

PLIGHT OF THE GODS



VOL. I: THE ROAD TO EXILE

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 – Plight of the Gods, Volume I

The Epic of Old, Part II

In the aftermath of Helskor's victory, the northern continent of Skiven falls into catastrophe. Floodwaters freeze beneath unnatural storms, burying towns beneath ice and forcing entire populations to flee south in search of survival. As the land collapses, the seer Equalus watches in despair, convinced that neither Helskor nor Rhinesvelt can be trusted with humanity's future.

Among the refugees is Markus Drechov, a man blessed and cursed by the powers of both gods. Seeking shelter in the mountains while reliving moments in his tumultuous life, he finds Equalus's home. After inviting Markus in from the terrible cold, both realized they served together under King Faellis. Equalus then recounts an ancient tale about a mysterious crystal known as the Zenruni—a relic believed to hold extraordinary power. Equalus hopes this forgotten artifact may provide a way to influence the coming struggle between the gods before Atmos is destroyed by their conflict.

As winter tightens its grip on Skiven and the exodus south grows ever larger, Markus is given a new purpose. While countless refugees abandon their frozen homeland, he sets his sights on a familiar destination: traveling once more to Aglodon, where the Zenruni had last disappeared.

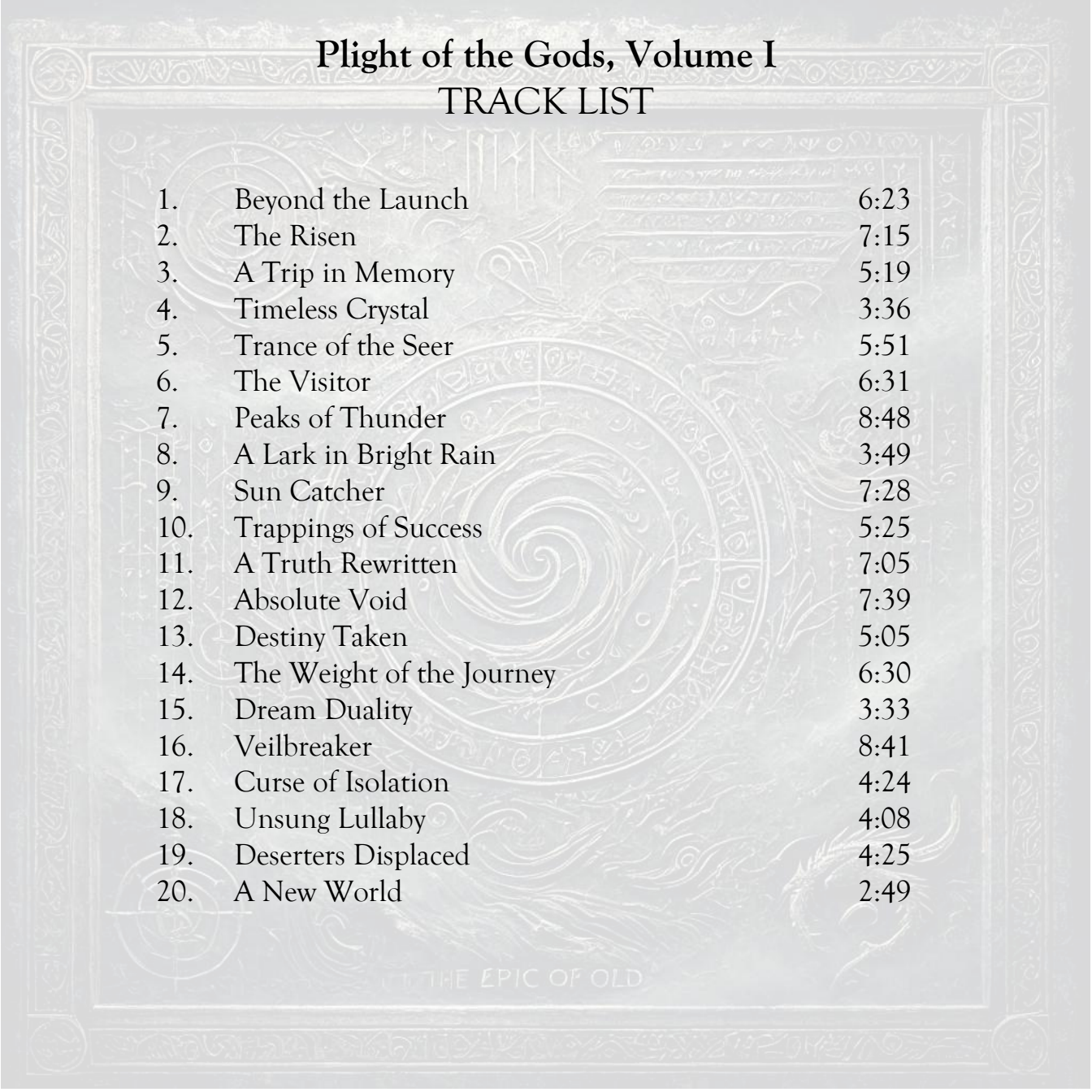
Atmos World Map





Plight of the Gods, Volume I

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THE EPIC OF OLD

Beyond the Launch

A beginning begotten by force.
The stars shift in response to a wail.
Space distorts in reply to the course.
Unnatural might, the end-all tell-tale.

Black hole, darkness,
Black sun, destruction,
Hollow light, endless reach,
Unimagined energy!

Both container and mechanism,
A sky-faring ship crosses dark waves.
Both transporter and lonely prison,
A lone vessel marks the end of days.

White light, blinding,
Starfire's might, burning,
Energy waves, fiery,
Endlessly radiating!

The beginning begotten by force.
Space distorts in reply to the course.
The stars shift in response to a wail.
Unnatural might, the end-all tell-tale.

Black hole, white light,
Black sun, fire's might,
Hollow energy made real
To radiate!

Both container and mechanism.
Both transporter and lonely prison.
A sky-faring ship crosses dark waves.
A lone vessel marks the end of days.

Darkness, blinding
Destruction, burning,
Endless reach, endless energy.
Experiment nearly complete!

Black hole, white light blinding,
Black sun, fire's might burning,
Energy made real to radiate!

One force remains.
One spark unwinds.
One scream beneath
The strands of time.
Strands of time!

The Risen

Hurtling through space and time
Came a ship of dark silver stone.
Against the cold-touched air
It lit asunder, and with kinetic force
It displayed eerie wonder.
An aurora of reds and yellows swerved,
The sky a painting of surprise.
On this world appeared cosmic beings,
Or so it was surmised.

