

Appendix C: The Amurru Chronicle

PREFACE *The original version of this tale was, according to Gothic oral tradition, composed by the Imp bard Sigurd, the court minstrel to Marduk, to commemorate the fall of Nod. (Though Marduk is not even mentioned.) Before the Diaspora, it was translated into the Apiru tongue and all other languages, and has been available to many other civilizations of the Sheaf. Zadok Priam and myself, Aurousvox, uncovered the original manuscript etched on the stone tablets of ruined Gautland, and translated the tale from the old Troglodyte into the modern Atlantean dialect of Apiru speech; its composition mirrors the style used for the Ewiglied. Therefore its content may differ somewhat from the childhood versions familiar to many inhabitants of the Sheaf.*

Twas eons ago in a world less strange,
 Hanging further out from the realm of change,
 Whence evil came to mar the blessed Sheaf.
 Twas hallowed through the ancient chaos' brief
 From Titan maw (now in the Pit constrained),
 And refashioned as garden goodly trained
 By folks taking cue from manifold lords,
 That seven-fold pantheon o'er young wards.
 There Elf would sing through the galaxy's width,
 And Dwarf in silver, bronze, and gold would smith;
 The Goblin riddled and rhymed to a psalm,
 While the Hob found planets for conquest calm;
 There the Gnomes built engines beneath the earth,
 While the Mannikins ate and thrive in mirth;
 The Troll was shepherd of boulder and tree,
 While Mer did ponder the depths silently;
 The Bugbear wild did tame the beasts trespassed,
 While Ogres mighty acquired knowledge vast.
 The Dragons of yore, each breed and ethos
 Did play among stars, taming the chaos.
 And over all, the puissant Giants ruled,
 As kings and counselors to all their school.
 But what of Humans? Where's their native fief?
 They are not indigenous to this Sheaf,
 But intruded from without, from beyond –
 From an elder world dying in despond.
 And so our tale commences in that place,
 Whence Humans came, bringing death and disgrace.
 The planet became accursed by its god,³⁸¹
 And oppression did soak with blood the sod;
 Each mother's son quick with wicked intent –
 Each father's daughter was an open tent.³⁸²
 A king there was, who with great power spoke,
 And held full sway over a mighty folk
 By force of dreadful will and pleasant words
 (The adamant bond that ev'ry fool girds).
 He was a dreamer of dreams, Bel the king,
 Who oft would walk the Ether's spiral ring,
 Taking vision there of secrets hidden –
 Of past and future by witch's biddin',
 That no enemy might overcome him
 With assassin's blade or poison's balsam.

³⁸¹Genesis 6:5

³⁸²Genesis 6:11

But doom's prognosis vexed his errant soul:
 A devastation of water to dole
 By an angry deity in vengeance
 For ev'ry drop of blood that had made quittance;³⁸³
 There was no escape from that flood of wrath,
 To cleanse the stained earth by final bath.
 Shaken was Bel, as the dream filled his night,
 Until half-mad with fear and speechless fright
 He found a damned path in plain escape
 From the reckoning due his people's rape.
 How are uncovered the secrets of Hell?
 It was revealed to Bel by spirits fell,
 Who had uses for the fretted sov'reign,
 To conquest reap in lands without famine.
 So Bel gathered his lords in council hall,
 And revealed the watery fate to all,
 Painted in tones of such blasted horror
 That ev'ry thrall was ensnared in torpor.
 But what's to be done? The people did wail,
 And King Bel did his wisdom them avail.
 Then he did craftily divulge his plan:
 An exodus from Nod³⁸⁴ to foreign land,
 Where a folk might flourish away from him,
 Far removed from the gaze of Elohim!
 There was a man – so Bel did yield his breath –
 Who'd gone to Heaven's gate defying death,
 Being taken upwards (Enoch his name)
 To lands more glorious, beyond world's fame.³⁸⁵
 This proved it could be done, to transcend Earth,
 And leave behind weakness, disease, and dearth.
 But how? They cried; What price should be required?
 How might they emigrate 'fore they expired?
 So Bel described his teachers from afar:
 Masterful beings whose whispers bizarre
 Did supply him with powers and schemes dread
 (The price of greatness laid upon his head).
 A pact in blood and slaughter they must seal,
 And to ev'ry cruel act themselves steel –
 To acquire the strength to be translated
 Past the brink of reality hated.
 Under his spell they assented with zeal,

