

Testament

The Epic Journey of Yggdrasil

Heusos



Gishek Degom

Medyo Degom

Adan Degom

Argn Degom

Ysk

Ulfareeum

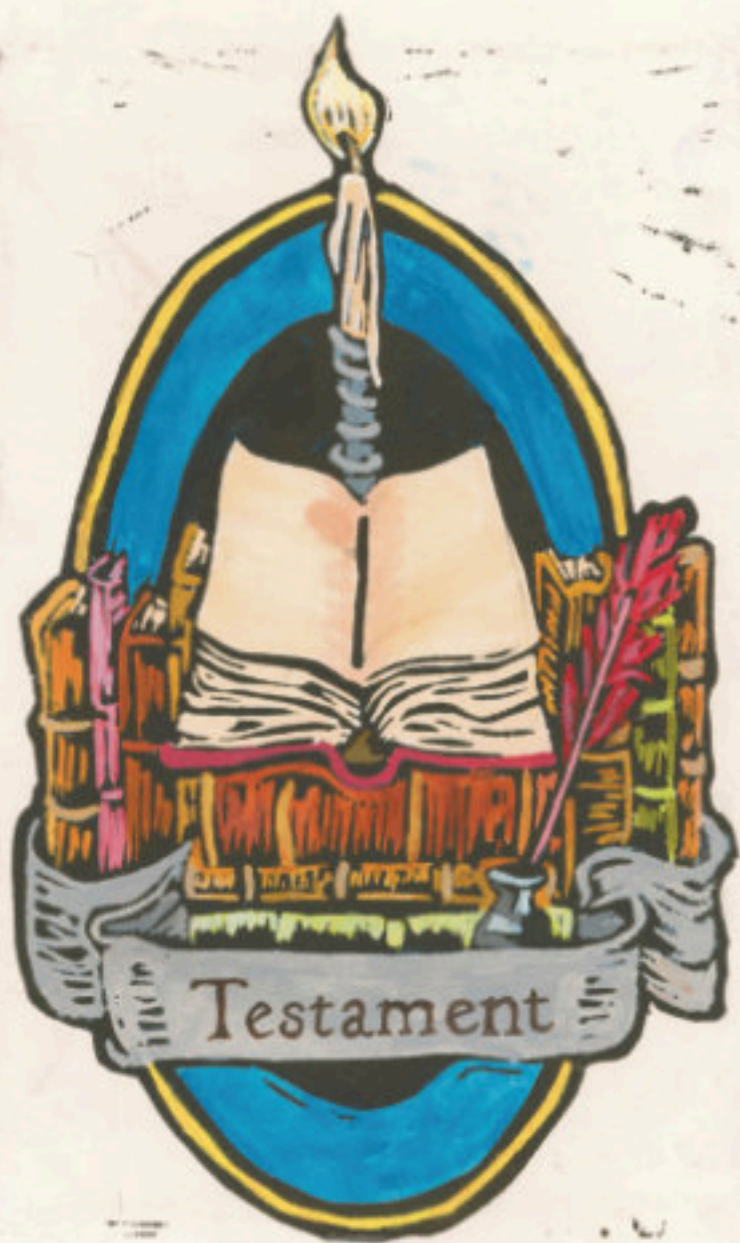
Heghelmos Mahr

Stehreise

Astras Degom

Skurmos Doru



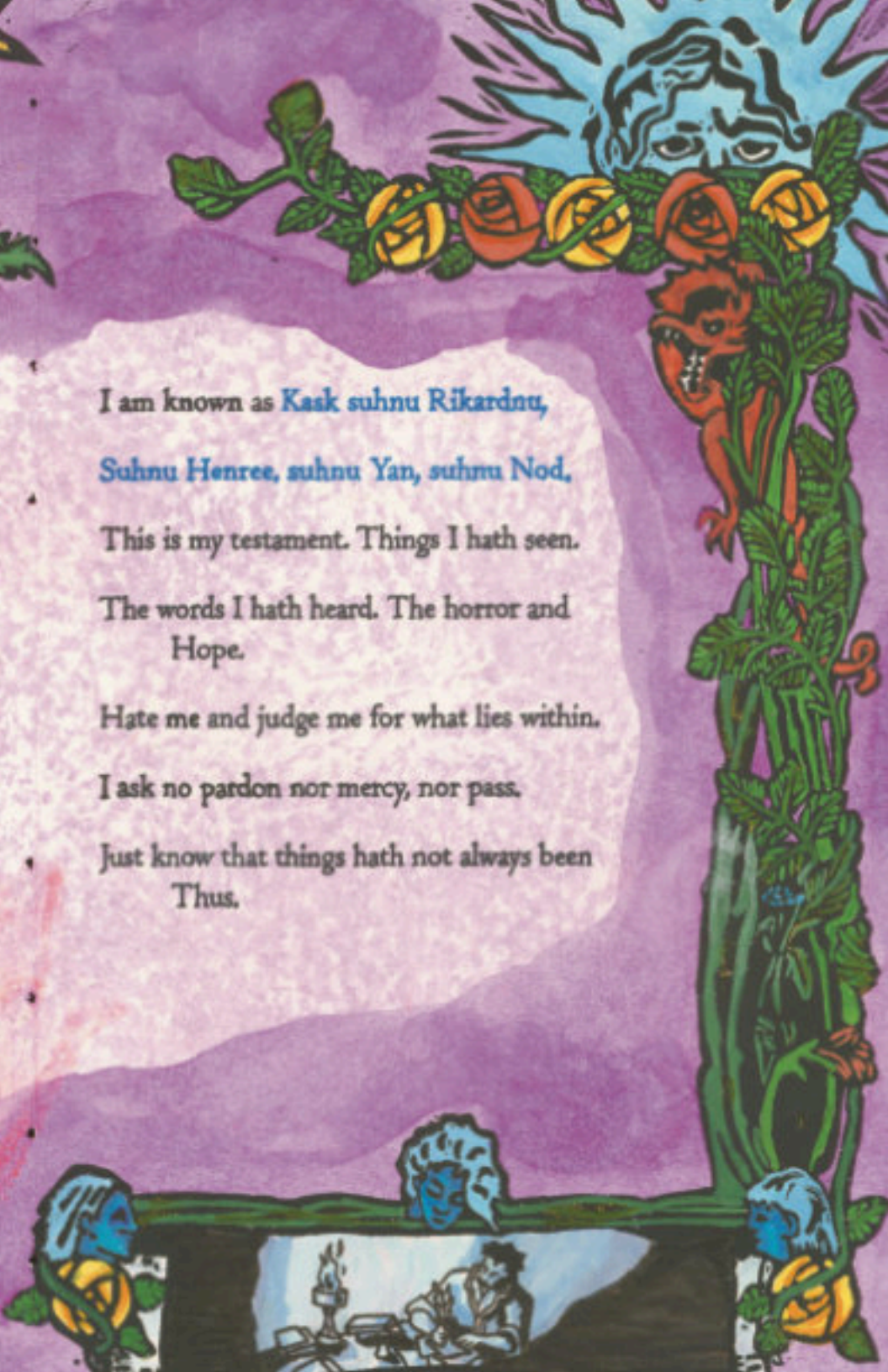


