

OMEN OF THE ANCIENT



VOL. I: THE LAND OF TWILIGHT

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 I

The Epic of Old, Part I

In the twilight of a fading age, the world of Atmos stands on the brink of upheaval. Skiven – an oft-frozen land given life by the once-worshipped morning star – endures a bitter peace under the rule of the Heinsvloust Empire. Yet beneath the surface, old grievances burn, especially among those who still cling to the tribes and cultures of the past.

Among them rises Philos, a rebel fueled not by prophecy, but by righteous fury. His loyalty to the old ways drives him to radical action, even to the detriment of his friends. In the capital of Stalworth, King Faellis grapples with growing unrest following the Sunrise Festival, while Nezbaerth, a young blacksmith's son, is thrust into a world of dreams beyond mortal comprehension – aided only by Cyfel, a bard who claims to have had similar mystical experiences.

All paths converge as fractured dreams and a mysterious omen lead to unknown deities revealing themselves to a chosen few. Through them, chaotic destruction looms: a cosmic war threatens to tear the heavens asunder. With the skies foretelling disaster, and secret societies rising from the ruins of old loyalty, even the dreams of mortals hold the power to change fate.

Omen of the Ancient captures the beginning of this struggle – the fall of reason, the rise of ambition, and the first echo of war.

Atmos World Map





Omen of the Ancient, Volume I

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THE EPIC OF OLD

The Morning Star

In a slow dance of fading snowflakes,
Our story starts like those of old
In northern lands, rough and cold.

Evoked are thoughts of toil
Below an undying dawn.
The morning star always watches.
The morning sun forever burns faint.

When winter season bids us farewell,
Dawn will embrace the land anew
As clouds watch the light break through.

Daybreak and twilight night
Bathe the soil that crowns the world.
The morning star gathers its flock.
The morning sun honors the fallen.

This harmony of heavenly lights
Grants visions of cosmic design
Through which divinity shines.

In a star-drenched kingdom,
A hollow light lives for all.
The morning star always survives.
The morning sun breathes life through the land.

The Elder Chants

When sleet and snow
Meet a passing gale,
Our spirit rests
Within fleeting winds.

When thundering hail
Strikes at the land,
Our spirit seeps
Into cracking earth.

Frozen water drops
Upon wind and sky,
Building crystal seas
Upon hidden land.

Our hearts united
As elements pass,
Their brave act soothing
Our blind ambition.

It rages on,
The mighty blizzard.
A chorus swells,
Striking mountains tall.

Trees bend and break
At the changing will
Of a passing gale
Parting white rain.

When grass and grain
Grow amidst white rain,
One may welcome
The light of the world.

When the star is bright
With fire burning,
Our sleeping souls
Will wake with morning.

Woven and braided
Are wonders of life,
Growing and shaping
Our present daybreak.

Chieftain of nature,
The sun still rules all.
Bringer of starlight,
It buries darkness.

Green overtakes,
With blooming branches
And fresh grasses.
Petals signal change.

Upon the call,
Youth through twisted vine
Claims earth from white rain
As spirits sing.

Nature calls forth
The song of the wild
In blazing light
And the surging gusts.

Trees sway to the tune
Of the wild waves
Ringing amongst
The lush grass and grain.

While waiting for life,
We are mere spirits.
Beholden we are
To nature of old.

Nestled at our side,
The forest now sings
A melody heard
Through soil and breeze.

With waving leaves
Caught in winds of change,
Hearts warm with light
As night offers peace.

Journeys of song
We share as brothers
In lack of white rain
With spirits free.

Mead and Merriment

Upon the morn when petals fall
And snowcaps melt on mountains tall,
We hear the ring of Stalworth's bells
That marks the end of twilight's spell.

So, rise and shine with a cup of wine
And dance a jig from side to side.
Together we drink from dawn till dusk
In the brightly lit halls of Wholfenhide!

Just grab a chair and shout with cheer
With mugs raised high and filled with beer.
Today we'll feast into the night
And only stop by dawn's first light.

So, together we yell for a pint, one more!
From a flagon, out pours spirits so fine,
Which we do drink with laughter galore
In the brightly lit halls of Wholfenhide!

