

## Bal-Sagoth

# "The 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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