

Bal-Sagoth "The Chronicle Of Shadows"

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The Imperator of the Night
(Hearken to the Attestation of the Sinistrous):
For it is the iniquity of man which compels him to these
tenebrous gates,
seeking opiate dreams and the alluring embrace of
oblivion...
Know that I have cavorted beneath the horned moon
with repellent fiends, and
liberated virgins from the burden of their maidenhood.
(Supping deep of that sweet ichor and revelling in the
sanguineous megrims my
ophidian tongue has wrought.)
Tyrannic I am where the Serpent dwells, the lissome
embrace of the succubi,
Like a wolf in the fold, red of tooth and claw, enthroned
beneath black
nether-skies.
Shadows stalk the viscid gloom, (beware the) blades of
the assassins,
The call of Ul-Yeh in the air, the crystal skull is
shattered,
A veil of cloud about the moon, (fevered) dreams of
(trenchant) steel and fire,
Hearken to the slithering, the envenomed kiss of night.

The Imperator of the Night
(Thus Spake the Chronicle of Shadows):
Such adoration bestowed upon me beneath the cryptic
moon!
Caressed by ululant lotus-stained tongues...
(Behold the true purity of that which lurks concealed
beneath the mantle of
shadow, and let the deluded, debauched sybarites flee
in terror from that
darkness which they profess to embrace!)
Beyond the spheres of light and darkness, beneath
distant pallid stars, I bring
the iridescent glimmer of forbidden truth, seared in
the crucible of blasphemy!
For amorphous they come, steeped in the fetor of ten
thousand years,
Abhorrent colossi spawned from the sinistrous cosmic

spheres.

And upon their tongues, vile secrets so terrible sweet
madness is a redolent
balm!

The Emperor of the Night
(Revel in the Triumph of the Dark):

I shall glut the maw of that ineffable nameless evil
which lurks forever in
the soul of man, for so it is written in the Chronicle of
Shadows...

29 October, 1893

They came in the night, and butchered five of my
party, the terrified survivors

fleeing with the first wan light of dawn. The fiends
seemed inexplicably to
be an extension of the night, as if their misshapen
bodies were actually
somehow composed of the darkness itself. Even as I
gazed directly at them,
I found I could not truly focus on their stygian forms...
their bodies
appearing to shimmer and shift like the ripples of a
heat-haze upon an arid
plain. My ammunition, discharged in vain, is all but
spent... and now, as night
unfurls its malign wings once more to enshroud this
desolate and forsaken
place, I wait alone for the sunrise I fear I shall never
see. At dusk I
discovered a hidden alcove in the time-raught surface
of the great monolith
which stands as a mute sentinel before the entrance to
the colossal temple;
a moss encrusted crevice concealed from the eyes of
man for I know not how
long. As the darkness massed about me, a strange
miasma seemed to grip my mind
in tenebrous tendrils, and I beheld that horrifying and
immemorial edifice
which I now feel certain once cast its diabolical shadow
upon the Gate of the
Sun. It is all true, everything I feared, everything which I
dared imagine
only in the blackest embrace of the most narcotic
malignity. There are Six
Keys To The Onyx Pyramid, which conceal a terrifying
truth never intended to
be grasped by the woefully fragile mind of Man. I now

pray that no unfortunate
soul ever again stumbles as close as I to those cryptic
axioms which lie ever
in wait between the incorporeal veils of light and
shadow. I would offer up a
prayer to the divinity which once I worshipped, but I
know it would echo
emptily through the abyssal reaches of the unheeding
cosmos. As I scrawl this
final entry in my journal, the sun sinks with a chilling
finality below this
now alien horizon. I know the shadowy figures shall
soon return to claim me.
I must fortify myself for the onset of the night...

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