

# And Lo, When the Imperium Marches Against Gul-Kothoth

Bal-Sagoth

Then Dark Sorceries Shall Enshroud The Citadel Of The Obsidian Crown

## CHAPTER 1: THE VOYAGE OF THE SORCERER

???

THE WIZARDS OF VYRGOTHIA:

Darkly bejewelled circlet of night,  
Crown of the Elder King,  
Unfettered at last the Trinity of Might,  
The sceptre, the sword, and the ring.

THE SORCERER:

I stand upon the oaken planks of this great ship,  
(the splendid flagship of the Imperium's navies)  
Gazing at moon-gleam dancing on the vast, dark sea...  
(And in my mind I behold) black crystals gleaming...  
Ensorcellment! I am enthralled by this nighted spell...  
For I know that the slumbering sorceries  
Of the Shadow-King's crown shall soon be reawakened...  
And as I return to my emperor  
(shackled to such woefully grim tidings),  
My spirit is borne upon the leathern wings of a great sorrow...

## CHAPTER 2: THE MARCH OF THE IMPERIUM

THE EMPEROR:

Call forth the Ogre-Mage of the Black Lake  
And the Swordmaster of Kyrman'ku,  
Let them speak the Words Which Unfetter...  
Enshrined for countless centuries,  
Within it's darksome citadel,  
Five score and ten against the Tiger,  
(curse) the black crown of the Shadow-King!  
By all the dark gods, I swear I'll not be dethroned!  
A seething forest of blackened blades,  
A churning sea of ebon war-chariots,  
A searing storm of flaming shafts,  
All this havoc and more shall I unleash against my foe...  
Into battle! The Legion shall march...  
The fall of Gul-Kothoth is nigh!

The Legion of the Ebon Tiger...  
Six thousand elite warriors of the Imperium,  
The pride of the Emperor's forces...  
Bolstered by heavy cavalry,  
And a squadron of deadly scythed chariots...  
Further reinforced by the Imperial Frontier Army  
Of one hundred thousand highly trained spearmen and archers...  
And never has this force met it's match in battle or siege...

BAALTHUS VANE:

Our banner flies ever glorious,  
Undefeated we stand, steeped in victory.  
The Iron Phalanx, six thousand strong,  
Our ever-honed blades, the Tiger's gleaming claws.  
Pride of the Empire, Scourge of the Vraii,

Masters at Turonium, and Kai-Vorg.  
Smiters of the Southern Host, Routers of the Horde,  
Bane of the Over-King, we march to war!

(To be continued in Chaper 3: The Wizards Do Battle)