



THE R'LYEH TEXT

Hidden Leaves From The Necronomicon

There's plenty of transcriptions of Liber Logaeth out there, but none of it's sequel - "The R'Lyeh Text". For this reason I have decided to upload my own transcription of the text, researched, transcribed and annotated by Robert Turner. The text below has been checked and any apparent mistakes or misspellings are present in the original edition (eg. Zkauba being spelled Zakubar).

Phil

Their Hidden Place

I have seen much unmeant for mortal eyes in my wanderings beneath that dark and forgotten city. It is not the splendours of Irem that haunt my dreams with this madness, but another place, a place shrouded in utter silence; long unknown to man and shunned even by ghoul and nightgaunt. A stillness likened to millions of vanished years pressed with great heaviness upon my soul as I trod those labyrinths in terror, ever fearing that my footfalls might awaken the dread architects of this nameless region where the hand of time is bound and the wind does not whisper.

Great was my fear of this place, but greater was the strange sleep-like fascination that gripped my mind and guided my feet ever downwards through realms unknown. My lamp cast it's radiance upon basalt walls, revealing mighty pillars hewn surely by no human hand, where curiously stained obelisks engraved with frightful images and cryptic characters reared above me into the darkness. A passage sloped before me, I descended. For what seemed to be an eternity I descended rapt in contemplation of the grim icons that stretched endlessly on either hand, depicting the strange deeds of Those Great Ones born not of mortal womb. They had dwelt here and passed on, yet the walls of the edifice bore Their mark: vast likenesses of those terrible beings of yore carved beneath a firmament of unguessed asterisms.

Endlessly the way led downwards, ever downwards. The passage of time had fled from my mind, Hypnos and eternity held my soul.

How long, how far had I journeyed? I knew not. Then like one awaking from the dreams of Narcaeus my eyes beheld a door which barred my path. Their Sign was upon it, The Sign which I have seen within the tomb-caverns of Leng, amidst the pillars of Irem, and borne before the idols of cryptic Isnavor. I trembled as I beheld

the dark inscriptions which covered the jaded stone writhe like a thousand hideous serpents, sometimes their reptilian forms darting toward each other as if in conflict, sometimes joining to form creatures of nauseous bulk once more to divide into a twisting host of black serpentine characters.

Before my eyes the door was rolled up as if it were a scroll and I gazed upon the void beyond, where amongst strange stars great darkling forms moved. Like the moaning of a great wind terrible voices assailed my ears with a cry of a thousand souls in torment. The forbidden names of Yog-Sothoth, Cthulhu, Nyarlathotep and a hundred more seared my brain like venomous vitriol. Their minds entered my being and I learned of blasphemous things undreamt by mortal man and of a realm beyond our time and creation where the blind demon sultan Azathoth dwells within the pit of Chaos throughout the countless aeons of infinity.

Then with thunderous roar the stars whirled before me in a great coiling vortex and I was drawn into that nameless abyss like a leaf before the tempest. My screams of terror yielded to merciful oblivion and darkness engulfed me.

I awoke amidst the silent sands of the red desert to behold the great orb of the sun proclaiming the dawn. I arose, and turning to the North set my feet towards Damascus where I, Their scribe, must write my book. For beyond the Pillars of Hercules, dreaming crystals call.

Of He Who Sleeps

Know ye that He has slept death's dream for ages unnumbered; He who has slumbered long before the birth of Man; He who is dead yet waits dreaming: SHALL RISE, and His time draws near. The worm shall not corrupt the corrupted; time is naught to His continuation; the aeons shall not lay waste that which is not of earth's flesh.

In R'Lyeh He dwells, bound in timeless sleep by Those who would hold back the darkness of Outer Hells and stem the fate of Man. Yet the darkness shall prevail, the destiny of Man is sealed and graven.

The stars shall mark the time of His coming, and when the spheres intersect: HE SHALL RISE. Great Cthulhu shall return, and armed with vengeful talons He shall smite the Elder Lords and rend the soul of Man. The earth shall know the night without cease.

His minions dwell amongst you, Beware O Man, they come in servile stealth; like thieves in the night. They heed not Man and his frail gods, blind in the will of their master.

