

On a series of tattered and torn papers, you're able to find scraps that seem to form a series of small poems that read:

On shattered stone of darkness wake  
The black sun falls with shuddered shake  
The shadows lengthen  
In Menopolis

Strange is the night where the hollow moon flies  
And dark stars circle through sullen skies  
But stranger still is  
Lost Menopolis

Celestials fall and fiends shall rise  
The mother calls and the father lies  
The brother sings and the daughter dies  
In Fallen Menopolis

Song of my soul, my voice is dead  
Die thou, unsung, as tears unshed  
Shall dry and die in  
Lost Menopolis