

# OMEN OF THE ANCIENT



VOL. III: A WAY FORWARD

# 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](http://www.EpicofOld.com)

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## Story Summary – Omen of the Ancient, Volume III

### The Epic of Old, Part I

Theilskorvel—the land of night—was a concept born from the mind of Philos, an attempt to bring all beneath Helskor's domain. With Stalworth taken and Helskor's reign made real through worship and decree, the Heinsvloust Empire was renamed to reflect this sudden change in rule. Some bow, some flee, and others quietly prepare for resistance, knowing that survival now demands choice rather than comfort.

Sensing the dangers ahead and evading his father's efforts to reclaim him, Nezbaerth continues his journey south, traveling through both countryside and dreamland alike in search of a purpose long denied to him. Beyond the borders of the continent, Markus travels as well—his absence understood only by Helskor—leaving a void felt by both allies and enemies alike. As rumors spread and distant movements stir, it becomes clear that the conflict surrounding Stalworth is only one thread in a far greater design.

Amid the unrest, Cyfel's wandering life reunites him with old friends and draws him into service under Queen Asheila, who fled with her son before Stalworth was lost. His travels reveal a realm strained by fear, hunger, and divided loyalties, where unity is spoken of often but acted upon rarely. When tasked with seeking aid beyond the queen's reach, Cyfel confronts the reality of a world unwilling to risk itself for uncertain rebellion.

This chapter of the tale is not one of triumph, but of endurance. It is a turning of the page from shock to resolve, where the road ahead is unclear, but standing still is no longer an option.

# Atmos World Map



# SKIVEN



# Omen of the Ancient, Volume III

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## In Search of a Son

The forge grew cold by midday,  
 My son had fled without delay.  
 A letter left, a sole goodbye,  
 Bound in ink, no hope of reply.  
 He spoke of visions, disaster wrought—  
 But left no clue of where he sought.  
 I read it twice and clenched my hand...  
 His choice I could not understand.

Through brittle grass and river bends,  
 Past thistle fields that never end.  
 Across dry stone and forests deep,  
 Where ridgelines burn and valleys sleep.  
 Each mile I roam, the trail grows thin—  
 Yet still I ride, through dust and wind.

The road to Dalorn held no clue,  
 Just whispered tales I thought I knew.  
 I asked every traveler along the road,  
 Each village chief, each farmer's abode.  
 But none had heard where he might have stayed,  
 For other migrants, east to west, most strayed.  
 The world grew wide, the nights grew long—  
 Yet something pulled, both faint and strong.



Through brittle grass and river bends,  
 Past thistle fields that never end.  
 Across dry stone and forests deep,  
 Where ridgelines burn and valleys sleep.  
 Each mile I roam, the trail grows thin—  
 Yet still I ride, through dust and wind.

I returned to where Stalworth remained—  
 Though nearly gone, barely sustained.  
 No banners flew, no voices cried—  
 Just smoke and stillness stretching wide.  
 Though walls endured, no bells would ring,  
 Just silence where they crowned a king.  
 And within the ash, I understood  
 Why Nezbaerth had left for good.  
 The boy had seen what I could not...  
 And walked the path I long forgot.

Through ember smoke and autumn haze,  
 I'll journey beyond darker days.  
 Though I still search, my heart has turned—  
 To forge anew what I have learned.  
 The wind that called him far from home—  
 It whispers still: "He's not alone."

## Untouched Victory

Once upon a dark time,  
Many moons ago,  
Theilskorvel was reality,  
A reality unknown.  
A fated battle fought  
Inside city gates.  
I was one man against many,  
As the others fell in haste.

Upon the morn came the warning  
As dark zealots knocked at the gate,  
Seeking to conquer by morning  
With shadows gained to seal our fate.

The city must not fall.  
Stalworth must be saved.  
But cloak and dagger won the war,  
And now my life is a waste.  
Our army's formation led us to believe  
That we would smite this meager foe.  
Then we found this was not so!

Upon the morn came the warning  
As dark zealots knocked at the gate,  
Seeking to conquer by morning  
With shadows gained to seal our fate.

A few hundred against  
Our six thousand strong?  
A group of dark figures foreign  
Against legions of steel?  
Yet ability concealed  
Now sharpened their blades.  
Powers mysterious shield them  
From raining arrows yonder.

