

Towards Malakia

The Ruins of Beverast

This map's dead point
Grows in the eye of abhorrence
Old and yellow vellum
Will you guide me?

Rise as an avenger
Cast your grey and brown
Aspirate your bewitching tone
Flood your moats with acid
Let me ennoble your brave disciples

On waves like flames
Await my coming
Ablaze yet silent
Malakia.