

## Isle Of The Blessed

Wolfnacht

"We descend to the Water, from where we will dive,  
until we reach the Solid Ground of the Hypyerboreans.  
The Temperature is continuously rising, to become Unnaturally Warm."

Misty Drapes embrace the Horizon, like Burial Shrouds,  
protecting what may lie ahead, Deathlike and Unearthly.

The Stars align in the Year of Meton,  
till the Rise of the Constellation of Pleiades.  
An Invisible Rift, beyond Human Perception,  
is the island of the Blessed...  
A Marvelous Realm, ruled by the Priests of Apollo.  
In Eternal Spring, Untouched by War and Disease.  
Enchanting Lyres and Hymns resound in Blooming Gardens,  
while Deep Forests extend across the River Banks...