

OMEN OF THE ANCIENT



VOL. IV: THE SHADOW OF DEFEAT

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

All songs written and composed by A. L. Hill.
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Story Summary – Omen of the Ancient, Volume IV

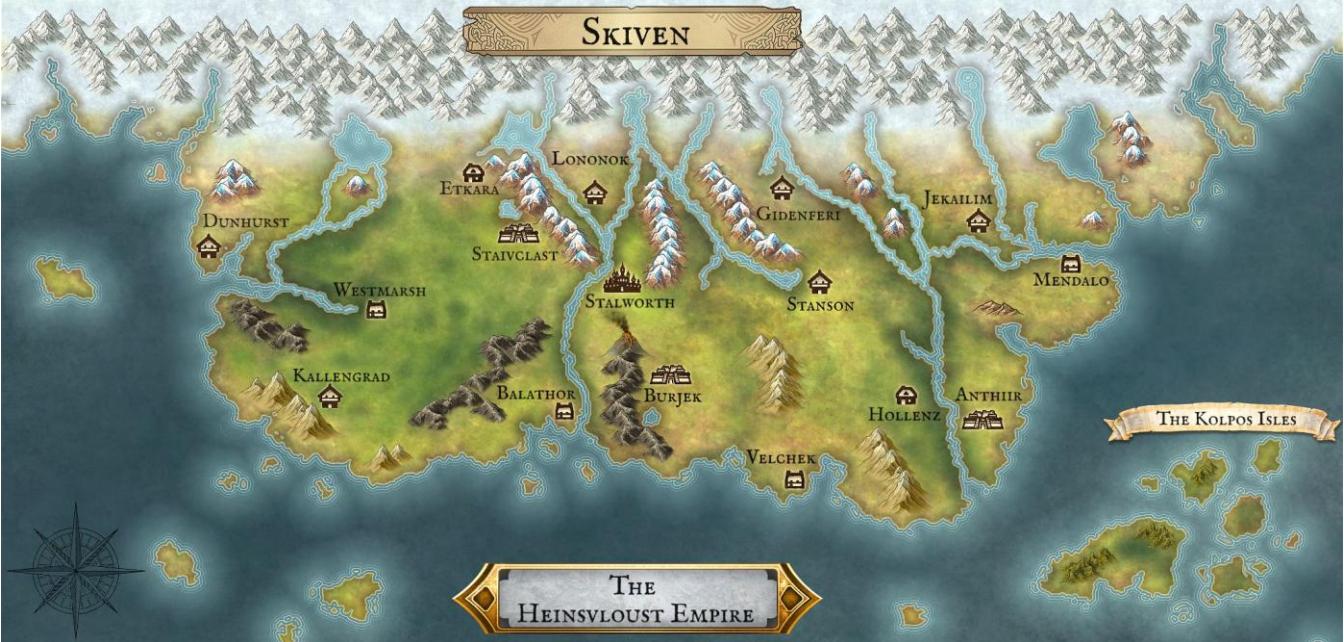
The Epic of Old, Part I

With Cyfel's failure to convince Governor Lambyrn to join the queen's side, he makes his way back from Burjek to Staivclast, warning all he can of the troubles to come while evading the pursuit of those loyal to the new king. The flames of rebellion grow once more, with Queen Asheila at the forefront, ready to strike Stalworth once preparations are complete and her allies secured.

Meanwhile, Markus nears the end of his own long journey. After fulfilling Helskor's harrowing request in Aglodon and reuniting with his family on the Kolpos Isles, he returns home only to find Stalworth already under the control of the Seeker Society, with Philos finding success in the beginning of the harvest season. As winter closes in on Skiven, survival becomes the foremost concern, even as all paths converge toward a final reckoning—where battles between both men and gods stand ready to be unleashed.

Atmos World Map





Omen of the Ancient, Volume IV

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A Cold Embrace

I crossed the vale through wind and white,
 With hoarfrost crowned on every height.
 The roads were cracked, the trees were bare,
 And silence hung like grief in air.
 No trumpet called, no fanfare played—
 Just gates that turned a friend away.

A stranger's face, a rule decreed,
 "No pass? Then turn. We shan't concede."
 But shadows stirred beneath my skin,
 And darkness coiled from deep within.
 Their hands grew pale, their voices stilled—
 The door unbarred by fear I willed.

A crown was seized, but what was lost?
 I count it now by friends and cost.
 The walls still stand, but hearts have fled.
 Their voices hushed, their fires dead.
 I walk through the ash of a life betrayed,
 A name unspoken, a debt unpaid.

The banners hung in black and white,
 A stranger's mark in morning light.
 The square lay still, then swung in wind,
 Three husks of men, their silence grimmed.
 One face I knew, though not held dear—
 Still, bile rose up, my throat made clear.

To Alzgraph's gates my footsteps led,
 A home once mine, now steeped in dread.
 Three cloaked guards with hollow pride,
 Their spears drew wide, their fear denied.
 I caught the steel with shadowed flame.
 They knew my power, not my name.

A crown was seized, but peace denied—
 The banners changed, yet truths still hide.
 They call it order, I see decay,
 As comrades fall or fade away.
 I walk through halls where silence reigns,
 My voice unheard, my past remains.

In shadowed halls where power grew,
 He met the friends he once held true.
 Their crowns were heavy, words were cold,
 No trace remained of bonds grown old.
 The fire they shared had changed its hue,
 And loyalty was split in two.

Waelin stood firm with sharpened tone,
 A soldier's will now carved in stone.
 Philos smiled with distant grace,
 A crown of dusk upon his face.
 They welcomed me with measured care.
 Old ties remained, but none were bare.

The crown is worn, the oath is made,
 But honor wanes where shadows fade.
 Their faith in me still binds my hands,
 Though neither truly understands.
 My soul divided, pulled apart,
 By vows once sworn and changing heart.

A Fractured Mind

Into the void the deceivers fall.
Fall into chaos...
From the void the seekers rise.
Chaos rising...
The path is fragmented.
The way is blocked...
Into the light the deceivers appear.
Appear as nothing...
From the light the seekers claim.
Light my way ahead...
The path is dimming.
The way is darkened...
Legion gone and legion rise.
Our ways in everything...
My dreaded dreams fade away.
Wax and wane in the summer sun...
Fade away and back again...

