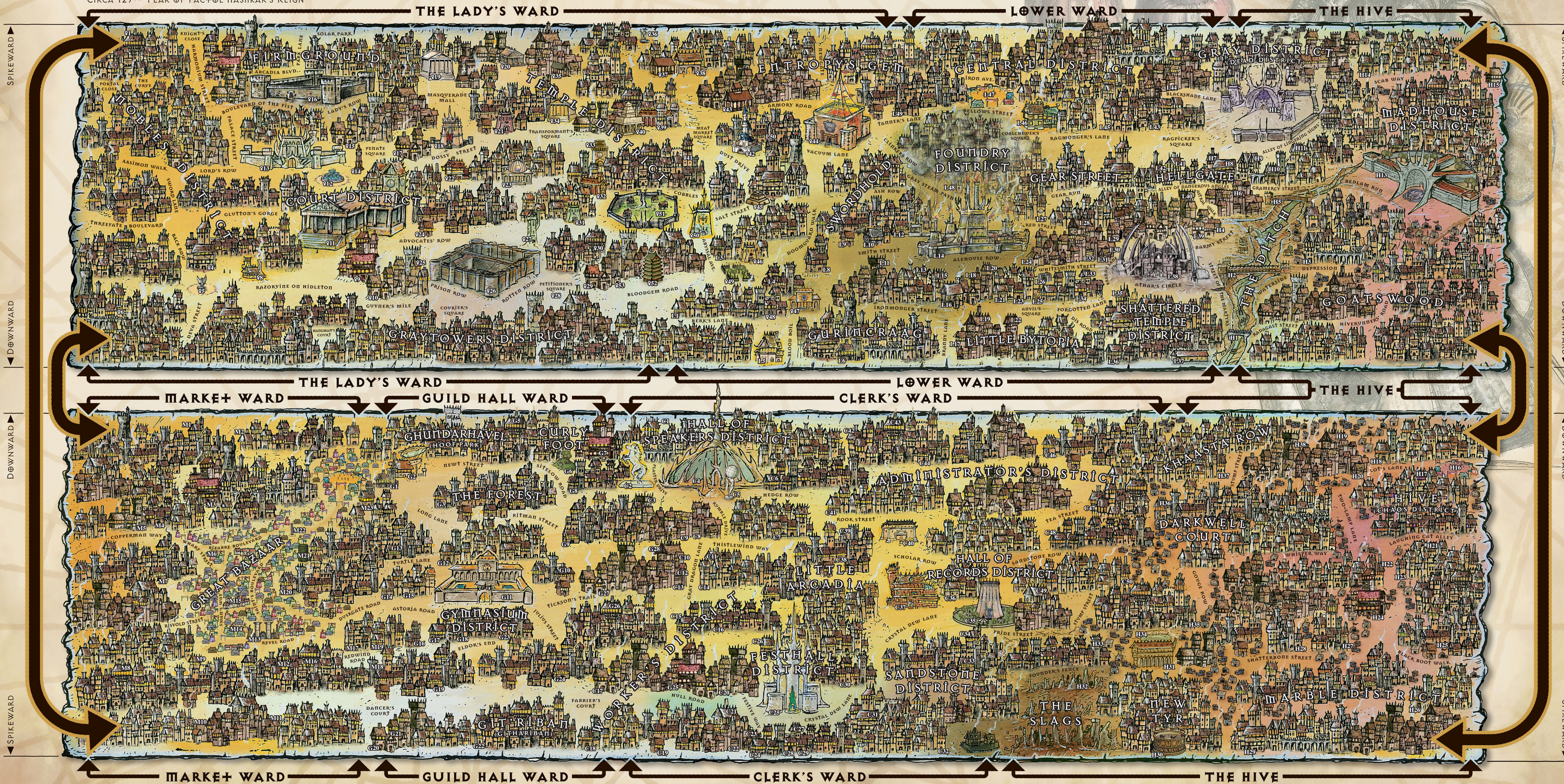
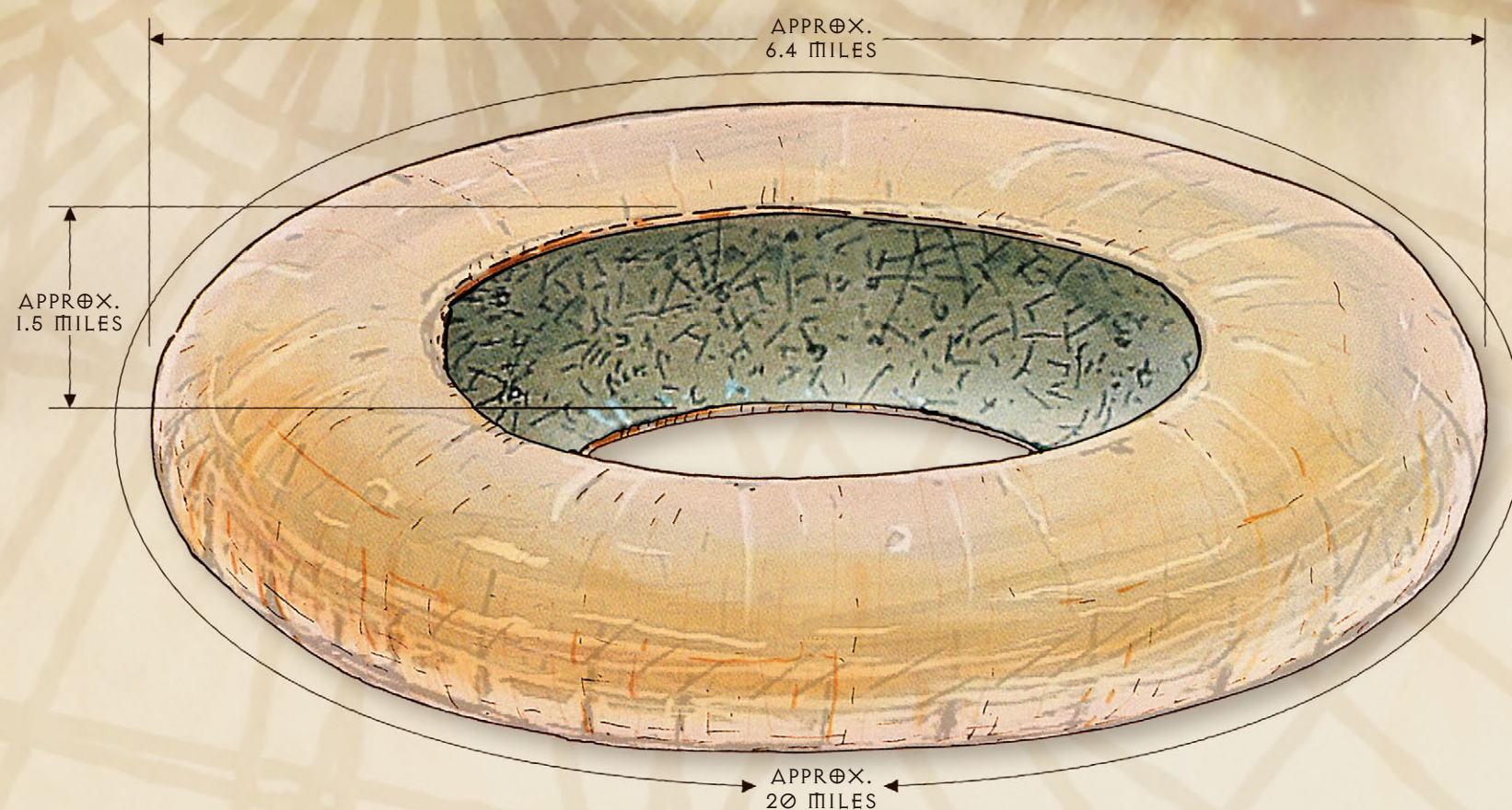


I HAVE PASSED FROM THE OUTERMOST PORTAL TO THE SHRINE WHERE A SIN IS A PRAYER; WHAT CARE THOUGH THE SERVICE BE MORTAL? O OUR LADY OF TORTURE, WHAT CARE? ALL THINE THE LAST WINE THAT I POUR IS, THE LAST IN THE CHALICE WE DRAIN,

SIGIL

CITY OF DOORS

CIRCA 127TH YEAR OF FAC+OL HASHKAR'S REIGN



O GARMENT NOT GOLDEN BUT GILDED, O GARDEN WHERE ALL MEN MAY DWELL, O TOWER NOT OF IVORY, BUT BUILDED BY HANDS THAT REACH HEAVEN FROM HELL; O MYSTICAL ROSE OF THE MIRE, O HOUSE NOT OF GOLD BUT OF GAIN, O HOUSE OF UNQUENCHABLE FIRE, OUR LADY OF PAIN!

APPROX. ONE MILE