

I seirbhís

By Seraphin Foad

The great egg has long been held as the greatest power in the universe, the almighty creator of the mirror existences and more importantly, our universe and all that lies within it. From the hatching to the great universal wars that will destroy all of existence, the great egg occupies, sees, hears, feels, exists and yet doesn't exist in all things. Or so some are blindly told and believe.

So it came to be that the followers of the great egg preached his message, turning everyday life into a grind of loyalty and blind devotion to a God who had long abandoned them to the fates of the darkness. A Great Egg who expected nothing but love from his creations, having faith in their faith, he left them to their own fates, watching but never helping. Feeling but never reacting or offering his once so powerful love.

The black rabbit grew intolerant of the slow stream of souls reaching him in the underworld. The souls of the old are bitter and dusty compared to the



bloody war stained souls of the young. The sin of the old is torn, filled with regret and understanding, but the souls of the young filled with passion, anger and the fresh smell of pure sin, no regrets, no time to think back on what may have been. The souls of the old may have passed through the gates of

K'annish, the lair of the black rabbit but were soon released back to the great egg once their punishments had been fulfilled. But younger souls lasted longer... some even were left to rot for eternity.

You can know how I and my brothers came to be.

The silence of the universe... the slow trickle of souls through the underworld... the undying devotion to a weak God... even the black rabbit was looking to sell his soul to a new, more powerful Deity. Only one existed, one powerful enough to battle the Great Egg and finally bring sanity and blood lust back to all of rabbit kind. The battle raged over all time or over none at all. The Great Egg showed weakness in the only form he can do battle, a rabbit form, a mortal form. Killing such Gods in mortal flesh will only end the flesh, but the Black Rabbit, keen to serve his new master was ready to banish the great egg to the darkest realms of K'annish. As



the final blows of their weapons echoed throughout the mirror existences... Our master fell to the Great Egg.

El-ahkess was banished.

His children too were punished and the great race of the rabbit was slaughtered or turned slave in the existence of man.

The great lord El-ahkess was not banished to any realm known to the creations of the Great Egg or even the Black Rabbit himself, but instead to sub existence were he found me. Drawn to the blood lust that binds my brotherhood so closely, he forged a cult... which until this day served the Great Egg, unknown to them that their blood lust was growing and that they will soon know the secrets of ash, blood and steel.

The seas of the universe will run red. Bone will turn to ash. Souls will stream through the gates of K'annish. The cries of man, woman and child will echo throughout the very shell of the Great Egg.



Come now Brothers, awaken in a new era. An era that will glorify the extermination of race, creed and the Great Egg.

Follow me my brothers to the battles beyond,

To a new world, a dead world, just dawned.

Our ships will sail on a flood of red tide,

Our names feared, far and wide.

Damned and tortured are our souls,

Destruction and death our chosen goals,

Abandon the egg and follow a true God,

Send him offerings of ship or pod.

This is not the place for the sane,

As insanity and chaos start to reign.

Imagine the blood running down their face,

Spurting out with quickening pace.

They allies will run to their aid,

We slash them down with heavy blade.

The blood runs forever upon they're grave,

The black rabbit will take them as his slave.

Send him those souls and your job is done,

Your service to El-ahkess has begun.

Those left behind will decay,

Turn to ash our forgotten pray.

The blood lust we have, will never die,

Forever for death we shall fly.

Ready your ships and load your guns,

Easters killing spree, has begun.