The Sentry

The sentry is my rank and file
As few could rightly claim this style.
Only the greatest sentinel
Could protect such grand palace doors
With spear and shield at his command.

A new day of sentry duty,
Another morn of duty sworn.
Another night behind castle walls.
A new morrow to guard the sleeping.

Watch me o pathetic watchmen.
See how a pro does his duty.
No mere man could enter these halls
Just as no bird could clear these walls,
For I am the sentry herein.

A new day of sentry duty,
Another morn of duty sworn.
Another night behind castle walls.
A new morrow to guard the sleeping.

Stalworth be praised, you know my name
As the king's guard who's used to fame.
No man can best me at my post,
For I have been the most honored.
The best of the best, said the king.

A new day of sentry duty,
Another morn of duty sworn.
Another night behind castle walls.
A new morrow to guard the sleeping.

So here I sit alone once more
Guarding a great castle from harm.
But since this is a time of peace,
There is no need for a sentry.
I am merely a spectacle,
But I will still remain the best.

A new day of sentry duty,
Another morn of duty sworn.
Another night behind castle walls.
A new morrow to guard the sleeping.

The Kind King's Speech (1)

"The slumbering sunrise awakes again, transforming itself into a beacon of light. The morning star finds itself made whole and shines with renewed strength. I believe this strength is felt not just in this living star, but in our hearts as well. As the winter chill is killed by the eternal glow we all love, burning bright or burning hollow...it matters not. Our forefathers conquered the land centuries ago, but it still tries to conquer us every year with winter's bite. Yet again we come together on this festival day to unite as a family and a nation. We celebrate not just the sun's life-giving warmth on this day - we celebrate all we have accomplished as a people!"

"Many great things have come about in this era. Yes, our quality of life has improved, but only through hard work and careful oversight. Against the elements, we have triumphed - a feat even our enemies beyond the southern sea have yet to demonstrate. Through such struggles, we stand united under one banner. One creed. Though we are as diverse as they come, we have found unity amidst tragedy and peace within conflict. Yet the purists would have our society crumble. The isolationists would have our military wither and die. Rebels have attempted to claim this land as their own, yet the ideology elevated by their words was long abandoned by their own people."

The Kind King's Speech (2)

"Though it is true that the desire for peace alone is not enough for our nation to advance, the desire for conflict will prove even less productive. When war is waged for self-preservation, it tempers the populace. When it is waged for greed – land and its bounty – the nation is hallowed out, its moral compass lost in the conquest. We already wage war every year, yet our foe is not that of men. It is not those degenerates that would claim our land as their own. No, we fight nature's wrath every year and have only spoils to show for it. Roads, bridges, houses, and farmland – these things did not sprout out of the ground come springtime. They were built. Built by the sweat and blood of all of you standing here today!"

"Would this have come about without shared sacrifice? You know the answer. In order for us to build upon the land we are cultivating, it's necessary for the bountiful lands to support the harsher ones. Through patience and perseverance, even the most demanding of landscapes will contribute toward the realm. Though some may not approve, I would even say that forced clemency is better than the anarchy some are trying to create. A nation fractured from within will fall, and new invaders will be persuaded to test the waters. The Heinsvloust Empire will remain strong and united so that its isolation from warring nations remains the norm. As our eternal star shines on us with rays of gold, we too will forge our own eternal kingdom upon the earth and snow! Honor for Einsguard! Glory to the Empire!"

Blood of the Mountain

I feel it in my veins,
Khe passion burns like fire,
Today I stoke the flames,
Fulfill my heart's desire.
For the people and the king,
For the forge and for me,
I shape life from ore,
My calling and creed.

Blood of the mountain, hear our call,
In fire and hammer, we rise and fall.
Stone to metal, strength to soul,
A father's craft, a legacy whole.

In each strike, I feel the mountain's core,
Its fire, its breath, the iron's roar.
Crafting for king and kin alike,
I wield my hammer as spark meets strike.
With molten veins and tempered hand,
I forge my mark upon the land.

The earth's deep call flows steady and clear,
Guiding my hands to shape what appears.
Each blow finds purpose,
Each edge sharp and right,
As if I've known this craft all my life.

