



In the land of the living, there is only the light,
For the wandering dead, three realms of the night.
The nearest of these to mortals who tread
Takes a reddish hue where it houses the dead.



But deeper still is the realm of the green,
Where mortal folk can rarely be seen.
Here lie the ghosts, forgotten and weak,
For whom mortals come rarely to seek.



The deepest of all is the realm of the blue,
Where the Titans of old are given their due.
Traversing the realms, forsaken and blind,
The questers shall find what they seek in due time.

