

Wisdom survived through their years,
Of hidden things that dwell beyond.
Gathered from astral flights,
Whispered in abysmal depth.
Spells chants and magical bounds,
Used by the lords of sorcery,
Rituals and incantations,
Destined to crush the bonds of time.
Higher mysteries revealed,
To those who practice the acts.
Those who delivered their souls,
To the undead gods of Night.
There are no secrets unknown,
No laws can bind their spirits.
For they possess the love,
Of the scientia maxima.