Blood of the mountain, hear our call,
In fire and hammer, we rise and fall.
Stone to metal, strength to soul,
A father's craft, a legacy whole.

In each strike, I feel the mountain's core,
Its fire, its breath, the iron's roar.
Crafting for king and kin alike,
I wield my hammer as spark meets strike.
With molten veins and tempered hand,
I forge my mark upon the land.

I strike, I shape, yet nothing holds true,
Each piece I touch resists the form I pursue.
Where my father finds strength,
and my brother finds grace,
I'm left with fragments
And scars in their place.

Blood of the mountain, hear our call,
In fire and hammer, we rise and fall.
Stone to metal, strength to soul,
A father's craft, a legacy whole.

Stellar Space Race

Pastel patterns surge through my eyes.
Emerging darkness illuminates.
Amazement flares—I must let go.
These projections inside, I cannot know.

Colors crash and scatter wide,
Fragments pulse, then slip and hide.
Spirals twist in radiant flow,
Through spectral tides, I'm swept below.
Forms collapse and intertwine,
Unraveling the edge of mind.

Lurid prisms twist through air,
Bending truth I once thought fair.
My sight ignites with fleeting sparks,
Reflections drift in fleeting arcs.
When will the rhythm lose its pace?
When will my mind reclaim its space?

Colors crash and scatter wide,
Fragments pulse, then slip and hide.
Spirals twist in radiant flow,
Through spectral tides, I'm swept below.
Forms collapse and intertwine,
Unraveling the edge of mind.

Electric blue diamonds in a flurry
With fractal geometry fusing in one form.
Thought dissolves in shifting frames,
Where sculpted constructs twist through flames.
As elemental fixtures dance and breach,
Portals flash with timeless reach.

Colors crash and scatter on sight,
Fragments flare, then fade from the light,
Spirals weaving a storm-born glow,
Through spectral tides, I'm swept below.
Shapes collide and blur, undefined,
Slipping through the web of my mind.

The Hollow Deep

No light, no time, no end, no start—
Just stone that flickers in the dark.
Aligned in rows, five stories high,
The silent homes breathe pale blue light.
No voice, no soul, no name, no face—
Just echoes turning in their place.

I looked above—were those the stars?
Their glimmer cold behind the bars
Of stalactites and crystal spines,
That pierce the cave in jagged lines.
The air was still, the world too wide—
A dream that lived from deep inside.

This city sleeps beneath our breath,
Its memory carved in halls of death.
The shadows walk where none can see,
Their lives like whispers lost in me.
I light the dark, but only find
Reflections I have left behind.

The manors shift as streets unwind,
Their corners bending out of line.
From symmetry to broken maze,
The further in, the more it sways.
No voices call, no torches burn—
Just roads that twist and never turn.

I reached for fire with quiet thought,
A flicker in my palm was caught.
And in that light the walls revealed
White crystal veined in secrets sealed.
The people came—but not in flesh,
Their shadows walked in silence, meshed.

Upon the stone, the murals sprawled—
Scaled limbs in prayer, in battles called.
A face of dragons, part of man,
Presiding still since time began.
Their eyes, like stars, still seemed to burn...
What gods did ancient dreamers learn?

This city sleeps beneath our breath,
Its memory carved in halls of death.
The shadows walk where none can see,
Their lives like whispers lost in me.
I light the dark, but only find
Reflections I have left behind.

I climbed the steps with steady breath,
A bridge of stone, asleep in depth.
The city bowed in layered tiers,
Its towers stretching through the years.
Below, the cave grew dark and wide—
A forest glowing, still, and dyed.

A voice called out from far below—
Unformed, unsure, yet one I know.
No wind, no shift, no face in sight,
Just murmured words that fled the light.
I leaned to see, then felt it near—
A shove that tipped me past my fear.

This city dreams beyond my reach,
Its silent spirits with little to teach.
The lights still burn in crystal stone,
But I fall fast—and not alone.
No wings, no cry, no time to flee...
Then waking strikes—and swallows me.

