

Bal-sagoth

"As The Vortex Illumines The Crystalline Walls Of Kor-Avul-"

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Kor-Avul-Thaa... finest jewel in a crown of a realm of
sublime
glory, greatest city in the Middle Kingdoms, mayhap all
the world...
Its splendid walls of shimmering crystal could be seen
from a hundred
leagues distant, kissed by the golden rays of the sun,
or caressed by
the ethereal fingers of a midnight moon. Its
magnificent spires and
citadels, built by generations of kings from the
resplendent gifts
hewn from the ancient bosom of the sacred Crystal
Mountains, had oft'
times been the bitter envy of rival emperors, and many
were the sieges
which Kor-Avul-Thaa had withstood and repulsed over
the centuries, for
powerful sorcerers did weave great spells of protection
about the
dazzling towers, and none may have passed unbidden
through the vast
sapphirean gates of mighty Kor-Avul-Thaa...
(FROM THE JOURNALS OF SAGE DAELUN)

THE ORACLE OF KOR-AVUL-THAA:

The sky rent asunder...
black-winged devils surge forth from the void...
A maelstrom of crimson fire burns above us...
what carnage has thou wrought?
Not sword, ballistae, nor burning brand
Could e'er these walls aspire to breach,
Yet now the city's fall is nigh,
As elder rites black fiends unleash.

HIGH LORD OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF DARK

ELUCIDATION

(KEEPERS OF FORBIDDEN BOOKS OF THE FIRST
CATAclysm):

By Klatrymadon and Zuranthus, such ancient secrets
we discovered within these sinister, worm-worn

pages,
Etched with darksome glyphs and sigils, bound with
fearsome
spells, An eldritch tide of stygian sorceries unfettered
by the forbidden Tome of Shadows...

Now thunderous cataclysm befalls the gleaming Kor-
Avul-Thaa
(The mystic gate stands open!)
The Xytaxehedron held to the stars...
the incantation uttered with eager tongues...
(What long-shackled powers of the elder dark
have our conjurings loosed?)

By Klatrymadon and Zuranthus,
the vortex blackens the stars above,
A vast plague of amorphous horrors
descends to rend with fang and talon,
(As with torrents of blood the crystalline walls run red?)
And in the glooming chambers of our shadowed
sanctum,

we wait, half-mad with terror,
To reap the slaughterous harvest which we have sown...

THE CHRONICLER OF THE CATAclysm:
And beyond the vortex, the churning black waters of
the void did
disgorge the Dwellers in Eternal Shadow, And upon a
horde of winged
horrors, brandishing swords of ebon flame, they rode
out from the
Gate... And a terrible silence fell upon Kor-Avul-Thaa...

THE ECHOES OF THE ORACLE:
The sky rent asunder,
black winged devils surge forth from the void...
A maelstrom of crimson fire burns above us...
what carnage has thou wrought?

THE CHRONICLER OF THE CATAclysm:
???

And the darkling lords did descend upon Kor-Avul-
Thaa
to claim their splendid prize,
and enthrone themselves within the glittering walls...

THE ECHOES OF THE ORACLE:
Not sword, ballistae, nor burning brand
Could e'er these walls aspire to breach,

Yet now the city's fall is nigh,
As elder rites black fiends unleash...

THE BROTHERHOOD:

By Klatrymadon and Zuranthus,
in Kor-Avuk-Thaa, darkness reigns eternal...
Nevermore shall the city glimmer,
for now the crystalline walls gleam black...
Ever black...

And so it was that the bedazzling and splendid Kor-
Avul-Thaa did
become the City of Shadows, a sinister fortress of
elder fiends and
fearsome beasts, unleashed by the meddlings of
mortals aspiring to
dark thresholds of forbidden knowledge and arcane
power, a nightmare
city shunned and feared by all. And not since the
sinking of Atlantis
was the fall of a realm so sorely lamented...
(FROM THE JOURNALS OF SAGE DAELUN)

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