

Baker Anita**"Of Carnage And A Gathering Of The Wolves"**

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Somewhere in the lightless, labyrinthine depths of the
Darkenhold forest...

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:
Who are you, wanderer?

WANDERING SPIRIT:
I can't remember...

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:
The wolves are gathering,
The stars are shifting...
Come, join us in the hunt.

THE SYLVAN ORACLE:
What arboreal augury be this?
Has the Realm Verdant at last seen the countenance
Of the scourge born of prophecy?
What is thy scheme, Zyl-Zyn-Horhuz?

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:
Who are you, wanderer?

WANDERING SPIRIT:
I have the scent...

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:
Gaze into the mists...
Feel the earth thawing beneath your feet.
Come, bring down the prey.

THE SYLVAN ORACLE:
The wolves are gathering,
The stars are shifting,
This spectre at the feast,
This nectar of the vine.

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:
Look at the power you possess...
See the might which you wield!
You know who you are, do you not?

WANDERING SPIRIT:

Yes, I am the scythe in the field at summer,
I am the thunder that awakens the earth,
I am that which gives the night air it's chill.

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:

Who are you, wanderer?

WANDERING SPIRIT:

I am far beyond the ken of men...
My gaze shall make the night tremble!

THE SYLVAN ORACLE:

So dour a mien, let all night's fulgors flame.
Behold, the ghost of a king as yet unborn!
He is the scourge, the thanatos, the cleansing fire, the
purifying storm...
He is the cataclysm given corporeal form!
Be wary that your progeny does not consume thee,
Zyl-Zyn-Horhuz... the Voice of the Night!

VOICE OF THE NIGHT:

Who are you, my son?

WANDERING SPIRIT:

Father... I am annihilation incarnate!

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