

# Rakoth, A Pass In The Ethereal

[The Legend]

"At the heart of silence writhing Flame now slowly dies unpowered anymore, with the strain of Keepers gone, those sworn to keep the Flame alive but vanished long before the time - the advent of the Creeping Calm.

- ...In awe they stand and watch as the Mist engulfs them all... I behold the world fades as they pray to their Goddess for death...

Vast aeons passed like the time has stopped, yet the live still stirs in its freezing breath, and the Stillness stalks the silent realms.

Could they prevent the Creeping Calm? They prayed to their Spider Queen in fear but their Goddess was the first to give the peace of frozen sleep.

I stand atop the highest cliff, I observe the rest of the fussy world, I see the planes where I'm alone at last. In the Sacred Hall the Flame still dies, dropping shadows living their final dance in the middle of the ice-veiled universe..."

Beautiful, a web of stars, that looms amid the sons of earth...

Enfolds me in these silvan arms that unite vehement charms...

Befalls the weary son of earth...