

Suddenly, he finds himself between the fronts of two worlds, in the middle of the eternal raging war between Heaven and unending Darkness. Archaic beings from the enemy legions seize possession of him, telling tales of godly temptation, lost love, the forgotten souls of children, and of a key to the way out of the Netherworld.

But which is a ghost light, and which is true illumination? Who of those around him really want to help, and who of them only seek to deceive and destroy him? He must choose which vision to follow. For in the end, the truth lies solely within him.

There's a fleck on my soul and it forces me to find
Something inside of me that I cannot deny
Haunting monsters - they are broken pieces of me
So I speak with their tongues of proceedings that cannot be foreseen
My visions have the virtue to creep into life
That's the price I will pay