

North of the North Wind the sun sleeps neath a blanket of cloud
The gathered are still but for a susurrus of breath and heartbeat loud
Below its fiery gaze averted, a gathering crowd of curious Aldonar
Men known and unknown, have gathered from near and afar
A necromancer lord, withered of limb, glance of steel, voice of bone
Necromancer and Elemental, merchant and pauper drawn to his home
Called them to this land, Necromancer Lord named Caradanis seeking fame
come forth and witness all those of The family of the dead and the Searing Flame
come forth and watch wide eyed those of Night & Day and Screaming Soul
come forth and hear the chant those of Ancient Lore and Family of Old
come forth and feel the change those of All Elements and the family of the Tomb
Let all Aldonar come forth for now is the moment of thy very doom.

The chant has started, there is a hush, they can but watch, just stand and stare
A paeon of darkness full of names of old, forgotten lore chanted with care
The day darkens, all now hold their breath whilst nature falls silent
Even the ever-present wind seems hushed, as though the air was expectant
Name upon name of the forgotten dead given voice with howling breath
Called forth to power the ceremony to open the gates of death
Caradanis straining form seemingly lost in a haze of ghostly light
His voice the only sound as he chants each line with all his might

Some are nervous now; a prescient thought of what is to occur
Some shuffle back some look around and others make leave from there
The wind has returned but now seems icy cold, blown from that other plane
Gust upon gust its icy fingers finding exposed skin and causing pain
It grows in strength, pushing then pulling like a breath from some giant
More now feel the urge to leave but most to Caradanis will are compliant
His wind-whipped words echo now with force from that other place
Near and far all hear his words as the light grows and transforms his face

“I am all that has died or ever will” a terrible voice shouts loud
cracking on the last word and wavering but still proud
“I am the dead of ages, number uncouneted, I am the souls of the forgotten
I am the first death and all since I am the newly dead and those long rotten”
The voice is now no longer mortal it echoes with un-natural harmony
The crowd is rigid with fright knowing that they witness life’s enemy
The sun is black, the dark is manifest, cold breath froze, the light is hidden

A creeping doom, from ancient tomb where comfort is forbidden
Proud Aldonar this is your fate this day, by Sleepless Dead to be subsumed
Look abroad and see the tombs crack wide their doors, their inhabitants exhumed
Those nearest to Caradanis are taken, their life extinguished, gone in an instant
What happens now, what fate befalls him, none can tell the tale of death's aspirant
A great Maelstrom of ghostly energy whirls above the ritual finished
The great crowd now tries to flee but most are taken, the Aldonar are diminished
The great host of undead in vortex arriving grows ever larger with each death
As the Plane of Sleepless Dead is manifest animating them upon their last breath
Panic spreads the Aldonar now longer have a home, it is plain, they must now flee
To Orin Rakatha, through gate and portal any way they can, to find this sanctuary
Whilst volunteers stay behind to stem the tide, a sacrifice, a glorious ending
Men of the Claw, Leopard, Eagle, Lion make a stand, their death impending
Forevermore to walk the halls of the dead, forevermore to be one of the Sleepless
Mourn now those who make this sacrifice, pay homage to these men so dauntless
In Silence think on this, would you have the bravery to do the same for your Tower?
Drink now, then live their story, go forth in full apprehension of their power.