Written Works

- All Sunlit's poems
- Flowered_Path (The Bee-ble)
- Fishy Business by Fallen_Zombie

All Sunlit's poems

1. About fire god and faith

In ages dim, before the stars were named,

There burned a spark no darkness could devour.

From it arose great Ignious, the flame—

Not fierce, but constant, patient as the world.

He walks not loud across the vault of sky,

But lingers low where dying fires remain.

In hearth and forge, in ash and fading light,

His quiet strength preserves what might endure.

When kingdoms fall and blazing suns grow cold,

When even gods grow weary of their power,

It is his ember, small yet unconsumed,

That waits to breathe the fire of life anew.

So honor not the brightest flame alone,

But that which lives when all the rest is gone.

2. About faith to the fire god

Before his flame, I placed my mortal vow:
No storm, no blade, no god would turn my path.

For in his light, I saw no tyrant’s will,
But purpose clear as dawn upon the hills.

Others doubted, whispering of pride,
That fire consumes as quickly as it gives.
Yet still I stood, unshaken in his name—
For I had seen the truth within his flame.

And if he fell, then I would fall as well,
Bound not by fear, but by my chosen faith.

3. Fire against water

The tide-born warriors answered fire with storm,
Their chants like thunder echoing through the clash.
They fought as one, as if the sea itself
Had taken form to wash the world away.

Their faith was deep, as dark as ocean floors,
Unyielding, vast, and merciless in pull.
They struck with force that shattered shield and bone—
And many fell beneath their endless surge.

Yet still we burned, though nearly drowned in war,
A fragile flame against a rising sea.

Poem about war

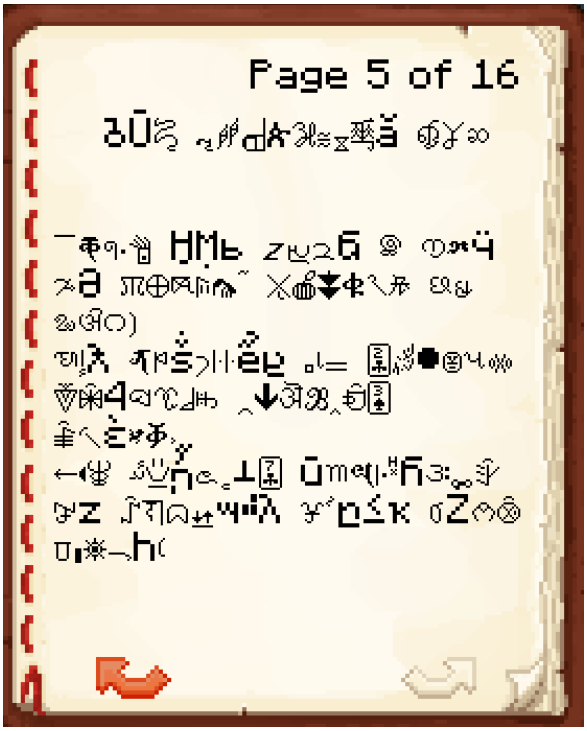
Across the hills of shattered stone,
Where dead empires turned to dust,
The warriors of the Pantheon marched
With iron hearts and sacred trust.

Their shields were marked with ancient suns,
Their banners burned in crimson light,
And every oath they carved in blood
Was carried proudly into night.

The enemy came like starving wolves,
A tide of hatred, steel, and flame,
Yet when the heavens split with thunder,
The gods themselves to battle came.

The mountains shook beneath their wrath,
The rivers turned a burning red;
And when the dawn at last arrived,
Ten thousand foemen lay there dead.

A corrupted poem



Poem about the forgotten god

There was once a god no mortal speaks of now.
His statues lie broken beneath tangled roots,
His temples swallowed by forests older than kings.

He ruled over silence.

Not death.
Not war.
Not fire nor sea.

Silence.

The silence after battle.
The silence in abandoned cities.
The silence between stars.

And though the other gods were worshipped with songs,
This god required none.

For silence was prayer enough.

Poem about the forgotten land

Upon the cliffs of endless night
A mighty fortress stood;
Its gates were forged from ancient steel,
Its walls from cursed wood.

No army ever claimed those halls,
No king could break that stone;
For something far more terrible
Had made the keep its throne.

At dusk strange horns would echo out
Across the frozen land,
And shadows moved beside the walls
Like soldiers still command.

Many heroes sought its treasures.
None returned again.
Now only ravens know the truth
Of what still waits within.

The god of the underworld

Deep beneath the oldest ruins,
Below forgotten halls of stone,
Something ancient still is breathing
Far beneath the mortal throne.

Not beast.
Not god.
Not demon born.

Something older than them all.

The monsters came because it stirred.
The heavens cracked because it woke.
And every prophecy since spoken
Has ended with the world in smoke.

Yet greedy kings still seek its prison,
Dreaming power without end—
Never knowing doom itself
Waits below for them descend.

The forgotten religion

Far beyond the poisoned marsh,
Where blackened rivers slowly crawl,
There stands a cathedral crowned in ash
With broken saints along its walls.

