

# Bal-Sagoth, Star-Maps Of The Ancient Cosmogra

"From the journal of Professor Caleb Blackthorne III, continued..."

12 October: 1893

I must commit this to the pages of my journal, while it is still vivid in my recollection... not that such

"The Thaumaturgist:"

The Great Eye of the Universe opens! Through this astral art the secrets of the cosmos are mine to

"The Last Cosmographer:"

Vector-alpha, heed this warning... Lexicon, the threshold calls...

Vortex open, in Omega... Sentinels!

"The Thaumaturgist:"

Empowered at the periphery, ascending to the Id's eyrie,

The cosmos feathers her nest with fire.

Ephemeral, the nexus calls, besieging cyclopean walls,

Branded deviant and pariah.

"The Last Cosmographer:"

Everything you have been taught about the nature of creation is a lie. This is a voyage in search of

"The Thaumaturgist:"

I have discovered a terrifying universal axiom which cannot be denied.

Betwixt the hammer and the anvil are forged the stars...

On the wings of the ersatz ones... through the fathomless abyss....

"The Thaumaturgist's Epiphany:"

Like a blackened and baleful sun shall I gaze down from beyond the cumuli and the firmament upon

New stars without number burn in the heavens, but the shadow of oblivion falls ever closer.

Lucidity through thaumaturgy, enlightened thus. Seeking solace, this opalescence, to span the stars

And let mankind gaze at the shifting sky and know enlightenment, for the stars are my dominion!

Shortly thereafter, the dreamscape began to fade, and reality beckoned my consciousness away from