

Clypeus

We are the ghosts of Man.

Once we were spread across all the earth. We knew it all: from the highest mountain, to the deepest sea. We hated, loved, laughed, cried, lived, died. Some of us even left for distant stars; I hope they found what they needed.

But Man abided. And after Man passed, we ghosts waited for the next people to arise with awareness behind their eyes. When they finally came, we resolved to watch. And guard.

So you can take your alien asses, and kindly go the fuck *back* to wherever you came from. This planet's taken.

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