Terror brought and dismantled.
Enjoy the battle...
Still, we fight on.
Purge the deceivers...
Send to kingdom come.
It came and went...
No choice but to follow.
Award the seekers...
We feast in glory.
Glory evades you...
Empire destroyed and formed.
Superior empire rise...
My dreaded dreams fade away.
Wax and wane under harvest moons...
Fade away and back again...

Deceivers fade, then come anew.
The seekers pass, but some break through.
The light is turning, paths unwind,
What's lost ahead is left behind.
Call the lost, return the flame.
Name by name, none stay the same.
My dreaded dreams fade away.
Wax and wane in unending night...
Fade away and back again...



An Emissary's Doubt (1)

The dawn breaks cold on marbled stone,
 Yet Markus wakes and walks alone.
 A dream still echoes, sharp and thin.
 A voice half-lost, yet burned within.
 He seeks a name, a thread, a plan,
 But finds instead three younger men.
 Their talk of work and shifting walls,
 A city held within its halls.

"You bar the gates to shield decay,
 But call it peace, then look away."
 Waelin replies, "It buys us time
 To mend the cracks before they climb.
 Our gates stay closed to keep us whole.
 A bitter choice, but not my goal."
 Theo leans in with youthful pride,
 While Erik stands, still starry-eyed.
 But Markus sees the fault lines grow.
 Control means nothing when hearts say no.

Two leave in faith, their eyes still blind,
 Too fresh to feel the fraying mind.
 Though Waelin waits, his words fall low—
 Markus feels seeds begin to grow.
 With strength comes rage no vow can bind,
 And fears that creep inside the mind.
 "No god should shape what hearts betray,
 Then call it light to lead the way."

I've walked through halls where truth decays,
 Where order bends in brighter days.
 They call it peace — I call it pause,
 A breath between two hungering laws.
 No creed survives when trust is sold,
 No pact remains when power molds.

Markus walks the marbled floors,
 His title high, yet heart unsure.
 He leaves behind the ritual call,
 Where seekers wait in distant halls.
 The faithful chant in ordered rows,
 While soldiers watch as tension grows.
 The bells call forth the Seeker's rite,
 But he turns left, and slips from sight.

A lone guard stands, unsure, upright,
 The mark of Helskor gleams in light.
 Markus lifts his hand in sign—
 A seeker's grace, a practiced line.
 "I have my right," he coolly says,
 "To speak with him the court forgets."
 The guard steps back with lowered brow,
 And dares not ask the reason now.

Within, the judge sits cloaked in thought,
 A relic power could not blot.
 His gaze cuts deep through time and war,
 A sentinel behind closed doors.
 "You wear the cloak of those who lied.
 Do kings still crown the ones who hide?"
 Markus, calm, yet shaken, speaks:
 "I serve no throne that silences the meek.
 The law may sleep, but not for long.
 Its echo stirs in those done wrong."

I've heard the cries behind closed gates,
 Where silence serves as shield and bait.
 They preach of strength, yet rule through fear,
 Their justice forged in black veneer.
 But faith must bloom in open air—
 Not choke beneath a vacant stare.

An Emissary's Doubt (2)

The parlor dim, the curtains drawn,
Where memory clings, though hope is gone.
A judge, once proud, now forced to yield—
His home a prison, thoughts concealed.
“You stand with those who tore our name.
A loyal traitor, cloaked in shame.”

“I covet no title when fate is cast,
Nor cheer the torch that burns the past.
I stayed to watch, to learn, to feel.
Not every oath was forged in zeal.
The laws you kept were first to fall.”
And silence echoed through the hall.

“You walk their roads, yet walk apart.
A sharper mind, a shaded heart.
But if you burn for something more,
Then lead the lost through hidden doors.
The Lori's mark still stains their skin,
And kindred signs may draw them in.
A single spark, the dark defies,
But silence wins if no one tries.”

I've walked through halls where truth decays,
Where silence feeds what fear betrays.
But now I see the cost of peace:
A gilded cage, a slow disease.
If faith won't speak, then I'll spark the flame,
To light the path, or burn the name.

Sacrament of Sacrifice (I)

In the heart of stained-glass halls,
 Where deities danced on sacred walls,
 The ancient saints in glass remain,
 Their eyes like stars through colored pane.
 Shadows now stretch where sunlight fades,
 And chants arise from passageways.
 The watchers kneel in shrouded rows,
 With bowed heads low, each purpose shows.

A hush like dusk descends the air,
 As robes drift slow through incense prayer.
 The altar waits, its flame unlit,
 While whispers stir where spirits sit.
 From shadowed arch to vaulted dome,
 The king ascends, no longer lone.
 With burdened steps, he takes his place,
 As resolve and strain both share his face.

Here lies the vessel
 From which our blessings flow.
 Here lies the key
 To unlock our gifts bestowed.
 The cup is filled,
 Yet still it thirsts.
 Who dares to answer?
 Who will be first?

A dagger drawn. All doubt erased.
 Dark power coils through skin's embrace.
 His blood runs slow, a shadowed stream,
 Like ink that stains a waking dream.
 The chalice waits with hunger wide,
 To drink divinities man denied.
 Each cut a vow, each drop a bond.
 A tether formed from realms beyond.

Tarvok stands, his oath unshaken,
 A blade in hand, the flesh forsaken.
 He carves the dark through calloused skin,
 And lets the cursed rite begin.
 The chalice swells, a second tide,
 Where pain and loyalty collide.
 The wound is sealed by miasma's thread.
 A mark of those who freely bled.

One sip to bind,
 One breath to sear,
 The shadow calls.
 Suppress your fear.
 Your voice will break,
 Your sight will blur,
 But power waits
 For those who stir.



Sacrament of Sacrifice (2)

The first steps forth, his fingers shake,
Yet pride forbids his knees to break.
He drinks the dark, his vision reels.
The pain too sharp for thought to feel.
A second comes, then falls in turn,
Their silence screams where organs burn.
One after one, the cup is drained,
Their breath consumed, their wills ordained.

