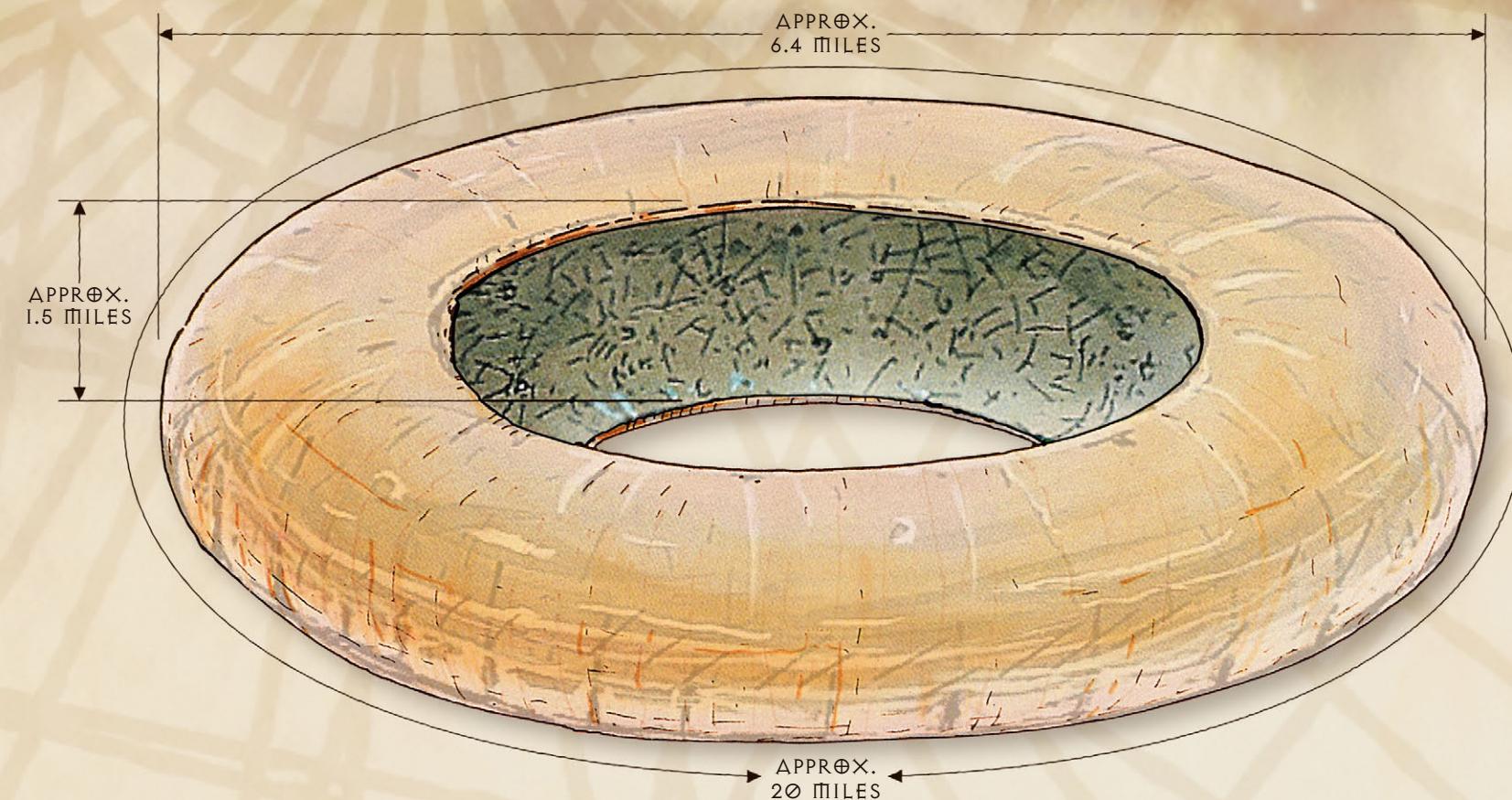


I HAVE PASSED FROM THE OUTERMOST PORTAL TO THE SHRINE WHERE A SIN IS A PRAYER; WHAT CARE THOUGH THE SERVICE BE MORTAL? O OUR LADY OF TORTURE, WHAT CARE? ALL THINE THE LAST WINE THAT I POUR IS, THE LAST IN THE CHALICE WE DRAIN,

SIGIL

CITY OF DOORS



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

THE LADY'S WARD

LOWER WARD

THE HIVE



THE LADY'S WARD

LOWER WARD

THE HIVE



MARKE+ WARD

GUILD HALL WARD

CLERK'S WARD

THE HIVE

WHATAILSUSTOFEAROVERMEASURE,TOPAISSTHETIMOROUSBREATH,O MISTRESSANDMOTHEROFPLEASURE,THEONETHINGASCERTAINASDEATH?

BYTHEHUNGEROFCHANGEANDEMOTION,BYTHETHRISTOFUNBEARABLETHINGS,BYDESPAIR,THETWIN-BORNOFDEVOTION,BYTHEPLEASURETHATWINCESANDSTINGS

↓ SPIKEWARD

↓ DOWNWARD

↑ SPIKEWARD

↓ SPIKEWARD

↑ DOWNWARD

↓ DOWNWARD

↑ SPIKEWARD

O GARMENT NOT GOLDEN BUT GILLED, 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