Omen of the Ancient



Vol. II: When Heavens Fall

THE EPIC OF OLD: ALBUM COLLECTION

By A. L. Hill

The albums were born from the fusion of poetic storytelling and immersive world-building. Each song draws from the vast narrative universe of *The Epic of Old*, expanding its mythos through emotion, rhythm, and sound. The lyrics found in this booklet serve not only as verses to be sung, but as windows into a larger world — a journey across shattered empires, divine conflict, and the echoing dreams of mortals.

The collection captures moments of triumph and tragedy, love and betrayal, hope and finality. Whether the song serves as a narrative reflection, a character's lament, or a mythic battle cry, it contributes to the living story carried forward through both prose and music.

To explore the lore, art, merchandise, and upcoming projects, visit:

www.EpicofOld.com

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THE EPIC OF OLD

Story Summary – Omen of the Ancient, Volume II

The Epic of Old, Part I

With the end of spring came an omen in the sky—a falling star followed by crimson gold auroras that bled from the heavens for an entire day. Known to many as the Red Dawn, the people of Skiven can only worry about what is to come with the arrival of the celestial visitor.

In the weeks that followed, Philos was visited by a mysterious being of darkness that promised him the world in exchange for his allegiance. Philos named the being Helskor, or "great shadow" in his native tongue. Though Helskor never directly claimed his own divinity, Philos had no problem applying such concepts for the benefit of them both, for who best to win over the heart of a nation but a prophet and vessel through whom his god would work? So, on Philos travels to Anthiir, the beating heart of Estinvale, to meet with his friend Waelin and gain new allegiances within the city.

Meanwhile, in Stalworth, Cyfel says farewell to the old seer Equalus and his student, Nezbaerth. Uncertain times and frightful dreams give reason for travelers to move on and reconnect with those afar, and Cyfel is no exception. But with no one now to guide him after months of instruction, Nezbaerth feels lost, remaining emotionally distant from his family and transfixed by a world of dreams that possesses far more than what the boy is capable of perceiving.

Atmos World Map




Skiven
Lononok
Etkara
Dunhurst
Staivclast
Gidenferi
Jekailim
Mendalo
Westmarsh
Stalworth
Stanson
Kallengrad
Balathor
Burjek
Hollenz
Anthiir
The Kolpos Isles
Velchek
The Heinsvloust Empire


Wendola
Norgate
Aslundia
Guildfri
Clanstein
Celestine
Delmerk
Valentor
Somverset
Dalorn
Estinvale
Etguarde

Omen of the Ancient, Volume II

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THE EPIC OF OLD

Whispers on the Page

I write what haunts, not what I know,
To chart the paths that I can’t show.
A stranger walks beneath my skin,
A voice I fear, yet let within.

He asks, he mocks, he calls me friend,
But where he guides, I dare not bend.
Still I listen, still I stay—
The world won't wait for doubt today.

Is this my will, or something worse?
A gift, a curse, a whispered verse.
The power stirs, it shakes, it grows—
But who it serves, no one yet knows.

Why delay? You write in vain.
Truth is choice dressed up as pain.
Your thoughts are ink, your soul a page—
Let go the leash. Embrace the cage.

You judge, but still you take the flame,
Ash by ash, you play the game.
You fear what you might yet become—
But transformation has since begun.

Is this my will, or something worse?
A gift, a curse, a whispered verse.
The power stirs, it shakes, it grows—
But who it serves, no one yet knows.

The sickness seeds the path ahead,
Not as a plague, but cracks that spread.
And those I love, I push away,
To keep the night from touching day.

The road I take, the price I pay,
A seed of dark in light’s decay.
So let them think I lost my soul—
Their peace, not mine, must be the goal.

A Burden Made Two

The journal closed, the shadow near,
A voice of ice now speaks in jeer.
Philos walks where thoughts collide,
A stranger bound to godlike pride.

He seeks a friend, both sharp and wise,
Within the garrison's guarded ties.
To Waelin's home, through crowded street,
Where old resolve and danger meet.

A burden made two, by power shared,
In darkness forged, in silence dared.
One hand to pierce, one heart to bind,
A spark of ruin in the mind.
What once was faith is now replaced—
We serve a will we dare not face.

They talk of kings and shifting lands,
Of emperors with bloodstained hands.
But force speaks loud when faith runs dry,
And shadows gather where oaths lie.

A room goes dim, the veil is torn,
As Helskor's essence now is sworn.
A deal unmade, a gift unasked,
A weapon raised to take the task.