Testament

Forever we struggle to remember

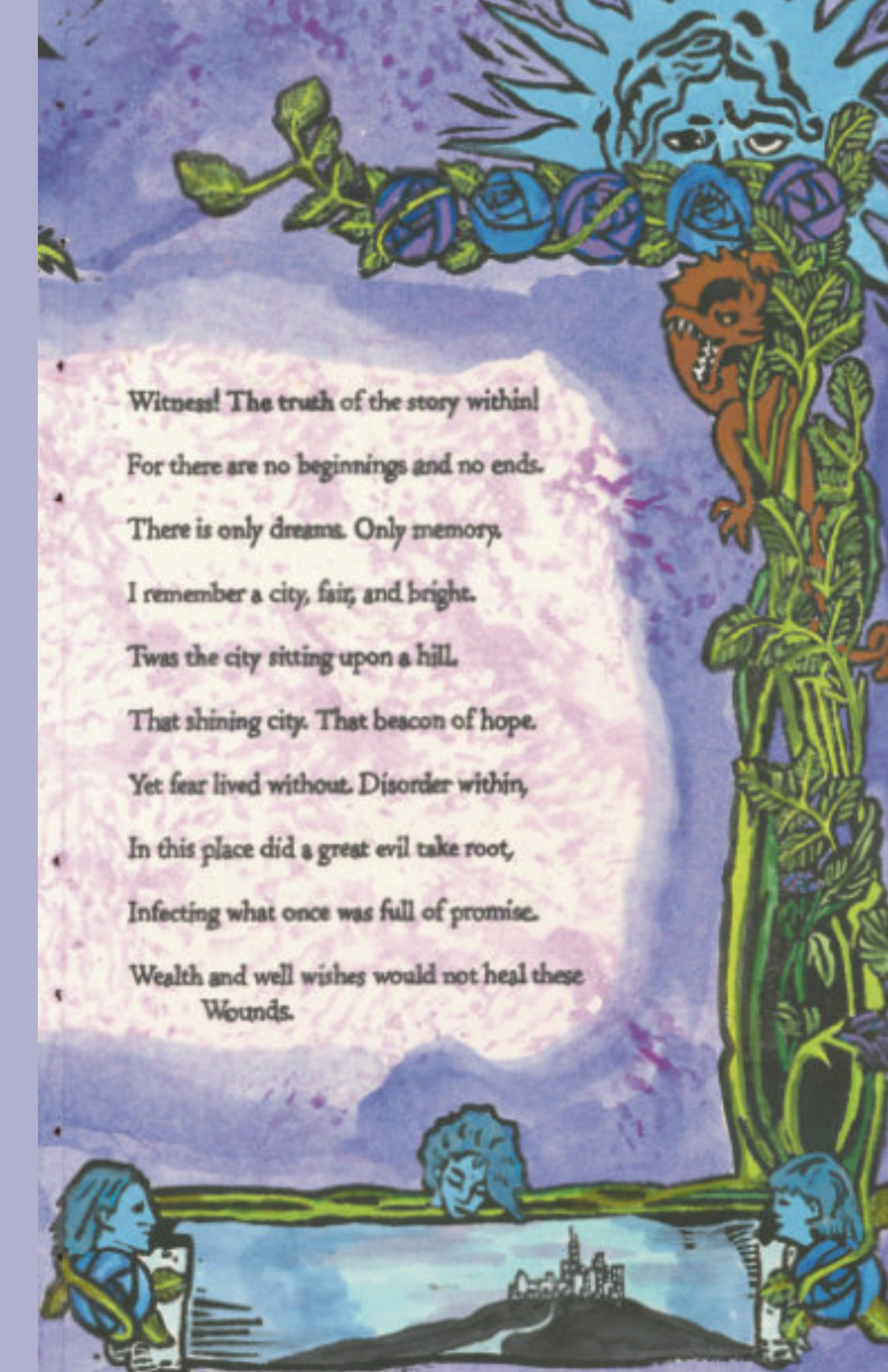


Looking for meaning, hoping to find truth.