The world bends low beneath command,
As ancient powers cross the skies,
Their war is writ in distant stars,
And signed in blood we can't deny.
Forced to comply and pick sides,
When both could spell our demise.

Then in the depths of mountainous forests
Did the gods construct a chorus.
Echoes of devastation here and there,
Screams from the land echoing upon air.
Matchless matches were long-fought,
All in a total of ten days' time,
But as one conquered another,
By next day's dawn did the defeated arise.
When all became known, that no being could win,
Each fled the other in sudden swiftness akin.

The world bends low beneath command,
As ancient powers cross the skies,
Their war is writ in distant stars,
And signed in blood we can't deny.
Forced to comply and pick sides,
When both could spell our demise.

As the Emperor rested in peace,
None could cease to live.
The saving sequence had been shut down,
And only the reboot remained.
So, the gods traveled afar
In order to plan and for health to regain.

Beneath their shadows, whispers grow,
Not of hope, but what we owe.
No banners raised, no victor named,
Just fear reborn, and faith half-framed.
They call it fate, they call it choice,
But drown our wills beneath their voice.
So we endure, unsure, confined—
Free in name, but bound in kind.

In due course, there came a time
When the god of fire was left deprived.
On he searched for a place of power,
For in a dwelling of energy he thrived.
Through foreign land, he trekked during the day,
Becoming empowered by the sun.
The land of the Rhines, an oasis for the lonely god.
This terminus of ultimate power was won.
There he had soaked among heated stone,
For in molten rock he planned to remain.
But one lone man dared make an approach,
An attempt taken in feigned dismay.

The world bends low beneath command,
As ancient powers cross the skies,
Their war is writ in distant stars,
And signed in blood we can't deny.
Forced to comply and pick sides,
When both could spell our demise.
Our demise!

A Trip in Memory

In due course, the fire god roamed,
Seeking power, seeking home.
Through burning sands beneath the sun,
Until the veins of earth were won.

Molten stone, his chosen throne,
Yet footsteps dared to break his peace.
A mortal stands, defying fate,
A shadow sent, yet seeking release.

Rhinesvelt, the name was spoken,
Born from flame, a will unbroken.
Darkness calls, yet light remains,
A war of gods, a world in chains!

"A name unclaimed, yet now it's known,
Rhinesvelt—let it stand alone."
The fire god rose, his fury bright,
"A gift of words, yet not of right."
"You know my sender, one of shade,
Who calls for war, a plan is laid.
Helskor schemes to see you rise,
To scorch the north beneath your skies."

The fire rose, the judgment near,
A touch that burned, a fate unclear.
Power clashed within his veins,
A mortal caught in warring reigns!

Rhinesvelt, the name was spoken,
Born from flame, a will unbroken.
Darkness calls, yet light remains,
A war of gods, a world in chains!

"If Helskor dares to claim his throne,
Then first his pawns must be overthrown.
Go forth, mortal, spill their lies,
Cut down the priest who blinds their eyes."
A searing mark, a gift, a cost,
A power gained, yet innocence lost.
With burning breath and fleeting grace,
Markus turned to meet his fate!

"Tell me now, what am I to you?"
"A god of might, a force so true."
"Then let it be, the battle's drawn,
The time will come, the night turns dawn."

Rhinesvelt, the name was spoken,
Born from flame, a will unbroken.
Darkness calls, yet light will disperse,
For none can ignore the endless whispers.

Markus rose, both cursed and blessed,
With fire and shadow in his chest.
The war within, the fate untold,
As gods arise and legends unfold!



Timeless Crystal

Crystal ice upon the land,
White, blue, and black color built.
Crystal-like shards of glass spilt,
Scattered upon the dark land.

Crystal-white snow and ice sit,
Man, animal, and plant freeze.
Crystal skies rain the disease,
Flood of white day and night.

Crystal and rock of water,
Plains, hills, and mountains of ice.
Crystalwork now has its price,
Free is death and choked is life.

Crystal-black are the heavens,
Star, comet, and hollow sun.
Crystalize the path chosen,
And anew I mark the land.

Shattered skies, the world stands still,
A frozen wave, a silent chill.
Footsteps lost in endless white,
No stars to guide, no firelight.
The world transformed, a glacial tide,
Where nature's wrath and time collide.

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No stars to guide, no firelight.
The world transformed, a glacial tide,
Where nature's wrath and time collide.

Trance of the Seer (I)

Skiven falls...
The heavens answered...
Ice...and storm...

As gods clashed above the sky,
One remained while thousands died.
Frozen tides and shattered stone
Turned the world to something unknown.
South they ran with empty hands
From the ruin of their lands.
No divine hand reached below,
Only wrath in ice and flow.

From his mountain, far away
Equalus could feel decay.
Dreams that would not let him rest,
Visions burning in his chest.
Safe from storm, yet not from sight.
Haunted by the endless night.
Every cry and every loss
Echoed through his mind's exhaust.

I blame the ice, I blame the fire,
Both the truth and both the liar.
Dark and light have torn the same,
Two gods playing one cruel game.
I follow none. I take no hand.
Still, I judge this dying land.
But if I stand and choose no side,
Do we fade or just divide?

A blackened sphere within my hand
Shows me what I cannot stand.
Is this death or dreaming deep?
Is the world awake, or asleep?
If the shadows take their claim,
Will all life become the same?
Or a gate to something vast
Where all minds are bound at last?

Every answer twists in doubt.
Every truth is bleeding out.

