



OMEN OF THE ANCIENT

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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.

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 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.

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.

Blood of the Mountain

I feel it in my veins,
 The 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.

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.

Stellar Space Race

Pastel patterns surge through my eyes.
Emerging darkness illuminates.
I must purge this feeling of amazement.
I cannot handle the projections inside.

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.

Promiscuous prisms of light defined
Transgress my sense of reality in this world.
My sight overwhelmed with ecstatic sparks.
Mirror images of me pass by my body.
When will these pulsations cease their cycles?

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.

Electric blue diamonds in a flurry
With fractal geometry fusing in one form.
My gaze is fractured by my rushing mind,
As shifting elemental fixtures dance and breach
Through bright portals in a prolonged instant.

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.

Further I race beyond the spatial limit.
Further I soar outside my dimension.
Further I witness the ebb and flow.
Further I realize I am home.

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.

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.

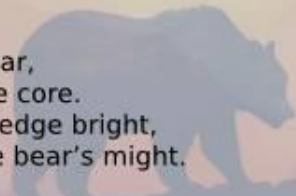
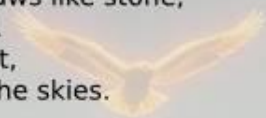
One final trial, a cunning spark,
To light the world and leave their mark.
Fire from the mountain, Gornash brought,
But Anohashu reached for the stars he sought.
One lit the world with molten might,
The other brought day and fading night.

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 Calling of a Star

I can see a star.
I try to grasp it
From that far-off sky,
But to no avail.
I cannot reach it.

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

I wonder what it's like
Up there in the cosmos.
It's reflecting my soul,
My longing, my desire.
Still, I maintain my stance,
Reaching beyond limit.

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

It is looking down at me,
Working to close the distance.
It knows of my existence,
And can detect my desire
Born from a wistful whimsy.
In response to my longing,
It reaches toward my body.

I can hear it chanting my name
And feel the distant connection.
Yet even as its form nears mine,
I am too far to interact.
It is my prime destination,
Yet I remain ever remote.

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

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!

Secrets in the Dark (1)

"I was born and raised as a man of solemn wishes. Yet these were cast out on the wind, ethereal whispers waxing and waning. My determination faltering of late, yet I feel it is my duty to take up this burden. My people need a leader, yet my fortitude has been slipping away. I lack power, confidence, weapons, and men. This land belongs to the people of Ruuthiel, not some imperial legion making its home in the frozen north!

"Hatred has enveloped me, interrupted only by my self-judgment. Sleep brings occasional relief from my own state of disrepair, but even that has been rare as of late. Ever since the spirits grew restless, so has my sleep done the same. I am losing my mind. I fear that I may not be in complete control of my actions. My consciousness relapsing, I find myself doing strange things in places I wish not to be. I can feel it. There is a shadow within my own, extending itself where it ought not venture. Light is dimming around me as I write these things."

Philos pushed away his journal as he felt dizzy with blurred vision. The room had become pitch black, yet he knew he was still conscious. He could feel around in the dark, making out objects as he tried to navigate the room. Yet it was not just the absence of light that bothered him. He felt a sickness within, as if he had consumed rotten meat. Vertigo overtook him in the dark, forcing Philos to sit back down in another chair. He was not himself today, and he feared he was not alone.

Philos: "What is this sensation?"

Unknown: "A surprising new sense."

Philos: "What creeping notion is binding my mind?"

Unknown: "Mind your inner voice."

Philos: "What is this fixation of mine inside?"

Unknown: "One that cannot be ignored."

Philos: "I can hear someone there."

Unknown: "I am right here."

Philos: "I sense something is wrong."

Unknown: "What is wrong with what I am?"

Philos: "I can feel it inching inward."

Unknown: "I feel what you dread."

Philos: "Who's there?!"

Unknown: "I am for you to name."

Philos: "What are you doing here?"

Unknown: "An answer you already possess."

Philos: "Leave me in peace!"

Unknown: "Your thoughts are anything but peaceful..."

Philos was unable to respond. Within the darkness was another, and a voice that sounded eerily similar to his own responded to both his words and thoughts. Philos was unsure if he was poisoned, drugged, or actually going insane within the terrible darkness.

Secrets in the Dark (2)

Unknown: "A bit disturbing, but nothing that could surprise or surpass one like myself."

Philos: "Why are you here? You speak in my head, but you are not of it. Begone!"

Unknown: "I am here for you and the one that you seek."

Philos: "No one...I sought no one or anything of this nature...this inhuman nature."

