

# Bal-Sagoth, Epilogue

XERXES:

Such devastation, master...

A mighty civilization destroyed in the blinking of an eye...  
decimated by the madness of a rogue demi-god...

ALTARUS:

Indeed, my young apprentice.

Ancient Mu was annihilated utterly...

cast to the same shark-haunted grave as would  
one day embrace Atlantis, Lemuria...  
and even proud and noble Hyperborea.

XERXES:

And what became of the treacherous one...  
the Chaos-dog Zurra?

ALTARUS:

He was consumed by his own darksome power, young Xerxes.

A splinter of his consciousness was returned to the

prison beneath the Mare Imbrium,

while another echo of his being was dispersed

along the filaments of the space-time matrix

to a period before the first battle in the War of the Lexicon was even fought.

The primary facet of the black-hearted Zurra was condemned

to a limbo of such unimaginable tortuous magnitude,

that it made the horrors endured by dread Angsaar himself

seem like naught but a lover's caress in comparison.

XERXES:

Such power as was wielded by Zurra corrupted his heart, master.

His quest for the Lexicon was not a desire

born of the eternal search for cosmic enlightenment,

but rather of a vain hope that such elucidation

would allow him to understand the horrors which blighted his own immortal soul...

ALTARUS:

You may yet one day understand

the intricacies of the sidereal web, young apprentice.

Come... the mists once again cloud the great cosmic eye,

and the vista darkens for today.

But rest assured, my youthful neophyte...

there are many more stories in this vast, eternal saga yet to be told...