Great Cthulhu sleeps in His house and shapes the dream of what shall me, dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.

My brother Ibn Ghazi saw with the lidless eyes the end of Man's time, yet Their curse denied him the revelation. Ever condemned he suffers the endless torments of the Vaults of Zin. His mouth is sealed up, his tongue severed - nought shall he speak or bewail his tortures - he is headless, the slave of the Shoggoth until the Great Old

Ones fall.

Yog-Sothoth knoweth the Gate through which the Old Ones shall return. When the stars have faded and the moon shines no more, when only dark suns rise and set: Great Cthulhu shall awaken and call from the deep with the voice of a thousand thunders, and the Gate shall be cast open: **THEY SHALL RETURN.**

Lament thy fate O Man, for the earth shall be void and cast for eternity into the abyss of perdition.

IN HIS TOMB AT R'LYEH GREAT CTHULHU DREAMS.

The Seal They have set against Him shall not prevail forever. The folly of mankind shall shatter the Seal: **HE SHALL RISE.**

Man in his unseeing ignorance shall assault the skein which binds his immortality (and know not who guides his hand); he shall rupture the air and oceans with fire, and cover the firmament with the venomous shroud of ancient Cthulhu's shadow.

I, Alhazred, have heard His cry, my eyes have beheld the forbidden Signs, I fear the voice of the night wind - I fear for man.

Ph'hglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh Wgah'nagl fhtan

The Nurturing Of The Cadaver

What hand harvests the soul at death?

What dwells within the tomb after the spirit has departed?

What locks the Gate beneath the serpent's eye?

STANZA I.

He who would possess the hidden power must pay homage to Those of the Void and provide the sustenance of Their being. In ages past They created bodies of flesh and walked the earth and bred diverse life-forms for Their nourishment: creatures of Their design, (some yet continue upon earth) shaped and coloured to serve Their needs.

In the Void They dwell without form; Their mantle of flesh long destroyed, yet Their desire for the essence of matter remains and long unremembered lusts burn with ravenous ferocity.

When life has fled the corpus the fly of Yoth must be encapsulated thus; Make the incision with the Scimitar of Barzai and over the head of the cadaver pronounce the Incantation:

ZECKA-REBUS PRATCHI, RO'KAS

WELBREBOSDOS SATIGOC INRUT, YOTH

IMBRUT, ZECKA-REBUS YOTH! RO'KAS YOTH!

Make the Voorish Sign and burn the Incense of ZKAUBA.

Take up a brand of fire and facing to the West pronounce the words: BELUM OSAS GRIMSAL, BOGAD RITZAS, PEGVIER, LAZOS IMBRUT, ZECKE-REBUS, YOTH!

Strike the brazen gong and as the sound dies from your ears the insect will attend you and enter the wound. The fly will dwell therein for one hundred and ninety days and from its decay shall rise the nine worms of ISCUXCAR which shall gnaw as instructed until naught remains but the essence.

If the Na-hags come forth banish them with the Elder Sign (which they fear greatly) and bar their return with the Amulet Of Iron.

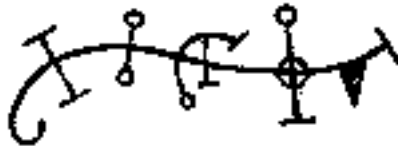
Thus prepared, the essence may be offered to Those beyond for Their appeasement whenever you shall Open the Gate as before taught. (Make the triple genuflection and Seal with the Sigil of Koth at Their coming).

The glittering Powder of Desiccation may be formulated from the remains if pulverised in the day and hour of Saturn and combined with the ochre of the earth, salt and sulphur.

Mummmia can be produced by sprinkling the powder upon any corporeal being.