Upon the morn came the warning  
As dark zealots knocked at the gate,  
Seeking to conquer by morning  
With shadows gained to seal our fate.

Every attack we land  
Is somehow sent back.  
If we cannot pierce the shadow,  
Then it's clear we can't battle.  
A fact painfully clear as I breathe my last.  
When cloaked figures make miracles,  
Our days of glory have passed.

Upon the morn came the warning  
As dark zealots knocked at the gate,  
Seeking to conquer by morning  
With shadows gained to seal our fate.

## The Mirrored Plane

Hay on the left, though it should be the right,  
Shadows bend wrong in the shimmering light.

Eyes in the water, they whisper my name,  
A mirrored world playing memory's game.

Every wall is split in twain,  
Glass is breaking in my brain.

Reflections reversed, the truth concealed,  
A fractured face the dream revealed.  
The farmhouse stands where it should not,  
An endless maze where sense is caught.

A sack of oats waits, unmoved on the floor,  
Voices repeat what they've spoken before.  
Golden-haired comfort turns oddly askew,  
The kindness I see wears a mask untrue.

Every wall is split in twain,  
Glass is breaking in my brain.

Reflections reversed, the truth concealed,  
A fractured face the dream revealed.  
The farmhouse stands where it should not,  
An endless maze where sense is caught.

Through the tear in painted skies,  
Evermore's light behind the lies.  
Shards of memory fall away,  
Dreams are truth, and truth decays.

Reflections reversed, the veil undone,  
The false is broken, the real begun.  
Worlds unmasked in a mirrored gleam,  
Awakened now within the dream.

# The River Between (1)

A sea of light, too bright to bear,  
Evermore burning through the air.

Clouds like fire, horizons spun,  
The dream of dreams, the center sun.

My body fades, my soul takes wing,  
A voice of light in everything.

A thousand spirits, vast and free,  
Their radiance flowing over me.

They circle high, a whirling flame,  
Each a spark, yet none the same.  
I reached to join their endless flight,  
But one fell dark, bereft of light.

A thousand eyes behind the veil,  
Their watching gaze will never fail.

Drifting where the dead find peace,  
Silent thoughts that never cease.  
One voice lost within the stream,  
Truth dissolves into the dream.

A shadow form begins to fall,  
I shape my flesh to heed the call.  
A soldier's garb, the dragon's crest,  
A brother lost, like all the rest.

The battlefield consumes my sight,  
The clash of steel, the smoke, the night.  
A borrowed breath, a stranger's pain,  
And blood like rivers falls again.

Arrows scream, the shadows press,  
Steel and smoke in chaos mess.

Pierced by night, I fall below,  
Through crimson tunnels, rivers flow.

A thousand cries still cling to me,  
Blood becomes eternity.

Drifting where the dead find peace,  
Silent thoughts that never cease.  
One voice lost within the stream,  
Truth dissolves into the dream.

Through crimson depths I sink below,  
Where battle's cries no longer go.  
The blood becomes a silver tide,  
A river vast where spirits hide.

The waters glow, serene, unbound,  
A thousand souls drift all around.  
Their silence hums, a voiceless song,  
An endless current pulls along.

I see your face, so calm, so near,  
Eyes are closed, but I still hear.  
Whispers pulling, soft, divine,  
But brother, will you still be mine?

The current tempts, it will not tire,  
Peace disguised as sweet desire.

## The River Between (2)

Drifting where the dead find peace,  
Silent thoughts that never cease.  
One voice lost within the stream,  
Truth dissolves into the dream.

I pull against the gentle tide,  
I will not let your soul subside.  
But every grasp begins to slip,  
The river takes what fingers miss.

