

Bal-sagoth

"Dreamer in the Catacombs of Ur"

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[Doctor Ignatius Stone:]

It was like some dark, dark dream. We had not heeded
the warnings of the ancients, and now we would pay
the price... here, within
the catacombs of Ur.

Lost within the lightless catacombs of Ur... Entombed
within the ziggurats!

[The Keeper of the Ancient Lore of Ur:]

Trapped forever in the catacombs of Ur...
your screams are heard in Babylon!

[Doctor Ignatius Stone:]

Warnings etched into the cuneiform tablets of Ur...
Entombed within the ziggurats!

[The Keeper of the Ancient Lore of Ur:]

Behold the great Cthonic deities of Ur...
Your screams are heard in Babylon!

[Doctor Ignatius Stone:]

Here, beneath the eternally shifting sands, I sought
enlightenment... but found only damnation!

[The Chief Cultist of Ur:]

You have defiled the sanctity of this sacred place!

[The Keeper of the Ancient Lore of Ur:]

Ancient before the Fifth Cataclysm, here
between the two rivers in Ur the Dreamer waits! And
when the seal of the
seventh city is broken, then shall the dreamer in the
catacombs of Ur awaken!

Forsaken (when His darksome splendid glory
eclipses it) burns the sun,
Enthroned (the eternally) benighted one, Usurper of the
skies.

Named in (that black, shunned tome of) forbidden
lore,

Destined to rule (this telluric sphere and the myriad
stars beyond) once more,

The Dreamer shall arise!

Now, let the Gate yawn wide and the horrors of the
Abyss engulf the earth, for

the Dreamer in the catacombs is risen!

How many of my colleague's rants were merely the
result of his psychosis and

how many were actually born of fact, I cannot discern...

nor in truth do I
wish to.
[20 October, 1893]
I have long felt the celebrated map of Admiral Piri Reis,
which quite
astoundingly depicts the continent of Antarctica in a
state wholly free
of the ice which has bound it ceaselessly since time
immemorial, to be of
far wider and more resonant implications to humanity
than the proud echelons
of the scientific community will ever dare admit. I
believe that beneath the
ice-veiled surface of that southernmost continent lie
the remnants of time-lost
civilisations which were ancient even before fabled
Atlantis sank beneath
the waves. Indeed, further translation of the sigils
engraved into the
antediluvian artefact has imbued my oft derided
theory with an unmistakable
aura of veracity. Piecing together the fragmentary
records evidenced in this
incredible relic, whilst simultaneously cross
referencing the resultant lore
with information gleaned from other sources on the
same theoretical subject,
I have been able to extrapolate a meaning from the
arcane carvings which
transcends all but my most fevered imaginings. What
mighty cyclopean structures
once towered skyward where now only the desolate
wind-whipped ice-wastes
endure? What splendid peoples once thrived where now
only the hardiest and most
resistant forms of life subsist? This ancient and
wondrous testament is truly
an elucidatory blessing to such idealistic questors as I,
who are forever
In Search Of The Lost Cities Of Antarctica:

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