**Tuesday, May 15, 2018**

[Fear the greater dark...we own ALL the night.](http://missing411rvp.blogspot.com/2018/05/fear-greater-darkwe-own-all-night.html)

[](https://2.bp.blogspot.com/-efcPX9FNzRI/Wvscp5FTrYI/AAAAAAAAB4U/ZHdwBN5uI6Imm2jAzA-GiJ2xWuwQq9f1QCLcBGAs/s1600/ghbush.jpg)

You finally looked up from staring at your toes for hours. I knew you where transfixed, listening to the sceamings of you greedy pig monster children, indolent evil grandchildren, arguing, posturing over how to divvy up your money, eagerly waiting for you to die. You are not at home. Another facility. You are cast aside, left largely unattended in dark, like trash...it suits you. You are a lump of stinking, rotting pork. They can barely stand to look at you. The door to your room open just enough so your monstrous offspring can hear the monitors signal your death, the sounding gun to begin the whole sale looting your estate and pilfering of your holdings.  
  
Yes...you will die in the dark covered in your own piss and shit. I am influencing the nurses to find excuses not to change your diapers. Not to wash you. Not to speak to you. Not like your family cares anyways. But don't worry, here in the dark...you are not alone. I know you called out to your father...hoping upon hope that it was a spirit familiar to you...maybe offer you comfort? No...only I and a host of vampiric dead are with you, and you will find no such mercy form us. I know you can see us now. I laugh every time your cries for help come out as incoherent babbling from your dry, snot and saliva encrusted mouth. No one cares...  
  
Yes, demons slowing draining you, eating you, putting weight on you and making those bed sores roar with pain. The demon Guland swims like a shark in your blood leaving inflection in his wake. A rotten piece of meat doesn't to receive the life extension technologies that where promised, you will never gain immortality. I have pacted with devils and wrathful spirits of vengeance and retribution, even at my own personal expense. You are a genocidal villain and child torturing and murdering pedophile of near inconceivable proportions. Your deah will come when I am done twisting all measure of pain recognition from of your cancer wracked brain. But death is no escape for you, no end, you will be divorced from the realm of the living and ejected into the cruel arms of an unending nightmare. A nightmare assembled by millions of angry war torn dead, thousands of sacrificed, sexual multilated children, all wanting a couple hundred years or so of carrying out their revenge fantasies on you.  
  
Sounds like a party...  
  
Please know I am will be watching it happen inside my m'paka.  
  
Fuck you forever and ever.  
  
-El Patron.  
  
P.S Barbara sucks cock in all the Hells, at my direction and for my profit. Big pimipin' son.