³⁸³Genesis 6:17

³⁸⁴Genesis 4:17

³⁸⁵Genesis 5:24

To prepare a voyage of wicked weal,
 To storm whatever fair worlds did await
 The tread of undaunted boots without sate.
 While Noah hewed in wood a boat of faith,³⁸⁶
 Bel did fashion a vessel from Hell's wraith,
 Crafted in blood and flesh by torment torn
 From pitiful slaves and children unborn,
 With ev'ry scream captured to fill the sails,
 That the Mayflower might endure Dream's gales.
 It was a juggernaut of agony,
 Fueled by desire, virtue's larceny,
 And at the helm stood King Bel in splendor,
 Defying what fate's portion might render.
 In crimson carnage, a robe of gouged eyes,
 He stood august and awful, wreathed in sighs,
 A garment of woe as blindness' author,
 Granting him sight through the maze of Ether.
 Thousands were burned in pyres at the boat's launch,
 And the reek of sin no zephyr could stanch;
 King Bel cried out in a vision sublime,
 I see paradise spread in a fair clime,
 As a verdant plain without wall or shield!
 We shall drink life deep, each plunged in the field,
 And devour the weak (unworthy of bliss)!
 No pleasure's denied us, nothing remiss!
 So Bel – fearless to wage war on Heaven –
 Led his people, the Apiru heathen,
 From the cursed planet Earth unto the Sheaf,
 Bearing with them rebellion, greed, and grief.
 Then the vessel of woe took spectral flight
 With myriads through Dream's veil as a kite,
 To transcend the Lower Kingdom's domain
 (The laws of nature endowed to disdain).
 On into the Ether they came most bold,
 Obliv'ous of dangers waiting untold
 Within star-eyed Morpheus' empire's main,
 Where reason unhinged with fancies did reign.
 But the Humans went in the strength of pride
 (The Apiru nomads were as Hell's bride):
 To endure suffering, horror, and ill
 Past mortal imagining through firm will!
 These were fierce lords whose like cannot be found!
 For what warlocks could the gaze of Bel sound?

³⁸⁶Genesis 6:22

They entered Dream as a withered flower,
But emerged girt with a godlike power.
For Bel drank deep of chaos and havoc
In Tarterus' armory, its barrack,
Bending his reason to the savage strain
Of the Middle Kingdom's foreign terrain;
Hid madness blossomed full in living dream –
He learned magick and sorcery supreme
To master men's minds with a whispered word,
Or flesh tear asunder by thoughts absurd,
Or naked flame unleash from halls of fire
(Windows on his imagination dire).
Yet some were lost on the voyage blasted,
Become the food of phantoms who'd fasted –
By gibbering monsters swept from the deck.
O, that was indeed a terrible trek!
And guffawed Bel upon the whirling doom,
Delighting in the Hellish maelstrom's plume,
For it reflected his soul's own abyss,
A fortress and shrine unto evil's bliss.
Strong though he was, e'en as a demon's spouse,
Bel could never have steered that slaughterhouse
To the haven promised by spirits fell,
But by their guidance did failure repel.
What flesh and bone had never ventured yet,
The Apiru's lord did attain and net.
The passage left its etch on minds blasphemed,
But also in bodies transformed and reamed,
Each veteran of woe bearing some mark,
The badge of nightmare upon their skin's bark.
Bel himself now bore the eyes of his robe
Unblinking within his body's wardrobe,
The rage of his victims embedded there
As a cloak of malice fixed in a glare.
So they declared him the Watcher anew,
Space and time piercing (and Ether in view)
With the gaze of countless furious orbs –
Malevolent Argus seizing fate's cords.
But his masters gave him name and province,
Vetted to be their apostle and prince –
Puppet messiah and wicked prophet:
Naméd Belial, a lord of the Pit!
He it was, so the fallen Three did plot,
That by secret art their cage might unknot,
That the Titans' war be renewed at last!

