

# The Hammer Of The Emperor

Bal-Sagoth

Sinistrous legendary fulgurates from me.  
My name is a word of power on the lips of my followers.  
You can't escape me.  
I'm inside your mind.  
Beware the Grand Arbiter of Temporal Jurisprudence, for when it  
comes at last, terrible shall be thy punishment.  
In the ceaseless shadow at the centre of infinity, the spheres  
have aligned.  
After the day, comes the night.  
My time has come.  
How seldom falls the opportunity to forge an empire without blo  
odshed.  
It will yet come to war.

[She Came Bearing Dark Portents (The Foreshadowing):]  
Fever-dreams, dark omens and auguries. Prophecy!  
Why, when I meet your narcotic sloe-eyed gaze, does the image o  
f a viper nestling in a bed of blossoms fill my mind's eye?  
Why, when you come to me by the pale light of a waning moon, do  
I glimpse the sheen of ophidian scales through the veils of sa  
ble?  
Why, when you enrapture me with your envenomed kisses, does the  
flicker of a serpent's tongue score my flesh?  
Enthralled by the vitreous lustre of your rubicund lips, your s  
now-pale skin musky with the intoxicating scent of night... but  
such wicket thorns beneath this rose.  
Come witch, fly to me!  
A garland of newborn stars to adorn thee... the Permian Extinct  
ion, a parting gift.  
May your maleficent soul walk only in dark places.