Dagon "Land Of Phantoms"

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Through scores of miles and defeats I had traveled, with weary heart and bones.

Hoping mysteries would be unraveled, discovering nothing but quandaries and unknowns. Finally at the limits of mettle, the cursed place I'd found.

A preternatural silence left me unsettled.

The denizens uttered no words and made no sound.

This land of phantoms, this village of the damned. One thousand eyes upon me, a foreigner in this aberrant

land.

This land of phantoms, this village of the damned. On vindication's quest I'll persevere, so ancient enigmas man may understand.

A sea of empty visages and eyes were to greet me at my ingress.

My queries drew belligerent replies, this damnable rabble was seemingly possessed. The village called for my immediate departure, in a singular chorus.

Acting as a hive minded creature, with the eyes of Argos and cyclopean focus.

I must unearth the secrets hidden in this land, buried beneath eternal dreams and the sand. I'll continue my search under cover of the night, bringing these nautical enigmas to the light. Those who thought me mad shall see me overcome, I would have my triumph in this wretched land of phantoms.

By night I scoured the Atlantic shore, with certainty of my cause.
The villager's silence told a terrible story, but my quest nears completion, I will not withdraw.

Written in these ancient sands, a thousand tales of old.

Despite the villager's attempts to silence me, the stories will be told.

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