Bal-Sagoth, Into The Silent Chambers Of The Sa

Black winds whispering 'cross the fens,
In eldritch coils (jewelled and gleaming) spires entwined
Enraptured by the moon's sweet spells,
'gainst the skies of (bleak and brooding) winter blackly etched.
The Topaz Throne of Kings is crack'd, eon-veiled, enrob'd in black,
Ensorcelled blade glimmers sunset's fire, saga-spinner, take up thy lyre.

"Thus spake the silent halls of Valusia..."

Curses borne on vampyre tongues, elder-fiends, o' nameless ones,
Torches glow in silver cressets, in the Temple of the Serpent,
Waves enshroud where marble gleamed, spectral witch-song rides the gale,
Black wings above the land of dreams, and silence haunts the nighted vale.
Winged dragon coiled in thrice, bane of flame in shadowed ice,
Flooded by the bloated moon, the ivory worm now sleeps entombed.
Ten thousand spear-points gleaming bright, sharp-honed steel in pale dawn's light,
Grim-eyed legions wait brooding, 'neath the banner of the Serpent-King.
Winged dragon coiled in thrice, bane of flame in shadowed ice,
Flooded by the horned moon, awake o' worm and quit thy tomb.

"Thus spake the silent halls of Valusia..."

The Atlantean sword beckons me, and I descend from moon-shrouded skies
Into the Tower of the Black Serpent...
Tales are told to me now in dreams, shadowed lyre strings, and sweet whisperings...
The grim and glorious battles of warrior kings, (when the earth ran red with the blood of the slain),
And the shining realm of Valusia...
Carried upon the sweet night winds, piercing the veil of my delirium,
I embrace the rapturous scent of black lotus.

(I hear the lament of the Immortals...)

"Ka nama kaa lajerama, Yagkoolan yok tha xuthalla!"

And lo, I hear the beat of black leathern wings from moonless gulfs,
Dark spirits wander the silent halls of the Sapphirean Throne,
And in dreams I see the oceans rise to devour the gleaming spires,
As the shades of immortals guide me to the Valley of Silent Paths...

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Thus spake the Antediluvean Scrolls.