

[WORDS GLEANED FROM THE CRYSTAL OF MEMORY:]

From a time beyond time, we come.  
We, who once crested the waves of the great astral sea...  
and who now must strive again for the domination of the stars...

[ENTREATY OF THE FOURTH MOON'S KEYMASTER:]

Awaken... awaken! Tellurian sphere!  
Awaken! Beckon the moon... Tellurian!  
Resurgent... beneath the moon... Ephemeral... Dreaming forever...

[THE PRIME VOYAGER:]

Dreaming forever!

[ZURRA:]

The great lunar seal is broken...  
we are free... free to rule!  
It is time... it is time!

[THE PRIME VOYAGER:]

For more than ten times a thousand years  
have we slept beneath these cratered, lifeless stones...  
The Lexicon's crystalline core has at last been reactivated...  
We have heard the sighing of a thousand souls...  
now at last we shall hearken once more to the siren call of the cosmos.

[ZURRA:]

Fools! The Darklight Portal has grown strong.  
Only one moon remains in orbit.  
The mewling ape-spawned humans have discovered the icosahedron  
and the Lexicon's call can once again be heard throughout the stars,  
beckoning my ireful brethren to return to the slaughterous embrace of the fray!  
We have won! The orb azure is ours... ours to enslave!

[THE PRIME VOYAGER:]

You! You who have embraced the insidious manipulations  
of the Terran Lords of Chaos...  
You who pledged your devotion to our darksome foe...  
Be gone from my sight, traitor!  
Come, fellowship of weary travellers...  
the war is far from won. Cast off the shackles of slumber...  
the galaxy whispers our name.

[ENTREATY OF THE FOURTH MOON'S KEYMASTER:]

Awaken! Beckon the moon! Resurgent... enslave the stars!

[ZURRA:]

My power is absolute... greater even than that of Angsaar himself!  
I shall crush the Tellurian sphere,  
and the flaccid lickspittles who strive in vain to safeguard it!  
Yes... The dreaming is over!  
Now, let the vengeance begin!