**Names**

Evenfall

Dimlight

Dimmed

Doomtread

Abysslord

Faithseeker

Potentor

Dryfield

Coldslope

Greyhaven

Brink

Edge

Brandland

Caustic

Godswater

Godshill

Devilsbane

Drytide

Badland

The day has come when we break from our fetters and reach for the sun only to find it forever out of reach.

At the edge of the world, at the end of days, we try to better ourselves, but for what, when all that remains are the ashes of our pride.

A light drizzle starts to come down gently

The sky clears, and the dead sun shines down

A mist envelopes the land

Clouds of mist condense on the dry vegetation

Iron clouds cover the bleeding sky

The fury of nature rages overhead

A thick fog washes over the world

The sounds of the wasteland become muffled by thick fog

The sky soaks the world with torrential rain

Heavy rain cleans washes the blood from the devastated earth

Ice falls painfully from above

The wind moans in the peaks above

The clatters of falling rocks disturbed by an unseen creature echo around