

Bal-Sagoth, Arcana Antediluvia

"Act 1: The Argosy on the Eldritch Sea"

"The Antediluvian Oracle:"

And so it was written, that rage would carry him like a howling wind, leaving only frozen corpses, th

"The Black Mariner:"

Behold, my blackened, grim and gory axe, the searing glow of trenchant steel.
I'll notch another widow to my haft, and wreak red vengeance 'cross the waves.
Tales of black-sailed argosies, bedevilled by base treachery!

"The Antediluvian Oracle:"

His gaze is as fire, his words are as spear-points, his voice is as thunder, his touch as the plague!

"The Black Mariner:"

Storm-prow cleaving, dragon rending, nighted deeps far, far below,
Hail-scur scouring, sea devouring, sunken realm's ethereal glow.

"The Antediluvian Oracle:"

And one night, there came a storm, a storm with searing red winds.
Fire and steel rode within it, and vengeance writ in thunder and blood!

"The Black Mariner:"

Down sixty fathoms, from stygian coral-clad tombs the pitiless abyssal sea disgorges its shambling
Ghosts aglide upon the eldritch seas, unfathomed voyage to ascendency,
Traitorous blood, the surf roils red, churning crimson, thrice-cursed dead.

"The Antediluvian Oracle:"

'Tis enough that men might dream of being kings without aspiring to the power of gods.

"To be continued in "Arcana Antediluvia Act II: The Demon in the Dusklight Crystal""