

Bal-sagoth

"Journey To The Isle Of Mists"

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(Over The Moonless Depths Of Night-Dark Seas)

THE LOG OF THE NORTHERN MARINER:

The great serpent-prow of my ship, Wave-Render
cleaves the nighted

waters as we voyage across the dark, icy sea, towards
the unknown...

Above, the bright winter's moon emerges from a veil of
cloud to cast

its lucent rays upon us, and a clinging, supine sea-mist
withers upon

the midnight waves, swirled by the colol, whispering
wind which

catches our great sail, pushing us onwards, never
onwards... And

beyond the tang of the darkling sea, the scent of
nights is as strong

and heady as summer blossom. I know not what awaits
us at the elder

Isle of Mists... that grim and mystery-haunted place
which beckons me

to its shadowed embrace, swathed in dark legendry
and etwined in the

mantle of ancient sorceries... and yet I must hearken to
its ethereal

call... for mayhap the gods have decreed this to be my
final voyage...

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