

The Book Of Theil (Introduction)

Heimdall

In the lost century of the past millenium,
The kingdom of Bendorig burned among the flames of such a cruel,
Mad and bloody war the no delirious mind could even concieve it
.

A hope of salvation came from very far away.

At that time a mysterious foreigner appeared among that devistation and death,

Wandering about those desolate places.

He was wrapped in a long dark cloak.

His unusual clothes, ancient and worn out, showed the signs of a lost time.

Disdainful of danger, he roamed and at the end,

He was exhausted in consequence of that journey which seemed endless.

He hid a dark story in his soul.

The solitary pilgrim was in search of a knight of virtue and power

Chosen by the divine oracle: his name was Sidgar.

Zerion the last descendant of a glorious cast,

The Guardians of the Temple of Theil revealed his identity to Sidgar.

The ancient sagas had always said that the plain of

Theil where the shrine rose, was the place of eternity and harmony,

The place where every secret mystery was revealed.

The spirits of those sacred lands, that was sung in the old sagas,

Flared in the eyes of Zerion.

The words that Sidgar heard burned inside his soul

Like blades of fire and he felt that the man was telling the truth.

We heard the echoes of the war-horns nearer and nearer,
Resounding among the valleys.

We heard the horses galloping like roaring waves against the rocks.

We saw thousands of unsheathed swords flare and hit innocent prey.

We heard the howls and the cries reach the sky,

A multitude of different sounds that became one deafening thunder.

The words of the woman are proved to be true.

The prophecy is right...