

The Fallen Kingdoms Of The Abyssal Plain

Bal-Sagoth

[Tribal creation myth and folklore from the Northern Hemisphere, dating from 650 B.T.C. (Before the Third Cataclysm), Antediluvian Calendar:]

Hearken, children of the Ersatz gods, sons and daughters of the New Earth, for here is truth.

Long ago, before the third of Earth's moons fell fiery from the star-seared sky, there were those whom we have come to call the First Ones.

These men-who-were-not-men were the creations of the Mera, beings from the far reaches of the limitless cosmos, whose essence still flickers latently within the minds of all their disparate progeny.

Praise the Mera, fathers of the First Ones, bondsmen of the K'laa, sworn foes of the Z'xulth!

Sired in the great spawning vats beyond the fathomless deeps of the Pre-Cambrian sea, the First Ones thrived.

Those who were engineered to live on land duly constructed the grand Antarctic Megalopolis, ultimately becoming entangled in bitter conflicts with the hoary Serpent Kings before retreating into the subterrene depths of the vast inner world, whereas those First Ones that had chosen the embrace of the abyssal seas were the architects of vast and glorious submarine cities whose splendid spires and minarets towered proudly beneath the unfathomed waves.

Those grand bioluminescent cities are now long since fallen, razed and dispersed, given over to the cruel whims of the unforgiving oceans.

From the lore of our ancestors, we know the true nature of the cosmos.

We know of the hidden and silent places, the places which reside in between the veils of reality, the places which mankind was never meant to see.

All this we know... we who survive, we who are descended from those First Ones, and who give thanks to the gods-who-are-not-gods, for our creation, our genesis, for the breath of life that was forced into our progenitors during the early epochs of this cratered globe.

Hearken, children of the Ersatz gods, sons and daughters of the New Earth, for here is truth...