

*Stars swelled to dawns,
and dawns burst into fountains
of gold, carmine, and purple,
and still the dreamer fell.*

*Cries rent the aether
as ribbons of light
beat back
the fiends
from outside.*

H. P. Lovecraft



THE DREAM-EATERS: THE DREAM-QUEST



THE DREAM-EATERS THE DREAM-QUEST

FANTASY FLIGHT GAMES