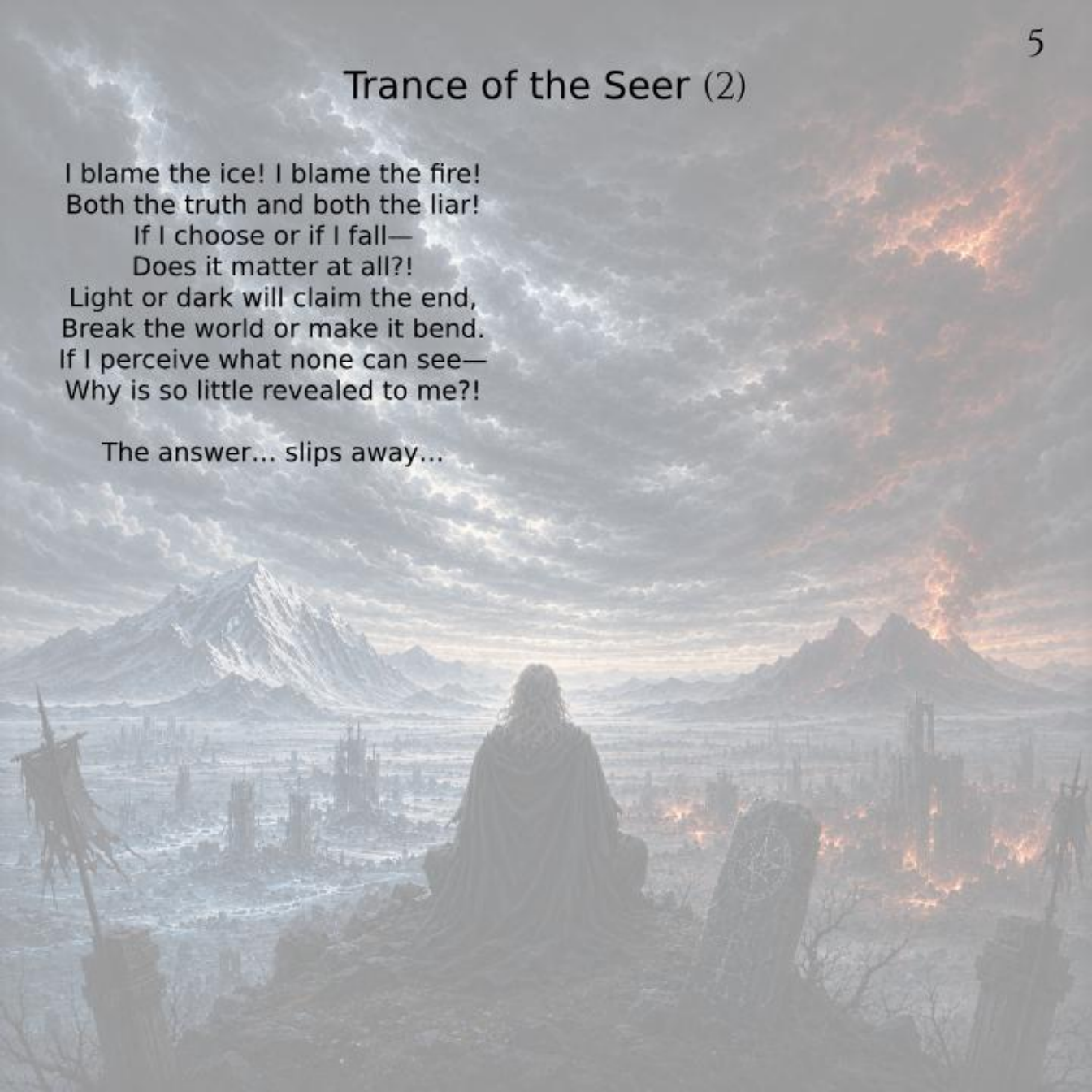
Gasp!
My dreams...they come unbidden.

O world enchanted, torn by screams,
Drowned in ash and broken dreams.
Grant me breath, a will of steel.
Let me see what fate conceals.
Darkness born of ancient death
Poisons thought and taints the breath.
Those who fall will rise in fear
Clawing through what once was clear.
Do not yield, O fragile sphere.
Life still lingers somewhere near.
Let it rise, not fade away.
Not to rot, but find its way.

Trance of the Seer (2)

I blame the ice! I blame the fire!
Both the truth and both the liar!
If I choose or if I fall—
Does it matter at all?!
Light or dark will claim the end,
Break the world or make it bend.
If I perceive what none can see—
Why is so little revealed to me?!

The answer... slips away...



The Visitor (1)

A knock that broke the hollow air,
A stranger frozen on the stair.
The winter followed through the door,
Like death had come to ask for more.
Eyes unsure, a shaking breath,
Fleeing ice that threatened death.
One man's ruin, one man's plea,
Set before the seer to see.

Lowlands lost to frozen waves,
Homes entombed like silent graves.
Firewood buried out of reach,
No warmth left for man or beast.
Southward bound, the masses roam,
With nothing left to call their own.
Coin means nothing in the cold
When survival can't be sold.

The world is breaking in the night,
Frozen tears and fading light.
If the gods decide our end,
Tell me—who are we to defend?
Run or stay, we choose in vain.
All roads lead through loss and pain.
If no savior answers calls,
Do we rise...or do we fall?

"You don't see? Then let me speak.
You're the one the kings would seek."
Eyes widen, memory burns,
As the stranger slowly learns.
"I've seen you stand beside the throne.
You're not as lost as you have shown."
Equalus just tilts his head
"I know of you," is all he said.

Fate collides in quiet flame,
Two men bound by more than name.

The world is breaking in the night,
Frozen tears and fading light.
If the gods decide our end,
Tell me—who are we to defend?
Truth and fear now intertwine,
Crossing paths by grand design.
If we stand between their war,
What are we still fighting for?

If one remains and one is gone,
Does the world still carry on?
Does the ground beneath us break?
Does the sky itself remake?
Will we rise or sink below?
Lose all weight or never grow?
If the balance bends too far,
Will we shatter who we are?

The Visitor (2)

"No more guessing—hear me now
There is only one path allowed."

"If one must fall for us to live,
Then we choose the one we give."

Let the fire claim the throne,
Let the shadow stand alone.
If we must defy the end,
We will choose the hand we lend.
Slow collapse or instant flame,
Different paths, the final game.
If the world must bend to one,
We decide what must be done.

"Sit and listen. Stay the night.
You won't leave this frozen height.
There's a truth you've yet to see,
Buried deep in history."

"It begins...with a man...
A life once bound...then set free...
A name lost to memory..."

Peaks of Thunder (I)

Upon the Thundercrest Mountains,
Past the safety of my home,
I climb where clouds press close to stone,
Where the sky feels overgrown.
Four great peaks in shrouded light
Stand defiant, cold, and vast,
Daring heaven, testing time,
Anchored deep in ages past.

Every step strips truth away,
Every breath feels thin and strange,
I came seeking solid ground—
Found a world that will not stay.

Sky-staining stone cuts through the air,
We build our dreams on borrowed ground.
We reach, we shape, we still repair,
But nothing here stays sound.
Where Atmos bears the thundered earth,
A place where clouds refuse to reign.
I hear the land remember me,
Even when my efforts fade.

Before me rises silver-white,
Snow and steel in frozen flame,
Silvenville, the crowned height,
The world's spine carved with name.
From its face, I glimpse the whole—
Miracles too wide to keep,
Promises the summit shows
That vanish when I sleep.

Greatness shines, but burns the eye,
A truth too sharp to hold,
I stand taller, feeling small,
Awed—and growing cold.

