

Star-maps Of The Ancient Cosmographers

Bal-Sagoth

[The Thaumaturgist:]

The Great Eye of the Universe opens! Through this astral art the secrets of the cosmos are mine to know... for the stars are my dominion! Empowered at the periphery, ascending to the Id's eyrie, The cosmos feathers her nest with fire. Ephemeral, the nexus calls, besieging cyclopean walls, Branded deviant and pariah. Betwixt the hammer and the anvil are forged the stars... On the wings of the ersatz ones... through the fathomless abyss
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[The Thaumaturgist's Epiphany:]

Like a blackened and baleful sun shall I gaze down from beyond the cumuli and the firmament upon you. I alone must bear the burden of this fiend-wrested lore. New stars without number burn in the heavens, but the shadow of oblivion falls ever closer.

Shortly thereafter, the dreamscape began to fade, and reality beckoned my consciousness away from the incredible vista. In truth, I was indeed glad to awaken...