

The Chronicler of Antediluvia:

Long ago, before the Third Great Cataclysm reshaped the face of creation,
one nation rose above all others in the antediluvian world... Atlantis.

The Atlantean Quorum:

Hear the call Atlanteans, proud we stand forever,
Mightiest of warriors, we sail across the sea.
Conquering the ancient world, a legacy eternal,
Raise the arcane sigil high, steel and sorcery!
Blessed with immortality, dreaming spires of majesty, glory crowns our destiny!

The Host of Z'xulth:

Your realm is lost... it shall be devoured by the sea!

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And so it was written in the stars, astride the world would stand the children of Atlantis!

And yet disturbingly, another voice, a wholly darker and more malevolent presence, can be perceived lurking within the ancient body of the inscriptions, an ominous tone which prophesizes doom and ruination for the Atlantean realm, speaking of a disastrous cataclysm foretold in the stars when the sun would burn black and the agents of some unfathomable evil would besiege Atlantis, ultimately compelling the seas to rise and devour the continent, leaving no trace of the glory which once was. These passages seem to have been deliberately obscured, and this fact combined with the passage of countless aeons and the embrace of the eternally shifting sands lamentably prevents me from translating the inscriptions on the fragment any further.