

Mirelynn's quill was the only sound in the otherwise quiet Scriptorum. The feather peeked from behind the great tome she now entered her latest discovery. Had it not been for the daring efforts of the heroes of Drake's Fount, these writings would never have come to light. Mirelynn focused on the words while made sure not to dwell on their mad allure. She must capture them, and ensure that their insight might be spread. The risk they might pose was worth the reward. Perhaps, she hoped, it might reveal the secret of preventing this Dark Prophecy.

*Sleeping the Empress Dreams of Nightmares
Wayward her vision takes her, beyond the veil of sanity
Through a darkness minds were not meant to witness
Those slumbering Great Mad Ones Welcome
Their power is rekindled by her trembling mind
Her Gaze falls not upon stars
but the blinking unfailing lights of Fallen Leviathans
They are the Maeltyphonus*

*Blasphemous spawn of the Primordials wail in their Oblivion
Rallied by the touch of Faith
Stirred by the Renewed Shining Orisons
They recall their chosen agents
They wrap their undulating appendages
Embracing their Fallen Orisons
They are the Maelfinite*

*Calendar, brilliant, and incomplete
Keyholes like scars are testament
By wisdom they are healed
By compassion they are united
By folly they are made absent*

*One Key, Dark, and potent
Remains with fate, destiny, and fortune,
In the hands of but one, but weak, but futile
The Scions sin begun before it is promised
To turn from love, to fear, from faith, to despair,
at final from peace, to war.*

The Heroes Blood of Memora boils

*From wicked hearts spurned to wicked contracts
Old pacts are enacted
Ancient vows are broken
Few made many, and shattered by time
Uneven, unwelcome, their divided does grow
They aim for pride
They take up sword
Chosen find cause to war
From Dream, Fugue, and Primal
Blind by pride, their tiles and potential beckon
The promise of Imperial power for the taking
To lay claim to Calendar, they would smite their brothers*

*The Council Discordant
Its halls bare empty
Mighty aims but Memory
Tragedy laid by those it trusted
Heroes great, now terrible,*

*The Primordials, eternal patience drawn to a close,
Do withdraw their precious gifts,
Witnessing the Hubris and turmoil,
The blood of heroes thins
The greatest among them like diamonds among coal
Wells dry of power
The lands do wither
and Calamity awaits*

*A Great Mirror Shines
Ever Beckoned they are renewed
Thrice on their fullness the shattered Destiny is restored
That awful silver surface does combine
That hateful moment of the Pureborn's folly
When man did have his chance to inherit Creation
Yet instead arrogance grew in reflection
That baleful mirror is re-forged
A door, to nowhere, everywhere, and never
From the Bride Forsaken
From their Guardians Tattered
From his countenance Engraved*

*Drawn from rituals forbidden
Blood does loosen his passage
Power not meant for mortal hands
They do call him to return
He who would shake the world
and make a dark reflection*

*The Bright Crimson Star rises
Like a beacon of malice above the horizon
Tears of blood reaching skywards to curse neighbor
It marks the beginning of the end
For they have called them*

*From the eight directions they are harkened
The Maelfinite rise to find Supplication
Their mad designs now realized
Given innovation, form, and discord
They corrupt all corners of the land
The Onyx heart beats in baleful breast*

*Out of their infinite prison their hands unshackle
From a prison beyond their vengeance rallies to union
Behind his Vile banner they gather
The World-Shaker returns
His plans are anathema
His designs are debased
His servants are many*

*From the Ashes of a Great Empire
The Darkness Rises a second time
To the Ending Emperor
To preside over the cliffs of Armageddon
The Vile one does claim
The Onyx Mantle, Gauntlet, and Throne
Heeding to his Malevolent reign,
In Tenebrous Ocean of the Beyond
The Maeltyphonus, Maelfinite, and Fallen
Writhe in agonizing anticipation
Awaiting his summons for their final moment*

*From above the Orisons do fade
From below the Fugue does recoil
From inside the Dream is forgotten
From their eyes, the Apotheons become blind
From champions will, the heroes shall fall*

*Erupting from a shattered land
Their Domains laid to Waste
The Primescape ripped from Memora
Potential and Renewal bring Ruin
Each land sent to the Great Below*

*His design the result of his equation
The song does end
No harmonies to be heard
With no memory of what came before
Memora is no more
Creation becomes naught
The Ending Emperor is the final note*