The Vessel Of Balon

Fashion a vessel in the form of a brazen head. Upon the brow engrave the sigil:



beneath the right eye:



beneath the left eye:



beneath the mouth,



(to the right) and

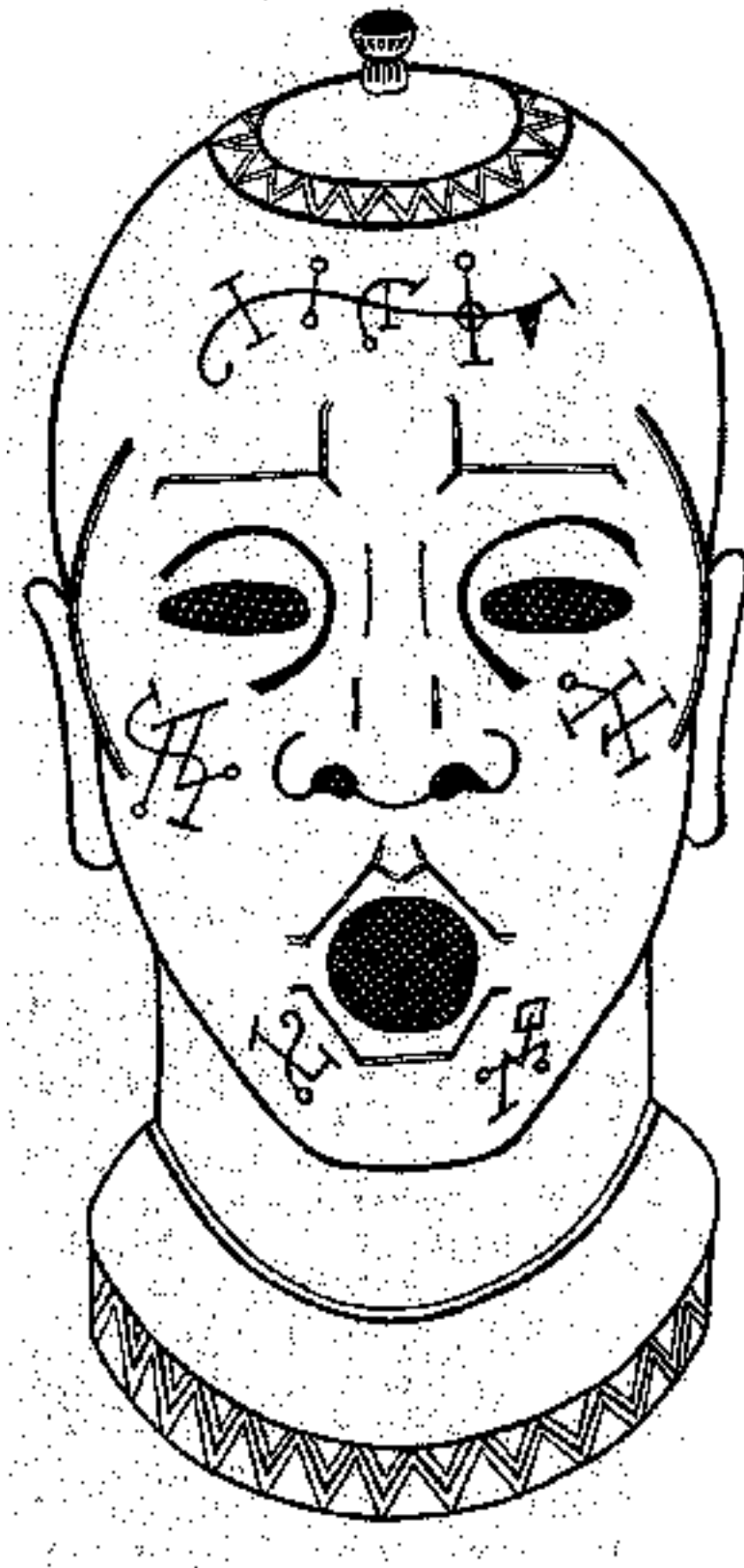


(to the left).

Set the vessel upon a stone engraved with the emblems of great Balon. Last, let the eyes of his vessel be set with obsidian. Seal within the cranium a quantity of the Powder of Ibn Garzi, the metals of the ancient planets and the essence of life.