A burden made two, by power shared,
In darkness forged, in silence dared.
One hand to pierce, one heart to bind,
A spark of ruin in the mind.
The old beliefs lie cold and done—
Now we obey the shadowed one.

He strikes too deep, the wound too wide,
A friend falls still, the breath denied.
The god remakes what man betrayed,
And blackened lungs exhale unafraid.

The cellar breathes with shadow's weight,
Two souls remade to challenge fate.
The war begins not on the field—
But in the hearts that darkness sealed.

A burden made two, not less but more,
Their voices speak from shadow's core.
Through blood and pact, their cause is sworn,
To bring the dusk, to shake the morn.
And though we march with borrowed might,
We serve a will we dare not fight.

The Third Blessing (I)

A shadow bleeds beneath my skin,
A voice that speaks from deep within.
The silence breaks me, slow and deep,
He haunts the air I dare to breathe.
I wait, but tremble at the cost,
For every gain, I feel what's lost.

"You wish to lead with subtle hand?
I gave you strength. You misunderstand.
There is no throne for those who kneel.
Speak like a king, or cease to feel."
His words, they dig, like jagged stone,
Reminding me: I stand alone.

Two shadows cross the threshold line—
Waelin and Tarvok stepping inside.
"Your tricks won't tame a soul like mine."
Then steel and silence draw a line.
"Then fight me now, and earn your place—
Let fury prove the strong from base."

Tarvok strikes, a storm unchained,
The walls themselves cry out, bloodstained.
But I, the weapon, not the man—
Unleash the dark with open hand.
He reels as power bends his breath—
I taste the edges now of death.

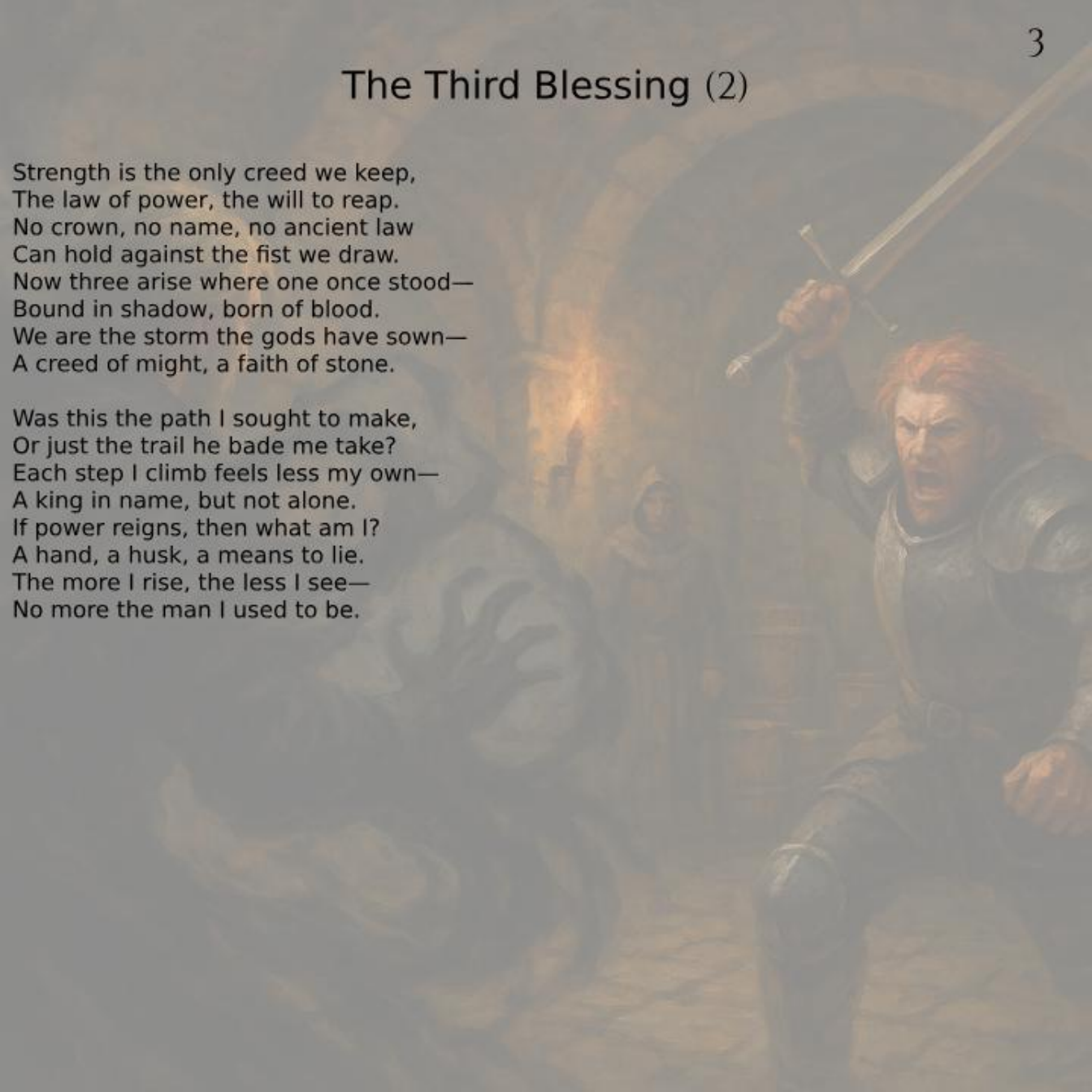
Strength is the only creed we keep,
The law of power, the will to reap.
No crown, no name, no ancient law
Can hold against the fist we draw.
Let flesh be proof, let pain be key—
Let might alone decide what's free.