Another Road to Follow

Hands not made for hammer and fire,
Echoes of sparks I cannot follow.
A road of iron forged for me—
But something stirs in hollow shadow.

A voice like wind through cedar trees,
Said, "You are more than labor's sorrow."
I turned, and found not a blacksmith's gate—
But a door of thought, and one to borrow.

Close your eyes to what is done—
And open them to what may be.
Not all who wake know how to dream,
And not all dreams are fantasy.

A sky too vast for stars to count,
A song that once shaped empty stone.
He spoke of will and thought and time,
And how no soul is born alone.

Can I leave the flame behind—
The tools, the name, the iron trade?
"To shape a life," said Cyfel then,
"You must first choose what should be made."

Close your eyes to what they see—
And seek the truth within the stream.
Not all who dream must lose their way,
No gilded start foretells the theme.

A Past and Present Sprouting

The night grants me fragments,
Moments of peace I had long lost.
Would death bring me everlasting slumber,
Or never-ending wakefulness?
Neither would soothe, neither I seek,
Graceful in my calm so bleak.

For I am but beautiful stone,
Heart of gold, yet cold alone.

If I wake, I will bloom like a flower,
Petals of hope and a searching soul.
Will there be someone in that hour,
To witness this birth and watch me grow?
Yet here in slumber, I am free,
Rooted deep, where no one sees.

Lacking want, desire tamed,
Tonight I feel serene, unclaimed.
Yet musings stir in twilight's hue,
A glimpse of dawn, but fleeting too.

For now, I'm stone, at rest below,
A dormant seed, biding slow.

If I wake, I will bloom like a flower,
Petals of hope and a searching soul.
Will there be someone in that hour,
To witness this birth and watch me grow?
Yet here in slumber, I am free,
Rooted deep, where no one sees.

Who will witness, who will know,
This quiet life beneath the snow?
Safe in silence, dreams intact,
A waiting heart, a gentle pact.

If I wake, I will bloom like a flower,
Petals of hope and a searching soul.
Will there be someone in that hour,
To see this life and watch me grow?
For now, I dream in earth's embrace,
Bound to slumber's quiet grace.

A Tale of Beginnings

In Skiven's lands, where shadows roam,
And twilight weaves its silver dome,
A legend born of ancient days,
Still whispers through the mountain haze.

Upon the peak, where shadows grow,
A giant bear roamed, his strength on show.
Gornash, the Mountain Keeper, with claws like stone,
Guarded his realm, his peak, his home.
A mountain so vast, his throne of might,
But his heart longed to soar, to claim the skies.

From heights unknown, Anohashu came,
The Great Eagle, a star aflame.
With wings so vast, he crossed the sphere,
And dared the Keeper to face his fear.

A trial of strength, of speed, and fire,
Two titans clashed with endless desire.
To shape the world, both land and sky,
Their legends echo, reaching high.

The earth did quake at Gornash's roar,
His might split mountains, shook the core.
But the eagle soared to the world's edge bright,
And proved his speed surpassed the bear's might.

One final trial, a cunning spark,
To light the world and leave their mark.
Fire from the mountain, Gornash brought,
But Anohashu reached for the stars he sought.
One lit the world with molten might,
The other brought day and fading night.

A trial of strength, of speed, and fire,
Two titans clashed with endless desire.
To shape the world, both land and sky,
Their legends echo, reaching high.

The Keeper turned to stone in his grief,
His mountain now a solemn relief.
While the Eagle soared where the heavens gleam,
A star to guide the eternal dream.

A trial of strength, of speed, and fire,
Two titans clashed with endless desire.
To shape the world, both land and sky,
Their legends echo, reaching high.

So Gornash rests where shadows lie,
And Anohashu glows in the sky.
A tale of power, loss, and flight,
Etched forever in day and night.

The Hermit on the Mount

Here I sit on my lone mountain,
Where skies touch earth, and silence speaks.
Drifting to sleep, falling awake,
The whole world unfolds beneath my gaze.
Beyond these peaks, a vision grows—
A realm unseen, yet one I know.

Oh, if they could see what I've seen,
The threads of dreams, the woven seams,
Where horizon meets horizon,
and wisdom waits.
To touch the world beyond today—
To bring those dreams into the fray,
And let the heart and mind be one, awake.