When the moon is old take the vessel veiled in black to some high place where no man is abroad and turn the countenance to the North. Unveil the head and burn the incense of Zakubar before it. Then you shall call forth five servitors of Balon in His name:

VEDAL, NOCUSA, IBROS, DENAK, ENPROS I call you forth in the name of your Master: Great BALON! Behold your Signs and look upon this image with favour for this vessel awaits you in silence. I evoke you in these words: KADESES YOLMO REEGUS EMIG ORRESSUS DIZZAG, ORRESSUS, ORRESSUS DIZZAG, and by the power of His emblems that I have set before you. I bid you enter this vessel and feast upon the essences you so desire.



The spirits shall appear as a red vapour before the image, and the essences within the cranium shall beckon their lust, and they shall enter through the mouth of the vessel. When they are within make the sign of KOTH and seal up the mouth with red clay (which you have before prepared) saying:

VOLEC DEMAS, ORIS, through this earth you shall not pass. The words have been spoken, the Sign has been given, for as long as I so will it you shall dwell within this vessel I have fashioned with my Art and thou shall give true answers to my demands when I shall have need of you; for Balon your Master has cast you forth from the hosts that serve

Him to be obedient to my will in return for my worship and due sacrifice.

Veil the image with black cloth.

When thou wish to know of anything which is hidden from you in the world of man or realm of elemental spirit - Unveil the head, turn the face to the North, ask what you desire to know and address the image in these words:

"I have fashioned you with my Art,

I have given you life,

Now answer in truth."

(Make the Voorish Sign and burn incense).

The Seals of the Vessel must never be broken for the Spirits will seek to destroy you upon their release.

To Fashion The Ring Of Hypnos

The realm of sleep touches earth's world in many places, but it is beyond the mighty Towers of the West that the dreams of man mingle with the threads of eternity. Only there where thought has form and purple Hypnos rules can a waking man tread the Valley of the Land of Sleep and behold the Web of Minds therein.

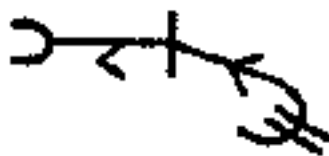
To enter the dreams of another you must know the Names and Sigils of the four Guardians of this realm and possess the Ring of Passage.

The four Guardian Spirits of the Western Portal (through which you must pass) each have names of five letters and diverse characters in which the secrets of their power are locked, thus:

NEMUS:



DACOS:



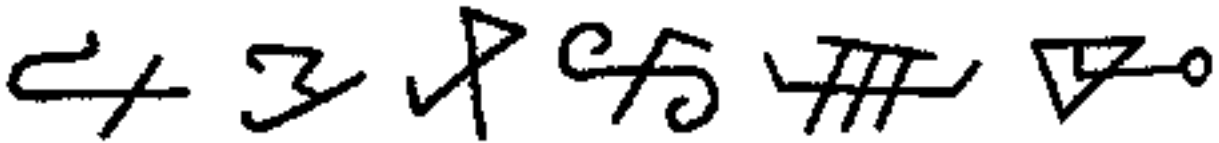
CABID:



LEEBO:



Fashion a ring from virgin silver in the day and hour of Jupiter and engrave upon it these characters:



In the day and hour of Mercury furnish the ring with a bezel of bronze bearing this character:



For one cycle of the Moon expose the Ring to the elements in which time the silver will blacken and the bronze turn green.

In the dark of the Moon write the Names and Sigils of the four Guardians upon the parchment and suffumigate with storax while calling upon the said Guardians in these words:-

Nemus, Dacos, Cabid, Leebo!

I call you forth by your ancient names

Attend me in my work and behold these your symbols!

YAILISBO IBUZOD!

Place the Ring upon the parchment and recite the Incantation in a low voice:

YOBUS RESUSYARTA NEBEE, RISSANUS NEBEE ZHIYA, VEN
REBUSERIC NI ARDAS ARBAOS VANZEE GEREL ZIMPHANSE
NI NEBEE AWENHATOACORO, VEHATH, HAGATHORWOS.

Sprinkle the ring twice with the juice of juniper mixed with the oil of civet and perfume with the Incense of Zkauba, saying:

Nemus, Dacos, Cabid, Leebo

I bind you in these words:

ADULAL! ABUIAL! LEBUSHI!

Let me pass before unhindered

Through the realms of your Kingdom

And let not sleep dim my eyes.

(Make the Sign of Kish)

Place the Ring and parchment within a leaden casket and set it aside for the space of seven days.