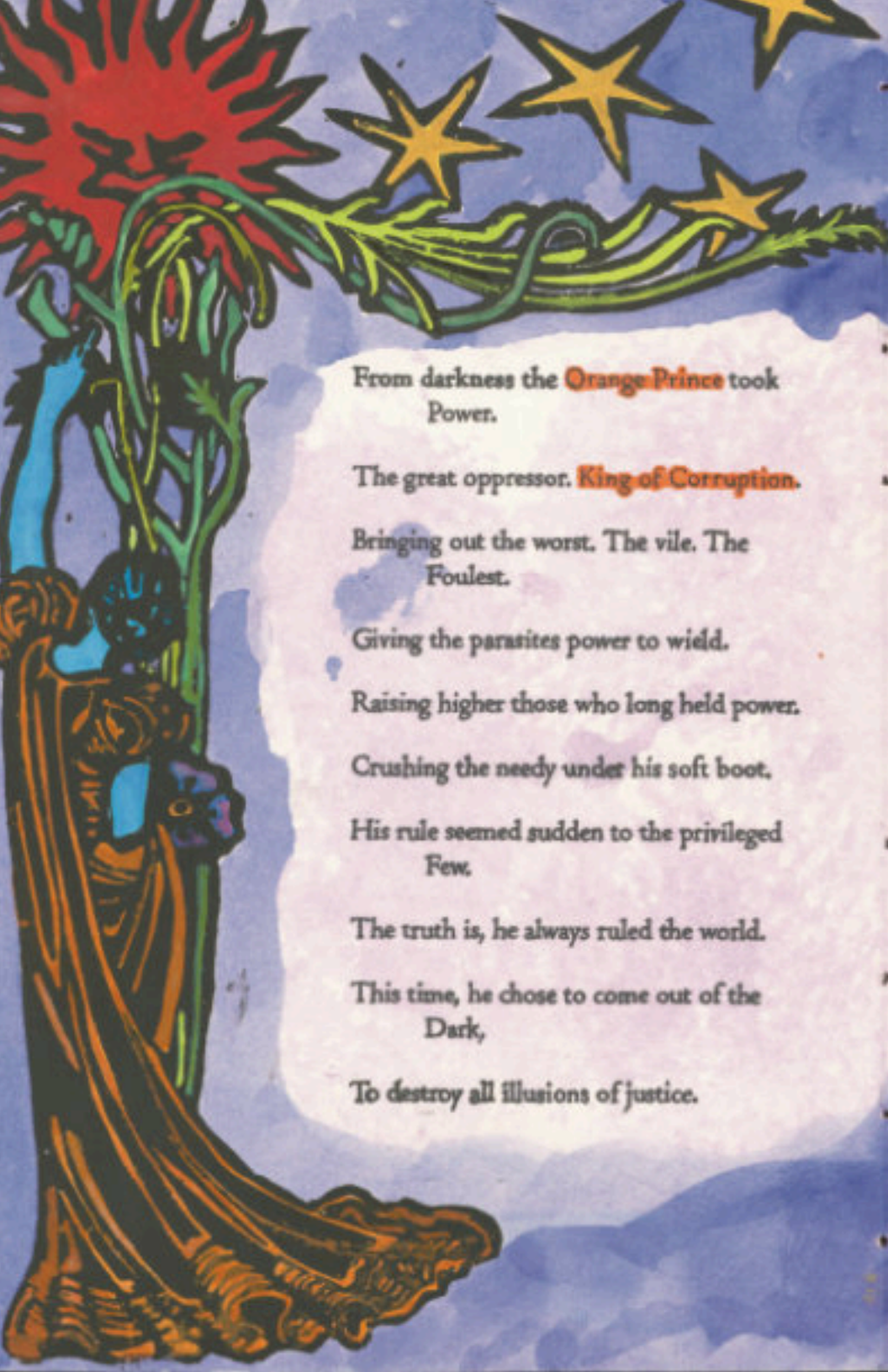


I am known as **Kask suhnu Rikardnu,**
Suhnu Henree, suhnu Yan, suhnu Nod.
This is my testament. Things I hath seen.
The words I hath heard. The horror and
Hope.
Hate me and judge me for what lies within.
I ask no pardon nor mercy, nor pass.
Just know that things hath not always been
Thus.





Witness! The truth of the story within!
For there are no beginnings and no ends.
There is only dreams. Only memory.
I remember a city, fair, and bright.
Twas the city sitting upon a hill
That shining city. That beacon of hope.
Yet fear lived without. Disorder within,
In this place did a great evil take root,
Infecting what once was full of promise.
Wealth and well wishes would not heal these
Wounds.



From darkness the **Orange Prince** took
Power.

The great oppressor. **King of Corruption.**

Bringing out the worst. The vile. The
Foulest.

Giving the parasites power to wield.

Raising higher those who long held power.

