

# A Story Written for All Our Satanic Warriors

Post by HP. Hooded Cobra 666

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VG-mLawoxrs>

I suggest you get the music on. This is a gift from me to any of our Warriors here. Those who fight from their heart. I wrote this keeping anyone of you in mind. This guy in my mind, is you, me and everyone else who is seeking what we seek.

March on.

"And he stood amongst the millions, millions of other, great, powerful men.

They all had their families in their mind, honor in their mind, immortal name as their purpose, they all had these things.

He gets on his knee and silently, in the Warrior kneel, amongst the millions, he talks to himself, telling himself "You know what I fight for, I have placed my total trust in you, do not let me down".

He hears the battle drums, he feels the reasons of other men, he knows this fight shall be his last- he does not care all that much.

He has no "God", he is not afraid of "Sin", he has something holier in his mind, he has in mind this unrequited love, this god-damned silence. In his veins there is no sinful blood, there is no obstacle, there is no fear. He has rose amongst the Gods and will die as one. He is the outcast, the one that people never understood and this fed him the purity that was required for the task.

His comrade from his side, nods at him, then he nods back. He is the only that understands. He hasn't lived what he has lived, but he has the ability.

Zeus silently observes what happens in his Soul. Then he looks inside the soul of all other soldiers, all at once, with his power to do so. He never bothered contacting him, while others have had his providence throughout their lives.

Time has passed and they all rush against one another, rush to slitter each other's throats. His mind is clearer than ever. His heart beating silently, his senses on their peak.

Blocks one with the shield, then the other one on his back tries to stab him, behind the back, weaker, with no Ethic. He swiftly turns and cuts him down. He takes them down one by one.

None knows about his fight; everyone fights for themselves. His comrade is only 2 meters afar, he is about to get sword in the leg, he rushes, bangs him with the

shield on the back, the one who was about to take the life of his comrade is laying on the ground bleeding, his putrid and vile blood.

As Zeus watches from His throne, his vision locks on this certain man. This man does not believe in him in anyway, he believes only in himself. The weaker Gods quake in fear as they see this man, what is he?

They see him and it's like they see Ares in his moment of divine rage. Shield, slash, slash, Shield, Shout.

Zeus is now looking at the side of Ares. Asking him, what have happened to this man? How, Why?

Ares is looking inside the eyes of Zeus, with a deep gratification. Then swiftly turns his notice on this Warrior, in the midst of millions. There are a few like him and the Gods have their mind set on them. Nothing else but their attention.

He continues raging, he does not run out of power, it's all or nothing now. His enemies notice him, going by groups of 5 to destroy him. The love in his heart shall never let him yield, his shield is almost broken, his sword filled with the blood of those with zero Ethic, zero heart.

As they rush on him, all 5 of these unethical weaklings, he throws his shield on one, breaking instantly his neck. He only has his sword now, plated in blood. One of them is rushing towards him, blinded by rage, he is no target of worth. In his speed, he kneels just a bit, takes a twist, cutting his leg instantly.

The other 3 get governed by fear in their hearts. Screaming for assistance. The eyes of the Warrior are purely filled with a divine light. Ares from his adobe, is filled with Pride.

The sword of the Warrior is now broken, he bears no weapon. He bears his Soul on the back. Inside all these millions of people, this Warrior is now experiencing the flame. Poseidon has allowed the Mighty Flame to run in him, for he has proven himself worthy.

His hands open, his enemies are trembling in fear. In the sprinkle of a second, he has his position amongst the Gods. Zeus tears up from happiness and Pride and remarks to Ares, "Look, what wonderful we have created."

Ares nods.

The Warrior's eyes become the brightest Blue, like His Father. The Father he thought abandoned him, is now flowing within him. His body has given in, is scarred and in pain.

The Serpent Rises to heal him in this moment. Suddenly his mind is opening up. The enemies see him in pure terror and in pure blind rage. They rush at him by the hundreds now. His old friend, the one he nodded, has survived and is witnessing how his comrade become a God. He instantly bursts in tears and throws him the sword. As he is catching it, the sword becomes pure red from his power and energy. The Wings of his Soul are now open. He thinks to his unrequited love, grinds his teeth and is blinded by the light of divinity.

He looks in the sky for a moment, just for this last moment. He knows he is the one that shall finish the war. Everyone has put his Trust in him and others of his kind. He is so swift, swifter than the wind, inhuman, Godlike. His eyes spread pure fire in the Souls of the weak. They don't dare look in his eyes. Those from all over the world who doubted him, know of his name and his moment. They feel it on their skin, on how wrongly they were mistaken.

As he rushes forward, he cannot die, wounds inflicted get mended in the same exact moment. The enemies retreat and try to run, but he takes their lives into the bottomless pit.

Hundreds upon hundreds retreat in his face. The battle is coming to an end. They are all retreating to save their petty lives in the face of this being. The grounds are now clear and filled with blood.

He now, raises his hands on the air, gives his own force and screams with might: "Men, Rise up." The dead awaken, they get resurrected by the millions, everyone's wounds are mended instantly. All this by the power of one man. They all look at him and he shouts: "DO NOT FORGET WHO YOU ARE! SEEK YOURSELVES!"

He falls on his knees and all his wounds come back. Then a pure light surrounds him and takes him on the adobe of Zeus. Everyone is in question, nobody can say a word. They are all questioning their sanity. They touch their bodies to see the mended wounds. They think to themselves, on what's within them.

Everyone has frozen.

Him, is now walking in front of the adobe of Zeus.

Zeus rises from his Throne, looks straight into his eyes and nods, in full acknowledgement of this man. He nods back, respecting him as an equal.

Ares hands him a Sword, made for him and only him. The Gods wave at him and now, he is part of their family.

Hera guides him to his own personal palace, his name is now written on a big stone of might. He thinks to himself, full of divine bliss, now, I shall guide others in the same path. As one of the Gods, he thinks that way.

"I'll make them find themselves." He says.

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