


MISTS OF BABALON — WEAVERS OF THE CESSPOOL (NS003)

◀ Nightshade Legendarium ✧  Video ▶  Audio ▶

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In the mists of Babalon we
aimlessly wander... The
veil of the Night is thick
and consuming. Is there a
Path? Is there a Map to be
found? Was there ever
Treasure at the Rainbow's
end?



Then who is the Ancient
Whore, spreading her Shrouds? Who the Beast of Many Heads,
the Dragon at Trail's End? Where the clash and collisions of

Terminal Battleground? And what are you doing with your over-boiling Cesspool?

Ore must be extracted. Aggregated substance refined. Essence distilled. Integration consummated. Ad Laurea. These are the Final Tales from the nether Deeplands. Fare ye well – past the Waking Dream of the days dark...

#NightShadeLegendarium #Deeplands #Beast #Dragon
#Babalon #Arachnoid #Weavers #Integration #Ultimation
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In the mists of Babalon we wander. The veil of the night is thick. Darkness consumes the sky. We wonder, is there a path? Is there a map? Was there ever treasure to be found at the rainbow's end?

Now tell me, my friend, what fool will look for a treasure through the lens of confusion? You'd hardly know the presence of treasure, should it bite you in the buttocks.

Then, whence the mists of Babalon? Who be this whore of the ages, spreading her veil, shrouding the world of men? None but you, my friend, selling your soul short, in the world of trivial pursuits. You alone, the

mistmaker, conjurer of veils, the beast of many heads, and the dragon at the trail's end.

Yours alone, internal, are the battles at the end. You battle yourself in the clearance of yourself. Your harvests, the pool of aggregated substance in your well. It boils, and it must be distilled. The ore should be extracted into refined gold, synthesized.


Otherwise, but a pool of fomentation spreading its vapors into your sky, would you meet – in the process of the final refinement of your essence, in the lucidity, in the clarification of your cesspool of accumulations.

Fear not the process, my friend. Fear your unwillingness to proceed. No challenge, no obstacle, no foe will ever take you down unless you make it so, of your own will. You alone, the lifter of your veils, the sinker of your boats, the hero and villain of your tales.

Onwards then with courage to the night's end, to the day's midst, and the days' ends as well. They all end, our days and nights. What remains? There be the treasure beyond your rainbow.

Weave it well then, for Arachne, the radiant, is the fisher and catcher of the mists of Babalon. Fare ye well,

through the waking dream, that rivets us all in our core.
With a spell, we conclude our tell. SammallammaS. Ω.

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