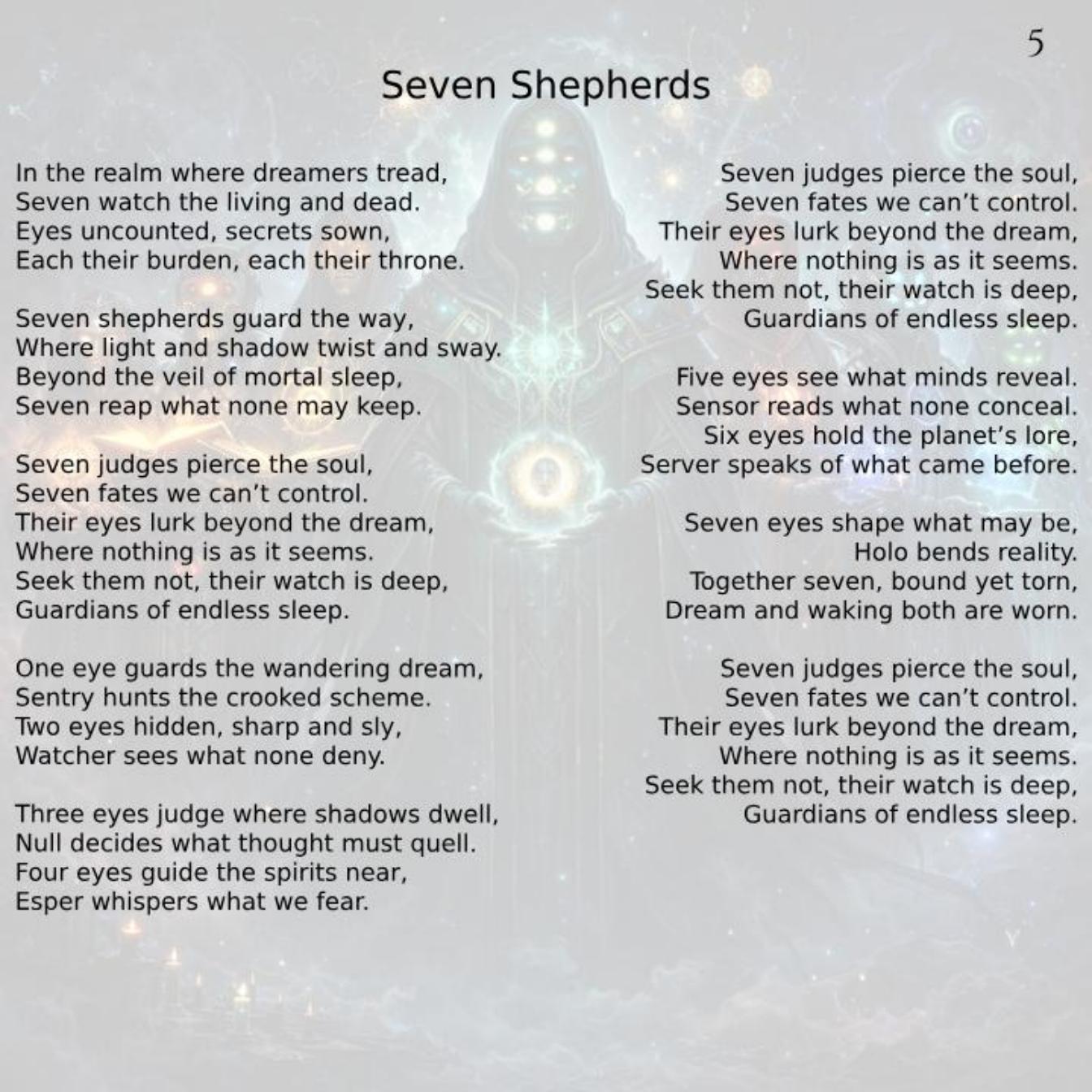
The current sings, it pulls me near,  
A thousand voices crystal-clear.  
Their whispers rise, a tidal hymn,  
I feel the flood draw me within.

The river calls, its promise sweet,  
A gentle rest, at last complete.

Drifting where the dead find peace,  
Silent cries that will not cease.  
I begged the dream to let you stay,  
But rivers wash the pain away.

Brother, sleep where shadows keep,  
I'll wake alone in the endless deep.

## Seven Shepherds



In the realm where dreamers tread,  
Seven watch the living and dead.  
Eyes uncounted, secrets sown,  
Each their burden, each their throne.

Seven shepherds guard the way,  
Where light and shadow twist and sway.  
Beyond the veil of mortal sleep,  
Seven reap what none may keep.

Seven judges pierce the soul,  
Seven fates we can't control.  
Their eyes lurk beyond the dream,  
Where nothing is as it seems.  
Seek them not, their watch is deep,  
Guardians of endless sleep.

One eye guards the wandering dream,  
Sentry hunts the crooked scheme.  
Two eyes hidden, sharp and sly,  
Watcher sees what none deny.

Three eyes judge where shadows dwell,  
Null decides what thought must quell.  
Four eyes guide the spirits near,  
Esper whispers what we fear.