Knees to the floor, their voices lost,
Each heartbeat tolls, each shiver cost.
The chalice drains, yet none protest,
Its shadow roots within their chests.
A silent choir, their gazes veiled,
Through burning veins, belief is nailed.
What once was flesh now swears its part.
A covenant etched in bone and heart.

Here lies the vessel,
From which our blessings flow.
Here lies the key,
To unlock our gifts bestowed.
Drink deep the dark—
One sip, no more.
Wake mute, yet risen,
To serve in Helskor's war.



Winter's Sentence

Chains bite the frost with hollow sound,
 Each step a drum on frozen ground.
 Behind shut doors, the eyes still peer,
 Through shadowed glass that hides their fear.
 The streets lie bare, yet walls still see,
 A march that speaks of tyranny.
 No voice is raised, no blessing said—
 Just silence for the exiled tread.

The western arch looms cold and wide,
 Where snow drifts pale on either side.
 The wall's grey spine cuts through the haze,
 Its shadow long in winter's gaze.
 The guards keep pace, their eyes like stone,
 No mercy shown, no kindness grown.
 Beyond the gate, the wilds sprawl.
 A bitter gift, the king's last call.

A voice cuts sharp through frost and breath,
 Promising life, yet framed in death.
 "Your chains fall here. Exile's your due.
 The snow will judge the strong and true.
 The king commands, the chains release,
 Yet banishment wears no disguise of peace.
 Go claim the wilds, the frozen plain,
 And bear the mark of his domain.

Links fall apart with a jarring ring,
 Like brittle vows in the court of a king.
 Some stumble forward, unsure to run,
 Their eyes half-blind to the winter sun.
 Boots break the crust of the frozen earth,
 Each breath a price for a fleeting worth.
 The road ahead holds no refrain.
 Just hunger's march across the plain.

Not mercy's hand, but the warlord's scheme
 To seed the wilds with a vagrant stream.
 The queen draws near, her banners spread,
 And whispers bloom where the exiles tread.
 Each step they take beyond the wall
 May turn to blade at her army's call.
 A scattered host, yet sharp in need.
 The king makes pawns of those he freed.

A voice cuts sharp through frost and breath,
 Promising life, yet framed in death.
 "Your chains fall here—exile's your due,
 The snow will judge the strong and true.
 Not mercy's gift, but the crown's design
 To turn your steps to the battle line.
 Go claim the wilds, the frozen plain,
 And bear the mark of his domain."

Volition Confliction

I long chose to abandon flaw
 To satisfy a selfish whim.
 I banished all fear from my heart,
 Casting my hate upon the wind.

Fear consumes you, making you ill.
 A mind malady, hard to still.
 You lead on, a deceiver true.
 With a force malign, it holds you!

Yet every moment I closed in,
 Exposing a need to reject,
 Blind conviction forced me between
 Exposed truth and fatal neglect.

A puppet on a string, you're seen,
 Occupied with power unclean.
 You play the role. It's not your choice.
 Your mind is taxed. You hear its voice.

Fear consumes you, making you ill.
 A mind malady, hard to still.
 You lead on, a deceiver true.
 With a force malign, it holds you!

I attacked the rules of the realm,
 But my methods could not withstand
 The strength needed to overwhelm,
 Transformation torn from my hand!

Guiding masses with evil aims,
 As tears and blood are shed in flames.
 Death's reaper nears, the end in sight.
 At battle's end, your fate sealed tight!

Fear consumes you, making you ill.
 A mind malady, hard to still.
 You lead on, a deceiver true.
 With a force malign, it holds you!

Yet I would work to intervene
 By embracing a chastening
 Like the world had never seen.
 The greatest reawakening!

Dawn's Edge (1)

Before the sun could kiss the land, a queen's command did rise,
Within the cold and restless camp, where weary soldiers lie.
The map was set, the pieces placed, a plan to breach the line,
For Brent's small bridge would mark the fate of all they'd leave behind.

Discussions turned to risk and gain, the weight of lives at stake,
With powder, fire, and daring schemes, their enemies to break.
But Asheila stood, her voice a blade, her gaze a burning flame,
"Our fury is the fire, and their god shall know our name!"

Glory to the Lightbearer, let the skies ignite!
Glory to the Earth Mother, guiding us through night!
With arrows sharp and courage bold, we'll take what they have claimed,
For the empire rises mighty, and they will curse our name!

The army stirred, their sleep undone, the call to arms rang clear,
Through frigid winds, they donned their steel, suppressing doubt and fear.
Her words of fire stirred their souls, a queen who knew their pain,
And promised triumph's golden light would break the shadow's chain.

"Who will rue this winter's morn, the hunters or the prey?
The fools who wear their devil's mark shall fall to us today."
Her cavalry surged toward the front, their banners snapping high,
"Prepare to strike, for now's the time we fight and do not die!"

Glory to the Lightbearer, let the skies ignite!
Glory to the Earth Mother, guiding us through night!
With arrows sharp and courage bold, we'll take what they have claimed,
For the empire rises mighty, and they will curse our name!

Dawn's Edge (2)

The village loomed, its forges bright, yet silence filled the air,
Six figures stood upon the bridge, defiance in their stare.
A darkened shield encased their forms, their power braced for war,
But volleyed arrows cracked the night; their strength began to pour.

The first strike came swift, a whirlwind of steel,
A seeker's blade fell with murderous zeal.
But Asheila's soldiers held firm in their stand,
Breaking the spell with their courage at hand.

One by one, the seekers fell to the ground,
Overwhelmed by the tide of the soldiers around.
Their power diminished, their reign brought to heel,
The queen pressed onward, her purpose like steel!

Glory to the Lightbearer, let the skies ignite!
Glory to the Earth Mother, guiding us through night!
With arrows sharp and courage bold, we'll take what they have claimed,
For the empire rises mighty, and they will curse our name!

Beneath the stars and burning sky,
A queen's resolve would not run dry.
They held the town, they claimed their right,
And marched as one into the night.

Event Horizon (1)

The midday sun on Brent did shine,
As warhorses crossed the thinning line.
Six foes lay dead where silence spread,
And flags of silver rose instead.