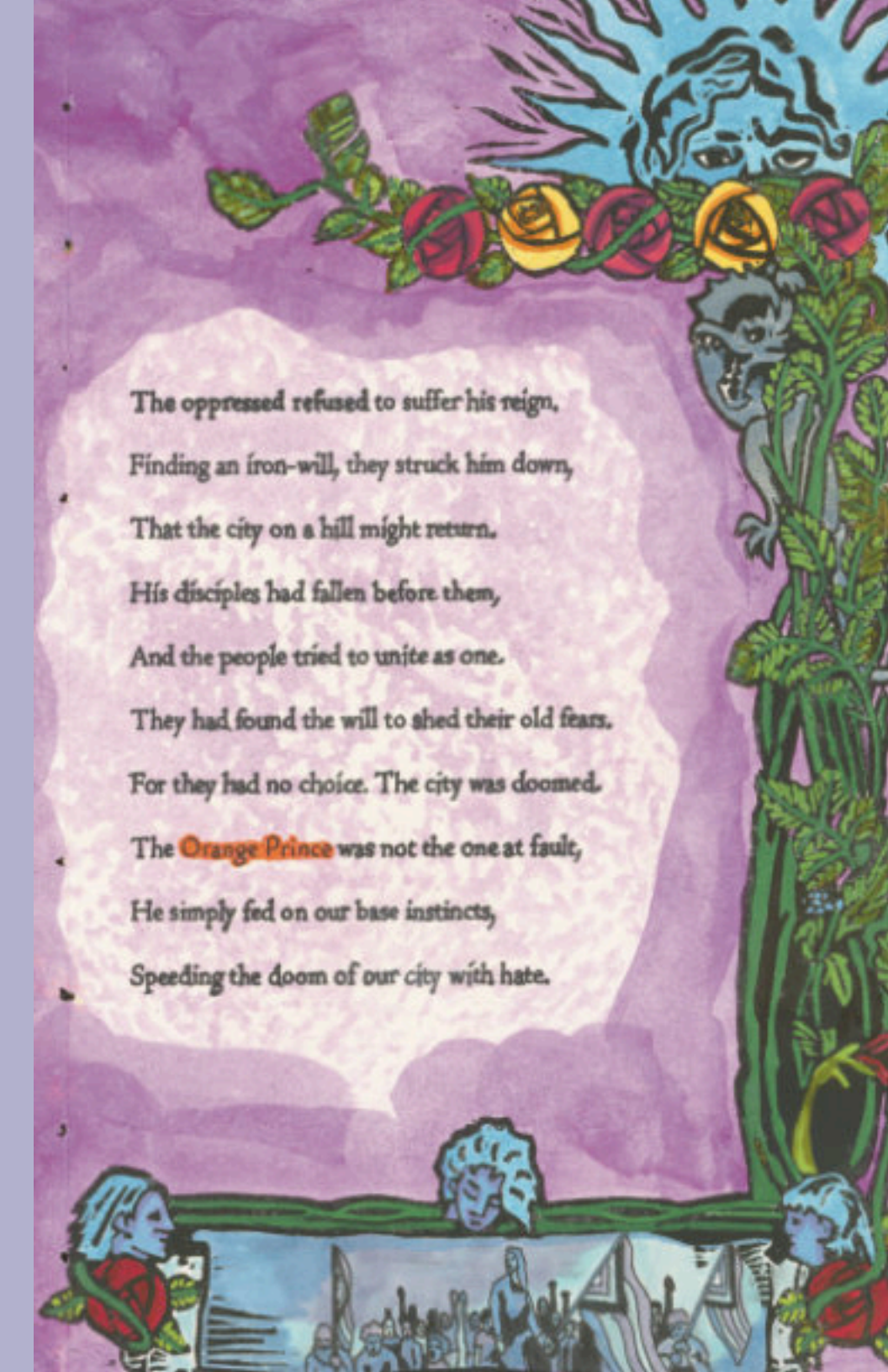
Crushing the needy under his soft boot.

His rule seemed sudden to the privileged
Few.

The truth is, he always ruled the world.

This time, he chose to come out of the
Dark,

To destroy all illusions of justice.



The oppressed refused to suffer his reign,
Finding an iron-will, they struck him down,
That the city on a hill might return.
His disciples had fallen before them,
And the people tried to unite as one.
They had found the will to shed their old fears.
For they had no choice. The city was doomed.
The **Orange Prince** was not the one at fault,
He simply fed on our base instincts,
Speeding the doom of our city with hate.



Storms shook our very bones. Fury
Unchained,

Hunger and thirst stalked us all like fell
Beasts.

Yet, hope was not lost. The Fates had
Not fled.