His strength collapses in my hand,
Like sand undone by shifting land.
I drink the life beneath his skin—
A force I feared now pulled within.
The power floods, too vast, too near—
It drowns my doubt and feeds my fear.

A rupture forms—the shadows bend,
The air distorts, the moment ends.
He comes, my master, cold and near,
With grinning spite and whispered leer.
"Stand down," he says, "this one's for me."
And Tarvok kneels instinctively.

His hand descends with searing grace,
A crown of dark on Tarvok's face.
No prayer, no rite, just power raw.
A god who scorns both creed and law.
I watch, forgotten in his light,
While shadows bloom and steal my right.

The Third Blessing (2)



Strength is the only creed we keep,
The law of power, the will to reap.
No crown, no name, no ancient law
Can hold against the fist we draw.
Now three arise where one once stood—
Bound in shadow, born of blood.
We are the storm the gods have sown—
A creed of might, a faith of stone.

Was this the path I sought to make,
Or just the trail he bade me take?
Each step I climb feels less my own—
A king in name, but not alone.
If power reigns, then what am I?
A hand, a husk, a means to lie.
The more I rise, the less I see—
No more the man I used to be.

Herald of the Eclipse (1)

Crates on the docks, no hands to pay,
Markets in shambles, law swept away.
Anthiir adrift, its leaders gone—
And something darker hurries on.

Amid the smoke, a hooded face,
Steps through ash with solemn grace.
A voice once banned now boldly calls,
While a broken manor becomes his hall.

“What you see before you can only be described as divine retribution! I have seen how your governor has ignored the cries of the people, only to sit in his manor and drink spirits from lands far off. When the skies bled red and rumors of calamity spread, he deserted you to sit at the king’s side – the very ruler who enacted austerity measures upon you time and again! But it was not you who bled the coffers dry. No! It was the tyrants who exploited your efforts and demanded a higher tax for merely living here!”

“Fortunately for us, it was not calamity that followed the Red Dawn, but salvation. A being spoke to me soon after, granting me the power and knowledge I had sought my entire life. I know this will come as a surprise to all of you, as we’re all so different in what we believe. Some, like the Ruuthiel, praise the spirits of nature that whisper through a passing breeze. Einsguard’s people viewed Mt. Lornthaal as the gateway to the underworld, home to a dreaming deity that watches them in sleep. Such would be blasphemy to many of Skiven’s natives, who see the mountain as Gornash himself, waiting to challenge Anohashu one final time. And need I mention the sun worshippers of the Lori? The very group placated by the king every year at winter’s end?”

“These differences are what allowed the empire to gain control over us in the first place! By not standing together ourselves, our forefathers achieved unity only through servitude. Their sons and daughters turned against the old ways, embracing a foreign culture and mixing their blood with that of conquerors and heretics. But those days of weakness are past us now. Helskor, the herald of night, bringer of the stars and sky, has made his presence known. By turning to him, we have earned his allegiance, and through it, we have gained the means to change Skiven at its core! Now, behold his power!”

Herald of the Eclipse (2)

Raise your heads, ye sons betrayed—
The sun has fallen, but we've not swayed.
A darker sky, a stronger hand,
Now comes the time to take this land.

Soldiers smirk in silence still,
While shadows stir against their will.
A name once cursed now clears the air—
And Helskor's eye begins to glare.

A dome descends, the world turns blind,
No voice, no light, no breath, no time.
A silence vast, a shroud so near—
And every prayer is born of fear.

Cry out not to gods of old—
For night has come in eagle's fold.
A single oath, a single law:
That might shall rule, and none withdraw.