Though I've walked in shadows and stars,
Wandered deep where the world feels far,
Here in my home I live alone,
While echoes stir in earth and bone.
Wisdom in fragments can shape what we see,
But only in dreams can true foresight be free.

Oh, if they could see what I've seen,
The threads of dreams, the woven seams,
Where horizon meets horizon,
and wisdom waits.
To touch the world beyond today—
To bring those dreams into the fray,
And let the heart and mind be one, awake.

If minds could reach beyond the known,
And wander paths they've never been shown—
This world would grow to hold what's dear,
With every dream drawn ever near.
Parallel sights, a unity formed,
Beyond dual shadows that keep us torn.

A world where dream touches reality—
It stirs as I watch from my mountain free.
Though my voice is a whisper in the wind,
My sight still climbs to the heavens' rim.
On my lone mountain, I will wait,
Where horizons meet, and worlds awake.

Bitter Revelation

Through streets where garlands rot and fall,
Where once was cheer, I see the crawl
Of mice and men—both blind to time.
They feast, then flee, as fools in rhyme.
A city crowned with fractured light—
It greets no seer, it hides its blight.

And there he stood, the man I raised—
Now cloaked in white, and self-amazed.
“You speak of dreams,” he dares to teach,
But turned his back when mine could reach.
You name it freedom—I say flight.
You cast away your gifted sight.

I am the seer who climbed the heights,
Who saw the end beneath starlight.
You speak of hope and paths to mend,
While I have seen how kingdoms end.
Cyfel, Faellis—hear me clear:
The storm is close, and none are near.

A gilded hall, too clean, too proud,
Where governors still laugh too loud.
Their jewels weigh more than words or law,
Blind to the omen I foresaw.
And Faellis greets me like a friend—
A mask he wears, and will defend.

“You summoned me,” I said, “not blind.
You felt the fire behind the mind.”
He spoke of dreams, and how they grew—
But I had seen them flicker true.
A star that falls, a light gone pale...
A silence vast. A world grown frail.

“You built your house on fractured stone,
Let governors reap fields not their own.
No culture binds, no law unites—
Just polished lies and staged delights.
You chase their peace through cheers and gold,
While waiting jaws grow strong and bold.”

I read the signs they chose to flee,
The storm that waits where none can see.
You walk the roads we both once knew,
But I have seen what time can do.
Cyfel, Faellis—do what you will,
But prophecy is never still.

I warned, I watched, I walked away—
No crown can halt what breaks the day.
Their silence weighed, their futures set...
And still, the seer does not forget.

The Ruuthiel

In a field of snow where silence grows,
The dream begins where no wind blows.
Tall grass reaching through the frost,
Echoes of a world long lost.

Footsteps fade, a cabin wakes,
Warmth inside, yet memory aches.
The old hearth burns with softer light,
Still haunted by a past in flight.

Snow remembers every name,
Etched in frost, preserved in flame.
What is history but a breath?
A loop of life, of war and death.
We walk through echoes time has drawn—
Still learning right from ancient wrong.

Spirits form in mist and storm,
Frozen legions, battle-worn.
Figures rise in silence grim,
Of mud and snow and broken limbs.

Arrows sing, and fire rains,
War returns through dreambound plains.
The past repeats in quiet screams—
A truth revealed in fractured dreams.

Even gods are bound to story,
Even victors fade in glory.
But dreams...dreams refuse to lie,
They mourn for those who had to die.
And if the truth we dare to show,
We're cast away with nowhere to go.

Snow remembers every name,
Etched in frost, preserved in flame.
What is memory but a seed?
A tale of thought turned into deed.
We watch the past unfold again—
A dreamer's lesson lost on men.

Back inside where fire glows,
Cups are filled and tension slows.
From cider sweet to ancient wrongs,
The teacher speaks in tempered songs.

"Will is thought and thought is form,
Even dreams obey the storm.
See how history shapes the mind—
The past replays what we designed."

But if all paths are drawn from choice,
What defines the truer voice?
If every soul can bend their fate,
Then why must dreams regenerate?