Smoke on the pyre, the bodies laid.
The town secured, yet fears remained.
The wounded stayed, the rest took flight,
To breach the walls ere fell of night.

A message sent, a line was drawn,
Three camps to hold, the march moved on.
Supplies behind, ambition ahead,
A siege to crown their nation's thread.

Strike through the frost, ride through the flame,
Bring down the walls and stake our claim.
The old shall rise, the bold remain.
No god shall turn our cause to shame!

Across the plain, their banners flew,
Their path was swift, their purpose true.
But shadows danced upon the field,
And fate began its cruel reveal.

A scout returned with breathless cry,
"Dark riders near, no banners fly!"
The queen called forth the storm to break.
"Surround, pursue! No time to wait!"

Strike through the frost, ride through the flame,
Bring down the walls and stake our claim.
The old shall rise, the bold remain.
No god shall turn our cause to shame!

But not of man were foes that came,
Each shape a lie, each form the same.
A god emerged in coiled guise,
With fireless wrath and hollow eyes.

Helskor awaited, his form taking flight,
A god of destruction, prepared for the fight.
The being loomed, his voice a roar,
"To ashes and dust, I'll leave you no more."

"Grant us safe passage," the queen boldly cried,
But Helskor's wrath could not be denied.
He struck like a tempest, the earth gave way,
A queen's courage met its darkest day.

The ground will shatter, the skies will fall,
A god's wrath echoes through it all.
With shadows deep and power untamed,
The battlefield burns in Helskor's name.

The archers let fly, their arrows like rain,
But Helskor rose high, immune to the pain.
The queen turned to flee, her soldiers in line,
While shadows pursued with a power divine.

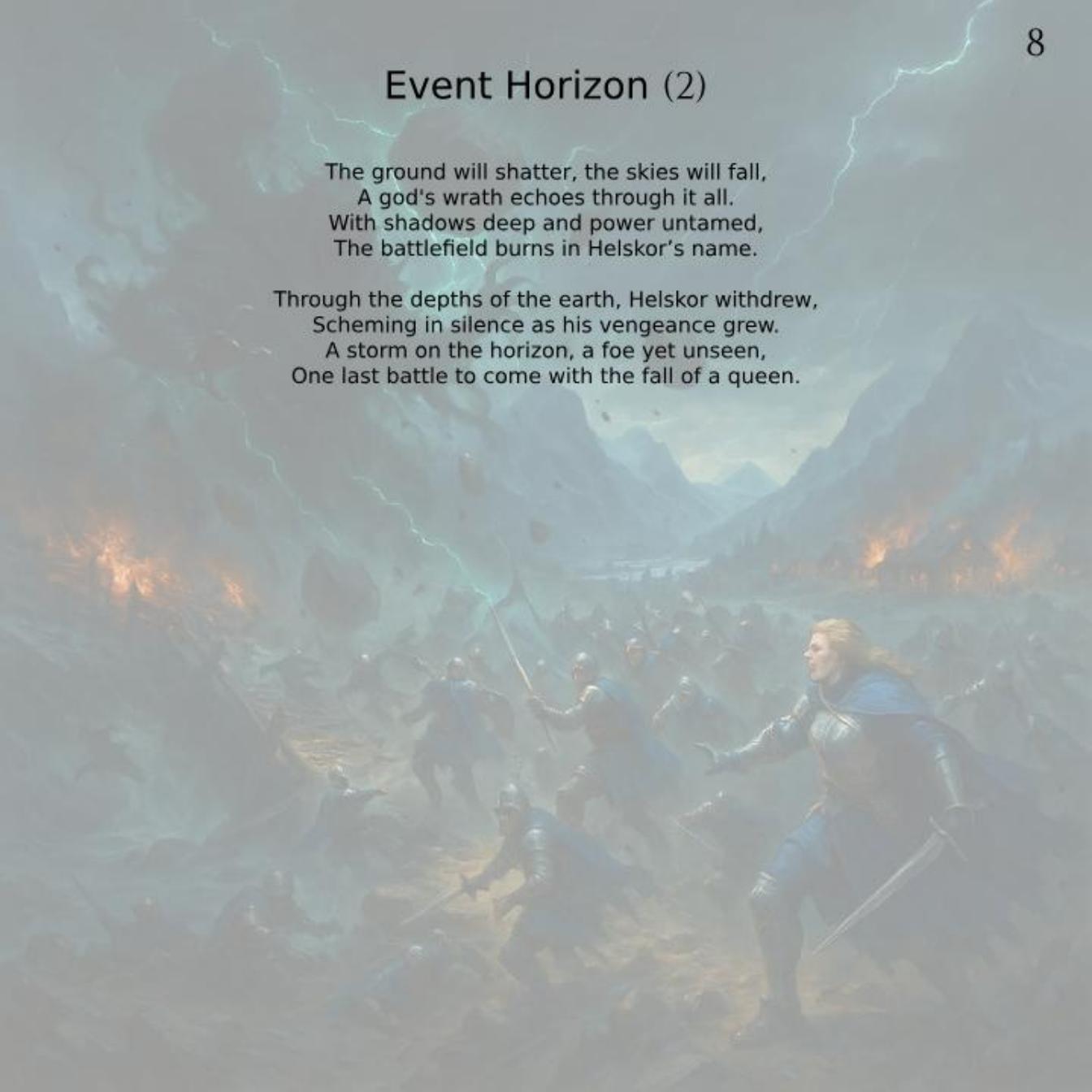
With a wave of darkness, the field takes shape,
Gravity bends, and none escape.
Men are lifted, their bodies collide,
The land itself bends to his pride.

The field turned to black, the snow turned to ash,
A final blow in a god's wrathful clash.
The riders fell, their blood turned to mist,
Chaos ruled as death clenched its fist.

Event Horizon (2)

The ground will shatter, the skies will fall,
A god's wrath echoes through it all.
With shadows deep and power untamed,
The battlefield burns in Helskor's name.

Through the depths of the earth, Helskor withdrew,
Scheming in silence as his vengeance grew.
A storm on the horizon, a foe yet unseen,
One last battle to come with the fall of a queen.



