

Journey To The Isle Of Mists

Bal-Sagoth

(Over The Moonless Depths Of Night-Dark Seas)

THE LOG OF THE NORTHERN MARINER:

The great serpent-prow of my ship, Wave-

Render cleaves the nighted

Waters as we voyage across the dark, icy sea, towards the unknown...

Above, the bright winter's moon emerges from a veil of cloud to cast

Its lucent rays upon us, and a clinging, supine sea-mist withers upon

The midnight waves, swirled by the cold, whispering wind which catches our great sail, pushing us onwards, never onwards... And

Beyond the tang of the darkling sea, the scent of nights is as strong

And heady as summer blossom. I know not what awaits us at the elder

Isle of Mists... that grim and mystery-haunted place which beckons me

To its shadowed embrace, swathed in dark legendry and entwined in the

Mantle of ancient sorceries... and yet I must hearken to its ethereal

Call... for maybe the gods have decreed this to be my final voyage...