

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 Elementalist, 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 uncouncted, 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.