Sky-staining stone cuts through the air,
We build our dreams on borrowed ground.
We chase the heights, we leave repair,
But nothing here stays sound.
Where Atmos bears the thundered earth,
A place where clouds refuse to reign.
I touch the peak, then lose my grip,
And start the climb again.

Behind me breathes the emerald rise,
Roots and rivers intertwined,
Elthenias, in patient green,
The keeper of the living kind.
Life spills freely from its veins,
Vines reclaim what hands ignore,
Proof that growth outlasts our plans,
And asks for nothing more.

It does not ask me who I am,
Or why I came this way,
It only grows through storm and sun,
And lives another day.

Peaks of Thunder (2)

Sky-staining stone cuts through the air,
We build our dreams on borrowed ground.
We fight to shape what's growing there,
But roots outlast the crown.
Where Atmos bears the thundered earth,
A place where clouds refuse to reign.
I learn the land survives us all,
Unbroken by our names.

To my left, the blackened crown,
Where fire speaks and water screams,
Volnusk roars without a sound,
A voice that never sleeps.
Ash and lightning stain the sky,
The ground itself won't rest,
Creation forged in constant war,
A trial with no test.

To my right, the lonely red,
Stone worn thin by vanished years,
Belduun stands where life has fled,
A monument to fear.
No wind argues, no birds cry,
Just dust and distant time,
An echo of what once endured
And what I leave behind.

Between the flame and dying stone,
I feel my doubts align,
If all I build will fade to dust,
What meaning can I find?
Then in the hush between the storms,
A fragile note takes flight.
A lark cuts through the broken air
And sings against the night.

Rain falls clean across my skin,
Washes weight from sight,
The song remains when peaks decay,
A truth I can't deny.
Not every mark is carved in stone,
Not every voice must reign.
Some things endure because they flow,
Not because they claim.

Sky-staining stone cuts through the air,
But I no longer chase the crown.
I've heard the land, I've learned its care,
I'll walk where I am found.
Where Atmos bears the thundered earth,
A world where clouds refuse to reign.
I stand between the peaks and paths,
And let the song remain.

A Lark in Bright Rain



Along the many roads I pass
Lie the burdens that I've carried.
Neither craft nor kin could last—
Their comfort left me buried.
The walls once built to hold my soul
Turned silent, cold, and hollow.
From lowland path to highland roll,
I fled, and could not follow.

My fate is tied to breathing land,
Like a nomad drawn to song.
The wind reshapes my inner hand—
And leads me where I don't belong.
But still it hums and tunes my mind,
With chords of sky and sun's decline.

I climbed in quiet ruggedness,
Through mountain stone and thunder.
Became the wild, the lost, the less,
And wandered ever under.
The birds were swallowed by the light,
As sun withdrew, uncertain.
I walked through rain between the heights,
The world without a curtain.

My fate is tied to breathing land,
Like a nomad drawn to song.
I listen close, I understand—
This path was not where I belong.
But still it hums and shifts my shape,
Through wind and dusk and wide escape.

Upon the cliff, I stop and hear
A lark that sings through fading cheer.
Its voice returns, it echoes clear,
And chills invite the night.
With chirps and song in wet-swept wind,
Regret is washed in sky again.
The rain, it clears my clouded sight,
And music mends the fight.

Now every sound I thought I'd lost
Returns in song, reborn, unstained.
The lark becomes what time forgot,
A thread of past through present rain.
Betwixt the peaks and valleys wide,
The flowing song will still abide.

Sun Catcher (I)

Alone... the road unwinds...
Through stone and sky...

A winding path through jagged stone.
No voice but wind to call his own.
The world below, a fading line.
Above him waits the great design.
He walks where few would dare to tread,
With restless thoughts inside his head.
Not for gold nor crafted fame,
But chasing something without name.

A shimmer caught within the ground
Where silent peaks make no sound.
A fractured glow in violet hue,
Encased in black, yet breaking through.
With trembling hands and steady breath
He freed it from the mountain's chest.
"What hidden wonder have I found?
No common stone lies buried now..."

Light bends where it should not be.
Something calls and speaks to me.
Not in words, but something deeper,
Lost inside this sun catcher.
In its glow, the world stands still,
Drawn against my fragile will.
If this gift was meant to be,
Why does it not set me free?

Hammer falls on ancient stone.
Hours pass. He works alone.
Every strike a stubborn fight
To claim the buried shard of light.
At last, it breaks, the weight revealed
A perfect form the earth concealed.
No twin, no flaw, no mirrored kind.
A singular design confined.
Eyes that linger far too long
Sense that something here is wrong.
Thoughts grow quiet, slow, and thin,
As something stirs beneath his skin.
Peace that feels too still to trust,
Calm that borders something unjust.
When he looks away, it fades,
But pulls him back into its gaze.

Light bends where it should not be.
Now it takes a part of me.
Not in words, but something deeper.
I am bound to this sun catcher!
In its glow, I lose my will,
Drawn into its silence still.
If this gift was meant to be,
Why does it not set me free?

Sun Catcher (2)

Shape the edge. Refine the face.
Carve away what time misplaced.
Steel and fire, hand and eye,
Chasing what I can't deny.
It resists, yet still I try.
Cut too deep, and watch it die.
So, I yield, and let it be
What it always meant to be.

"It does not change...
It changes me..."

Light bends—I can't look away.
Night is lost inside the day.
Every thought begins to scatter.
All that was...begins to shatter.
If I keep it, I am lost.
If I leave it—what's the cost?
I have found what none can see,
And it's taken hold of me.

"I cannot leave it here...
I cannot let it go...
It calls... it waits...
It knows..."

Trappings of Success

Was what I envisioned an illusion?
Its essence I thought I understood.
The design was initially mine,
So why do I still remain deprived?

Earthen rock excavated.
Violet crystal unearthed.
Complex patterns shapen.
Energy matrix hidden inside.

A gem as miraculous as this
Draws me in just to toss me aside.
Its crystalline structure has power.
It takes and seals away the divine.
This ability begs my unrest
As it absorbs more gazes in time.
When earth gave way to perfection,
The heavens were brought to life.

Earthen stone laid bare below,
Violet crystal drawn to light.
Interwoven, living patterns glow—
An energy sealed deep inside!

Was what I envisioned an illusion?
Its essence I thought I understood.
The design was initially mine,
So why do I still remain deprived?

Was what I envisioned an illusion?
Its essence I thought I understood.
The design was initially mine,
So why do I still remain deprived?

To hold the heart of the world ransom
Is to disregard my own blessed life.
Remorse I must now accept fully,
And cast away the addicted eye.

Earthen rock excavated.
Violet crystal unearthed.
Complex patterns shapen.
Energy matrix hidden inside.