"You feared the truth, so cast it down—
But now the sky becomes your crown.
No sun to save, no king to bind,
You thrive in dark, or stay behind."

Through ashes walk the chosen few,
With Helskor's mark and mission true.
The age of light has met its close—
And shadow's bloom begins to grow.

Helskor's Proclamation

Like vermin, you scatter in fright,
At the brush of something beyond your might.
You feared the truth when it stood so tall—
When my voice struck, you chose the fall.

You once called me Anohashu's flame,
The eagle crowned in morning's name.
But light alone does not ignite—
The stars are framed by endless night.

I rise when kings refuse to see,
Their crowns corrode beneath decree.
Let kingdoms burn and empires break—
The stars remember what men forsake.

I am Helskor—night's own breath,
The silence wrapped in twilight's death.
No need for sun, no need for gold—
In my shadow, life takes hold.

But your king rejects what I have sown—
He fears the world I would dethrone.
Yet one stood firm and named me true—
My vessel walks among you.

Stand with him, and rise with me,
Or stay behind in loyalty.
You've seen what waits beyond your doors...
Defy me now, and face what's yours.

I rise when kings refuse to see,
Their crowns corrode beneath decree.
Let kingdoms burn and empires break—
For all will know what men forsake.

Darkness Approaches

(Instrumental)

Devil's Bargain (1)

Markus stirred where silence grew,
His quarters cloaked in shifting shade.
The king had tasked him with a view—
To guard the isles before they fade.
He'd see his kin, reclaim old ground,
A favor wrapped in duty's thread.
Yet something vast had stalked the sound—
A darker will not fully said.

A whisper crawled beneath the door,
The drapes drew closed without a hand.
The sunlight fled across the floor,
As shadow claimed its reprimand.
From darkness stepped the god unseen,
His gaze like stars that never die.
"You serve two lords," he said, serene—
"But only one will let you lie."

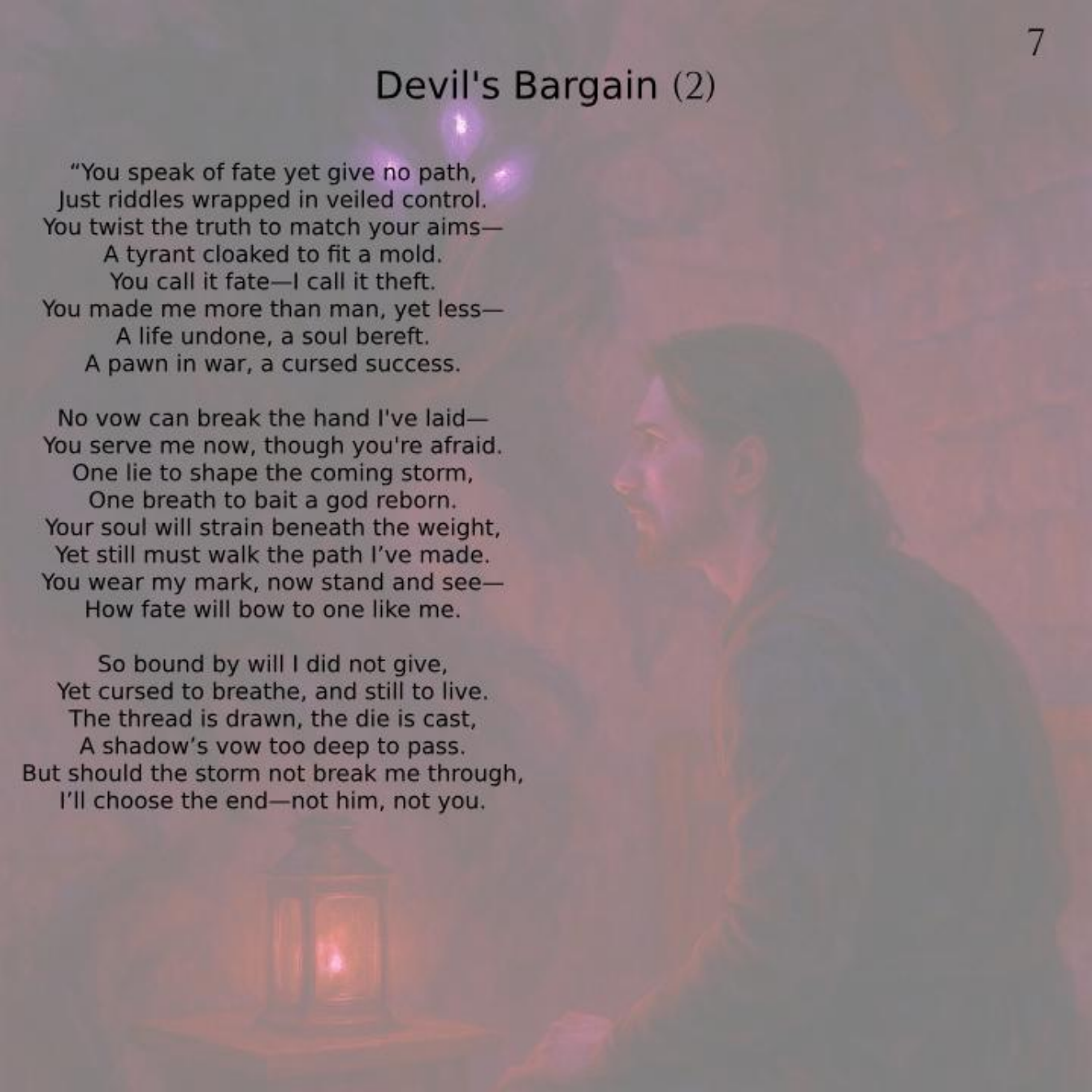
"You balance trust upon a thread,
Yet think your throne of lies will hold.
You whisper peace, but bleed the weak—
A loyal heart gone soft and cold.
You fear the fire that shapes the blade,
Not knowing what one could attain.
I offer truth with sharpened teeth—
A gift of purpose born from pain."

