

# Thule

## Thorns

By a route obscure and lonely...haunted by ill angels only,  
when an eidolon, named night, on a black throne reigns upright  
I have reached these lands but newly from an  
ultimate dim Thule  
from a wild weired clime that lieth sublime, out of space, out of time  
By the dismal tarns and pools where dwell  
the Vampires  
by each spot the most unholy in each nook most melancholy  
there the traveller meets Aghast sheeted memories of the past  
shrouded forms that start and sigh as they pass the wanderer by  
"For the Dead travel fast"  
By a route obscure and lonely...haunted by ill angels only,  
when an eidolon, named night, on a black throne reigns upright  
I have wandered home but newly from this ultimate dim Thule...Thule!

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