

At The Threshold Of Madness

Wolfnacht

The blurry shape of an Island unfolds before our Eyes.
We silently approach in a State of Tension, uncertain of what we shall face.
A Natural Haven, enshrouded in Tongues of Fog,
is standing Lifeless, painted with the Colors of Ash.
No Signs of Ice on the Volcanic-like Soil.
The Obscure Atmosphere is filled with a Sulfurous smell.
The Grounds is rising in Pyramidal Form with a Temple made of Marble
on the Top of the Isle, beholding the Shores, like a Restless Petrified Guardian.
White Pillars mark the Serpentine Path that climbs around the Foothills,
among Uncanny Granite Cones and Rotten Thorny Briers.
As we ascend the Air gets Warm and Humid.
Some Bewildering Power is controlling our Mesmerized Minds,
against our Will, beyond our Consciousness.
This place is dwelled by Unspeakable Malice,
not resembling what the Legends have told.
We move like a Wolfpack in Cimmerian Shade,
with our Schmeissers aiming for the Entrance of the Temple.

Suddenly the Gloom wills with Ominous Whispers and Growls,
that originate from behind our Lines.
THEY finally unveiled their Hideous Existence.
We are forced to enter the Shrine, towards our Destiny...

The Truth has been shown to us...
We were doomed since the very Beginning...
Standing Still with Flamethrowers in our hands, spitting Fire to
the Bane of the Ages.
At the Crossroad to the Afterlife, leading to Elysium or Hades.
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