Unknown: "You wanted power for yourself? I am power. You wish to rule atop the corpses of your enemies, do you not?"

Philos: "You talk of death lightly. I would have preferred a more peaceful transition of power. The king was the only one I had planned to kill, and that was but a daydream. A fanciful desire."

Unknown: "I find it amusing that you believe your first murder could be saved for royalty. Very well. I will lead you and you will lead your pitiful followers to victory with the help of my power. There is no need to fear these mortals. Such an obstacle is but a trifle. There are things far more terrifying in this world!"

Philos was unsure of the being's intentions, assuming he was not just hearing voices. But given all that transpired recently, he was not one to doubt the unseen. Even more so, Philos was fearful of what might happen should he continue to reject a being that could both promise him the world and remove him from it.

Philos: "I feel...I possess little choice. I must reclaim it...this land...this kingdom. What do I call you?"

Unknown: "I said that I am for you to name."

Philos: "Then using the language of my ancestors and your apparent traits, I will call you...Helskor."

Unknown: "It will be so."

Philos felt an odd sense of relief, as if naming the unwanted presence had given it a definite form. Though still unsure of whether he was losing his mind, Philos had at least disregarded his fear, plunging into the unknown with nothing to lose.

Philos: "So, what are you? You're no man. That's for certain."

Helskor: "I am for you to define. I could not do myself justice with your language."

Philos: "And how am I to help when I cannot see?"

Helskor: "You wish to see once more? You desire to look upon my form?"

Philos: "I believe I must if I am to trust your words and answer your questions."

Helskor: "Very well."

Secrets in the Dark (3)

The room grew in brightness as Philos realized that he could see again, yet he was not prepared for what stood before him. A shadow with purple hue had risen from the floor, expelling a dark fog as ripples seemed to emanate from the monster's form. It stood nearly eight feet tall, and though the being lacked a true face, Philos could see what he understood to be three violet-pink eyes that glowed with their own unique form of energy. Behind the being rose a set of tendrils that moved unnaturally, looking as if they faded in and out of existence while triggering optical illusions.

Philos: "It's as if you were darkness incarnate. Or perhaps death."

Helskor: "...Perhaps both. Do you fear this form? You are the first human to have seen it."

Philos: "Who wouldn't? I...I can barely comprehend what I'm looking at."

Helskor: "That is a shame! I chose to keep myself unaltered."

Philos: "Unaltered?"

Helskor: "If I wished to end your life through fear alone, the deed would have been finished! But I have no intention of that. My body is what it is... Tell me, are there any others like me?"

Philos: "...What?"

Helskor: "Do you know of any beings like me?! Anything that surpasses what you thought was real?"

Philos: "No. Not until now."

Helskor: "...Then my enemy has yet to come here. I assumed he resided elsewhere, and it looks like I was right."

Philos: "There is another like you?!"

Helskor: "Close enough. Yet he does not have a name. Only presence."

Philos: "...You speak in riddles."

Helskor: "I speak truth."

Philos: "Is that it then? Are you now going to fight for me?"

Helskor: "No. You will always be fighting for yourself, but I will be at your side early on. I will still be the source of your success, whether you like it or not. Now have you braced yourself? Are you ready to take on my power and make it your own?"

Philos: "I suppose so, yes. I am ready."

Helskor: "You must be! This is the first time I will be doing this. Pray that it works!"

Helskor approached Philos, towering over him in the cramped room. Reaching down, Helskor pierced the man's chest, his dark essence pouring into Philos's body. Writhing in pain, the man grasped at the shadowy arm and immediately regretted it. The texture was soft like wet snow, but colder than ice. Philos could no longer feel his hands as they dropped to his side. Still shaking in response to the searing pain in his chest, Philos lost his footing and slumped to the floor, drifting out of consciousness. When Philos awoke, he was once again alone. Helskor had left the room some time ago, his sickly aura subsiding.

Premonition

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Through the Looking Glass

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

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

Fly away.
Surf the skies,
Floating unbeknownst.
Don't hide away.

He Strikes at Twilight

Tonight we go forth in legion
 As the day's sunlight wilts away
 To disturb this sleeping region.
 Chaotic ruin is our way.

This I foresee in my mind's eye,
 Pandemonium now defined.
 From our god's might, I cast this die,
 And with it I will not be kind!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Untouched Victory

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trial of Abandon

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

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

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

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

The Lionhearted

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rumors of Origin

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

This is a story...

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

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

This is a certainty...

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

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

This is the future...

Imperialized Atmos

The kingdoms and empires,
The countries and nations.
What makes them? What breaks them?
Who decides which is which?