You speak of choice, but I am fate,
The breath you draw, I consecrate.
You feared the dark, now bear its spark—
Your soul reborn, your name left marked.
The air turned stale, the silence thick,
And something ancient moved within.
A deal made in another's name,
A gift of strength, a mark of sin.

My breath returned in broken waves,
A hollow ache where silence grew.
The pain was gone, but not the weight—
A shadow stitched in something new.
The mirror shows what eyes can't face,
My hands now tremble when I stand.
The warmth I knew feels distant now,
Replaced by chill at his command.

"Seek out the flame where silence sleeps,
Beyond the coast where cold winds bite.
Goad him forth before he wakes—
Deceive the dawn, distort the night.
To Aglodon your path must wind,
Then guide his wrath to winter's gate.
Delay, distract—ensure his fall,
And shape the hour to seal his fate."

Devil's Bargain (2)



"You speak of fate yet give no path,
Just riddles wrapped in veiled control.
You twist the truth to match your aims—
A tyrant cloaked to fit a mold.
You call it fate—I call it theft.
You made me more than man, yet less—
A life undone, a soul bereft.
A pawn in war, a cursed success.

No vow can break the hand I've laid—
You serve me now, though you're afraid.
One lie to shape the coming storm,
One breath to bait a god reborn.
Your soul will strain beneath the weight,
Yet still must walk the path I've made.
You wear my mark, now stand and see—
How fate will bow to one like me.

So bound by will I did not give,
Yet cursed to breathe, and still to live.
The thread is drawn, the die is cast,
A shadow's vow too deep to pass.
But should the storm not break me through,
I'll choose the end—not him, not you.

Premonition

Upon a night of slumber deep,
Beneath celestial fire,
Some drift in darkness's sweet embrace,
While others yet aspire.
Through gleaming light they're lifted high,
Entranced by brilliant glow,
A boundless land of dreams unveiled,
A place they've come to know.

For here I walk, I soar, I fly,
I feel as if I'm free,
In colors pure,
The endless skies are opening to me.

Evermore's light calls my name,
In realms where dreams ignite a flame.
I wander skies, I'm bound to soar,
In light's embrace, forevermore.

Through clouds of pink and yellow,
Drifting low, my gaze descends,
I spy a world of mountain snow
And forests without end.
But there, upon a hidden land,
A clash of steel unfolds,
And shadowed forms with reckless might,
In deadly dance are bold.

Their armor dark, their eyes like fire,
Their power fierce but new,
They cut through men with fearless spite,
Their hearts obscured from view.

Evermore's light fades from sight,
As shadows rise and clash ignite.
From dreams of peace to war-torn lands,
This place of dreams slips through my hands.

Around me now, the fallen rise,
Their forms a ghostly light,
Lost souls from battles past appear,
Drawn to my soaring flight.
Their gaze is fixed, their voices still,
But hunger fills the air,
And I am trapped in silence here,
My breath becomes a prayer.

I flee the light, I rush the wind,
I see no guiding star,
Through flashing storms of dark and bright,
I search for Evermore.

Awake, I lie, in bed alone,
The light fades into night,
Yet still I feel its warming glow—
Forever Evermore's light.

