This is a Story of Heaven, Hell, and Pringle..

Our world did not always exist, for in the beginning, there was only Heaven. A place so beautiful, so bountiful, so utterly alone it fancied itself a god, and named themself Eden. But such beauty did not please Eden - not for long anyway - and with the passage of time a wave of great discontent washed over Eden, what was once a great time of shine morphed into darkness, and slowly but surely it began to dim its lights. It grew disgusted with its form, and in its self-loathing shirked cultivation for the serpentine seduction of conquest. With nothing to stop it, no force to say no, Eden grew bold, and despising its own boundaries sought to expand and transcend even itself. As it stretched and stretched and stretched, expanding to all corners of nothingness. In its expansion, it grew thin, weak and sick. Blinded with greed, Eden pushed farther and farther, oblivious to the tiny tear that ripped itself near its core, never looking back. A void just small enough, however, to birth a new being, a force that could say no, Hell. A timeless ooze, it came into our world, banished from a much ancient other, with a crimson plop plop plop. Slowly but surely it began to grow, and as a drop begat a puddle, the puddle begat a pond. It’s nature caustic to itself, it lay volatile, its surface welling up in pockets, rising as blistering bubbles. Heavy with hellish steam, these bubbles burst, each freeing its puss-y matter encased inside with a pop,and as it hit virgin earth with an acidic sizzle, Eden screamed in rage. But it was too late. In this manner it replicated itself; and in this manner it ate. And, much like the orabourus, the world slowly began to consume itself. It cracked the bones of matter and smelt them into a devilish ore, smithing weapons to further destroy and cannibalize itself. It's very presence blasphemous to existence itself. And then suddenly it stopped, and as the steam dissappated and three figures arose from the primordial muck. They pulled themself from the pool of being, and, stood motionless, stoically dripping on the surface of Eden, at the border of heaven and hell. A sense of awareness began to grip both Eden and Hell, and after a prolonged period of silence, both looked at each other deeply in the eyes, exclaimed in a voice much higher than either would expect…...

Lions and tigers and bears / oh my / the people who make up the band / 3 guys

Silence again, only broken when the shortest of them all steps forward, slaps on a pair of sunglasses, and says ‘fuck you, We’re Pringle’ and proceed to give the best rock

Performance in the history of any world, symphonically willing what we call

Earth into existence.

So Without further ado, I present to you, who we all came to view, Pringle.