Seven judges pierce the soul,  
Seven fates we can't control.  
Their eyes lurk beyond the dream,  
Where nothing is as it seems.  
Seek them not, their watch is deep,  
Guardians of endless sleep.

Five eyes see what minds reveal.  
Sensor reads what none conceal.  
Six eyes hold the planet's lore,  
Server speaks of what came before.

Seven eyes shape what may be,  
Holo bends reality.  
Together seven, bound yet torn,  
Dream and waking both are worn.

Seven judges pierce the soul,  
Seven fates we can't control.  
Their eyes lurk beyond the dream,  
Where nothing is as it seems.  
Seek them not, their watch is deep,  
Guardians of endless sleep.

# The Minstrel's March

(Instrumental)



## Trial of Abandon

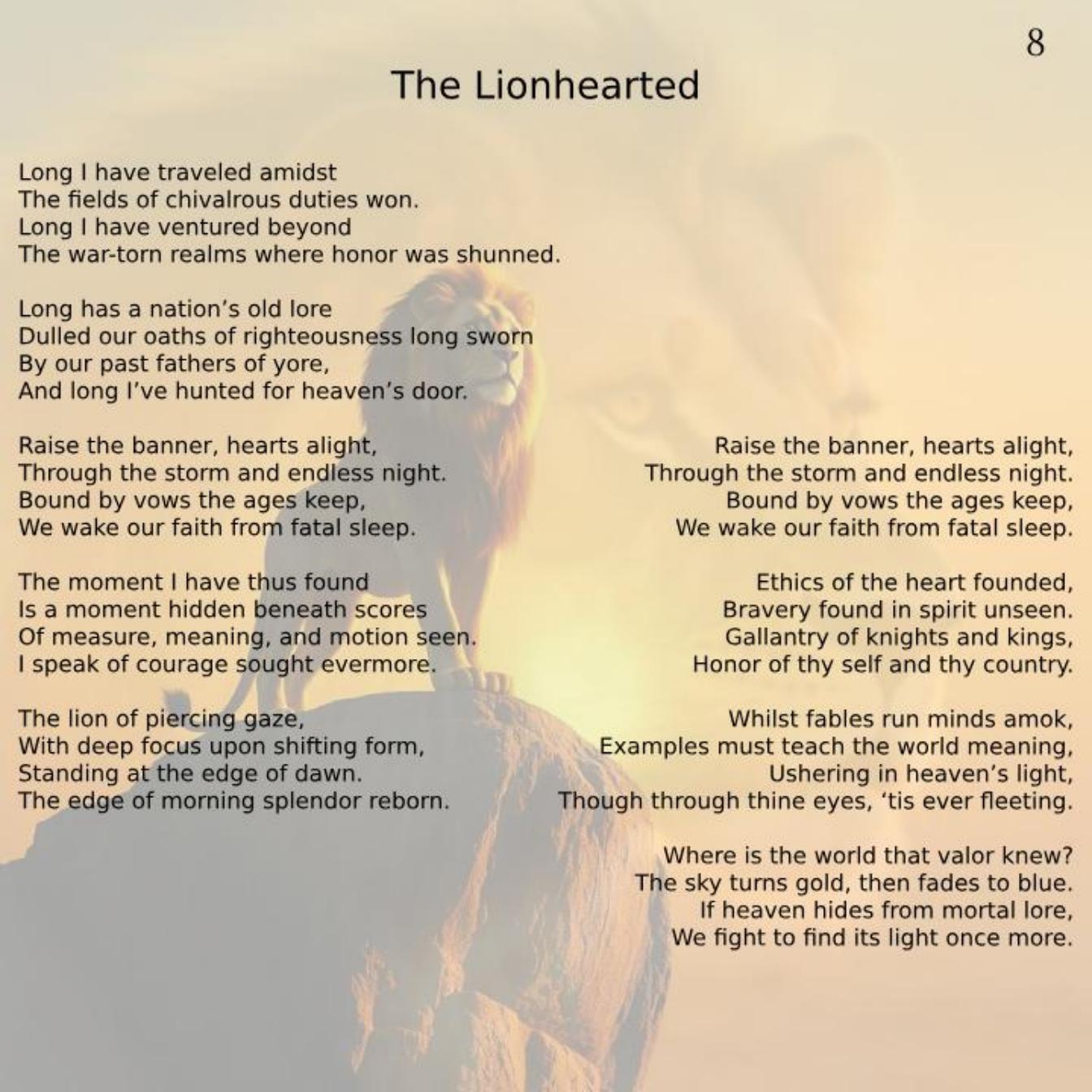
One in the same, we will remain,  
Despite a cruel god-granted fate.  
Fear would depart our domain  
If we could reclaim our faith.

