Arcana Antediluvia

Bal-Sagoth

[Act I: The Argosy on the Eldritch Sea]

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]
And so it was written, that rage would carry him like a howling wind, leaving only frozen corpses,
Their bones rattling in hollow armour, to tell their tale in his wake.

[The Black Mariner:]
Behold, my blackened, grim and gory axe, the searing glow of tr enchant steel.
I'll notch another widow to my haft, and wreak red vengeance 'c ross the waves.
Tales of black-sailed argosies, bedeviled by base treachery!

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]
His gaze is as fire, his words are as spear-
points, his voice is as thunder, his touch as the plague!

[The Black Mariner:]
Storm-
prow cleaving, dragon rending, nighted deeps far, far below,
Hail-
scur scouring, sea devouring, sunken realm's ethereal glow.

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]
And one night, there came a storm, a storm with searing red win ds.
Fire and steel rode within it, and vengeance writ in thunder an d blood!

[The Black Mariner:]
Down sixty fathoms, from stygian coral-clad tombs, the pitiless abyssal sea disgorges its shambling mold-mottled dead,
Dank innards blackly acoil with nests of slithering things!
Ghosts aglide upon the eldritch seas, unfathomed voyage to asce ndancy,
Traitorous blood, the surf roils red, churning crimson, thrice-cursed dead.

[The Antediluvian Oracle:]
'Tis enough that men might dream of being kings without aspirin g to the power of gods.

[To be continued in "Arcana Antediluvia Act II: The Demon in th e Dusklight Crystal."]

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