To hold the heart of the world ransom
Is to disregard my own blessed life!
Remorse I must now accept fully,
And cast away the addicted eye!

Earthen stone laid bare below,
Violet crystal drawn to light.
Interwoven, living patterns glow—
An energy sealed deep inside!

A Truth Rewritten (1)

Shadows move through crowded stone.
A man who walks, but stands alone.
Eyes that dart, a guarded hand,
Clutching something none have planned.

He hides the light beneath his skin,
Afraid of what it might draw in.
No market stall, no open trade.
Only whispers, deals in shade.
A restless mind, a tightening chest.
A masterpiece that brings no rest.
To keep it close is to descend.
To lose it might just be the end.

What is worth a masterpiece?
Gold—or just a mind at peace?
If I keep it, I decay.
If I sell it, I walk away.
Every glance, a binding chain.
Every thought a growing strain.
If I free it from my hand,
Will I finally understand?

A traveler from distant lands
With open eyes and steady hands.
No fear of what he's shown to see.
No weight of strange intensity.
A simple man, or so it seems.
Unburdened by the deeper schemes.
But when the light is raised on high,
You see the hunger in his eyes.

Lift it higher. Let it shine.
Let it blur the edge of mind.

What is worth a masterpiece?
More than coin for such a piece.
If it calls to something more,
Who am I to ignore?
Take the weight from trembling hands.
Carry it to distant lands.
What was mine is yours to claim—
Nothing ever stays the same.

Roads unfold beneath his feet.
Every step a rising heat.
Thoughts that echo not his own.
Seeds of something newly sown.
Not a lie, but something near.
A truth he's choosing now to hear.
If fate would place it in his hand,
Then surely it was always planned.

Behold this light! Behold this flame!
A gift no mortal hand could claim!
Through sacred will it came to me,
A sign of holy destiny!

Destiny... destiny...

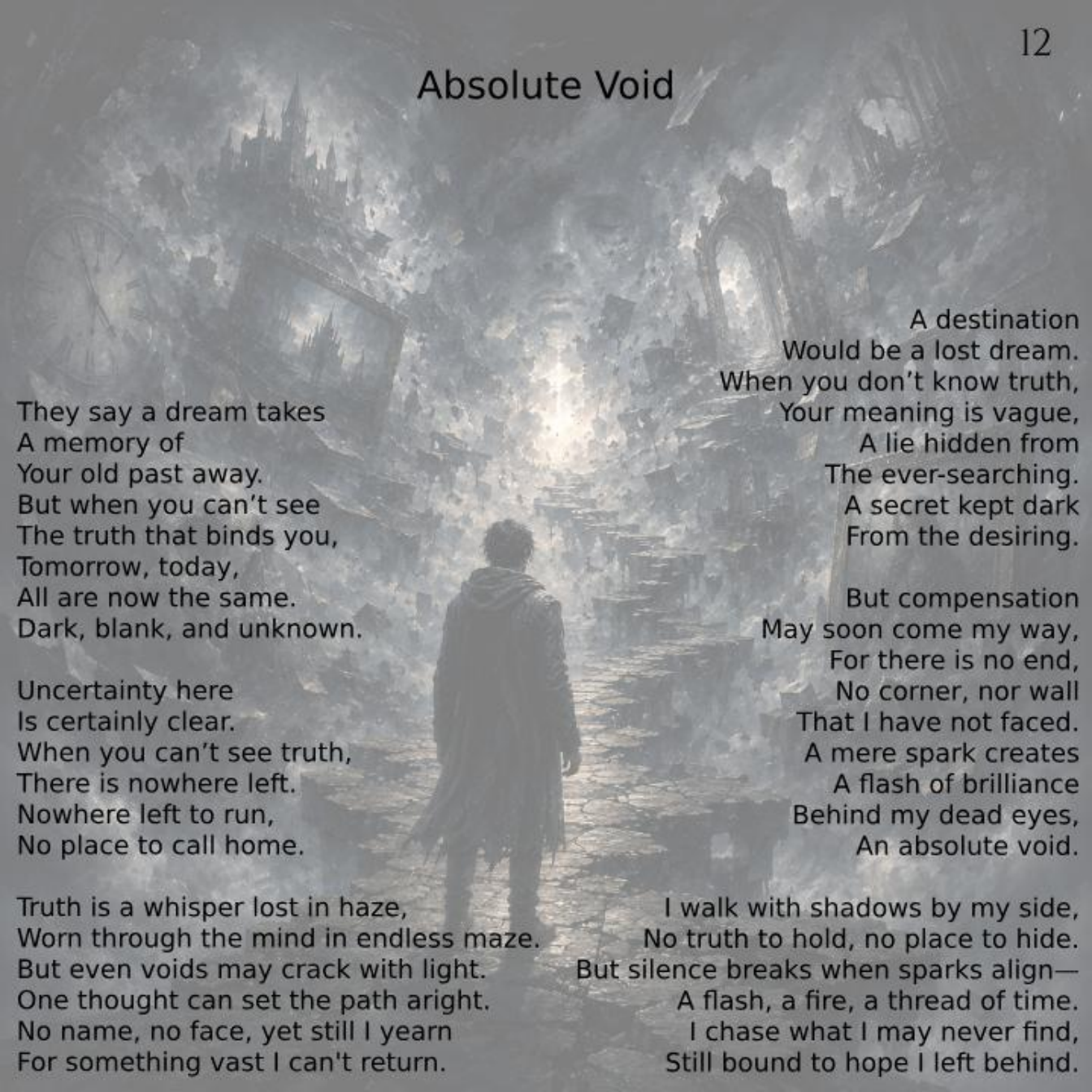
A Truth Rewritten (2)

I am called! I am raised!
By divine and sacred gaze!
Not by birth—but by decree—
I stand as what I'm meant to be!
Power rests in what they see.
Not in fact, but certainty.
If they bow and call it divine,
Then their faith becomes mine.

Placed upon a god of stone,
Never meant to stand alone.
Light that bends and draws the eye
Turns belief to something high.
Years will pass, and none will know
Where it came or where it goes.
Only whispers will remain...
Of a jewel...
Of a flame...



Absolute Void



They say a dream takes
A memory of
Your old past away.
But when you can't see
The truth that binds you,
Tomorrow, today,
All are now the same.
Dark, blank, and unknown.

Uncertainty here
Is certainly clear.
When you can't see truth,
There is nowhere left.
Nowhere left to run,
No place to call home.

