

Bal-sagoth

"Draconis Albionensis"

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The Oracle of Logres:

It was a time of change. The descendants of the
Atlantean mages had fallen
before the New Praesidium, and the wolves were
baying at the Empire's door.
An oppressive new faith was encroaching from the
east, and the sylvan liege
had locked tight the gates of his arboreal realm. And
so it was that towards
the end of the Age of Mystery, the last of Albion's great
Dragon Lords did
gather for what would be their final battle...

The War-song of the Dragon Lords:

Dragon-phalanx rend the sky, Albion our gleaming
prize,
Sentinels of land and sea, guardians of destiny.
(Prowling amongst the pecseatan; Draconis Bipedes,
swift and furious beast of
battle!)

The Dragon King's Vow:

(Dragon-Runes etched by the firey tongues of the IX
Legio Draconis into the
primordial stone of the great Logres Drachenstahl
Cromlech):
The foes of this sceptred isle shall be driven back into
the sea!
An oath sworn in battle, a vow blessed by steel,
I swear by the dragon's blood in my veins... and the
dragon's heart that pumps
it!

The War-song of the Dragon Lords:

Dragonfyre in the fray, faith and steel shall win the
day,
A god to serf and king alike, the Adamantine Hammer
strikes!
(Devouring the infidel outlanders; Draconis Nematoda,
great winged worm of war!)

The Dragon King's Vow:

To victory eternal... this world shall be our empire!
Dragon Imperium, throne of the Ancient Gods, behold
the axiom, Wyruld-Cyninga!
It is time! We shall rule, and upon our dominion the sun
shall never set!

12 October: 1893

I must commit this to the pages of my journal, while it is
still vivid in my

recollection... not that such a macabre vision could
possibly soon be
blissfully forgotten. Just before dawn, I awoke from a
fantastic and somewhat
horrifying dream in which I traversed a great black
cyclopean cityscape,
its towering stygian walls inscribed with some form of
outlandish glyphs which
seemed to writhe squamously and alter their shape
even as I gazed at them.
A sibilant whispering which seemed at once familiar
and yet intrusively alien
compelled me to walk to the edge of a particularly
sinister looking edifice
and peer out over its precipitous perimeter. When I did
so, I beheld this
world of ours, recognizing vaguely the apparent
shapes of the five continents,
yet the entire vista seemed so distant that the whole
appeared in its entirety
no larger than a sphere which I could fit snugly into the
palm of my hand.
When I turned again to behold the looming obelisks, I
found I could then
easily read the previously untranslatable ciphers in the
black stone. They
were the words of a great thaumaturgist who had
seemingly discovered a
repository of aeons-old lore detailing the sidereal web
of the cosmos, with
arcane diagrams pinpointing certain astral portals and
places of empyreal
potency, a sort of pangalactic ley-line chart, if you will.
Indeed, these
Star-Maps Of The Ancient Cosmographers seemed to
take a not insignificant toll
on the author's sanity, as evidenced by the tone of his
inscriptions, which
seem to suggest that in discovering this Pandora's Box
of dark elucidation,
his fate was to be inexorably dogged by some

nameless and implacable gloom;

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