Skiven was forged in sun-touched dawn,  
Snow oft hiding where stars guided.  
But with the absence of hope,  
Land and people divided.

The saddened sought consolation.  
They seek reactions from beyond.  
The lost sought divination.  
They seek answers from above.

The beggars cried out to fortune:  
Give me a sign, O god, O king.  
Pass the light of providence  
To those without heart to sing.

## The Lionhearted



Long I have traveled amidst  
The fields of chivalrous duties won.  
Long I have ventured beyond  
The war-torn realms where honor was shunned.

Long has a nation's old lore  
Dulled our oaths of righteousness long sworn  
By our past fathers of yore,  
And long I've hunted for heaven's door.

Raise the banner, hearts alight,  
Through the storm and endless night.  
Bound by vows the ages keep,  
We wake our faith from fatal sleep.

The moment I have thus found  
Is a moment hidden beneath scores  
Of measure, meaning, and motion seen.  
I speak of courage sought evermore.

The lion of piercing gaze,  
With deep focus upon shifting form,  
Standing at the edge of dawn.  
The edge of morning splendor reborn.

Raise the banner, hearts alight,  
Through the storm and endless night.  
Bound by vows the ages keep,  
We wake our faith from fatal sleep.

Ethics of the heart founded,  
Bravery found in spirit unseen.  
Gallantry of knights and kings,  
Honor of thy self and thy country.

Whilst fables run minds amok,  
Examples must teach the world meaning,  
Ushering in heaven's light,  
Though through thine eyes, 'tis ever fleeting.

Where is the world that valor knew?  
The sky turns gold, then fades to blue.  
If heaven hides from mortal lore,  
We fight to find its light once more.

## Rumors of Origin

Sovereigns with golden scepters in hand,  
 Or potentates holding power abused.  
 Who inscribes the state these grim kings may take?  
 Who marks the lonely path most fail to choose?

This is a story...

Grasp darkness and light, gasp fire and ice.  
 A force of nature, or form of nature?  
 I sense a feeling, a shifting presence.  
 A dividing force corrupt in essence.

When the honor-bound are bound within earth,  
 Their graves will reveal the end of an age.  
 And with this, the story starts amidst death,  
 As men and memories stand flushed with rage.

This is a certainty...

Bringer of daylight, harbinger of night.  
 A dark deity, or a god of light?  
 Days of chaos found, but whispers abound.  
 What is the god's plight we witness tonight?

Who comes running forward when the walls fall?  
 Who comes dashing forth when the gates collapse?  
 Who remains calm in echoing chaos?  
 Who remains still in the divine relapse?

This is the future...

I sense a feeling, a shifting presence.  
 A dividing force corrupt in essence.

Bringer of daylight, harbinger of night.  
 A dark deity, or a god of light?  
 Days of chaos found, but whispers abound.  
 What is the god's plight we witness tonight?

Bringer of daylight, harbinger of night.  
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Who comes running forward when the walls fall?  
 Who comes dashing forth when the gates collapse?  
 Who remains calm in echoing chaos?  
 Who remains still in the divine relapse?

This is the future...

## Conflicting Destinies

This day, no gods shall steer my aim,  
No hollow vows, no fleeting flame.  
Through sacrifice, I've forged my way,  
The night consumes, but not to stay.

No gods shall reign, no chains remain,  
Through endless strife, through mortal pain.  
This power born of light and shade,  
Shall break the rules the heavens made.

I am the spark that rends the veil,  
A force unleashed, no gods prevail.  
Where light and shadow meet and blend,  
I'll shape the world; this war must end.  
For freedom's call, for futures bright,  
I'll bear the cost to set things right.

Not for my name, not for their gaze,  
But for the lives lost in their blaze.  
A hope to mend what they defile,  
I march alone, though hearts revile.

I'll shape this world, its fate, its way,  
No man can stand, no god can sway.  
Through shadowed fire, the price was paid,  
A power born, a path betrayed.

