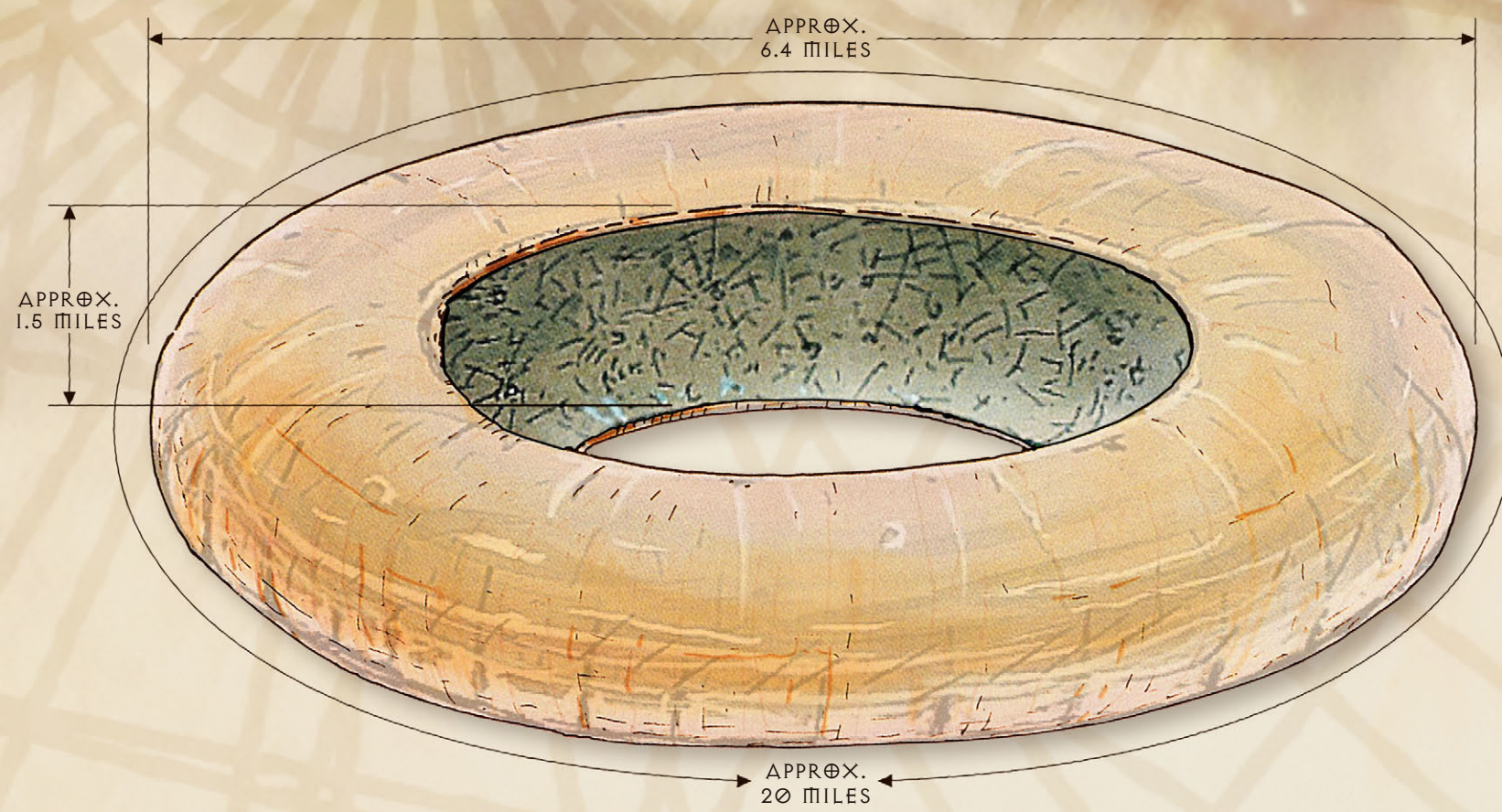


I HAVE PASSED FROM THE OUTERMOST PORTAL TO THE SHRINE WHERE A SIN IS A PRAYER; WHAT CARE THOUGH THE SERVICE BE MORTAL? O OUR LADY OF TORTURE, WHAT CARE? ALL THINE THE LAST WINE THAT I POUR IS, THE LAST IN THE CHALICE WE DRAIN,

SIGIL

CITY OF DOORS



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

THE LADY'S WARD

LOWER WARD

THE HIVE

SPIKEWARD

SPIKEWARD

DOWNWARD

DOWNWARD

DOWNWARD

DOWNWARD

SPIKEWARD

SPIKEWARD



THE LADY'S WARD

LOWER WARD

THE HIVE

MARKET WARD

GUILD HALL WARD

CLERK'S WARD



MARKET WARD

GUILD HALL WARD

CLERK'S WARD

THE HIVE

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

WHAT AILS US TO FEAR OVERMEASURE, TO PRAISE THESE WITH TIMOROUS BREATH, O MISTRESS AND MOTHER OF PLEASURE, THE ONE THING AS CERTAIN AS DEATH?

BY THE HUNGER OF CHANGE AND EMOTION, BY THE THIRST OF UNBEARABLE THINGS, BY DESPAIR, THE TWIN-BORN OF DEVOTION, BY THE PLEASURE THAT WINGS AND STINGS