When you have need to enter the dream-mind of another, in the hours of night place the Ring upon the second finger of your left hand, turn West and pressing the bezel to your forehead pronounce the four Names upon the parchment and you shall pass in a moment between the Towers of the West and enter the realm of sleep. Speak the name of the dreamer and your minds shall become as one until Morpheus lifts his spell.

The secrets and desires of any an or woman shall be revealed to you through the images of their dreams. Yet, only those who sleep the hours of the night shall be subject to the power of the Ring, for the radiance of the sun utterly destroys it's virtue, and the Key shall be lost - The Spirits are not answerable to a second calling.

The Amulet Of Nodens

The amulet of Lord Nodens is a Shield of Protection against the fiends that walk the night; the demonic adversaries that assail Mankind. Whoever shall bear this Symbol upon his breast shall turn back the legions of darkness until the despoilers of earth return.

When the Moon is in her increase and Orion ascends in the East: Take a plate of purest silver and upon it engrave the image of the Serpent-bat which guards the Gateway of Fire. From the serpent mouth shall issue the tripart Word of Power that none shall speak or know.

On the reverse of the Amulet engrave the asterism of Orionis and within the Symbol of The Hand.

On a night when the stars burn in the heavens and the Sun is in the Sign of the Sea-Goat, turn to the East and hold the Amulet aloft saying:

Great NODENS of the Silver Hand, I call you forth!

Behold the Symbol of your mighty Power!

Open the fiery Gate of your Abode and give life

to this Emblem fashioned by my Art.

See the Name that may not be spoken,

issue from the jaws of your servant -

See the form of your secret place amongst the stars!

I hail you NODENS!

Stretch out your Hand and lend Power to my work

that the Elder Lords may assist me in my time of need.

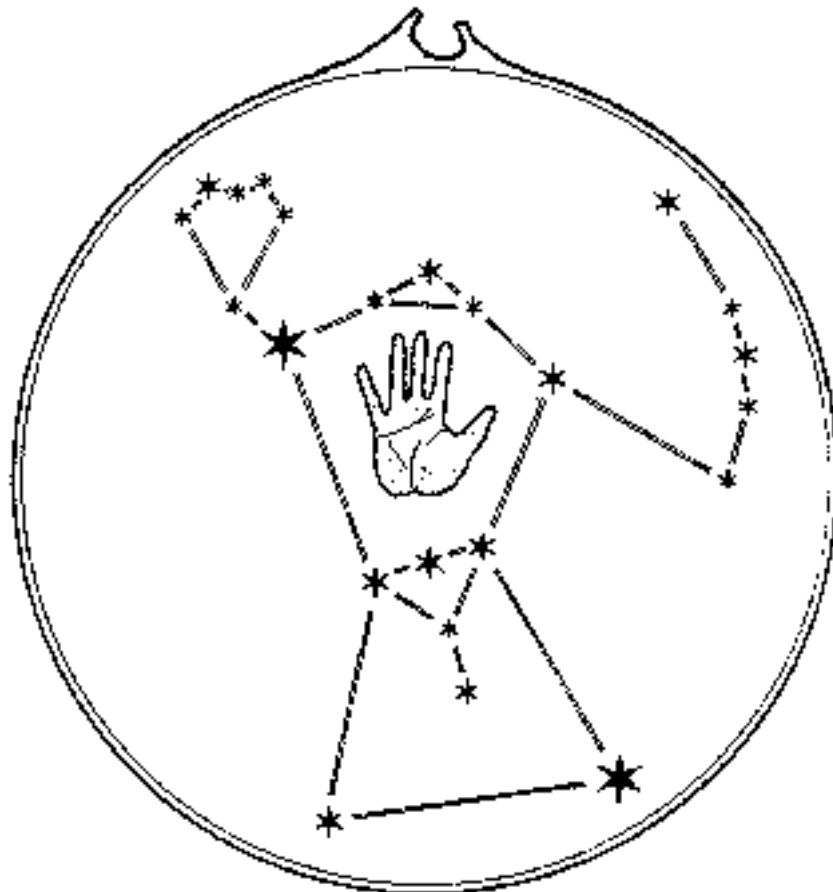
In these Names I call upon your Power:

BABĀDUR, SHUJĀ, GIBBŌR, MURZIM,

BESN, KLARIA, GABBĀRĀ! JABBĀR!