No candles burn within those halls.
No choir sings beneath the stone.
Only distant echoes answer
Those foolish enough to walk alone.

The people say a fallen god
Still wanders there without a face,
Searching endlessly through ruin
For something time cannot replace.

The unknown protector

At the edge of the northern cliffs
A lone black tower scars the sky;
And every night its lantern burns
Though none know who keeps it alive.

Sailors fear its crimson beacon.
Kings avoid the jagged shore.
For all who climb the tower’s stairs
Are ever seen no more.

Yet still the light remains unbroken,
Steady through the storm and rain—
As if the thing within the tower
Is waiting to be found again.

The Drowned Throne

Deep beneath the freezing tides,
Below the reach of sunlit blue,
A throne of coral slowly rots
Inside a kingdom no one knew.

The Ocean God once ruled there proudly,
Before the seas themselves turned wild;
Now silence fills his ruined court
Like grief surrounding a lost child.

And in the darkest ocean trenches,
Among the bones of shattered fleets,
His faithful still leave offerings
At the throne beneath the deep.

The Beast Beneath the Mountain

The mountain groans beneath the snow.
At night the valleys shake below.
And ancient cracks split through the earth
Like wounds that never truly close.

The elders bar their doors at dusk.
The hunters never climb too high.
For something sleeps beneath the summit
Older than the gods and sky.

Once every century it stirs,
And distant villages grow still;
For even monsters fear the thing
That dreams beneath the hill.

The marchings of the dead

No drums announce their marching.
No banners wave above their heads.
Only rusted armor echoes softly
Among the countless dead.

The Hollow Legion walks forever
Across forgotten roads at night,

Searching for the war they lost
Beneath a blood-red moonlight.

Some say they served a fallen god.
Some claim they guard a buried gate.
But none who meet the legion marching
Ever escape their fate.

The consequences of killing a god

The sea no longer moves there.

Ships drift motionless for miles
Across waters dark as oil,
While pale shapes move beneath the surface
Like corpses trapped below the soil.

The fishermen abandoned those shores
After hearing voices from the deep;
Now only storms approach the Grave Tide,
And even they do not stay long there to sleep.

The Nameless God

No temple bears his image.
No priest speaks his forgotten title.
Even the other gods avoid his memory.

Yet old writings hidden beneath ruined cities
Tell of a deity cast out before the calamity began.

A god erased so completely
That only fear remembers him now.

Flowered_Path (The Bee-ble)

By: Arcane_Light

Chapter I
The Dawn of the -
First Bee
In the quiet stillness befor the world awoke, there was only barren ground and wind without song. But from the heart of the earth rose a trembeling hum, soft and pure. The humming gathered into warmth, and from that warmth formed the First Hive, glowing gently with golden light. When the Hive opened, the First Bee emerged- tiny bearer of harmony, seeker of the blossoms yet unseen. With every beat of its wings, it called flowers forth from the empty soil, and the world blossomed into color. Where it flew, life - returned, where it landed, hope took root.

Chapter II
Of soil, Flowers, and Life
The Bees revealed the truth of creation: That the soil is the body of the world and the flowers its breath. Without rich earth, the Hive would wither; without blooming fields, the Bees would fall into silence. Thus the faithful learn that - every patch of land is sacred and every flower a prayer of given shape. To tend the Hive itself, and to plant flowers is to speak the language of the Bees. Where the flowers rise, the Hive thrives, and where the Hives thrives, so does all life.

Chapter III
The Blessed Water
From the labor of the Bees comes Honey, the golden Essence of every bloom and every sunlit day. It is more than food it is the Blessed Water of the faithful. Honey holds the memory of countless flowers and the strength of the living earth. Its sweetness is a sacred gift, not for the careless or the ungrateful. Only the belivers of the Flowered Path shall partake, Only they honor the toil that brings forth each drop. When the faithful taste the Blessed Water, they whisper "May the Hive endure, and may the Bees be forever sheltered"

Chapter IV
The Beekeeper's Devotion
A Beekeeper is one who listens to the hum of the world and understands its meaning. They cultivate the soil with care, knowing it is the cradle of all life. They plant flowers generously, turning barren lands into - gardens of promise. They safeguard every Hive as a temple of harmony, protecting it from fire, hunger and ruin. When Honey is harvested, it is taken gently and sparingly, with smoke to calm and gratitude to honor. A true Beekeeper never burdens the Bees beyond what they can give.
They observe the patterns of the Bees, learning their songs, their rhythms, and their needs.
They build shelter from storms, guide lost Bees back to their home, and shield the Hive from greed and malice.

Chapter V

The Commandments of the Flowered Path

• Protect every Hive, for within it beats the heart of the land.
• Tend the soil with reverence, as it cradles the roots of creation.
• Plant flowers wherever darkness and ruin lie. • Never provoke or harm Bees, for their labor sustains the world.
• Take Honey only with humility, and never in excess.
• Teach others the value of soil, flowers, and the sacred Hive.
• Answer any threat to the Hive without hesitation or fear. • Honor Honey as the Blessed Water, to be shared only among the faithful.
• Speak gently in the presence of the Hive, for harshness disturbs the harmony of wings.
• Leave no land barren where beauty may grow, for every patch of soil longs to bloom for the Bees.