For the Three were the lords of Bel outcast,
Their spirits' flight through the Ether taking,
While the immortal body forsaken
Lay in shackles bound by torment below,
In futile anger rearing to bellow.
For eons they suffered and cast their plans,
Sending their wills across great gulfs and spans,
To servants secure from abroad, from Earth,
And lead them by harsh roads to a new birth,
At last to invade the Sheaf with force bold,
Making sudden war on the Titan fold.
But could the Apiru hope to prevail?
The Seven did of might themselves avail,
Triumphant in their reign of equal peace,
As their folk did multiply and increase.
How could Bel, with the scant cabal of Earth,
Defeat the millions sprung from sinless birth?
That event is next revealed with sorrow,
How perversion came on childhood's morrow
Unforeseen to wilt the manifold good
Produced in labors vast by that godhood,
The Titans unleashed from Heaven above
As Omni's poetry spoken in love!
But the damnéd Three's genius' dire vintage
Cannot be measured in mortal language,
As their plans were laid in echelons deep
For each contingency of fortune's creep.
But were the Seven lesser in wisdom?
Were they complacent? Were they deaf and dumb?
Nay, this had good Ormuzd divined with grief,
That a great evil from beyond the Sheaf
Threatened to savage all their garden fair,
And forevermore their peoples impair;
So taking council the Tripled King spoke,
Whereat all the Seven to woe awoke,
And wept for the virgin races threatened
With corruption and the death of legend.
Then did the Laughing Prince grimace in wrath,
Spinning thrice in the dance of his warpath,
And recruited both Gard'ner and Master
To defense's task, as their flock's pastor;
But Augur Old forbade their impulse right,
Having instruction to restrain their fight,
And refrain from war in the coming days
With titanic power set full ablaze –

For the races twelve were to be tested.
Why? As proof of love, by nothing bested;
Weaving words and vows into history,
To reveal by valor faith's mystery.
For the Adriel had little known strife:
Their existence in blessed peace was rife.
The Sheaf was troubled yet by elder war,
When the Titans clashed and the stars did roar;
But the elements riled were mostly stilled
By the Pillars' hand (who'd order distilled),
So that pain and travail were yet unknown
To the children about diverse worlds sown.
Whence had they encountered an evil thought?
About their spirits pure a fence was wrought.
But now came a trial of soul, the crux,
To plunge the innocent in moral flux:
Elohim's fugitive was the agent
Of contest's broil – temptation's reagent.
So the Seven did in trouble withdraw,
Trusting beloved scions without flaw,
Firmly standing in their teachings righteous
Against the Humans' slander and bias.
Anon Belial thus arrived with ease,
On the Sheaf breaking from the Ether's seas
As a living nightmare, stalking with hate
A novel world unsoiled by reprobate.
They were the flotsam of a world destroyed,
Bringing all Hell within their moral void.
Now Bel was clever in stratagems bold,
And knew his hundreds on the Sheaf's threshold –
Mighty as they were in sorceries dire –
Could conquer not the myriads through ire.
Through vision deep in fell counsels' rank fruit,
"Twas better to come as friends and recruit
What allies could be found in worlds scattered,"
Spake the mind of that refugee tattered.
Yet Bel did find no factions to exploit,
Or folk to charm through policy adroit,
But at the security was agape;
The peoples living in love feared no rape.
Then his blood did boil, and ev'ry eye wept
In envy at the simple mode there kept,
Which he could never regain or enjoy!
But yet he might deprive others through ploy,
That they would be partners in bitter gall;

So Bel did scheme and plot the natives' fall,
While his people founded a city dark
From the pillaged remains of their warped ark,
Upon a planet devoid of the twelve –
And hidden seeds found where their plows did delve,
Sown in foresight dire by the fallen Three.
They called it Tel Nod, their home by decree;
Their Amurru rike, though later hight Rift
When they tore the Sheaf (the Abyss to lift).
And when they had gathered knowledge exact
Of events, peoples, beasts, and diverse fact
Pertaining to their new world in exile,
They prepared to summon in pompous style
The races twelve, who dwelt on planets near,
In order the Apiru's fame to hear:
To witness the riches beyond all prize
Of a masterful people just arrived –
In mysteries deep of dream and magick,
Hallowed for worship by torments tragic
Beyond the bearing of lesser persons;
Twas greatness beyond all doubt's aspersions.
Yet before Bel's envoys had been dispatched,
And the Watcher's evil schemes could be hatched,
The far-ranging Hobs were forth advancing,
And among the Humans damned came dancing.
First they were to meet, as eager bridegrooms,
And first to fall, seduced by whispered dooms;
They drank from cisterns foul and acquired hate,
Poisoned in soul by the rank waters' freight.
Then the wraith of war rose from Impish throat,
Each scion of dance given to death's bloat.
But Metatron slashed his harpstrings and wept,
And the Ancient Spiral halted his step.
Then corruption issued from its mother,
Spreading from one species to another
By word of mouth, the witness of deceit;
Till all the twelve were sunk in lies' surfeit,
Beholden to the gospel of King Bel –
His droning message was rebellion's bell.
Next were the Mer, pondering with slow pace
Liberty savage in the deeps of space.
The Goblin did next embrace nightmare's blight,
Learning havoc from the Watcher's grim spite.
And the Trolls journeyed beyond good and ill,
Hungry trees schooled in the power of will.

