

Psycroptic, The Scepter Of Jaar-Gilon

Far from this world lies a distant planet
System of seven, six inhabited,
all are revolving around a sub called Hzkol.
This group of planets, are controlled by one.
Spoken in human its name would be Jaar-Gilon.
Planet of millions, thirteen O Eight(1308) species residing-
controlled by one. "Klesta Raaldos" - The race of the dominants.
Though not acknowledged ancient teachings follow the path of equality.
Black soil beneath grey sky, valleys of dark tree growth shine.
Leaves are reflecting Hzkol, here the Klesta Raaldos toil.
Here they feed...There is one ruler who commands the council of the ancients.
If measured in human years his age would be nine twenty four(924).
He has ruled here, eight hundred years. His name is Jilthanor Gilon.
His descendants, have ruled this world, ever since their language was spoken.
He is the fifteenth recorded generation since Diithor Na Gilon
discovered the creation tree. During his journey beneath ancient
planets crust - hidden for aeons - the reason for his planets life-
Shining!....with life...He was struck by the beauty
of this haggled tree.
He took a branch to show his tribe a piece of ancient history.
So, his prize in hand, he returned.
This would change history, for he found a power.
Instructing him to strike down.
With force the staff struck the ground.
The crust - it moaned and cracked -
opening up and out came.....creatures.....twelve thousand....
Attacking the "Klesta" tribe, leaving only good alive.
Creating a peaceful nation from a bloodied battle.
And from then the world has thrived, and the scepter has survived.
The Gilon council has ruled their planet in peaceful Har-mony
.....Harmony!.....
It is the scepter from Jaar-Gilon -
It holds the powers of creation -
It can bring life or it can destroy.
The power used is the bearers choice.