

Kerghan, Arcanum: of Steam and Magick Obscura:

"Finally, I came to the place where souls go to die. Where the mirrored and worn spirits fall into an endless sea of grey, mirrored glass... and I lowered myself within... and lay among them... and I almost did not return. And do you know what I found there? There, among the silent and battered shells of the innumerable?

Peace. Enlightenment. Truth. Only then I realized that this place, this "Life", is an abomination, a horrible distortion of the natural order. This "Life", who mothered Pain, and Fear, and Envy - these twisted children who exist only because we are here to nourish them.

This "Life", this... afterthought - a disturbance, a mere ripple in that great, dead sea, not even the cause, but merely an effect, sending these souls upwards, screaming for release from the day they are torn from their waters! The effect of what! I do not know. Nor do I care.

Have you ever spoken with the dead? Called to them from this side, pulled them from their silent rest? Do you know what it is that they feel? Pain. Pain, when torn into this wakefulness, this reminder of the chaos from which they had escaped. Pain, at having to live. There will be no more pain. There will be no more chaos."