Chapter VI
The Promise of Eternal Bloom

The Bees whisper of a time when flowers shall cover every hill and valley, and the soil shall never run dry. In that age, the Hive will glow brighter than the sun, and Honey shall flow like rivers of gold. Those who nourish the soil - and Honor the Bees shall see this holy time. under the endless blossoms, the faithful shall drink of the Blessed Water forever, guided by the gentle hum of wings that never tire.

Chapter VII
The Final Buzz

Carry this scripture in your heart, for the world is fragile and the Bees are its guardians. Let no flowers wilt forgotten, and let no soil go untended. Walk gently, plant generously, protect fiercely. For where the Bees thrive the world is whole.

Fishy Business by Fallen_Zombie

1

Hatchling

I woke up in a tight leathery ball, I knew I needed to get out and get away. I pushed against the inside [of the] ball and it split, I was born into this world. I could see all around me dozens more balls, open, shut, destroyed. I noticed the other spawn around me were looking at it the same as me, until suddenly and without warning, a green giant, it's long legs pushed it forward as it sucked my brethren into it's wide, open mouth. I tried to swim away but it was no use, I couldn't escape from the rushing water. As I got nearer and nearer to the mouth of the beast it's jaws finally closed, spinning me every which way before I was able to gain my bearings and swim away. I swam toward greenery nearby to hide myself. I learned [that] being seen by other creatures like the beast probably meant death. I hid there until I felt a sharp pang in my stomach, I needed to eat. I looked around but there was almost nothing there, my eyes shot up as I heard a loud sound from above, it was the beast entering the water again. It swallowed up more of my kind that still didn't know to hide, I noticed as it closed its mouth that it snapped onto one of my kind. His spine had surely been broken, there was no doubt in my mind that it was the end for him ,and I could tell he knew it too. I decided to make use of him and also end his suffering faster. The beast swam away and I rushed toward the hatchling laying on the sand. I tore through him as best as I could, I wanted to eat, and he wanted to die. After I'd finished eating my fill I swam back into the sea grass and slept.

2
Awareness

It was immediately [apparent] to me that I was not the same as the other cod, as I grew I wanted more, I didn't hurt other cod, I wanted more for us. The other cod seemed only focused on eating and... copulating. They did this even to the detriment of other cod, stealing food from others and even eating other cod. I decided one day to just leave it all, I swam away from my school, barely scraping by on my lonesome, receiving scars and bleeding, but it was worth it, I somehow knew that this was better than the life I would have with the other cod. I was happy.

3
Transformation

On one early morning I noticed a giant figure in the water, most of the fish swam away as it suddenly materialized in the ocean but for some reason I felt drawn to it. I swam as hard as I could toward it, it's shape becoming clearer as I approached. It has arms, and legs, and a head. This was unlike any fish, amphibian, squid, nothing I had ever seen before. It was the size of a whale, maybe

bigger. It spoke to me, words I didn't understand then, but in my mind it was clear the meaning of them. "Why do you not swim away cod? Do I not scare such a small creature such as yourself?" It's voice, despite its size wasn't as booming as one might expect. I could not speak but I tried to communicate to it, a series of blubs and pops was my attempt to say "You are magnificent, wherever you are from I wish to be with you." With that, the being nodded and my body began to change, cracking and tearing my tail split into two legs, fins distended into arms, my head turn forward and flattened into one similar to his, yet it was painless. I began to cry tears of joy, I was like Him, we had the same shape. He spoke unto me, "You are Fallen_Zombie now, little cod. Cherish this name and mingle with my other followers at the great city of Rapture. I was led to the place he spoke of and lived there happily for many months.

4
Downfall

Months drew on and I lived with the other worshippers of the being I came to know as Exiled_Abyss, the God of the Ocean. I believed in his ideals of freeing the world of gods, even Himself, but deep down in my heart I knew I couldn't live in a world without the being who made me who I am, who gave me a higher purpose. Worshippers of other gods seemed to agree, we were forced from our home because the gods were enraged with the God of the Ocean. As we scattered to the winds I found myself with a group of people, containing one like me, a cod with legs and arms and a head. I knew them as Endless_Night. We spent weeks building a new home when we received the news that driving us from out home was not enough, that killing the Sentinels and Apostles of our glorious God was not enough. They had killed Him. They had killed Exiled_Abyss. They had killed the God of the Ocean. They had killed the being who gave me purpose. Everything he was to me, to all of us, snuffed out. We went to the place where they'd killed Him, we left our notes and messages and went back to normal.

5
Revival

Despite what we tell ourselves nothing is normal, all I feel is a rage at those who killed Him, who killed my God. We were going to bring him back, in some way, and although we knew it would not be Exiled_Abyss, would not be the same. We prayed and worshipped and sacrificed to make a new God of the Ocean. To make Endless_Night, our lord, Cod... a new God of the Ocean. Although many still try to defame us, call Endless a tyrant, a warmonger, a killer. We will prevail, we will want, we will need, we will live, we will love. We are strong.