

LordShades

"Despair, Hope And Wrath"

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The Breath of fire hath passed and cleansed the world
of Men
Broken are the statues of mighty kings of old
Swords and plough alike rust in the frosty morning,
Palely gleaming in the wan sunset.

Who shall till this soil?
Who shall wield this sword?
Who shall bow to the sun,
To hail it's rise?

Then did Men start to multiply,
Amidst the ruins of what was once
A proud empire of powerful Men,
Survivors, bred an offspring
That was to mend Man's ways
Like a bud in a heap of dust and dung,
Sprang a wish to start anew.
This race of men spread even brighter.

A few survivors put their dead.
On hallowed funeral boats,
And leave their departed
For the sea to do it's will
To the Pure the realm of Anwel,
Land of eternal peace and bliss
To the impure the realm of Meldral-Nok,
Land of the Damned and everlasting flames.

"Leader of those Armies Bright
If once they hear that voice,
They will soon resume
New courage and revive,
Though now they lie
Groveling & prostrate on yon lake... of fire"

"My sentence is for open war.
Armed with Hell-flames,
Infernal thunder, black horror
And fire shot with equal rage"

So spake the Lord of Meldral-Nok in his overwhelming
wrath,
So swore the Emperor of doom and black death

Then did Men start to multiply,
Amidst the ruins of what was once
A proud empire of powerful Men,
Survivors, bred an offspring
That was to mend Man's ways.
Like a bud in a heap of dust and dung,
Sprang a wish to start anew.
This race of men spread even brighter.

So spake the Lord of Meldral-Nok in his wrath:
"The race of man shall rue that ever it was"

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