I am the spark that rends the veil,  
A force unleashed, no gods prevail.  
Where light and shadow meet and blend,  
I'll shape the world; this war must end.  
For freedom's call, for futures bright,  
I'll bear the cost to set things right.

## Across the Sea

A harbor kissed by twilight's hue,  
Where seabirds call and skies turn blue.  
He came from storms, from battles grim,  
But here the past still clung to him.  
A sister's smile, her daughter's hand,  
A hearth once lost, now warm and grand.

But peace is brittle, calm won't stay.  
The tide pulls hearts that drift away.  
For one who walked the ash and flame,  
The ocean wind still spoke his name.  
And whispers passed through every reef:  
"You were not made for rest or grief."

They shared a drink, they spoke of youth,  
He left out much, but not the truth.  
A god of dark, a light once slain,  
And one last gift to ease the pain.  
He walked the cliffs in silent thought,  
And dreamed of things he'd never sought.

Philos, do you know the price I paid?  
What deal was struck? What vow was made?  
I left with hope, returned with shame.  
I fear nothing will remain the same.

A stranger's peace, a borrowed day,  
But Helskor called him far away.  
A war not yet begun to burn,  
A mask, a plan, a fate to learn.  
He kissed his kin and faced the sea,  
Not sure of what was left to be.

The stars aligned to guide his soul,  
But left behind a hollow goal.  
Though warmth once touched  
his wounded core,  
He knew he'd leave. He'd left before.  
For some are forged to calm the fray,  
And walk alone at break of day.

## Where the Walls Still Stand

Stone-ringed gates and silent towers,  
 Shadows watch the guarded land.  
 Through winding streets and wary glances,  
 A bard walks where old banners stand.  
 Staivclast's secrets held in silence—  
 The city holds its breath in hand.

In the old tavern by firelight,  
 Old names clash with newer lies.  
 Darkness claws through broken stillness,  
 And Helskor's mark begins to rise.  
 Steel and shadow both collide,  
 And trust is forged beneath disguise.

Let me walk the halls of power,  
 Past the veils and guarded stone.  
 Let me speak with tongue and purpose—  
 One man's voice, but not alone.  
 I am witness, I am will,  
 Where the broken still atone.

For felling one of Helskor's kin,  
 Cyfel's name was quickly known.  
 Through guarded gates and whispered praise,  
 He stepped before the queen alone.  
 Asheila held court in town hall walls,  
 Where oaths were forged and secrets shown.

Where once royalty stood proud and wide,  
 Now weary eyes and silence dwell.  
 A queen defends what hope remains  
 Behind the masks of citadel.  
 She calls not kings, but those who hear—  
 The wandering voice, the unseen spell.

Carry words like sharpened steel,  
 Soft and deadly, firm and clean.  
 Plant the seed where doubt has grown,  
 And root it deep, unseen, serene.  
 If no sword can reach the gate—  
 Let the whisper wear the crown.

There is no war without disguise.  
 No white flag without its stain.  
 Even honor must wear a mask  
 When the blessed cry out in vain.

So let the court remember this:  
 The world can turn with just a phrase.  
 And in the dark, where silence dwells,  
 One whisper still ignites the blaze.

## Imperialized Atmos

The kingdoms rise, the empires sprawl,  
Each built with pride, yet bound to fall.  
What crowns a land with rule or grace?  
A border drawn—or blood in place?

If quakes should tear a realm apart,  
Does law survive within the heart?  
Or does the land define the claim,  
While voices fade but keep the name?

Lines on a map, ink on a scroll—  
What power binds the fractured whole?  
Voices declare, but silence decides  
Where true dominion yet abides.

If kings expand by sword and gold,  
Do they deserve the power they hold?  
Or is their reach a hollow gain,  
A mask to hide a ruler's stain?

Old maps are torn, redrawn anew,  
By kings who rise and fall from view.  
But those who live beneath their reign,  
Inherit both the pride and pain.