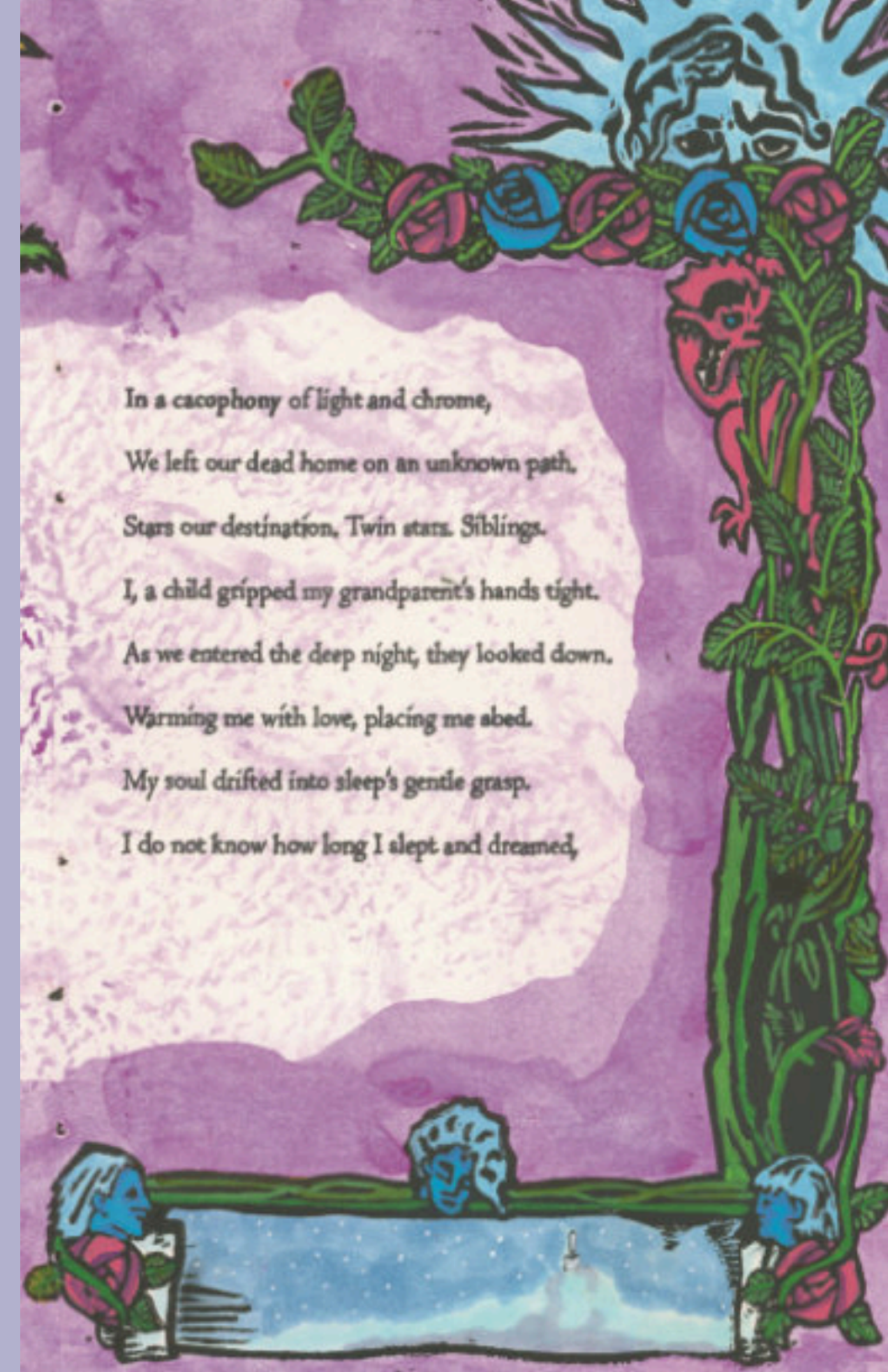
With a child's eyes, I saw it all unfold.

Vision and magic they wove together.

Yggdrasil grew to take us to the stars.

An ark as of old, to save what we could.

We lucky few became hope. The future.



In a cacophony of light and chrome,
We left our dead home on an unknown path,
Stars our destination, Twin stars. Siblings.
I, a child gripped my grandparent's hands tight.
As we entered the deep night, they looked down.
Warming me with love, placing me abed.
My soul drifted into sleep's gentle grasp.
I do not know how long I slept and dreamed,







Yet, I awoke with a terrible start.

Screams of the dying. Echoing madness.

Their cries for help shaking my tiny bed.

Burning hair filled my nose, choking my
Voice.

Drenched in fear I faced a swirling
darkness.

My being shook. My throat ached. I was
Lost.

Surrounded by a mad bloody tumult,

I desperately cried for my grandparents.

Violent, twisted wreckage surrounded me.

