

Rachel Alejandro

"Thwarted By The Dark"

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[The contemplations of Joachim Blokk:]

As my sword drips black now with the unclean blood of
another slain fiend, it
Occurs to me that history will most probably record me
a fanatic... as for
More years than I care to remember I have dedicated
my life to the caseless
Pursuit and destruction of the loathsome undead.
Indeed, it was long ago that
I commenced with the wreaking of my grim vengeance
upon the denizens of the
Dark, and by the blade of my sorcerous katana, Fiend's
Bane, I vow they shall
All pay for taking my beloved from me! Fanatic?
Mayhap. But by all the gods of
Vengeance, I'll leave a fearsome legacy 'ere I die... a
legacy wrought in
Retributive bloodshed and screaming terror!

Drowned in the icy lake of tragedy,
Forged in the fires of revenge,
Driven by the winds which compel a man to destiny,
Haunted by the whispers of the dead.

Blood is black in the moonlight
As it was when I pierced the heart of my betrothed,
Blood is black in the moonlight,
Her undead gaze gleaming ire upon me.
Blood is black in the moonlight
I held aloft her head to my grim gods,
Blood is black in the moonlight
(Now I am eternally bonded to my blade)
And ever I am thwarted by the dark!

Gods of wrath, hear my vow... sate me with revenge
this night!
Come to me, darksome fiends, taste the edge of
ensorcelled steel!
Night has fallen, the hunt begins...
Vengeful carnage 'neath the moon!

And as I put brand to her pyre, I swore then to my gods
that those vile
Creatures who tore the life and hope from my
beloved's breast and replaced it
With that unspeakable sanguineous ravening would
repay a hundredfold in
Slaughter and bloodshed for their misdeed... I would
hunt them to their
Worm-ridden tombs, wherever they crept or slithered
upon the earth, and wreak
My honed steel revenge ceaselessly unto my own
grave. Such was my vow!

Aye, this bride of Masayuki steel, ensorcelled by
wizards at it's forging... to
Me she is as pure as the newly fallen snow, kissed by
the breeze at dusk...
And yet she has supped deep of the ichors of many
men and fiends alike.

Shadow spawned demons ravening for my blood,
Yet the thirst of my blade is greater!
Aye, all they shall feast upon this night will be cold
steel!
I hear the slither of scales on silk,
Fiend's Bane replete with undead slaughter!

I am the scourge of the devils who dwell in darkness...
(but the darkness writhing in my own soul is so much
deeper...)
Their flesh burns at the touch of my blade of searing
vengeance,
And I cast their malign spirits screaming into limbo!

Darkfall, and the autumn moon glimmers on my steel...
Now it is time to hunt and slay once more,
For the night has come!

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