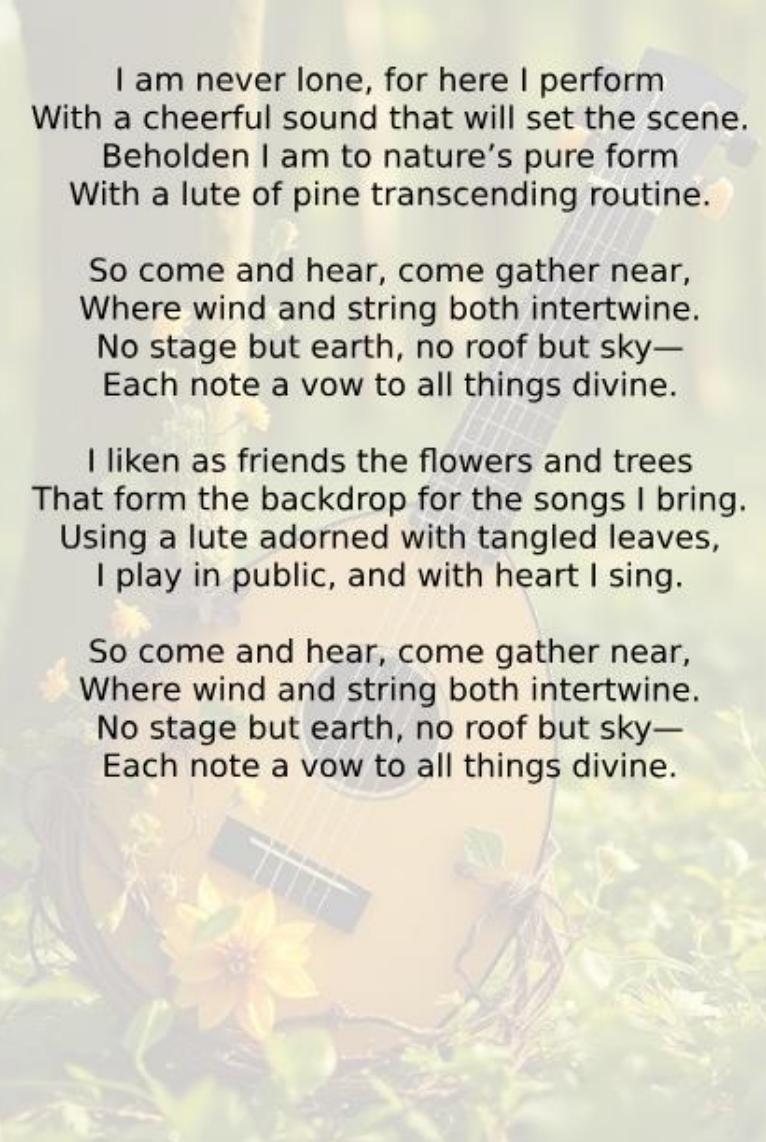
Lines on a map, ink on a scroll—  
What power binds the fractured whole?  
Voices declare, but silence decides  
Where true dominion yet abides.

When gold outweighs the written law,  
And silence masks what silence saw,  
Will peace arise through just accord,  
Or by the blade, restore the sword?

These riddles rise with every breath—  
They plague our lands, they conjure death.  
So now we ask, with wisdom swept:  
How shall the rule of men be kept?

Lines on a map, ink on a scroll—  
What power binds the fractured whole?  
Voices declare, but silence decides  
Where true dominion yet abides.

## Soft and Wild Strings



I am never lone, for here I perform  
With a cheerful sound that will set the scene.  
Beholden I am to nature's pure form  
With a lute of pine transcending routine.

So come and hear, come gather near,  
Where wind and string both intertwine.  
No stage but earth, no roof but sky—  
Each note a vow to all things divine.

I liken as friends the flowers and trees  
That form the backdrop for the songs I bring.  
Using a lute adorned with tangled leaves,  
I play in public, and with heart I sing.

So come and hear, come gather near,  
Where wind and string both intertwine.  
No stage but earth, no roof but sky—  
Each note a vow to all things divine.

## The Song of Ages

Today we venture onward  
Beyond the days of ardor,  
Into chilling nights yonder.  
No shadows could be darker.  
But as the black hail descends,  
Hostile stars pierce it with might,  
For vengeful dawn shall amend  
As it guides our future bright.

Tomorrow we march along  
Toward a time forevermore.  
We travel towards destiny.  
Take me to Tomorrowland.

Today we venture onward  
Through the mists of illusion,  
Into an epic downpour.  
The winds blocked our intrusion.  
But as we fought the great gale,  
Its calming eye found our way.  
We took shelter from the trail  
Only to leave the next day.

Tomorrow we march along  
Toward the time of nevermore.  
Guide me with a shooting star.  
Take me to that wonderland.