Snow remembers every name,
Etched in frost, preserved in flame.
What is foresight but a thread,
Woven by the restless dead?
And we, who drift through shadow's veil,
Are carried by the mournful tale.

The Calling of a Star

I see a star alight above,
I reach to catch its distant love.
But it drifts in skies too wide—
No matter how I stretch or strive,
It will not notice, nor arrive.

If only I could fly beyond
This land I remain bound upon.
Beyond this world and into light,
Soaring through the endless night.

I wonder what it hides from me
Up in that veiled infinity.
It mirrors all I hope and crave,
The dreams I fight so hard to save.
Still, I rise with open hands,
Reaching past where reason stands.

If only I could fly beyond
This land I remain bound upon.
Beyond this world and into light,
Soaring through the endless night.

It sees me too. I feel its gaze,
Closing the gap through silent haze.
It senses what I seek to know,
A longing formed so long ago.
It shifts, it stirs, it draws in tight—
A ghost of warmth, a thread of light.

If only I could fly beyond
This land I remain bound upon.
Revelation would reveal
Celestial destination.

It chants my name without a sound,
Its echo deep, the air unbound.
But though it nears, I cannot move—
I stay below, still seeking proof.
It is the fate I can't embrace,
Forever close, yet out of place.

If only I could fly beyond
This land I remain bound upon.
Revelation would reveal
Celestial destination.

If only I could soar through night,
Beyond this world and into light.

Burning Omen Red

I wake where silence holds the land,
Among the hills, where few still stand.
Tanners work, the fields lie bare,
And I breathe in forgotten air.

A journal hides what I can't say—
The warrior sleeps, the dreamer stays.
Among the Ruuthiel, truth grows thin,
As fading roots are masked in kin.

The sky burns quiet, red and wide,
No thunder roars, yet stars collide.
A light descends, a world reframed—
The gods have come, but not in name.

Tradition lingers in the dust,
Carved in runes and broken trust.
I wear no crest, I claim no throne—
Yet shadows call and speak alone.

I walk with ghosts, I train the young,
But hear the cries of songs unsung.
A spirit's voice, a whispered plea,
Beyond the veil, it reaches me.

The sky burns quiet, red and wide,
No thunder roars, yet stars collide.
A light descends, a world reframed—
The gods have come, but not in name.

We danced too long in empire's flame,
And called it peace by other names.
But ruin creeps with silent tread,
Where even starlight turns to red.

My people sleep, their warnings lost,
And I, a voice beneath the frost.
Yet still I walk, yet still I teach—
Though truth slips further out of reach.

The sky burns quiet, but I see clear—
The age of night is drawing near.
What fell from stars, now stirs below—
And darkness waits, with wrath in tow.

Songs from Afar

Come, come you all,
 You mustn't look glum.
 After all, I am here to bring cheer.
 I come to sing of tales of old
 And future wonders foretold.
 Marvelous realms of mystery
 That play key roles in history.
 You see raging starfire far off,
 And rumors still plague your mind.
 But I have seen places unheard of
 That only the best could find.
 Let us not dally, for there is much to hear.
 Come drink and be merry,
 Forsaking all you fear.
 So, raise up your pint glasses, I say!
 If not, then go your merry way!
 Wholfenhide Hall can only let those stay
 Who agree to pay through laughter and play!

Hear, hear!

Now let us go adventuring to realms afar.
 There lies an island in seas faraway
 Where pirates would trek, no other place was on par.
 A paradise isle where treasures did lay.

Skulls and crossed bones in a forest of masts,
 A port of pirate ships docked at the jetty.
 Gambling and drinking forever lasts
 On this island of misdeeds, so be ready.

Foreigners beware, ye not welcome here,
 Only brigands may lay claim to treasure galore.
 But still, plenty come as fools know no fear.
 Just be sure to bring your wits when nearing the shore.

Now I speak of a secluded wonder
 Inhabiting a continent of sand.
 Aglodon's mountains, a source of thunder.
 The temper of the Rhines now claim the land.

A great chain of volcanoes now nests here,
 As the stories of old still remain true.
 In unmatched magma the summer sands sear,
 Making migrants thirst for the ocean blue.