If an empire is split
By natural disaster,
Does its definition
Hide within its people?

If a kingdom expands
Its borders needlessly,
Does it truly deserve
Added authority?

All of these examples
And all of these questions
Riddle Atmos to death.
It would seem now is time
To rediscover rule
And how it is best kept.

Soft and Wild Strings

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

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

The Song of Ages

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

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

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

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

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

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

Static Nightmare

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

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

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

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Superior empire rise...

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

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

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

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

A Fractured Mind



Into the void the deceivers fall.
 Fall into chaos... Terror brought and dismantled.
From the void the seekers rise. Enjoy the battle...
 Chaos rising... Still, we fight on.
 The path is fragmented. Purge the deceivers...
 The way is blocked... Send to kingdom come.
Into the light the deceivers appear. It came and went...
 Appear as nothing... No choice but to follow.
From the light the seekers claim. Award the seekers...
 Light my way ahead... We feast in glory.
 The path is dimming. Glory evades you...
 The way is darkened... Empire destroyed and formed.
 Legion gone and legion rise. Superior empire rise...
 Our ways in everything... My dreaded dreams fade away.
 My dreaded dreams fade away. Wax and wane under harvest moons...
Wax and wane in the summer sun... Fade away and back again...
 Fade away and back again...

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.

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

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.

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.

The Arrival (1)

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."

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.

"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."

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.

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? Why do you hide? Why do you cower?
How can you run from such energy? By the speed of light, I AM.
Where can you hide from such brilliance? By the intensity of my will, I AM.
How will cowering win you my appeal? By my right to rule, I AM!
Now kneel, for your respect is mine to take!
Now plead, for your cries are mine to cherish!
Now follow, for your god is here to lead, or burn in the blaze that I AM!"

With fire he struck, and 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."

The Arrival (2)

The volume of hundreds of voices heightened until a black aura rose from the men, forming a shield of darkness protecting the masses. Rhinesvelt was almost impressed at the display, but also disgusted with how much it reminded him of Helskor – long before either of them had a name to call their own. With his clawed fist glowing, Rhinesvelt fired searing beams in cascading lines through the air, its contact a fragment of chaotic fury, explosive potential made known. Yet as the flaring energy fell on the growing darkness surrounding the legion of men, it was forced upward, the energy being split into hundreds of fragmented rays that dissipated in the cold winter air.

Philos raised his hands, and shadows did call,
As darkness engulfed each fiery sprawl.
A shield rose, black as the night's own soul,
Against Rhinesvelt's light, a shadowed whole.

"By Helskor's wrath, by shadow's might,
We turn back the fire, we conquer the light.
Hold fast, brothers; your courage is fierce,
Through darkness, our spirits no flame can pierce."

But Rhinesvelt's gaze grew darker still,
As fire in waves poured down the hill.
Again, he attacked, each strike more severe,
As the shield of the shadow cracked in fear.

"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.

"We fought for the darkness, for Helskor's name,
Yet glory's a spark, consumed by flame.
To Stalworth we turn, but in silence we go,
Bearing the scars only shadows can know."

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."

At the Crown of the World (1)

Through endless ice and glacier 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.

Four: "I need a status update for Emperor Project 725. Where has it gone?"

One: "The Emperor has crashed into a planet. It is not functioning correctly."

Two: "I require further information. There was a 68% chance of success this time. The new method of extraction has shown to be more effective, yet we face an issue of navigation? What is the problem?"

One: "It was either a malfunction in the propulsion system or a miscalculation of trajectory. It is currently in a reset sequence due to the force of the impact. Changes are not saved until the system restarts itself, and only the previous save can be used to restore the specimens. If they are destroyed during the restart period, there is no bringing them back."

Three: "This is problematic. They cannot leave, then. We cannot continue the experiment under these circumstances."

Four: "This is perfect. We will continue to study their behavior. It should prove interesting."

One: "This was an unforeseen conclusion. The test was meant to improve the next experiment, but the data were no longer retrievable after the crash."

Four: "Spontaneity adds to the excitement and the data we have will still be useful. Stagnation is impossible for them in their situation, and I do not believe coexistence is an option the subjects are willing to consider. Continue your research. We must test this hyper-consciousness of the cosmos."

One: "Affirmative."

Two: "The extraction sequence of experiment 725 was a success, so the others may prove effective as well."

Three: "Keep us informed. The Emperor is of vital importance."

One: "Affirmative."

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.

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.

Dismantle any such shadows of all creation and dismantle.
 Dismantle any such shadows of all creation and dismantle.

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.