The Prophecy of Golden Gaze

(From Asterion Folklore)

"Lo, eyes of gold peer through time's misty veil

Where fates do wither that others may bloom.

'Twixt heaven and hell doth hang the scale.

Hark! Whispers of doom none dare avail,

Of choices grim lest all meet their doom.

Lo, eyes of gold peer through time's misty veil.

In mortal vessel, power beyond the pale,

A force to craft and rend, to bless and consume.

'Twixt heaven and hell doth hang the scale.

Where throngs once dwelt, now silence doth prevail,

Yet from this void, new life shall soon loom.

Lo, eyes of gold peer through time's misty veil.

The weight of worlds in each verdict frail,

Pruning the tree of fate, lest darkness entomb.

'Twixt heaven and hell doth hang the scale.

When dust alights on futures curtailed,

And twilight's gambit hath reached full noon,

Lo, eyes of gold peer through time's misty veil.

'Twixt heaven and hell doth hang the scale."

-See Palinea Traquiel and the Soul of Palinea Traquiel

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