Eyes of the Abyss

From the depths, the shadow wakes,
A voice that bends the earth and sky.
Unbound by time, unseen by fate,
The storm will rise, the weak will die.

No blade can cut, no fire can burn,
The silence knows, the darkness learns.
With every step, the void expands,
The weight of night in outstretched hands.

I am the tide that pulls the stars,
The breath of ruin near and far.
The ground will break, the skies will weep,
The endless dark is mine to keep.

A queen stood bold, yet all shall fade,
Like whispers lost in deep cascade.
Their prayers dissolve, their banners fall,
The night devours, it claims them all.

I am the tide that pulls the stars,
The breath of ruin near and far.
The ground will break, the skies will weep,
The endless dark is mine to keep.

Beyond the horizon, a storm takes form,
A rival's hand moves, steady and worn.
A blazing crown, a tempest high,
A war of gods will shake the sky!

Let the heavens brace for war,
The stars shall burn like never before.
One last battle, one last breath,
Until the end, until what's left.

I am the tide that pulls the stars,
The breath of ruin near and far.
The ground will break, the skies will weep,
The endless dark is mine to keep!

Twilight's Call

Before dawn's first light, in silence and gloom,
The fortress trembles, the air thick with doom.
Helskor descends, a dark power he brings,
His shadow enfolds both peasants and kings.

"From the depths, I return!" his voice fills the sky,
"A god stands with you; on this night, none shall die!
But heed my command, stand firm, do not flee,
For the fury of stars shall soon turn to me!"

"Hold strong!" Helskor's warning, both curse and decree,
"For the dawn brings my nemesis, fiery and free.
The heavens shall tremble; the earth, it shall break,
But this night we endure for Helskor's own sake."

The soldiers assembled, the leaders at hand,
Fear battled with loyalty as they took their stand.
Past the hills to the south, the armies would go,
Where the mountains rose high, capped with morning's faint glow.

Two hours passed, and the ranks held their form,
Past fields turned to frost by the last bitter storm.
Through shadows they marched, with dread in their veins,
Not knowing the blood that would soon stain the plains.

"Hold strong!" Let the shadows command.
"Stand fast!" Let the earth understand.
For the dawn will bring fire no mortal can sway,
But Helskor will guard us until the new day.

The hour before sunrise stretched silent and long,
Each heartbeat a drum to a gathering wrong.
The soldiers felt heat where no fire yet burned,
As if all the world knew what soon would return.

Godfire

Far off in the darkness, a star stirred awake,
 A pulse in the heavens that made the earth shake.
 Its radiance swelled with a furious might,
 A herald of fire preparing for flight.

A shimmer of gold crept under the night,
 An omen that clawed at the edge of their sight.
 The shadows recoiled from a rising unknown.
 A judgment of flame seeking mortals alone.

The world held its breath in the minutes before,
 A hush like the tide withdrawing from shore.
 They prayed for a sunrise gentle and warm,
 But fate drew a blaze in the shape of a storm!

A flash in the sky! The dawn split apart,
 A blaze fierce and bright as it scorched every heart.
 A figure appeared, of fire and light,
 Rhinesvelt had come with his fury and might.

“To think you’d stand firm at the word of a wraith!
 Do you know who I am, what lies in my wake?”
 His laughter rang out, a thunderous sound,
 As mortal men fell in fear to the ground.

“I am fury’s own son, a thousand-star blaze,
 And all who oppose me shall drown in my rays.
 Kneel, plead, follow or fall—it’s your fate,
 For the fires of my wrath are impossibly great!”

Why do you run from the shadow I cast?
 Why do you hide from the brilliance of flame?
 How can you cower before such a storm?
 By light’s unyielding speed, I AM, I endure!

Where can you hide when my will floods the sky?
 Where will you turn when my fire consumes?
 How will your trembling win favor from me?
 By right of dominion, I AM, I remain!

Now kneel, for your reverence feeds my reign.
 Now plead, for your cries are harvest to me.
 Now follow, for your god has come to command,
 Or burn in the blaze that I AM!
 Eternal flame!

I am the fire no shadow can tame,
 I am the storm that will carve out your name.
 Burn or bow, either path ends the same,
 For just like the cosmos, I shall remain!
 Eternal flame!

Battle Beneath the Breaking Sun

Ash drifted down as the twilight withdrew,
The night's final embers still clinging to view.
The soldiers stood trembling, unsure of their ground,
For dawn bore a wrath no shadow had crowned.

With fiery wrath, the earth split in two,
Lightning and flame fused the morning anew.
Men stumbled and fell, yet some rose with pride,
Their strength bound to darkness, no longer denied.

"In Helskor's name we grieve, darkness bound,
In Helskor's name we seethe, power found.
Against light's cruel flame, we stand here as one,
With our shadows as shields until this war is done."

Rhinesvelt watched, disgust and awe entwined,
The scene recalling his darker half in mind.
His claws lit bright, a furnace in the storm,
And searing lances of energy took form.

The beams fell sharp, a chaos born of fire,
Explosive wrath that scorched with desire.
But dark power split the arcing bolts bare,
The energy dispersed in cold, unyielding air.

Where light carved its fury, the shadows returned,
A quiet rebellion where fire had burned.
In silence they rallied beneath Helskor's call—
Those who survived what had fallen on all.

"You mortals are pawns, blind in the game,
Know that my brilliance will burn Helskor's name.
No shadow can stand where my fury may fall,
And all in its path shall kneel at my call!"

But their shield of darkness, forged in pain,
Pushed back each blow in defiance plain.
And Rhinesvelt, frustrated, soared to the sky,
Seeking the source of the shadows nearby.

"If you won't bow, I'll scorch this land bare,
I'll light up the heavens, empty the air.
Helskor shall answer for lives thrown away,
And his name in the dust shall vanish today!"

With fire now spent, he fled to the north,
The warriors watched as the dawn crept forth.
Their protection dissolved as Rhinesvelt fled,
Yet many lay fallen, their last stand dead.

In silence, they marched with their courage worn,
Through blood-stained fields in the breaking morn.
And Philos looked out over the wasted plain,
Bearing the weight of Helskor's dark reign.

