

## Bal-sagoth

# "As The Vortex Illumines The Crystalline Walls Of Kor-avul-thaa"

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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  
wich 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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