The Dreamer In The Catacombs Of Ur

Bal-Sagoth

[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 splendorous glory eclipses it) burns the sun,
Enthrone (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 mor
e,
The Dreamer shall arise!
Now, let the Gate yawn wide and the horrors of the Abyss engulf the earth, f
or
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 throve 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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