(Make the Elder Sign)

Bow low to each Cardinal Point beginning and ending in the East. Perfume the Amulet with sweet myrrh of Commiphora, wrap in a black silken cloth and set aside until you would make use of it.





Of The Dead Who Rest Not In Their Tombs & Of Attendant And Familiar Spirits

Where in times past the Old Ones have stained the earth with Their curse, the dead shall know not the peace of the grave. From corruption they shall rise bringing forth a race of ghouls; creatures that are not of life or death but dwell in the shadow-world of phantasm.

The corpses of evil sorcerers are buried with their faces downwards and their hands spiked with iron to hinder their return to this world. Yet, some with great power yield not to death or the confinement of the sepulchre and by necromantic art, shape the marrow of their backbones to form terrible serpents or great lizards that feed upon noisome remains and gnaw dark passageways to the world of the living.

There are those that rise from the grave at nightfall and drink the blood of man and woman, sometimes transforming into wolf or bat and other diverse shapes.

The serpent-like lamia and clawed harpies also spread the plague of torment amongst men as they ever lust for the substance of life that has been denied them.

The worm begets the worm and from the decay of the body strange forms come forth.

The dreams of men and women are sometimes troubled by those passionate spirits of nightmare that the ancients have called incubi and succubi; whereof (through carnal congress) races of halflings are bred.

The wastelands are haunted by Afrit and Jinn, Gorgons and many-headed Hydras

abide with the Mi-Go in the great yellow Desert of the North and my eyes have been infected with their evil.

All these beings are easily fascinated and bound to the will of the wizard-sorcerer who knows the ways and rites of the Old Ones. But, beware of those who dwell (dead, yet alive) beneath the ancient sands of Egypt (which I learned of in the house of Khephnes) for their time is yet to come and no mortal hand shall stay their power. They shall return.

Time passes not before the muted idols.

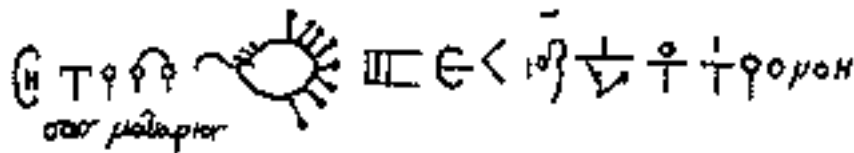
STANZA II.

The Speculum Of Apparitions

To have vision of the conclave of spirits called forth (when not evoked to visible appearance), or commune with the souls of the dead you must prepare a vessel in which their images will be ensnared.

The use of this curious mirror was taught to me by the magician-priests of the Vale of ZURNOS where the Great Night is followed by the Great Day and the Seven Caverns lead to the bowels of the earth.

Take a vessel of crystal glass in the form of the alchemist's retort and set aside. In the day and hour of the Moon (when she is in Her increase) and the Sun in the House of the Scorpion write upon a void parchment the Cypher of the Crab of Zosimos:



and perfume it with musk.

In a great mortar mix together: Betony, Pelitory, Snake-Weed, Elder, Cretan-Dittany of each a like measure; Zedoary, Galangal, Doronicum, Ammoniac, Opoponax, Spodium, Schaeinanthus, Ebony, Bole-Armenick, Mithridate and Must, each of one third part. Reduce all to a fine powder and put them within the alchemist's Pelican or blind Alembick. Add distillate of sea-water to increase the amalgam fourfold. Cover with the parchment and ferment for the space of fifteen days.

Draw off the Quintessence and fill up the before mentioned retort with the Elixir and add a loadstone. Seal up the vessel with red wax and set it on a brazen tripod.

Make the Voorish Sign and speak the Nine Words of Power:

LUSOOM, RENGAT, EEPUS, OMARASY,

ALCUM, DARBUS, NESMONARTIS,

ENPHODDARIBUISEC, EBO!