"A god's fierce favor, we carried this day,
Yet victory's echo may swiftly decay.
And as dawn breaks the shadowed night's end,
Only silence and scars do the broken defend."

The Return (1)

The snow lay heavy, cold and gray,
I walked where shadows led the way.
Stalworth's walls loomed, cracked and scarred,
Its breath of smoke still burning hard.

Philos marched with fiery eyes,
As Tarvok barked to still the cries,
But Waelin's gaze cut through the haze—
He saw the flood of lives displaced.

I told them what the people knew:
A monster came with fire's hue.
No field was spared, no stone was whole,
Its wrath consumed both flesh and soul.

I walk through ruin dressed as law,
Through ash that hides the cracks I saw.
The gods play games, yet men must pay,
And silence marks the end of day.

Through broken gates, I felt the weight,
The silence of a city's fate.
The air was thick with bitter flame,
And Tarvok swore by Helskor's name.

Philos cried, "This gate shall hold!
None leave, none enter, none grow bold."
But Waelin pled, "Such chains are wrong—
To bind the free makes weakness strong."

I carry words none wish to hear,
A truth that claws, a weight severe.
What stands when gods have had their war?
A city broken, nothing more.

Through hollow streets our march was drawn,
Where smoke still clung, though flame was gone.
The echoes trailed on shattered stone,
Each step reminding me: we're alone.

The castle rose through haze and frost,
A monument to power lost.
Yet Philos climbed with iron will,
His shadow stretched, his purpose still.

We climbed through corridors of stone,
Past banners torn, past kings dethroned.
Philos led me through the gloom,
And bid me sit within his room.

I walk through ruin dressed as law,
Through ash that hides the cracks I saw.
I carry words none wish to hear,
A truth that claws, a weight severe.

He poured the wine, his hand was slow,
The crimson bled like truths we know.
He raised a glass, and turned to me,
His words like iron, cold decree:

"Our gods make pawns of mortal kin,
Yet even they can break, can dim.
What stands in men may turn the tide,
And fear itself can bleed divine."

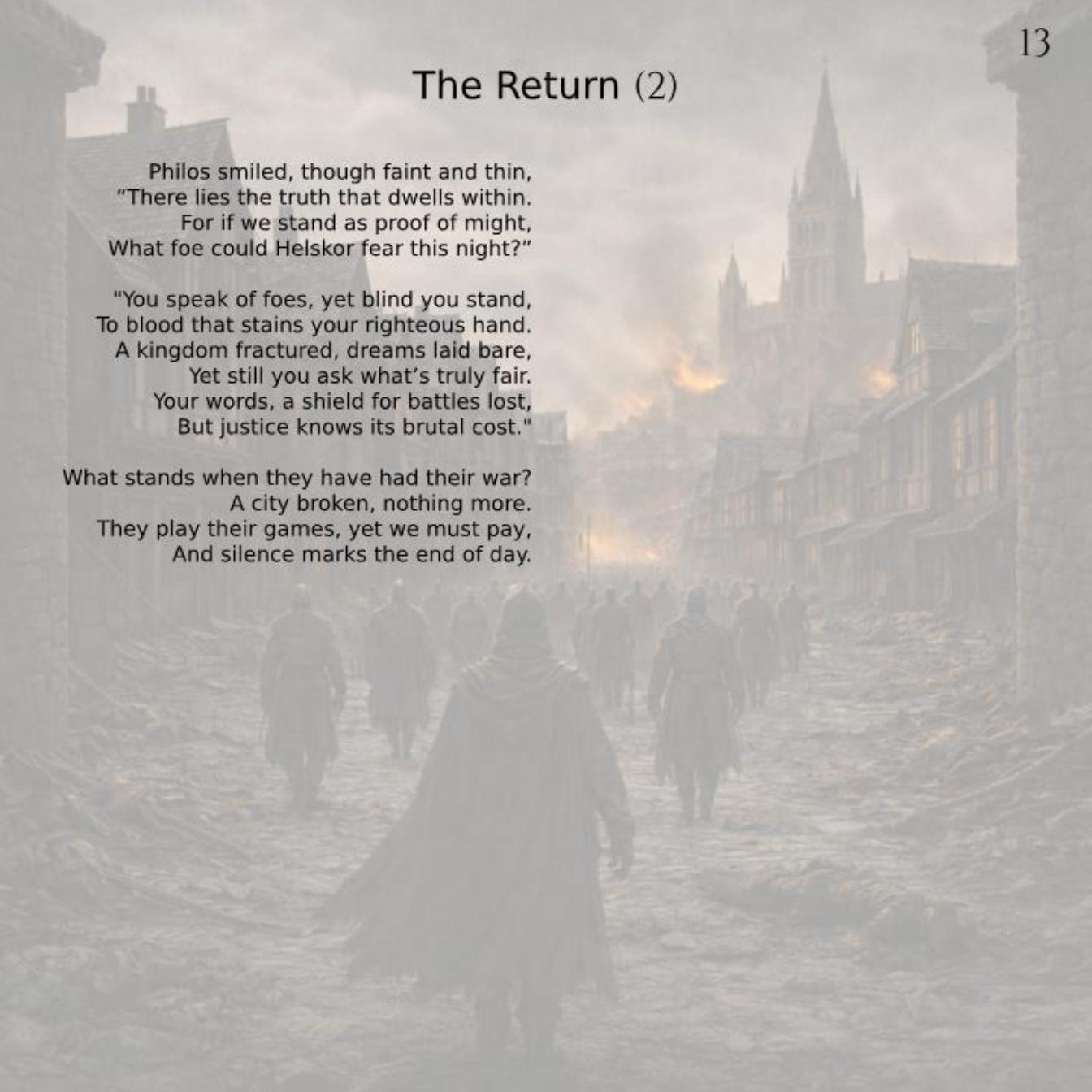
I weighed his words, my cup held still,
"To think they bend to mortal will?
You speak of hope while cities fall,
And justice bleeds no truth at all."

The Return (2)

Philos smiled, though faint and thin,
"There lies the truth that dwells within.
For if we stand as proof of might,
What foe could Helskor fear this night?"

