

I

Slumbering the Lost Empress is rescued.
Her Mind is saved a terrible fate.
The Maeltyphonus wail in anger.
Her power lost to them.
The Dream of tomorrow is made safe.
She makes real the light of the Orisons
To the Astral Courts a Choir is heard
The Celestial Seraphim take flight.

II

Awakened by the Seraphim flight,
Opened through dreams,
A powerful memory is reborn.
Their shells crack, their scales shed, their roar is heard.
The Drakes of Old take flight from the Primescape.
The lost children, emblems of champions, give rise.
Too long they have been in sleep.
Too long they have been without battle.
Too long their justice denied.
To the Maeltyphonus they take talon, and fang.
A bitter battle is waged beyond the veil of reality.
To the victor goes Memora.

III

Calendar, brilliant, and complete.
The Keyholes but a memory,
For the elemental blades have been made into keys.
Crafted into keys anew, their destiny nigh.
The infernal key is made to serve.
To undo the great old evil of hubris,
The Final Key, the Final Turning.
The Calendar, the Concordance, Liberated.
Trust is restored in the Pureborn
Their birthright is exalted
They Inherit Memora

IV

That Last Vile Key,
It's temptation made weak,
The strength of heroes proves true.
In the hands of but one,
but humble,
but innocent.
The redeemer of man.
The Scion to save all the races of Memora,
A sacrifice for eternity to save all of Creation.
At last Peace is brought to the land.
A line of Pureborn is made noble.

V

In trust they place their final key-bearer.
They turn to unite a great nation,
Under the Concordant they do rally,
To a new capital, Concordia, they founded,
Built on the ruins of the Fallen City.
To take arms against the great foe,
Ancient Vows are kept,
Though many, their will is made one.
They take brothers in arms.
They take fellowship to oath.
To Order, Organization, and Orison.
From Dream, Fugue, and Primal,
They unite the land by all kinds,
Their choice of tiles fair and true,
They make the Calendar a bearer of a bright future for all.

VI

The Council Concordant,
In halls echoing with conviction,
Through trial are made true.
Their wisdom is upheld,
Their legacy is inherited,
The Heroes great, now made Champions eternal.
Each one whom died,
Each on who gave sacrifice,
Forever etched in Memory.

VII

The Primordials, once forever the forebears of children at war,
Stirred by great virtue among their chosen,
Take sight, and the land awakens with their power,
Behold a Memora reborn.
The Land anew, the Great Tree of Creation takes root.
They make the Wells like flowers in a field.
The land remembers, Memora speaks, and Heroes listen.

VIII

Though the terrible Mirror shined,
It serves to trap evil forevermore.
The Vile one conquered,
His plans made naught.
His suffering made complete.
Banished to a realm beyond Creation
The Abyss is shattered from Memora
The Fallen, The Wicked, The Damned,
They do wail as they are condemned,
To their prison they are sent,
Forgotten but not forgiven.

IX

The wandering one, sent from home,
Lost in a time that was his own,
Does make right the wrongs of this place,
Is rescued from the world from which he does not belong,
To return to guide an era of learning, truth, and nobility.
Through paradox unravelled, as if from a time no-more he hails.
To unmake the evil made by reflections hands.
To guide not one king, but Heroes strong.

X

The heart of Temporus,
Leviathan that was vanquished,
Is returned to its rightful place.
Ascendant to the Sparkling Sky,
The bearer made true,
With eternal power once stolen,
United, the unending is made manifest.
Continuum does rise into the Celestial,
As a beacon, that time shall be forever,
The Primordials free from their shackles of turning.
Time does become but a door,
The way heroes must embark,
To a new adventure, but a part of a great song.
They find they belong amongst the legends of old.

XI

The eight directions are routed
To the Abyss the Maelfinite flee
Aided by the Orisons the champions do conquer,
Overcome with righteous fury,
The foes of Creation are vanquished,
The Champions stand victorious,
They have made Memora their domain,
They have drawn from The Primescape,
They have made lands their own,
All corners a Sanctuary for Creation

XII

Though united the betrayers rally,
They do take under a Vile Banner,
Their aims are made for naught,
On the Battlefield they are made pitiful,
The legacy of heroes lost,
Is made a blade of execution,
The Tattered turn to make themselves guardians,
To murder their own enslaver,
Evil is destroyed by its own hands.

XIII

The Vile One, in his mouth but is naught but ashes,
His Wasteland to be his new home,
For the land belongs to him no more,
To a battle he does venture,
Though to fall onto his own sword,
for the land is united against him,
Each a Lord of the Land,
Each denies his offerings,
Each triumphs over dark power,
Each refuses his lie for greatness.

XIV

The Great Trees are planted,
The Grove of Creation is remembered,
The great branches reaching to the land,
The roots of power take hold,
The Dreamvale,
The Shadowvale,
The Brightvale,
The Fuguevale,
As old Watchtowers do crumble,
To become what they are within,
Rising from them like pillars,
The old Great Trees are birthed,
The Evervale
The Embervale
The Darkvale
The Grimvale
The great Grove is renewed,
The Great Tree of Creation complete.
It's power reaching deep, and outward.
The world in-between is united.
The Shining Ones in multitude,
They do hunt the shifting traitor,
To undo the contract, and take vengeance.
Their Verges shine like brilliant homes beyond.

XV

Rising from the Shattered Land,
Heroes are made Custodians of Creation,
Each their own vision of perfection,
They make their Domains a home for power,
The Primescape striking them,
Like lightning to the Primestones,
By their words chosen,
By their banners high,
By their mission made whole,
Their Masterful Hands sculpt their Heroic Lands.

XVI

The Song, after a time eternal,
Does draw to a close,
The notes all played,
The words all sung.
The Heroes have echoed with their will,
Behold and marvel at their great work!
A shining light for the multiverse,
A legend carried on legendary shoulders.
What age shall await when Memora passes into Memory?
Though that is a revelation yet unseen,
A song yet to be written.