Crossing the mountains is quite rough I hear.
 The land resembles rolling hills of glass.
 Dragon's skin is needed to persevere.
 In roasting heat, not the bravest could last.

But if the mountains appear as dormant,
 Most would risk taking an enchanted pass
 As the safer routes are far more distant.
 It was widely known as the Road of Glass.

Friends and fellows, it's near the hour
 For me to take leave from this hallowed hall.
 Heed the poet's fire, the stories told bold,
 And the path of the bard you'll soon behold.
 I've tales to weave, new tunes to sing,
 With whispers of wonders and places unseen.
 My heart stays here where my voice took flight,
 But my journey calls me on this night.

So farewell, my comrades, my brothers true,
 I'll carry your laughter as skies grow blue.
 Raise high your pints, let joy prevail,
 Until we meet again—fare thee well!

A Demon in Glass

A comet strikes and the earth shakes.
Fire erupts within dark caves.
Mountains high to the valleys low,
Nature now knows fear as it blows!

Explosive force made its way down,
And the Rhines are left broken now.
New vents of hot magma pour forth,
And sand below becomes scorched earth!

Ash clouds roll, and rivers run dry,
From seething peaks, the smoke climbs high.
A light unknown has pierced the stone,
The mountain weeps in molten tone.
Skyline burns in crimson shroud,
A silent warning, fierce and loud!

Bubbling and bursting are new waves
Of molten metal and glass stains.
Dark castle of glass built from naught,
Now a prison for fires hot!

Black chains bind the mad invader,
But none should feel all the safer.
Heat still swells up from the Rhines' mouth,
Fueling the inner fire found
Within the god's crystalline heart,
But when embers fade, he will depart!

Ash clouds roll, and rivers run dry,
From seething peaks, the smoke climbs high.
A light unknown has pierced the stone,
The mountain weeps in molten tone.
Skyline burns in crimson shroud,
A silent warning, fierce and loud!

The silence speaks of what remains,
No crown, no king, just ash and flame.
Yet deep within the mountain's cry,
A warning stirs, a god's reply!

Ash clouds roll, and rivers run dry,
From seething peaks, the smoke climbs high.
A light unknown has pierced the stone,
The mountain weeps in molten tone.
Skyline burns in crimson shroud,
A silent warning, fierce and loud!

Secrets in the Dark (I)

Born with solemn wishes,
But the wind has carried them astray.
My people cry for guidance,
Yet my strength is slipping away.
This land was ours in snowbound years,
Now stolen under foreign spears.
Even sleep denies my claim,
And shadows call my restless name.

The room folds in on pitch-black air,
I reach for walls that are not there.
A sickness coils inside my chest,
As if I'd feasted on the dead.
The silence hums—
A weighted sound—
Then sudden whispers circle round.
A voice not mine, yet close in tone,
Speaks thoughts I thought were mine
alone.

I am for you to name.
I am the power you seek.
I'll be the shadow at your back,
The iron in your speech.
You'll wear the crown, take every throne—
But all your victories will be my own.

"I would have killed only the king,"
I say, though doubt begins to sting.
He laughs—

Like metal dragged through snow,
And says there's more than I could know.
The world you claim is but a door,
Behind it waits a darker war.
He'll lend his might if I agree,
And I have naught but will to free.

I am for you to name.
In the tongue of my blood,
I crown him Helskor.
And something shifts—
Not the dark, not the fear—
But its shape, its weight, its core.

