

# Theatres des Vampires, Thule

By a route obscure and lonely...haunted by ill angels only,  
when an Eidolon, named Night, on a black throne reigns upright,  
I have reached these lands but newly from an ultimate dim Thule -  
from a wild clime that lieth, sublime, out of space, out of time.

By the dismal tarns and pools where dwell the Vampires -  
by each spot the most unholy - in each nook most melancholy -  
there the traveller meets Aghast

sheeted memories of the past - shrouded forms that start and sigh as  
they pass the wanderer by.

By a route obscure and lonely...haunted by ill angels only,  
when an Eidolon, named Night, on a black throne reigns upright  
I have wandered home but newly from this ultimate dim Thule...Thule!