

## Arcana

### "Foreword"

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[Intro]

[Prose by Demeter; music by Anastasia]

Langsyne, a king there was... He was sublime and lionesque-redoubted. The numerous folks were trepidating before his lurid face and spear-hand, held the vasty empire by the harsh reins. But the destiny's path of every mortal is leading inevitably to the vital shears' blade. And eventually The Silver-haired Queen came to the haughty king for her dire tribute. A lot of water has passed under the bridge of time thenceforth, but...

After one thousand and four hundred summers and winters the spirit of the ancient agadic king of Goths is relived to rule the night, avenge, love, war and do one's will, somebody who won't have the mundane law of life's circle did cast into the timeless depth of reincarnations in low forms, condign for his nefarious piacles while alive. The spirit of Germanareh, thus he hight by mother aborning on the faith of wisewoman's advice, hath stood to linger on the earth after agonizing death, without pacation that await for all men. Belike Providence (or Darkness, itself) made the other fate for king, mayhap for castigation or something yet, I don't know. His spirit was asomatous, feeble and bedrid by centuries of sufferings, unknown for the living human thankfully. He couldn't create or destroy. The borders of shade of mountain and forest, where the body of Germanareh was buried, was the bound which embinded him like wife to husband. Whilom fierce spirit of great warrior, conqueror, the bane of Europe pined and cherished no hope for the redemption by the grace of God, but once he has felt the approach of some people, there were the coven of witches.

They... though, no, let our tensons open all to you...

"Welcome to this graven legend!"