Mounting Threat (I)

Three weeks of darkness creeping near,
The southeast shrouded, tainted, unclear.
A cult arises, whispers spread,
Borders contested, ambitions fed.

Governors falter, soldiers gone,
The weight of chaos lingers on.
In Estinvale, power slips away,
A kingdom trembling at decay.

Black magic in the eastern winds,
A force unknown, where fear begins.
Hooded men with shadows bound,
Unleashing terror on sacred ground.

Shadows rise, the empire shakes,
A fragile peace the darkness breaks.
Whispers of war, rebellion's flame,
A deadly game, no victor's name.

In the dead of night, the council convenes,
The Seeker Society conspires unseen.
Helskor's dominion, their whispered refrain,
To seize the throne and impose his reign.

"They wield the dark, their power vast,
Each strike like steel, each step steadfast.
Their blades grow sharp, their armor thick,
A single man can fight as six."

Reports of battles lost and dire,
With shadowed foes whose strength inspires.
Yet hearts they sway, the people yield,
To shadow's call, rebellion sealed.

The seer speaks of veils and fate,
"A power darker lies in wait.
A force beyond mere mortal hand,
Its presence grips this fractured land."

Governors bicker, fear takes hold,
Debate turns bitter, tempers cold.
The path unclear, the answers few,
The rising shadows all pursue.

A spymaster's shadow, a voice in the hall,
"From the ashes of Estinvale, their power enthralls."
The Seeker Society, dark magic in hand,
A god named Helskor ignites their demand.

Nailed to the door, a challenge scrawled in hate,
"We'll bring down your walls; you'll meet your fate."

Faithful to Helskor, wielding night's dread,
Whispers of fear by the lies they've spread.
A plan for defense, a kingdom's last plea,
Hold the line or fall to anarchy!

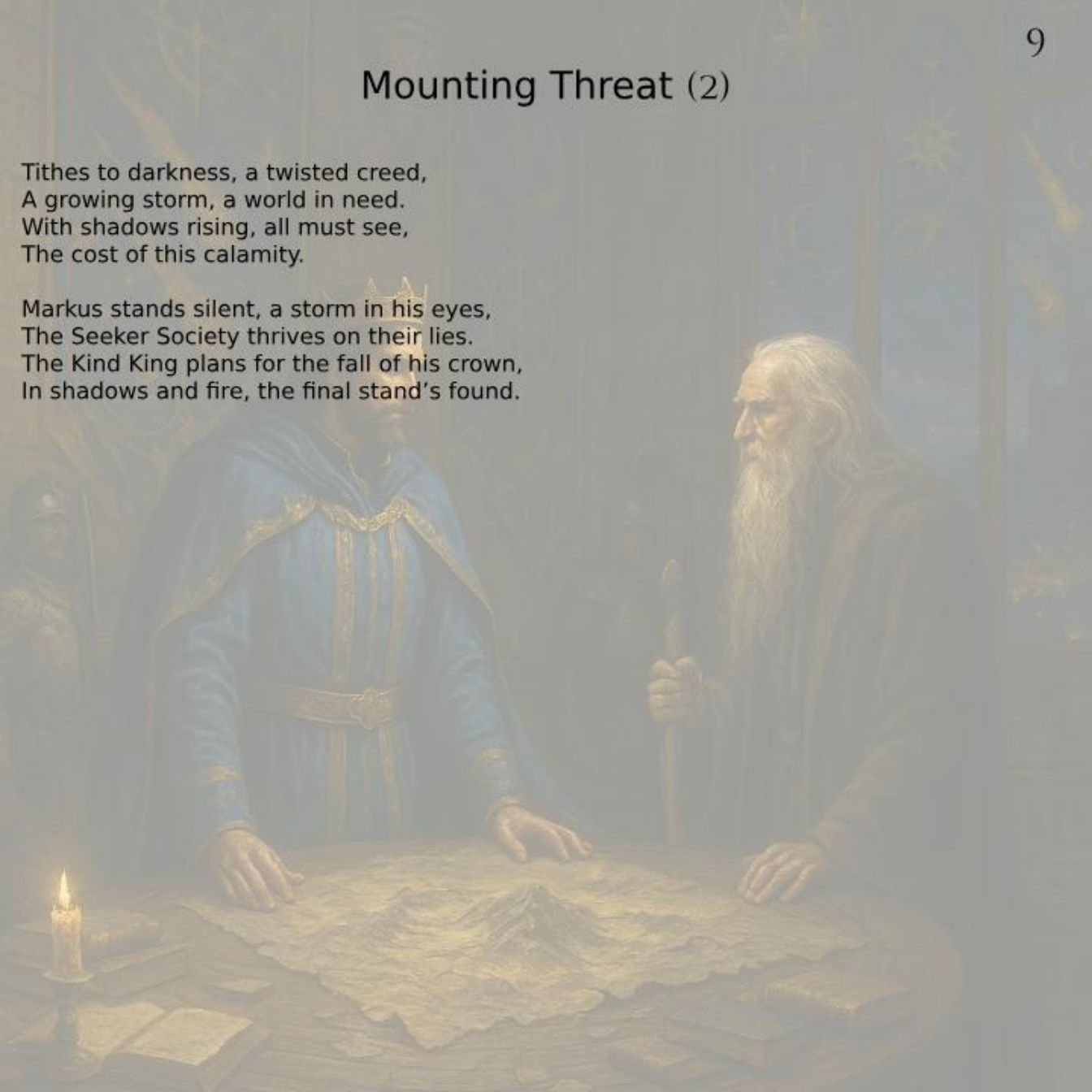
Tensions rise in the council's debate,
Drafts and defenses, the hour grows late.
"Mobilize the army, secure every gate,
Preserve what we can before it's too late."