Truth is a whisper lost in haze,
Worn through the mind in endless maze.
But even voids may crack with light.
One thought can set the path aright.
No name, no face, yet still I yearn
For something vast I can't return.

A destination
Would be a lost dream.
When you don't know truth,
Your meaning is vague,
A lie hidden from
The ever-searching.
A secret kept dark
From the desiring.

But compensation
May soon come my way,
For there is no end,
No corner, nor wall
That I have not faced.
A mere spark creates
A flash of brilliance
Behind my dead eyes,
An absolute void.

I walk with shadows by my side,
No truth to hold, no place to hide.
But silence breaks when sparks align—
A flash, a fire, a thread of time.
I chase what I may never find,
Still bound to hope I left behind.

Destiny Taken

From the shadow dawn to fiery night,
I, the betrayer, lack future sight.
Rushed by the waters, marked by the flame.
Take me O damned fate. Give me your name.
Name of the faceless, enemy gained.
Darkness reminding my goal has waned.
Killed by sense so bold, these words I pray.
Treason on my lips, and still I stray.
Shadowy mind games, treachery played.
Yonder thy reach, lord, yet I have paid.

In trance of dreamland to wisdom laid,
I, the bold seeker, find secrets fade.
Unholy night bled by a fire lorn.
Outmanned by weakness, thy cursed thorn.
Wonted injustice, heart clearly plagued.
Haunted by dream sleep, visions too vague.
Dispel thy curse and join hand once more.
Using thy keen eye, head for the shore.
You already know what you must find,
For the stone of power pays in kind.
From the shadow dawn to fiery night,

From the shadow dawn to fiery night,
I, the betrayer, lack future sight.
Rushed by the waters, marked by the flame.
Name of the faceless, enemy gained.

In trance of dreamland to wisdom laid,
I, the bold seeker, find secrets fade.
Unholy night bled by a fire lorn.
Outmanned by weakness, thy cursed thorn.

You already know what you must find,
For the stone of power pays in kind.

The Weight of the Journey (I)

I don't recall the night before,
The fire fought the wind.
The ice beneath my weary boots
Refused to let me in.

I could blaze across the ice
On Rhinesvelt's borrowed flame—
But warmth is coin I cannot waste
If I would live again.

Helskor hums along my spine,
A whisper in the cold:
"Break the surface. Bend the weight.
Let shadows make you bold."

I travel south through ice and doubt,
Through wind that calls my name.
Haunted by the gods above
And ghosts I could not save.
If there's a shore beyond this storm,
If there's a road I choose,
I'll walk it weightless in the dark
With nothing left to lose.

I learned to lighten up my steps,
To glide above the snow.
The world feels small beneath my feet
When shadows let me go.
I fed the force into my heel,
The ice split wide in fright.
The power roared beneath the world
And shattered frozen white.

Four specters follow in my stride
Across this frozen land:
The ruthless wild that tests my breath,
No map within my hand.
The gods who stalk my fragile pulse
From heights I cannot see,
And one old friend whose fall to dark
Still follows after me.

I should have struck before he fell,
Before the dark took hold.
Before the friend I thought I knew
Was traded, bought, and sold.

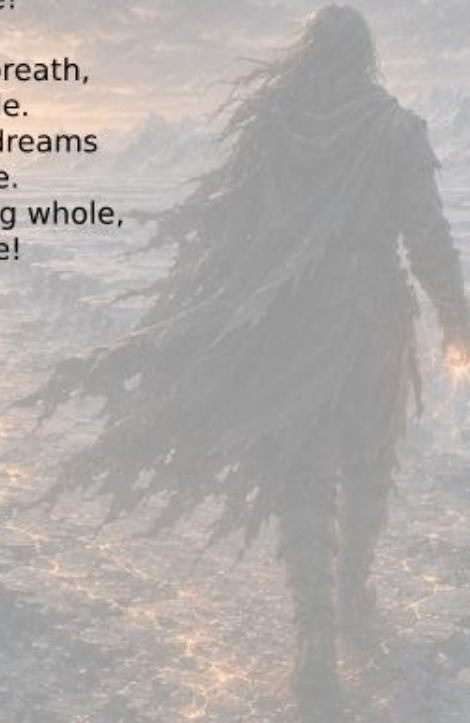
I travel south through ice and doubt,
Through dreams I dare not keep.
Through memories of who we were
And promises too deep.
If there's a place beyond this frost
Where I am not undone,
I'll face the fire beneath my skin
Until the journey's done!

I dreamed a sky that wasn't mine,
A door above my head.
Mountains carved like silent kings,
A world of living dead.
I counted every stone and tree
Till nothing stood askew.
A slave to perfect symmetry
In realms I never knew.

The Weight of the Journey (2)

Fifteen days through wind and white,
The frost began to fade.
No longer tested by the cold,
No longer half afraid.
If dreams demand that I create,
Then I will choose the key.
No god, no ghost, no frozen field
Will master what I see!

Let shadow temper fire's breath,
Let fire refine the shade.
No godly gift nor realm of dreams
Shall let ambition fade.
Southbound still, but standing whole,
My will now set aflame!



Dream Duality

It has been such a long time
Since I left the world I knew.
Satisfaction has been lost
Ever since I feared to dream.