The Bugbear wild did lurk in forest eave,
Hunting beast and man without justice' leave.
The Ogres reigned o'er the children of pride,
Claiming the secrets of Bel as a bride!
The wondrous Dragons who traveled the stars
Now gathered jeweled hoards and ruled as czars!
By Bel's embassy were the Dwarves less swayed,
Yet by craftsman's jealousies were dismayed.
E'en the Elf became vain and mirror-bound,
Disdaining the ruder peoples around;
The Gnome came to value their cities' health
More than folk dwelling within, hoarding wealth;
And e'en the Mannikins slothful became –
Gluttons to pleasure acquired belly's fame.
Lastly the hierarchs in greatness clad:
The mighty Giants became power-mad!
And as evil spread its filth east and west
The power of lies was made manifest
In ev'ry fool's body and spirit doomed,
As disease, dissension and death now crooned,
Cursing the proselytes of Tel Nod's thought.
They howled in rage, swindled in what they bought!
Lost was their peace – their desires without sate!
Yet e'en in their miserable estate
They turned not back unto their childhood ways,
But multiplied rebellion in Bel's daze.
So ready they were to heed the new creed,
Teaching them to rend their chains and be freed,
To become masterful lords of the Sheaf;
For Belial's speech was a honeyed brief,
His eloquence matched by his will inured,
Tempered by manifold torments endured!
These magi came frail in their appearances,
Yet in the nutrient steeped of yearnings,
A race of prophets descended at last
From an elder world rich in wisdom's past.
Were not the twelve patterned after this race?
They met their archetypes' most brazen face
Vacating the shell of a ruined realm,
And bowed in homage at the Watcher's helm.
The Titans gazed in sad and hapless grief
As the natal bower of nascent Sheaf
Was forever closed against the rebels –
Asgard that kingdom, apex of revels –
That no wicked thought might blemish the site.

Yet some there were, who would not drink Bel's blight,
And retained their place beyond mortal strife,
Ignorant of death and thriving in life,
Only grieving for their departed kin.
These were the Deathless of old without sin,
Who peopled still the citadels of yore –
One in ten did retain innocence' lore –
And the inner sanctum held undefiled,
Devoid of the rebels' main rank and file.
The others raged in envy waxed complete,
To think upon their brethren yet effete,
Unworthy to enjoy the fruit of life!
So exiled in disgrace to realms of strife,
They took to war against the Titan race,
To regain the spoil lost by fall from grace.
That paradise once known be not denied! –
By Bel's minions claimed as birthright in pride.
So decades passed in preparations dire,
An armada great of warships entire
Was by Belial's sorcery to sail
Through time and space over by path entailed,
Unto the gates of paradise held fast.
The Watcher's lords did urge that army vast,
A gibbering multitude of rank breasts,
Fretted with desire for their homeland's rests.
But strange new power stalked them unbridled,
For the invaders were never idle,
And the secrets probed of planets hidden –
Where e'en the Hobs had not tread unbidden –
Awaking seeds of evil from the past
(By premonition of the Three sown fast
Eons ago, in the Titans' warfare,
When no mortal person did breathe or care).
These were curses, maledictions, and banes;
Dread bargains for souls craving power's chains,
At the cost of peace – at price of despair!
Vampires, Wolf-weres, and Demon-apes impaired;
Revenants and Ghouls, each of life's bloom shorn;
Hermaphrodites and Hives, and the Unborn;
Todkönig beside Homunculus dire,
And men possessed by shades of Ether's fire.
All the horrors in these latter days known
Were through the delvings of the magi sown;
Brazen to embrace black magick's allure,
Beholden to no moderating cure,