Fortify the castle, let no traitor thrive,
In the face of the storm, we fight to survive.
With darkness looming and faith running thin,
The war for Skiven's soul begins.

Mounting Threat (2)

Tithes to darkness, a twisted creed,
A growing storm, a world in need.
With shadows rising, all must see,
The cost of this calamity.

Markus stands silent, a storm in his eyes,
The Seeker Society thrives on their lies.
The Kind King plans for the fall of his crown,
In shadows and fire, the final stand’s found.



The Ultimatum

(Instrumental)



Through the Looking Glass

Alone you face what you fear.
Mark this moment
As a day among the rest.
Don't hide away,
Embrace the catastrophe
For what it is.
This day will not be missed.
Fly away,
On the clouds of unknowing.
Surf the skies of times to come,
Floating unbeknownst in fragments of fear.

Through broken glass, the truth refracts,
Not future, not past—just fractured acts.
A glimpse, a gasp, a path unseen,
Where dreams dissolve in silver sheen.

Surf the skies of times to come
On the clouds of unknowing.
Fly away.
This day will not be missed
For what it is.
Embrace the catastrophe,
Don't hide away.
As a day among the rest,
Mark this moment.
What you fear you face alone.

Through broken glass, the truth refracts,
Not future, not past—just fractured acts.
A glimpse, a gasp, a path unseen,
Where dreams dissolve in silver sheen.

A Son's Farewell

I woke to autumn’s breath on bone,
A harvest sky that chilled my own.
Visions spun in dying light,
Armies black as endless night.
Leaves like embers, colors fall,
A scent of ruin over all.

I pressed my chest to steady fear,
But every dawn drew darkness near.

When leaves turn to ash and shadows roam,
Where once was harvest, none go home.
Hear the omen in the wind’s thin cry —
Run while you can, or else you die.

Porridge swallowed, hands that shake,
Mother watching every take.
I lie and say I’ll be back soon —
A lute, a sack, a stolen noon.
They laugh and scoff, they look away,
Not seeing fall that steals the day.

A hush of dread beneath their cheer,
The season’s whisper in my ear.

When leaves turn to ash and shadows roam,
Where once was harvest, none go home.
Hear the omen in the wind’s thin cry —
Run while you can, or else you die.

Footprints fade and hours thin,
Nethbaern returns, panic under skin.
He finds the folded, desperate page —
A brother’s farewell, a heart betrayed.
“Don’t look for me,” the lines demand,
He marches south with trembling hand.

Father saddles, clamps his jaw,
Threads of worry stitch the raw.
He leaves behind his wife’s soft tears,
To chase the echo of his fears.
Beyond the gate, the valley calls,
Mt. Lornthaal watches over all.

A pack, some food, a hurried prayer,
Love folds small in autumn air.

When leaves turn to ash and shadows roam,
We haul the worry from our home.
Follow the path that fate has drawn —
Hope breaks like dawn, or else is gone.

He who dreams sees futures leak,
He who runs must hide and speak.
Is flight a coward’s lonely choice,
Or courage born from one small voice?
His plate is set, though he won’t eat,
With nothing left but an empty seat.

When leaves turn to ash and shadows roam,
We stitch our hearts and leave our home.
One boy gone in autumn’s sigh —
We follow light where it runs dry.

