

Bal-Sagoth

"Arcana Antediluvia"

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[Act I: The Argosy on the Eldritch Sea]

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]

And so it was written, that rage would carry him like a
howling wind, leaving only frozen corpses,
Their bones rattling in hollow armour, to tell their tale in
his wake.

[The Black Mariner:]

Behold, my blackened, grim and gory axe, the searing
glow of trenchant steel.
I'll notch another widow to my haft, and wreak red
vengeance 'cross the waves.
Tales of black-sailed argosies, bedeviled by base
treachery!

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]

His gaze is as fire, his words are as spear-points, his
voice is as thunder, his touch as the plague!

[The Black Mariner:]

Storm-prow cleaving, dragon rending, nighted deeps
far, far below,
Hail-scur scouring, sea devouring, sunken realm's
ethereal glow.

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]

And one night, there came a storm, a storm with
searing red winds.
Fire and steel rode within it, and vengeance writ in
thunder and blood!

[The Black Mariner:]

Down sixty fathoms, from stygian coral-clad tombs, the
pitiless abyssal sea disgorges its shambling mold-
mottled dead,
Dank innards blackly acoil with nests of slithering
things!
Ghosts aglide upon the eldritch seas, unfathomed
voyage to ascendancy,
Traitorous blood, the surf roils red, churning crimson,
thrice-cursed dead.

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]

'Tis enough that men might dream of being kings
without aspiring to the power of gods.

[To be continued in "Arcana Antediluvia Act II: The
Demon in the Dusklight Crystal."]

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