

Baker Anita

"The Chronicle Of Shadows"

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[The Emperor of the Night (Hearken to the Attestation of the Sinistrous):]

For it is the iniquity of man which compels him to these tenebrous gates,

Seeking opiate dreams and the alluring embrace of oblivion...

Know that I have cavorted beneath the horned moon with repellent fiends, and

Liberated virgins from the burden of their maidenhood.

(Supping deep of that sweet ichor and revelling in the sanguineous megrims my

Ophidian tongue has wrought.)

Tyrannic I am where the Serpent dwells, the lissome embrace of the succubi,

Like a wolf in the fold, red of tooth and claw, enthroned beneath black

Nether-skies.

Shadows stalk the viscid gloom, (beware the) blades of the assassins,

The call of Ul-Yeh in the air, the crystal skull is shattered,

A veil of cloud about the moon, (fevered) dreams of (trenchant) steel and fire,

Hearken to the slithering, the envenomed kiss of night.

[The Emperor of the Night (Thus Spake the Chronicle of Shadows):]

Such adoration bestowed upon me beneath the cryptic moon!

Caressed by ululant lotus-stained tongues...

(Behold the true purity of that which lurks concealed beneath the mantle of

Shadow, and let the deluded, debauched sybarites flee in terror from that

Darkness which they profess to embrace!)

Beyond the spheres of light and darkness, beneath distant pallid stars, I bring

The iridescent glimmer of forbidden truth, seared in the crucible of blasphemy!

For amorphous they come, steeped in the fetor of ten thousand years,

Abhorrent colossi spawned from the sinister cosmic

spheres.

And upon their tongues, vile secrets so terrible sweet
madness is a redolent

Balm!

[The Emperor of the Night (Revel in the Triumph of the
Dark):]

I shall glut the maw of that ineffable nameless evil
which lurks forever in

The soul of man, for so it is written in the Chronicle of
Shadows...

[29 October, 1893]

They came in the night, and butchered five of my
party, the terrified survivors

Fleeing with the first wan light of dawn. The fiends
seemed inexplicably to

Be an extension of the night, as if their misshapen
bodies were actually

Somehow composed of the darkness itself. Even as I
gazed directly at them,

I found I could not truly focus on their stygian forms...
their bodies

Appearing to shimmer and shift like the ripples of a
heat-haze upon an arid

Plain. My ammunition, discharged in vain, is all but
spent... and now, as night

Unfurls it's malign wings once more to enshroud this
desolate and forsaken

Place, I wait alone for the sunrise I fear I shall never
see. At dusk I

Discovered a hidden alcove in the time-raught surface
of the great monolith

Which stands as a mute sentinel before the entrance to
the colossal temple;

A moss encrusted crevice concealed from the eyes of
man for I know not how

Long. As the darkness massed about me, a strange
miasma seemed to grip my mind

In tenebrous tendrils, and I beheld that horrifying and
immemorial edifice

Which I now feel certain once cast it's diabolical
shadow upon the Gate of the

Sun. It is all true, everything I feared, everything which I
dared imagine

Only in the blackest embrace of the most narcotic
malignity. There are Six

Keys To The Onyx Pyramid, which conceal a terrifying
truth never intended to

Be grasped by the woefully fragile mind of Man. I now
pray that no unfortunate

Soul ever again stumbles as close as I to those cryptic
axioms which lie ever

In wait between the incorporeal veils of light and
shadow. I would offer up a
Prayer to the divinity which once I worshipped, but I
know it would echo
Emptily through the abyssal reaches of the unheeding
cosmos. As I scrawl this
Final entry in my journal, the sun sinks with a chilling
finality below this
Now alien horizon. I know the shadowy figures shall
soon return to claim me.
I must fortify myself for the onset of the night...

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