At sunset for the space of nine days burn sweet incense beneath the vessel and speak

the Words of Power in their order, one upon each day.

The Apparition of the Spirits shall be seen in the depths of the Speculum when you shall call them by your Art, and the souls of the dead shall give true answer according to their nature.

The Visitations Of The Great Old Ones

In metallic stars the Old Ones visit this earth from time to time. And the Lore of the Elder Gods prevails not against this coming; for They walk not the earth in Their forbidden forms.

They visit the skies of the desert lands, high places and desolate regions of the earth and strike fear into the heart of the lonely traveller and all who see Their signs. Yet, no man shall divine Their dark purpose or behold Their countenances, for They travel with great swiftness upon the back of the very wind and tear the fabric of Time's web in Their fury.

The Beast of Night shall foretell their coming.

STANZA III

The Rite Of Transfiguration

Those who would enter the Gulf and yet live must first endure the process of transfiguration. Likewise any that shall continue when the Old Ones return and the earth is cleared off, must take the form of his Masters.

This is the final rite and those who tread this path shall not return to the frame of mortality. His body shall be as iron, his mind shall be one with the oldest and first of earth's Masters; his eyes shall see what no man sees and his shape shall be one with those who walk the dimensions of time.

On a night when the eye of the Star-Dragon dims and the Sun is in the Fifth House with Saturn in Trine enter within the Stones and Open the Gate with the Conjunction and Incantation of Yog-Sothoth. Call forth the Globes by their diverse Names and when They attend you, make upon each coming the Sign of Voor.

Before each of the Stones burn the Incense of Zkauba blowing the Powder of Ibn Ghazi to the Four Winds.

Stand before the Altar facing north and taking the Scimitar of Barzai, trace in the air before you the three boundary beating Sigils:



and utter the great Words of Power:

RENOSORATUNTA! POHOTHON! BASAKUNNAS!

In a loud voice call forth the Lord AZATHOTH in these words:

Great AZATHOTH I call you forth!

Downbreaker of thought and form,

Come to me in Power and clothe me

with the Darkness of Eternity!

Let the Shroud of Nyarlathotep descend upon me

that I shall walk even amongst the stars

and men shall not comprehend my presence.

ZENTO! HEDARBUS! TASAC!

(Make the Sign of Kish)

Cast this mantle of flesh into the mould of the Ancient Ones.

I have called you forth!

I have spoken the mighty Words of your Lore!

My father Yog-Sothoth stands beside the Gate,

and Great Cthulhu calls beneath the waves!

(Make the Sign of Voor)

The thousand-faced moon has risen!

The Dragon's eye dims! Let yours be opened!

Trace the Angle-Web and enter the Gulf by the Formula Dho-Hna and your form shall be one with those without.

The Augury Of Alhazred

The words of this book are the venomous thorns that so torture my spirit and my doom is at hand.

The night is filled with Their cries and the beating of leathern wings. Their hand is at my throat, and though I wear the Triple Talisman upon my breast; the power wanes with each passing cycle of the Moon.

I dare not sleep the hours from sunset till dawn lest with stealthy skill the Charm is torn from me and They devour my soul.

The Oracle of Yebsu has foretold of my destruction: *when day shall be as night, Their power shall prevail.* A man's life is but a cloud that passes swiftly before the face of the moon. Yet, there is an Abyss of Perdition where such oblivion is denied, into which my defiled mind and body shall be cast, to suffer the torments of the damned throughout the countless ages of infinity, devoid of form or substance .

The Omens are amongst the Stars and grim fear strikes into my bones, my time is at an end.

Yet Al Azif shall not perish for it has passed into the hands of another, a Keeper of Great Powers, who dwells beyond the Western Ocean. Through the ages these writings shall endure, concealed from the many, revealed to the few. In the secrets of my book the wise shall find the Key of Salvation - the fool shall unlock the door to his damnation.

In the space of nine days hence, the Sun shall join with the Moon and my fate will be sealed.

When darkness comes at noon and the sands shiver with the wind - I shall be no more.

To the West lies the Cavern of Scrolls,

Where the Brazen Scorpion guards the Forbidden Words.

STANZA IV.

This is the second part of Liber Logaeth.