

Becoming The Archetype, The Balance Of Eternity

They stood just inside the walls of the fortress.

And looked out upon an endless sea of ice.

At first the only sound was of burning torches.

But another sound was rising.

That of thousands of souls groaning in bitter agony.

Trapped just below the surface and awakened by the presence of fire.

The sound of the souls crying out for rebirth continued to grow.

It became deafening and caused all of the men there to fall on their knees.

They drove their torches into the ground and watched as the ice began to melt away.

The enemy's grasp was broken by the power of fire, and a great multitude of souls were reclaimed.

But there were many others that did not respond to the presence of fire.

They remained frozen.

Enslaved in darkness.

Forever.