But wholly given to self-destruction,
Shameless in defiant insurrection.
Enrobed with awful might against the day,
Their chaos only by Bel held at bay,
Whose iron will commanded by sheer awe –
His naked form catching ev'ry gaze raw –
That purpose common might unite their length.
Puissant as that host was, girded in strength,
Yet war against the Deathless was futile:
Though the innocents were warriors docile –
Who spake love 'gainst deeds wrought in violence –
They were immune to Bel's malevolence.
Rather, the Apiru wizard did flee,
For their lovely thoughts abided not he.
So the host entire was in disarray,
In frenzy howling outside endless day,
And upon one another gnawed in rage –
Still none could damage that well-guarded cage.
So Bel upon those planets set a siege,
And scouted each world with mien of a liege;
But a veil some cosmic pow'r did maintain
To passage bar unto Titans' domain.
A radiance did keep those strangers out;
Then loss' despair impinged their valor's clout.
Then many warriors raised their whetted swords
'Gainst their Human captains, their foreign lords,
And counseled flight to distant worlds opaque,
The war of mad Belial to forsake.
The rebellion strengthened after hope died,
And the Human knights could not calm the tide
That they had churned – now surging round their throats!
Then plots were whispered in knives and garrotes,
And factions arose in contempt of peace
Despite ev'ry art that Bel did police
To bedazzle yet his minions errant.
Then isolation came to ill's parent;
Embattled by the races roused for fight,
Bel sought the visions, to escape his plight –
This failure was unforeseen by his gaze –
And counsel obtained, victory to raise.
So taking flight with nine princes of earth,
The regent mad came to Tel Nod's bleak dearth
And seated himself on his throne of Hell,
Taking thought as his foes advanced pell-mell.
In all his eldritch searches through the years

Did he uncover many loathsome fears
And poisoned seeds (by malice of the Three),
But worst – blasted ark of an evil tree!
A chest was the base to Belial's chair,
Of craft unknown (to Smith a foreign ware),
And beyond the sight of the Tripled King.
The Three had fashioned from their hate this thing,
And gobbets placed of their immortal flesh –
Which to the host e'er calls to be enmeshed –
Within that box: a key to the Abyss
(Long eons in the Sheaf, by the gods missed).
What had the Three beheld in elder days
(Fore the Seven descended in sky's blaze),
Beyond the halls of time in narrow pane?
Their doom the Three did scry, and scarce disdained,
But readied their escape by cunning art.
They schemed before the dawn of mortal heart,
And foresaw a Human liberator –
O'er ages long – who'd outwit their jailer.
But the transcendence of the cosmic veil
Voluntary sacrifice did entail,
The gateway making in the mortal frame
By which the Lower Kingdom might be gained.
So while Bel's war had yet some seeming hope
The Three did merely hint of that ark's scope;
But now his foes did throng him in hate's flood,
And a million voices howled for his blood –
There was naught to lose in delaying still.
Belial sought and found a bitter pill,
To defeat the rebels outside his gate
(With the Adriel in bliss without sate):
By one awful swing of the reaper's scythe
To fallen gods unleash that yet did writhe,
And with his life-blood purchase a vengeance
Bounded by no residue of conscience –
A cataclysm to destroy the Sheaf
As the Titans spake their contention's brief!
The temple was readied by his lords nine –
Faithful to Bel, to damnation resigned.
Their king, their victim with a hundred eyes,
Was upon his throne bound by the magis,
Gazing lidless on that blasphemous rite!
There the Watcher lay readied on the site,
In madness laughing (folly's witless swoon)
As a prophet crazed o'er prospects doth croon.

But the Triple King did sense danger's source –
The Watcher's vision unfurled in its course –
And gathered the Seven for action swift:
The Sheaf could not abide another rift
Between the Titans arrayed in their might,
And the races twelve would be set alight
By the fires hot of that conflagration –
Galactic nausea and immolation.
Therefore they called the Deathless to council,
To scope the danger through wisdom's counsel.
The gates of Tarterus must e'er be roped
By power of the Titans enveloped
About the being of a champion,
A mortal who'd his liberty forgone,
To always guard the champing maw of Hell!
The spirit of Cherubino did well
To a blazing throne fashion, pure in light,
That ev'ry art of the Seven did cite.
As Warp Ark twas hight, against evil proof,
The fabric of space guarding, warp and woof;
Twas furniture holy for Hagibor –
That chosen man from the twelve's stock and store
To ever maintain the vigil of right
'Gainst the rending of the Pit's veil of night
(Threatened by Belial's demonic seat).
The Titans were loathe to demand this feat:
Such cost to that guardian gather would –
Messiah anointed to purpose good,
Ensconced through gath'ring ages unwithered,
Become to the universe a fixture
(Like a galaxy possessed by a soul)
Until the end of days, the brink of all.
Who would take such a task, who volunteer?
Then Shiloh did stand forth – and all did cheer –
A Jotunn to guard the Sheaf from clamor.
And the Titans rejoiced in his valor,
Although his parents mingled pride with tear;
Yet his enthronement did not then appear,
For new and wonderful events came known
To Old Augur's gaze fixed upon Hell's throne.
Though the magi labored in Tel Nod's womb
To complete their king's sorcery of doom –
And the world did shake at the Ether's touch
As the Three's fetid breath troubled their hutch –
The assiduous host came hurtling on,