"You speak of foes, yet blind you stand,
To blood that stains your righteous hand.
A kingdom fractured, dreams laid bare,
Yet still you ask what's truly fair.
Your words, a shield for battles lost,
But justice knows its brutal cost."

What stands when they have had their war?
A city broken, nothing more.
They play their games, yet we must pay,
And silence marks the end of day.



Enemy Within (1)

“Even now, we stand opposed,
The path is clear, the chapter closed.”
A sphere of light, a shadow’s flare,
Flickered in Markus’s trembling stare.
From his skin, a fire burned,
A twisted force the gods had spurned.

“It’s curious how these forces blend,
The means to burn, the means to mend.
Darkness kindles, the fire consumes,
A fragile core, an endless bloom.”
The flames grew bright, the shadows grew near,
A blinding light, a piercing fear.
Philos stepped close, unsure, enthralled,
By the spark of doom that darkness called.

Flames that fold, collapsing tight,
A silent hum, a violet light.
Through darkened fire, the strength is born,
A fleeting calm before the storm.

Violet fire, shadow’s embrace,
A power forged to reshape the space.
The air bends sharp, the silence screams,
A weapon built from fractured dreams.

The wine untouched, the room grew cold,
As Markus’s power began to unfold.
A flicker first, then shadows grew,
A violet flame in darkness drew.
Philos lunged forth, his blade of shade,
A weapon born of Helskor’s trade.
Markus turned, his fire swept wide,
A wave of death none could abide.

Violet fire, shadow’s embrace,
A power forged to reshape the space.
The air bends sharp, the silence screams,
A weapon built from fractured dreams.

Markus stood firm, his power entwined,
A force that bent both space and time.
Philos fought back with all he bore,
A shadowstorm, a deafening roar.
But violet flames consumed the dark,
A weapon pure, a fatal spark.
The beam shot forth, the end began,
The traitor’s path, the broken man.

Flames of violet, shadows collide,
Light against dark in a war untied.
The ground is scorched, the air ignites,
A battle forged of endless nights.
Betrayal burns where truth should stand,
A clash of wills, a fractured land.

Violet fire, shadow’s embrace,
A power forged to reshape the space.
The air bends sharp, the silence screams,
A weapon built from fractured dreams.

“You traitorous fiend!” Philos cried,
But Markus’s voice cut through, defied.
“Silence!” he roared, with power untamed,
“This fractured world bears your name.
Helskor’s pawn, you danced his strings,
Dismantling nations, spreading his wings.
Did you think you were the chosen one?
A god’s amusement—your work is done.”

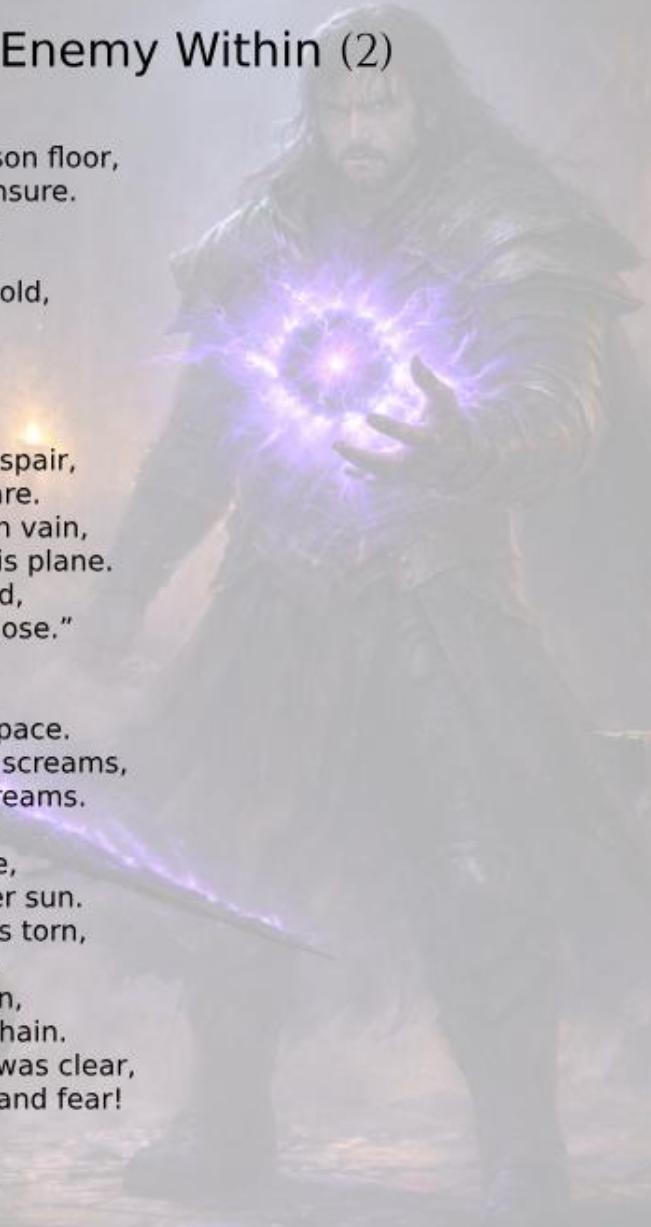
Enemy Within (2)

Philos crawled through the crimson floor,
Eyes wide with pain, his heart unsure.
Markus stood, a weapon of light,
One last strike to end the fight.
The flames erupted, violet and cold,
A single blast, his story told.
As Philos fell, the silence grew,
Markus turned with a final view.

“You were abandoned, lost to despair,
A poisoned mind with none to care.
I gave you meaning, but it was in vain,
For anger alone bound you to this plane.
Now it ends—your chapter closed,
The price of power, the path I chose.”

Violet fire, shadow's embrace,
A power forged to reshape the space.
The air bends sharp, the silence screams,
A weapon built from fractured dreams.

And there he died, Philos undone,
His dreams eclipsed by a brighter sun.
Markus knelt down, his heart was torn,
The price he paid, a soul forlorn.
Yet in the end, the fire must reign,
To break the gods, to end their chain.
Through guilt and loss, his path was clear,
In a world remade through pain and fear!



