

... and let not the worlds of light swell away from darkness. Let them, instead, be bathed in the flame of cloying shadows; be called by the beckoning tendrils of Empyrean fire; be lured from the Void by the hungry shades of Symbiaterium. To call forth the wraiths of flame and shadow, blood and darkness, the disciples must swear a compact; must act as one, their minds turned to one purpose. Let them swear their service in blood, not their own, but of the innocent, the righteous, and the unspoilt. From among them, from those sworn to this service, the Cantor must himself be chosen; the black soul whose voice will rise above his brethren in the words of power, supplication and sacrifice; he who will call the powers of darkness forth to swallow the worlds of the unfaithful.

Beside the devout shall mass the ranks of the fearful and the desperate. Souls numbering three and sixty, who might add their ragged voices to the choir of damnation. Atop a great height shall the faithful be arrayed, that their fell supplications might be heard beyond the boundaries of reality; carried by winds of madness through the infinite oceans of the Symbiaterium. About them shall be laid the circle of power, its construction utter madness and sheer perfection. Let no errant sigil mar its form, allow no deviation. The hallowed circle shall be drawn with the blood of the corpse-god's own faithful, tarnished silver mixed throughout.

As the star of Chaos has eight cardinals, so too shall the circle; each marked with the fleshless skull of a traitor, sworn. Atop each skull shall rest a candle, a taper of wax, the powdered bones of the valiant slain, and the



blood of martyrs. Their balefire shall illuminate the sacrifice and the light of the Empyrean shall flay the souls of the sacrificed. Upon the ground shall there lay the Souls of the Sacrificed. Four their shall be, to appease the Gods in turn. The Lords of the Symmetrium demand their toll and for each shall be apportioned one soul. Charity to Khorne, who takes from all; Law to Tzeentch, who twists the galaxy to his whims; Piety to Slaanesh, who reveres naught but himself; Security to Nurgle, who brings low all in time.

Let these souls be bound in cords of flesh and steel that they shall know helplessness before the Gods of Darkness. Let them be laid before the Cantor, that his prayers might fall upon them and cause them to tremble. And when the last prayer is uttered, let their throats be cut with a blade of gold, that their blood might spill upon the runes of power and send the supplications of the Cantor screaming to that place of Empyrean light and warpture. This done, the daemons shall surely know the Cantor for their own and shall draw him and his world into their dominion; and with this sacrifice, let us again tread the sublime paths of the Screaming Vortex...

Could it be? Could this rite truly pull a world into the Screaming Vortex?