



Five hundred years will seven be
Joined
Ruling in defiance of angels
Seeking unity among the damned.
Beware the Cainite who so forgets
His Curse

As to dream of mortal harmony.

For all his cities shall become ash
And all his dreams shall be
scattered to the winds.
Behold. A new enemy attends him
Now
The childer of his arrogance:
Twice dead, thrice born, hungry for
death.

Nurtured on devoured souls,
Savoring war as sustenance.

So let the ancients fear the
young.

And gird themselves about
with laws

In weakling efforts to defend
their souls.

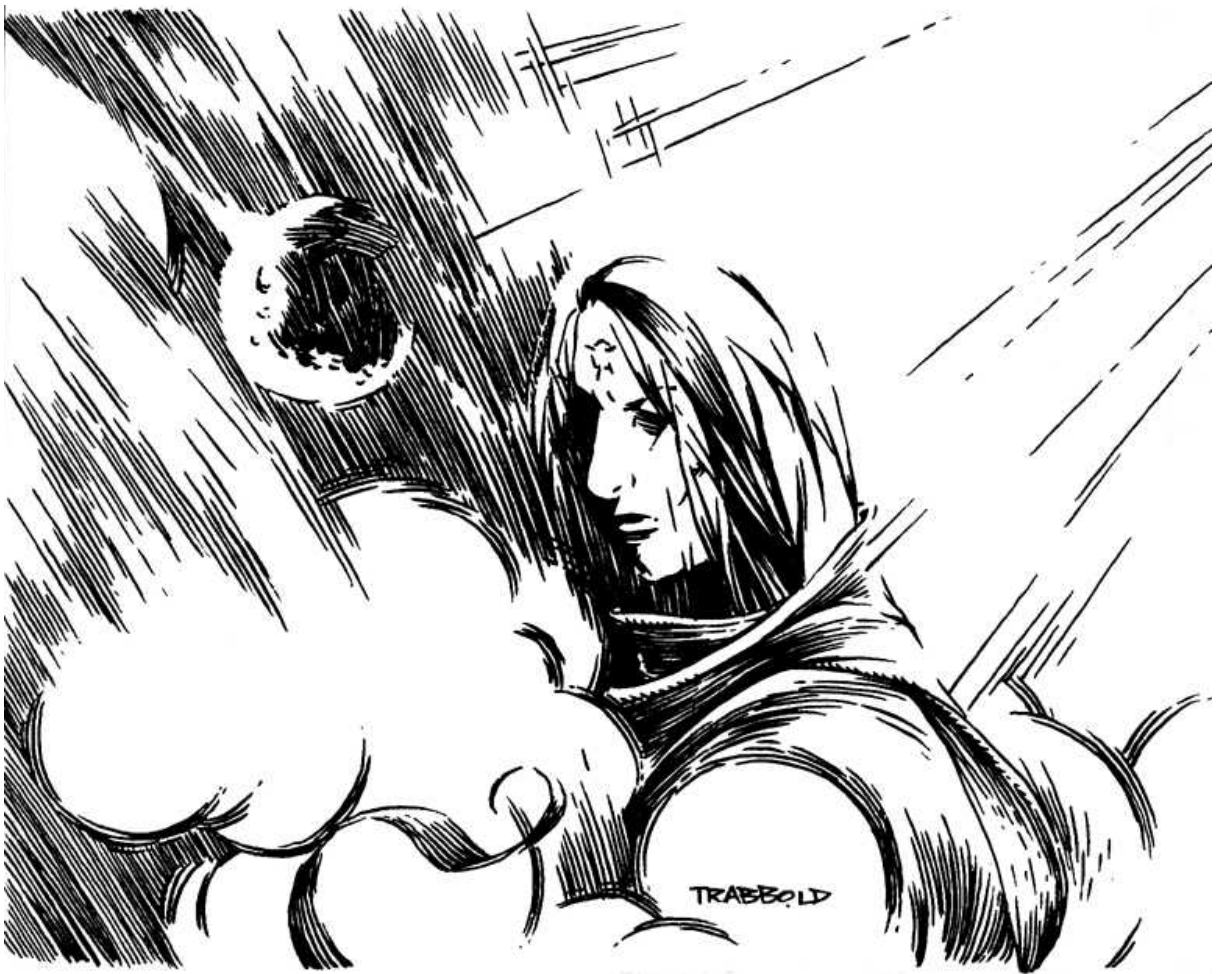
You cannot save yourselves, you
foolish kings.

You cannot stop the coming storm,
or even halve its rage.
Mere words cannot repress the
hatred
Which courses through a thousand
youngling hearts.
Nor quiet the temptation of your
blood

Thick with its age and strength,
and cold with power.
The ancient war, all but forgotten,
Stirs afresh.
Your blood is the new battlefield
And even those whom you have
Cursed to save yourselves
Shall break free of their bonds at
last

And feast upon your souls in
ecstasy.
Behold, allies abandon their
station
And twisted bloodlines clamor
from without.
Threatening precarious unity.
Then shall that black crown which
is so reviled

Sit on the most beloved brow
And the harmony of seven be rent
at last
Not from without its proud walls,
but from within.
Thus do angels triumph over
all.



I strayed into the Well of
Night, where visions gather,
And there I saw a star set in
the heavens

Scarlet as blood, clear as souls
Bright as the forbidden sun.

By its side a crimson moon rose.
The sabered crescent, razor-sharp.