



TALISMAN: - MOS

Chain, Front: I must move about on tiptoes, as if my steps produced no sound.

With cunning I slipped past the threshold of the Child of Man they call the Keeper of Waters. In silence I moved through his halls, and from the heart of his abode I stole the Mists. Never did he see me as I breached his domain, nor did he hear me as I seized his greatest treasure. When he discovered his shroud was gone, I had already wrapped myself in it from head to toe, so that none would ever find me against my will.

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There was one creature who noticed me in the halls of the Keeper of Waters. The truth is that back then, much like now, I had lost my way; and it was as I wandered about that his daughter came to me. I was ready to fight or flee, but her eyes were kind: She smiled at me and showed me the way to the treasure I sought. When we came upon the Mists, she melded them into a gemstone with her fingers and placed them in my outstretched hands. I still remember the softness of her touch. In conquering a treasure of the Children of Man, I was conquered by the beauty I discovered them capable of.

Chain, Back: Until the Mists slip away from me, I must show nothing but spite for the Children of Man. We are enemies. No good can come from them.

TALISMAN: - RIN

Chain Front: I must move my arms without ever bending my elbows, as if they were great wings.

They say the eyes of the Children of Man can see everything in these lands. I say they're more like bloodhounds: They never look up. They toiled and toiled to hang their banner from the Tower atop the highest peak above the Valley of Whispers, and it took me a single jump to tear it down. I threw it to the abyss and my yells of triumph echoed for miles, bolstered by their humiliation. The skies belong to me.

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I pray to the breeze and clouds to give me the strength to tear down this house, this Labyrinth, this new symbol of the Children of Man and their pride. One last victory before the end. My death has been predicted, and already I feel the wind knocked out of me. The Seer of the Crag promised me a long life if only I could step away this fight, but living and flying are one and the same to me. Into the storm and against these dark portents, I will fight. I could never do anything but. I've never known defeat, though they say it doesn't always bring dishonour. I say I have no intention of losing.

Chain, Back: Until my wings are broken, I must not speak about the prophecy of death and defeat that looms over me.

TALISMAN: - PAR

*Chain, Front: I must never bend or bow my head,
as if my neck and chest were a single slab of stone.*

When the Children of Man were nothing but a grain of sand in the wind, another great affliction came upon these lands. Its name was banished along with the threat itself, but tales are still told of the desperation it cast into most hearts. Yet my heart stood strong and unperturbed, and I was the one to defeat that threat. This is why people bow in reverence at my passage, only summoning me when all other hope is lost.

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When I faced the Children of Man, for the first time I felt terror creep into my heart. It threatened to break me, like ice breaks hard stone. So, before setting out for these horrid halls, I paid a visit to the Seer of the Crag: I needed to find a new source of strength. I tore the heart from the Seer's chest and shattered it under my teeth, to nourish the one encased in my ribs. The all-seeing sky is my only accomplice and it has confessed nothing of my crime to the world, so there are none who know of my sin.

Chain, Back: Until my heart grows brittle in my chest, I must do everything in my power to hide my terrible deed.