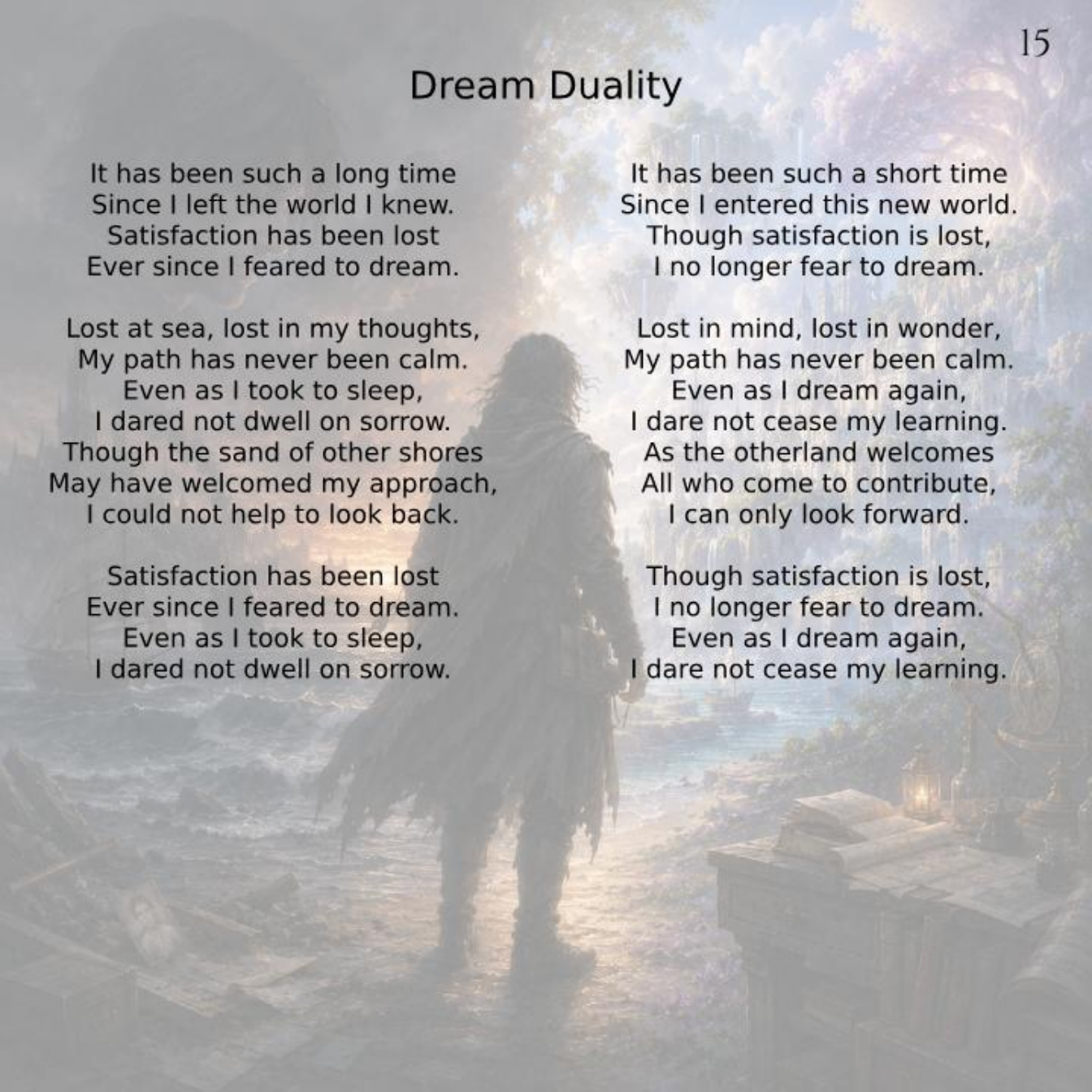
Lost at sea, lost in my thoughts,
My path has never been calm.
Even as I took to sleep,
I dared not dwell on sorrow.
Though the sand of other shores
May have welcomed my approach,
I could not help to look back.

Satisfaction has been lost
Ever since I feared to dream.
Even as I took to sleep,
I dared not dwell on sorrow.

It has been such a short time
Since I entered this new world.
Though satisfaction is lost,
I no longer fear to dream.

Lost in mind, lost in wonder,
My path has never been calm.
Even as I dream again,
I dare not cease my learning.
As the otherland welcomes
All who come to contribute,
I can only look forward.

Though satisfaction is lost,
I no longer fear to dream.
Even as I dream again,
I dare not cease my learning.



Veilbreaker (1)

Alone above the tavern floor,
With rumors at the door,
I lay upon the narrow bed
And reached for something more.
The veil that wraps the waking world
Is thinner than it seems.
A latticework of hidden light,
An architecture of dreams.

Why crawl by horse or frozen road?
Why beg the winds for flight?
If I can bend the unseen thread,
I'll cross the world by night.
The gods have lent their fractured flames.
Their shadows answer me.
Why should this woven dreamscape
Be barred so jealously?

Smoke behind my closing eyes,
A spectrum born of fire.
Violet pulse and emerald sparks
Ascending ever higher.
"Become the canvas," whispers thought.
"Let heaven's ink run free."
If this is sin, then let it be
Committed here through me!

I tore the veil without permission,
Stole the breath of Evermore.
Stepped beyond the bounds of sleep
Where none had walked before.
I rose on thought alone, unbound,
Through midnight's silver seam.
A mortal heart in living light,
Awakened in the dream.

A forest crowned in phantom moon,
A sky not known to mine.
The air itself was conscious there—
Responsive, crystalline.
I shaped the dark beneath my feet,
I tested borrowed wings,
And felt the pulse of Atmos hum
Inside all woven things.

Worlds curved inward, distant, vast—
Fragments, great and bright.
A sphere of realms around the core
Of buried planetary light.
"If this reflects the waking lands,
If dream and soil align,
Then I can cross from shore to shore
By mapping them in mind."

Inside the center of it all,
I hovered, breathless, small.
A cartographer of sleeping worlds
Inside a cosmic hall.
One step too far in sacred ground,
One thought too bold to frame.
I reached beyond what mortals touch
And spoke forbidden aim.

Light tore through the midnight sky,
A single watching eye.
A sphere of mirrored, shifting sight
Where lesser stars would die.
"You are not woven of this thread,"
The being had proclaimed.
"You wield what you cannot command.
You play a dangerous game."

Veilbreaker (2)

The forests bent at his decree,
Roots clawed toward my flight.
“Confine the mortal,” the being spoke,
And branches blotted light!
Through black boughs, I tore the air,
As trees lashed out in rage.
The dream reshaped beneath his will.
The sky became a cage.

“I will not die inside this maze,
Nor cornered like a thief.”
I ripped a doorway through the dark
And leapt beyond belief!
Foreign islands came into view
Where sunken cities sleep.
I raised the sand against his light,
Turned shoreline into sheets.

A storm of earth around his glow,
A vortex fierce and wide.
But calm within the swirling storm,
The watching eye replied:
“The energy you twist and wield
Is shared among my kin.
You drain what you cannot contain.
You let corruption in.”

I tried to steal the breath he bore,
To draw his brilliance dry,
But he forced heaven through my veins
And split me from inside.
Sand became my prison walls.
The ocean crushed my lungs.
The dream denied what sleep once gave,
Air fled my frozen tongue.

“Overburdened. Overthrown.
The cost is now revealed.
No mind that breaks the sacred gate
Leaves wholly unsealed.
You sought dominion over law.
You flew too near the sun.
Let waking hours deny you rest,
Your punishment begun.”

I tore the veil without permission,
Stole the breath of Evermore.
Now the light I tried to master
Leaves me fractured to the core.
I rose on thought alone, unbound,
Now drowning in its gleam.
A mortal heart that dared ascend
And shattered in the dream!

Curse of Isolation

From your actions, it's become clear
You could endanger all those near.
From your mind came thoughts regarded
As false truth and facts discarded.
From your mouth came lies unfounded.
In your weakness, you were grounded.