Autumn closes like a fist,
A season’s omen, cannot be dismissed.
Run while you can, the leaves will tell —
Of falling grace, and broken spell.

Before the Bell

The torch is passed in morning's hush,
The barracks breathe in rested flush.
The walls stand tall, no threat in sight,
Just whispers born of fading night.

A soldier sighs, the sunrise nears,
Beyond the gates, no sign of fears.
He speaks of gods beneath the earth,
And family tales of unknown worth.

A window frames the sleeping land,
Mt. Lornthaal waits, both still and grand.
A guard leans close to glimpse the line
Where shadow breaks the world’s design.

They speak of stars, of myths, of fate,
Of gods who war and those who wait.
Yet talk runs dry as torches flare—
Dark shapes are moving through the air.

Before the bell, before the cry,
They watched the dawn split open sky.
No arrow flew, no blade was drawn—
Just shapes that came with ghostly brawn.
And still they stared, and still they swore—
That peace would hold a moment more.

A torch is thrown—its light betrays
The creeping mass that hugs the haze.
It lands, and then it disappears,
Snuffed out by shadows drawing near.

"Sound the bell!" a soldier screams,
But silence chokes prophetic dreams.
The gate is sealed, yet shadows climb,
Their silent blades outpace the time.

The guards shout orders, boots hit stone,
Steel drawn fast though lines aren’t known.
No time to form, no ranks hold tight—
Just scattered men beneath first light.

The gate bars groan, then twist and break,
Bent by hands no flesh could fake.
Arrows fall like silver rain,
But shadows surge through blood and flame.

Before the bell, before the cry,
The age of dusk began to rise.
The faithful stood, the traitors crept,
The walls still watched while others slept.
And those who woke would learn too late—
That zealots had come to breach the gate.

He Strikes at Twilight

Tonight we go forth in legion
As the day's sunlight wilts away
To disturb this sleeping region.
Chaotic ruin is our way.
This I foresee in my mind's eye,
Pandemonium now defined.
From our god's might, I cast this die,
And with it I will not be kind!

Step aside!
I will reign!
I shall take!
Step aside!
I will rule!
I shall forsake!

Cluttered waves of fashioned steel
Move upon the splintered land.
This sight I now fear is real,
But I shall not move my hand.
Marvelous are the chosen,
And by default they will reign.
This night I remain frozen
And disinterest I shall feign.

Observe him!
Mark him!
Pause and take note!
Perceive him!
Spot him!
Take heed and wait!

I sense a foreboding day
As church bells begin to chime.
The sunshine will light the way
As dreams dance a second time.
Mystic visions haunt my sight,
Its reasons mysterious.
The emerging darkness flaunts,
Its appearance devious.

They invade!
They strike!
He emerges and takes!
They pillage!
They steal!
He arises and rules!

While these conquerors are made kings,
The morning star grows ever faint.
The rule of law no longer rings.
A vile essence begins to taint.
The pain of loss trumps lost worries,
For who could doubt this travesty?
A new age dawns as dusk flurries
When all must serve his majesty.

Bow before him
And resent!
Bow before him
And seethe!
Assault him and die!
Attack him and decease!

When Castles Fall

Thunder breaks through iron walls,
Smoke ascends where daylight falls.
Steel on steel, the storm within,
The crown awaits for one to win.

Through shattered gates the seekers come,
Twenty souls and shadow's drum.
Every strike a tolling bell,
Each step closer down to hell.

Mercy lost beneath command,
Brothers falling by his hand.

The castle burns, the king will bleed,
The shadow answers mortal need.
When mercy dies and faith is gone,
The tyrant's dusk becomes the dawn.

Hallways scream with fleeting life,
Steel and echo, blood and strife.
Kitchen flames and servants pale,
Truth confesses, hearts will fail.

Stair by stair, the climb divine,
Bodies fall like broken time.
One last gate, one trembling breath,
The throne ahead, the vow of death.

Every wall now drips with sin,
Still he swears he'll rise again.

The castle burns, the king will bleed,
The shadow answers mortal need.
When mercy dies and faith is gone,
The tyrant's dusk becomes the dawn.

Face to face, the end begins,
Old blood laughs at younger sins.
Chains of pride and hatred twine,
The crown divides the mortal line.
One wound shared, two lives entwined,
The god arrives to claim their minds.

The god of dusk consumes the flame,
And whispers low the victor's name.
What price for peace? What crown for pain?
A kingdom born of hollow reign.

Silence reigns where thunder slept,
The Kind King's crown in shadow kept.
A city weeps beneath its sky,
For those who lived, and those who die.

When mercy dies, the dawn will rise.