

## Prologue

Van Canto

Harmony was broken.

The Five that should have been one became divided, each reverting into its own nature. Only as the evil of the Fifth was realized, did the Four shape the world one last time. But their power was too great to be unleashed without powers.

Harmony was broken.

But the echoes of the World Song can still be heard. And through this, the Four found their champions, calling them together. The elements would have scoured the world and made it devoid of life, had not the Bard's Call checked their terrible power. Much was lost that day. But the world was won. The Fifth fell into the depths of the world, body rent asunder, mind broken. But even out of the defeat of the Fifth, a new hope arose. Eight lands, blessed and cursed by its power.

Harmony was broken.

And yet peace returned. The Fifth defeated, the Four withdrew. What had been wild and mutable became solid. History unfolded, the mortal races made the world their own, as was ordained. The Fifth slipped into legend, the Four became myths. Both treachery and sacrifice nothing more than stories. Stars, dancing through the night's sky.

But I remember. For I can hear the songs on the wind, in the waves, in the crackling of flames, rising from the very bones of the earth. What has been forgotten may become known again. What lies hidden may be revealed. What sleeps may wake. And with it all its terrors.

Harmony was broken.

And still the songs endure. I shall sing of the Five, of the return of the Fifth, of evil old and unimaginable. I shall sing to mortal hearts and heavens alike.

I shall sing - with a Voice of Fire!