Your ignorance now bears a price,
So, look within and regret thrice.
First for fury, then blasphemy,
And ending with your apathy.

Dreams now shorn from your entity,
Division of identity.

From your mouth came lies unfounded.
In your weakness, you were grounded.

Your ignorance now bears a price,
So, look within and regret thrice.
First for fury, then blasphemy,
And ending with your apathy.

Dreams now shorn from your entity,
Division of identity.

Dreams now locked behind the gate,
A mind untethered meets its fate.
The weight you bear is self-designed,
A fading name, a splintered mind.

Unsung Lullaby

Dream, dream,
O children born of wonder,
Of silk and sacred thunder—
Let sleep your burdens sever.

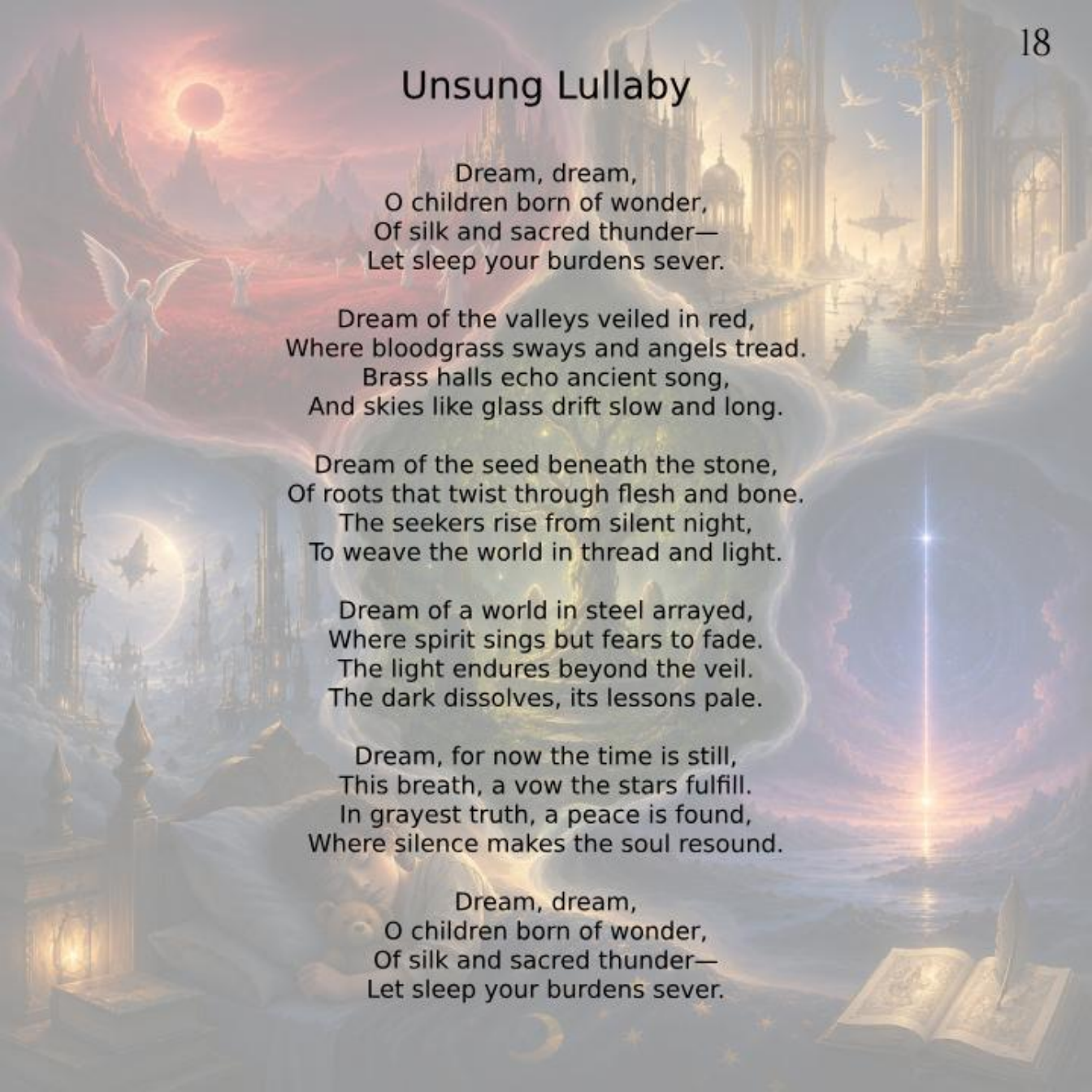
Dream of the valleys veiled in red,
Where bloodgrass sways and angels tread.
Brass halls echo ancient song,
And skies like glass drift slow and long.

Dream of the seed beneath the stone,
Of roots that twist through flesh and bone.
The seekers rise from silent night,
To weave the world in thread and light.

Dream of a world in steel arrayed,
Where spirit sings but fears to fade.
The light endures beyond the veil.
The dark dissolves, its lessons pale.

Dream, for now the time is still,
This breath, a vow the stars fulfill.
In grayest truth, a peace is found,
Where silence makes the soul resound.

Dream, dream,
O children born of wonder,
Of silk and sacred thunder—
Let sleep your burdens sever.



Deserters Displaced

Skiven's fires have burned to ash,
Her towers cracked and gone.
Her people stand on broken docks
And wait for coming dawn.
The bells no longer ring for us,
No hearth is left to tend.
So, to the restless, roaring sea
Our battered ships we send.

Heave away, the tide won't wait—
The wind won't mourn the shore!

No home behind, no peace ahead,
Just empty seas and words unsaid.
We pray the shore still holds a spark,
A dying light to guide the dark.
Heave, my brothers, don't look back,
The waves erase our track!

In tavern smoke we once had heard
Of lands beyond the foam—
Of Aglodon's unbroken fields,
A distant promised home.
Were those just tales for ale-wet nights
To keep despair at bay?
Or does that coastline truly wait
Beyond the salt and spray?

Heave away, the sails are set—
We've nothing left to claim!

No home behind, no peace ahead,
Just hollow winds and words unsaid.
We pray the shore still holds a spark,
A dying light to guide the dark.
Heave, my brothers, don't lose heart,
We sail though torn apart!

If Skiven sinks beneath the tide,
Let memory be her flame.
If history fades from stone and sand,
We'll carry still her name.

No home behind, no peace ahead,
No turning back to what is dead.
We pray the shore still holds a spark,
A burning light beyond the dark.
Heave, my brothers, raise the cry!
To Aglodon we fly!

A New World

(Instrumental)