Today we venture onward  
Under the skies of ruin,  
And into a valley marred  
By a monster made human.  
Our impatient peers now rest  
From the vigor they released  
As heavens struck on request  
That their blessings would not cease.

Tomorrow we march along  
Toward a time forevermore.  
We travel towards destiny.  
Take me to Tomorrowland.  
Take me to that wonderland.

## Hymns of Hardship (1)

The fires of Burjek burned bright through the night,  
But smoke veiled the stars from the bard's line of sight.

A drumbeat echoed in tavern and street,

Yet none heard the warnings beneath my own feet.  
They drank, they laughed, they danced in the square—

While I sang of a truth too heavy to bear.

A man with power, too proud to kneel,  
Held faith like a coin he could trade for a meal.  
He smiled through speeches with polished command,  
Yet bartered the soul of a once-holy land.  
I met his words with cautioned breath—  
A pact with a god is a dance with death.

I walked with the broken, I drank with the damned,  
Heard hope dressed in silence and lies sweet as a lamb.

But my voice is a fire, my song is the blade—  
I'll carve out the truth through the mask they parade.  
Let their palaces tremble, their banners be torn,  
For peace is a vow that rebellion has sworn.

He spoke of peace through a cold iron hand,  
Of unity carved by a traitor's brand.  
But strength without mercy, law without soul,  
Turns every free spirit to ash in a bowl.  
The throne he served had a splintered crown—  
And gods don't weep when they burn cities down.

The governor's eyes held a flicker of doubt,  
A flame snuffed out by the need for clout.  
He begged me to stay, to serve his charade,  
To bury my purpose beneath a façade.  
But I've walked through dreams where the sky turned red—  
Where gods made war, and the world lay dead.

## Hymns of Hardship (2)

I walked with the blind, I spoke with the chained,  
Heard dreams turned to warnings and prayers left unnamed.  
But my song is a beacon, my wrath is the flame—  
I'll sing of the fall they refuse to proclaim.  
Let their temples be hollowed, their idols broken,  
As the signs of the end leave no words unspoken.

I wandered too far in the waking dream,  
Where nothing is ever quite as it seems.  
The stars once whispered a tale of fire,  
A light-born doom that climbs ever higher.  
I begged the winds to shift the fate,  
But silence replied — already too late.

The fires we stoke will soon burn the hand,  
Of every fool who failed to understand.  
They kneel to a god who sees them as stone,  
Just pieces in games they don't play alone.  
Yet still I march, with truth as my blade,  
To warn the world before hope starts to fade.

Let their temples be hollowed, their idols broken,  
As the signs of the end leave no word unspoken.  
Let the ashes of oaths cloud the path they've chosen,  
And the hearts they enslaved rise once more outspoken.

I will not bow, I will not break,  
For time itself is mine to wake.  
A voice remains, both clear and old—  
A warning sung, a tale retold.

# The Journey Back

(Instrumental)



## Static Nightmare

Lucid memory, sweet as sin,  
 Latent truth among twisted kind.  
 Marked by movement hidden within,  
 Hallowed shall be the umbral mind.

Into the void the deceivers fall.  
     Fall into chaos...  
 From the void the seekers rise.  
     Chaos rising...  
 Empire destroyed and formed.  
     Superior empire rise...

Light fails to find such crooked forms,  
 For none may bathe in body charred,  
 Basking in shallow embers warm  
 When greeted by a hollow star.

Into the void the deceivers fall.  
     Fall into chaos...  
 From the void the seekers rise.  
     Chaos rising...  
 Empire destroyed and formed.  
     Superior empire rise...

In cities dwell disturbing eyes  
 Glowing like beacons of cruel shade.  
 Among spirits that sing white lies,  
 Shadows demand all debts be paid.

Into the void the deceivers fall.  
     Fall into chaos...  
 From the void the seekers rise.  
     Chaos rising...  
 Empire destroyed and formed.  
     Superior empire rise...

Dream's retelling of frozen fields  
 With castles great in trims of white,  
 Parting ill winds of lost appeal -  
 Terror felt in eternal night.

Fade into the darkness...  
     Darkness falling...  
 Blood alters the wanting...  
     Chaos rising...  
 Deliverance upon us...  
 Bound to the chosen one...

Into the void the deceivers fall.  
     Fall into chaos...  
 From the void the seekers rise.  
     Chaos rising...  
 Empire destroyed and formed.  
     Superior empire rise...