive us. Now I know why Shaïtan flew. They used and abused us during the Second City's great destruction, and now they are running after our blood and souls. Shaïtan is away, Cybèle is gone and Moloch has been destroyed by them and Arikélé the traitress. They are merely like us, made of blood to kill vampires with the earthly fire surrounding them, the working of their discipline, and spreading the worst kind of disease by their foul aura alone. Knowing we would perish, all the hive have fled or are already dead, I am sure, for I feel them coming before me. It's back for good this time, erupted by the foul stench of Trnsylvania. May this Imp carry my words to hell and back to earth, for today I am the target of the Red Death, but you all could be next.

See you in hell blood suckers,

Harim the Red

Beget of Cybèle

Beget of Moloch