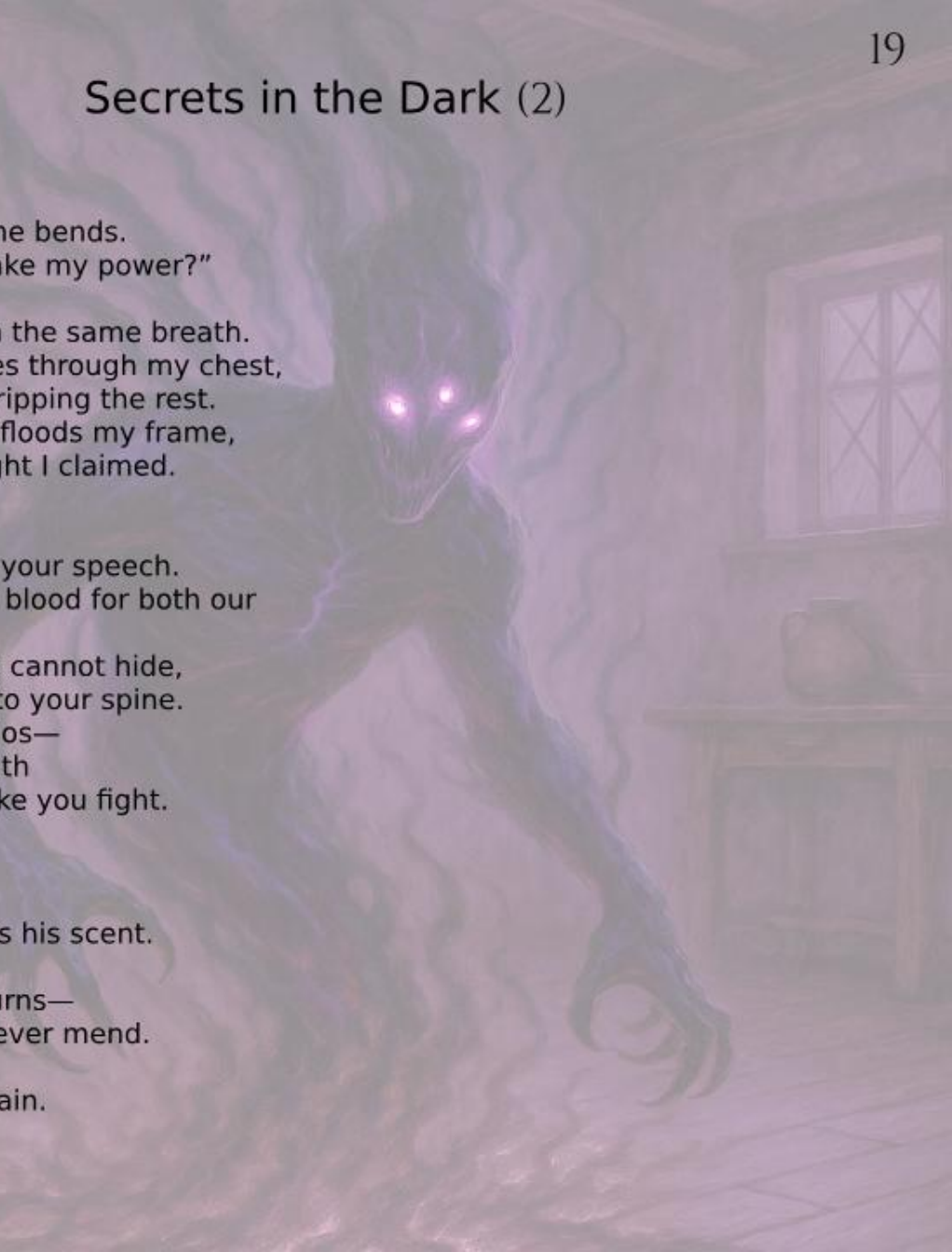
The black recedes, and I behold him:
Eight feet of shifting shadow,
Three violet eyes that burn and swim.
Tendrils drift in and out like dreams,
Warping the air in broken seams.
He asks if there are others near.
I whisper "No," and feel his leer.

Secrets in the Dark (2)

He steps—
The floor beneath me bends.
“Are you ready to take my power?”
I give my answer,
And damn myself in the same breath.
A hand of void drives through my chest,
Colder than death, ripping the rest.
It hollows me, then floods my frame,
Rewriting all I thought I claimed.

You are mine now.
My voice will haunt your speech.
Your hands will spill blood for both our
reach.
You cannot run, you cannot hide,
For I am stitched into your spine.
Brace yourself, Phylos—
This is the first breath
Of the war I will make you fight.

I wake on the floor,
Light returned,
But the air still holds his scent.
The sickness fades,
Yet my chest still burns—
A wound that will never mend.
I am alone...
And never alone again.



Daybreak

(Instrumental)

