

Lianne La Havas**"Ghost Of The Ancient Siberian Wolfcult"**

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F'taghn collecting itself from the ashes of men and
Women, melting and sharing their heritage of the past.
It rose from the grey mists that deluged the barren
Planes of the coldlands, It chose as it's silent
Homestead.

From pure alien origin It once had been, feared and
Hunted profusely by a race now removed from it's
close

Vicinity,

From this land's solemn existence, by a gentle stroke
Of it's hand.

It was mastering the arts of this planet's
Materialisation.

It alone was with many, who were but small parts of It
Self.

F'taghn was the blessed name It carried, dating back
From beyond the vortex

Of dimensions, from the grounds of the Elder lords.

On the top of the frozen hill It appeared in all it's
Might,

Clouded by the particles It had risen from, summoning
The ghosts from it's gaseous

Body. Accompanied by the chanting choirs of
tormented

Ancient souls, the misty shapes that dwelled the
Ground,

Crystallised. F'taghn, Beast of a thousand souls,
Ancient dweller of the Siberian

Landscapes, feared by the lonely men sleeping
Restlessly in it's domain.

It's four eyes watched the four horizons of the earth,
Scanning for a prey to be fetched by the materialised
Ghostly wolfclan. It remembered how he once recited the

Forbidden

Sentences, being bonded by the mortal human flesh,
and

Glanced upon the spiralled vortex in the dry desert
Sands.

He knew then that his destiny lay on a different level
Than that of his fellow human men and women.

And the moment the purple lightning struck his eyes
and
Burned his flesh he knew he was of the alien F'taghn,
Reaper of
Souls, scout of the Ancient Ones. It remembered how
she
Once played with the Dhogh-Nubilum Gem and
fragmentated
Into the sand she sat in, sailed on Sahara winds
Towards the open spheres of the vortex of creation,
Disappearing into the sentient thing called F'taghn
Yog, dogmatist of wolfclans, harvester of human souls
In barren wastes.
She was renewed and beyond all grasp.
It remembered how It joined with the souls It lured
Into it's ritual bonding.
The owners of human memories embedded in it's
vapour
Flesh. And now they dwelled Siberia as wolves of light
And darkness,
Optic illusions just as deadly as bullets from a gun,
Obeying it's mind.

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