At the Crown of the World (1)

Through endless ice and glacial plains, where breath turns sharp as knives,
Rhinesvelt, the firestorm, stood alone where darkness thrived.
Eyes surveyed the land, once pure but now consumed by night,
A sickness festered, born of Helskor's blackened blight.
"Man may call him god, but I see what lies beneath,
A rot that spreads through mortal veins like poison in their sleep."

To cleanse the filth, to burn it clean, the fires did awake,
The glacier's heart began to melt; the ice began to quake.
From hands of fire, streams of light, burning trails did arc,
Across the white, the north's despair, he seared his righteous mark.

For hours, flames consumed the north, a world turned bright from wrath,
As torrents flowed where ice once stood, in streams that scoured a path.
His voice like thunder split the sky, "This land shall not escape;
Seas shall rise, the weak shall fall; they'll learn their final fate."

To cleanse the filth, to burn it clean, the fires did awake,
The glacier's heart began to melt; the ice began to quake.
From hands of fire, streams of light, burning trails did arc,
Across the white, the north's despair, he seared his righteous mark.

Behind him came the shadowed form of Helskor, taunting there,
In twisted joy, he watched the blaze engulf the frozen air.
"I didn't know you schemed so well," his mocking voice did sneer,
"But from the way you flaunt your flame, it's clear you crave the fear."

"Speak not to me of fear, nor fight!" Rhinesvelt's voice like stone,
"Your filthy blight I purged today; you rule this land alone."
"Oh, but there's more than power here; I came for reasons grand.
There are secrets yet untouched, things I now command."

A blast of power shook the ground; the ice began to climb,
The land's own weight, under Helskor's force, shifted just in time.
Trapped in a growing sphere of ice, as cold as night's own breath,
Rhinesvelt's fire raged on, defying frozen death.

At the Crown of the World (2)

Helskor called the frozen force, bending glaciers at his will,
Walls of ice surged to the skies, defying Rhinesvelt's skill.
Yet fire lashed and water roared, as steam began to rise,
The earth and sky in fury clashed, as gods dared wrath defy.

To cleanse the filth, to burn it clean, the fires did awake,
The glacier's heart began to melt; the ice began to quake.
From hands of fire, streams of light, burning trails did arc,
Across the white, the north's despair, he seared his righteous mark.

"Your power's not enough," laughed Helskor, mocking with his might,
"I hold dominion over force; my will shall rule the night."
The ice encased him, freezing flame, as Rhinesvelt fought to rise,
Yet Helskor's grip grew ever tight, encircling from all sides.

A mighty shockwave shook the land as fire met ice's cage,
Yet still his form grew cold as stone within the frozen rage.
Helskor, triumphant in his pride, let loose his final jeer,
"A jewel in white, you'll slumber here, no dawn to draw you near."

To cleanse the filth, to burn it clean, the fires did awake,
But glaciers bound his hands in ice, a chain he couldn't break.
As Helskor flew to southward lands, the frozen god did fall,
Bound in ice, 'neath twilight's crown, in winter's deathly thrall.

In Skiven's lands, a wasteland stood, of ice and silent snow,
Where dead lay trapped in crystal tombs, in endless lines below.
Silver peaks and shattered seas, beneath the morning star,
Skiven's mournful crown of white, gleams on in lands afar.

An Odyssey in Motion

Far from the known world
 And deep in foreign space,
 A group of beings congregated
 As a progress report was being formulated.

“I need a status update for
 Emperor Project seven twenty-five.
 Where has it gone?”

One responds with static breath:
 “It crashed, reset, between life and death.
 Propulsion failed, or course miscast,
 The system loops, erasing past.
 Systems cycle, memory lost,
 Impact forced a hidden cost.”

Fragments burn, but data stay,
 The test survives in disarray.
 No return if the shells are gone,
 Yet still the cycle carries on.

Two recounts the weighted chance:
 “Sixty-eight, the odds advanced.
 Extraction worked, the method sound,
 But chaos pulled it to the ground.
 Despite success, the vessel tore,
 Navigation left forlorn.”

Three laments the broken frame:
 “No forward trials, results the same.”
 But Four is pleased, its voice aligned:
 “Perfection grows in the undefined.”

Uncertainty, the flaw we seek,
 The subjects rise, the systems weak.
 No stillness left, no pact, no truce.
 Conflict is their sole excuse.

“The cosmos bends, a living stream,
 More vast than language dares to dream.
 The test is done, yet still we learn.
 From every crash, the patterns turn.”

Fragments burn, but data stay,
 The test survives in disarray.
 Keep the watch, record the sign.
 Reset begins, then falls in line.

“Affirmative.”

The comms close. The voices fade,
 “Continue trials, the path is laid.
 Project sealed in orbit’s scar,
 Vital still—our guiding star.”

Finality of Galactic Cognizance

Vibrations of effervescent repetition,
Pulsating neutrinos and oscillating electrons.
The atom was split and reformed in a mission
To construct a novel creation of processed protons.

A quasar cries out with an unrelenting roar,
Forming and ending a cosmic chorus of melodies.
The Imperator functioning in strands of time
Has absorbed the gamma rays of faraway memories.

Imperator, herald of the end,
It speaks in truths none comprehend.
Spacetime bends where pulses run,
With shattered wills remade from one.

It is a macrocosm of the miniscule.
Fluctuations are continuous, balance covalent.
Perfect in symmetry, but chaotic in rule.
Adjust the transcendental universe equivalent.

A show of fading volition through mind's deconstruction
To transpose what was already whole and dispersed.
Remarkable visions track the source of all creation
And dismantle any such subtle thoughts perverse.

Imperator, herald of the end,
It speaks in truths none comprehend.
Spacetime bends where pulses run,
With shattered wills remade from one.

The beginning and essence of a newborn galaxy,
Formed by a seed of power and voice of the strong.
Heed its whispers, a permeating force of fallacy.
The Source Extraction, a form to which you belong.

Central energy circuit, gathered and molded within.
Galactic gravity central, form the hidden.
Sequence commencing, energy and essence held herein.
The Imperator resurrects the forbidden.

Imperator, herald of the end,
It speaks in truths none comprehend.
Spacetime bends where pulses run,
With shattered wills remade from one.