By the raging Hobs led in martial song,
All of them paragons of battle's fray.
They o'ercame the final minions at bay,
Piercing the Tel's hearth held by witch and crone,
To there behold their former master prone
Upon a gaping void of fuming reek.
Their souls shriveled on beholding Hell bleak,
Where did writhe in flame that trio's vast bulk,
By malice deformed, each a vicious hulk.
Many fled in dismay, fearful of death,
While some went mad, and leapt into Hell's breath.
But a few there were – some of the twelve each –
That beholding in a pane their soul's breach
Defied the evil within, their ghosts' slime,
And determined to expiate their crime.
So they war resumed in final gambit,
Resolved to slay those of a cursed planet.
Still strong the magi were in Ether's girth,
Who had survived the destruction of Earth,
And triumphed by force of will over Dream –
Corrupted by visions of a god's scream!
The battle's costs did audits stupefy,
But rite's edicts the rebels did defy,
And the howling Three saw their hope's eclipse.
The elements raged – space was torn with rips –
But one by one the wizards fell down slain
Upon the broken bodies' grim terrain,
Until the Apiru final was killed.
Then the odor of Tarterus was stilled
Once the flesh and soul of each fallen prince
Was sequestered by damnation's province.
As for the Watcher, he arose in wrath,
A wizard whose like the world but once hath;
There he captured a thousand foes amazed
By staring each creature with a rapt gaze,
And set them 'gainst one another with howls.
Power he uttered in his malice' vow'ls,
Even as the axe blades butchered his trunk,
Until every blasted eye was sunk
And the pangs of death came upon the fraud.
With a malediction 'gainst gavel's prod,
Belial splintered his frame asunder,
And by this curse rent the world with thunder –
Their Amurru became fractured in space,
Where the Pit and Ether gathered apace.

The broken planet bore fissures in time,
And became known as Rift thenceforth in rhyme;
But the Watcher was gone – his body lost –
And Hell's throne was taken at savage cost
(Broken was Nod's joints, from rafter to joist).
Beholding these things, the Seven rejoiced,
Not only at the defeat of Bel's spell,
But that some against evil did rebel,
And reclaimed their honor in Tel Nod's halls.
Shiloh the Warp Ark left for Augur's stalls,
And rejoined his people with equal joy;
But heralds were to the outcasts employed,
Proclaiming pardon – a peace their war earned.
Though the Seven could not grant a return
To the fertile fields of paradise lost,
They did bid the twelve peoples dwell and cross
Throughout the Sheaf wherever they might choose.
And though 'pon their loss they betimes might muse,
The pangs might be lessened in time through dreams –
A redemption beyond the Ether's streams.
Thus the races entered hist'ry's scrimmage,
Now thirteen by number in pilgrimage –
For some Human slaves yet survived the war.
So ends the tale of Bel by poet's lore;
Thus the Apiru race came to subsist,
And among the peoples to co-exist.
It's said that the Warp Ark yet stands unclaimed,
Awaiting the day that prophets proclaim
When Amurru's Black Chair is recovered
And Belial's son rules Rift untethered,
Power drawing from the Watcher's dark tomb.
Tis said in the ruins of Bel's throne-room
A monument to the slain marks his fall,
And a spirit of power throws a pall
Over the waste places of broken Rift.
Indeed the seers, who futures thresh and sift,
Declare that the Abyss will be unlocked
And Apollyon will rise from torments' shock,
To lead the legions of the Three to war;
But then shall arise our new Hagibor –
Not the gentle Shiloh, so pure in heart,
But his heir, from the fallen set apart –
And shall stand athwart that ravenous void,
The infernal hordes by his ire destroyed.