

Bal-sagoth

"Star-Maps of the Ancient Cosmographers"

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The Thaumaturgist:

The Great Eye of the Universe opens! Through this
astral art the secrets of the
cosmos are mine to know... for the stars are my
dominion!

Empowered at the periphery, ascending to the Id's
eyrie,

The cosmos feathers her nest with fire.

Ephemeral, the nexus calls, besieging cyclopean walls,
Branded deviant and pariah.

Betwixt the hammer and the anvil are forged the
stars...

On the wings of the ersatz ones... through the
fathomless abyss.

The Thaumaturgist's Epiphany:

Like a blackened and baleful sun shall I gaze down
from beyond the cumuli and

the firmament upon you. I alone must bear the burden
of this fiend-wrested lore.

New stars without number burn in the heavens, but the
shadow of oblivion falls
ever closer.

Shortly thereafter, the dreamscape began to fade, and
reality beckoned my

consciousness away from the incredible vista. In truth, I
was indeed glad to
awaken...

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