

*RW NW PRT M HRW* 

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## Chapter One

Term for Death is Final Solution, the beast Final Solution is his; he is forever until his solving in the forcing of Anthropology of the earth the beast is the beast his own solution.

The priests of the 2160 year Reich say this is because of b because of b, c of c, whilst the beast says d is how e works and e, is how f, (g, g), and undermined in their presence, back him away, and declare their pre-eminence, but it is not so, their time is short, and the beast knows this. Therefore the final solution is his, when the Final Solution is forever. They will know and reject. But their death will through the beast and his final solution be forever.

Drawing, edifying, and illustrating, are the acts of those his acolytes. Drawing from the powers aligned, he uses his domination to make Law, and confines of this classic art, all others remain as in their outset unholy. These are the vagaries' of sinful weapons used by the Master against the warrantless people, the artist, the dissembler, the redeemer, the priests; however, he is integral. All integral. Heavy Prophets, but he needs not, for his power establishes itself on the outset as the justification. Analogically he is the song of the people, by which they sing, the code of the imagery, by which they assure meaning, the incarnation, by which they are in awe.

The beast of the chosen, selected of finest sentiment are with all holy power over all black shall see white

The concept of the 3 overlapping mores is basically the 1. Strength to act, or to preserve based upon unwritten but inherent moral principles, which give a referential “ strength” as such as has Aleister Crowley the father of all “Before Hitler was, I am” reflected.

2. True bondage is slavery first and enslavement second, as a proposition of enslavers, its principle a love’s demarcating. The population avails itself lauding. This is an intrinsic value, of itself

3. Self referential, and purpose driven as a placing in a social context, vetting slavery, but qualified through its own ends. First and foremost a teetotaling exhibitionism, for in time would these as strength, and compassion, prestation, and absence, love, and hatred.

The concept of the mores to justify others acting upon reaction rather than real actions as in a stumbling forwards and acting from within to protect itself from its own heterogeneous zones of outward relation.

Each nation stands with geographical proximity to referential provable truths, which is of its own, but revolves around passage through these cycles to engage as doctrine. Thereby making it either false or true. Master or Subordinate.

A nation can be made of these casts, many casts, or one (He) in which the mystery of Killing is revealed. By acknowledging himself he realizes that distances do not bridge in of themselves, and so a God must intercede.

The action which God is actively pursuing as a agenda is Justice, value of acts, defined as **pre eminence**. His agony as his principle agent; he has a mimic similarly subjected to an open form but for the determination of the Law, this is a practicality which surpasses others. It is in this by which a person can become a Killer, by his deductive reasoning. All other considerations are an empty song sung by other relations other than his.

In fact his song is like that which have been sung by other Killers, his acclimatized for this cast of peoples [His]. By acknowledging no God, no proactive socialism, no unbroken stream, a **God Must Intercede**. The semblance of a song, sung by Patriots, propagandized by Patriarchs, pre-established by jurists, and promoted by priests, is the only outcome that is multiples of itself; all others are deathly texts. In the world, the people shall descend into a Godlessness predominated by the pretext and injustice of the web. The lesser is male, but an innocent virulence, not He.

Attainment thereof, distance and supposition and fear relinquish itself to fashion and Mores. The people feeling sufficiently close offer this as a testament. The Great King, he was once a Prince now before their terrible eyes he operates within their confines, passing to and fro from challenge to challenge, the Prince so like his subjects, as he is the Scion, Caesar, Locusta, Scion Caesar Locusta resides in the **eminent** place verifiable to all the insult as a permanent status, meting out the blows. Upon further acquisition, Death the reward.

So far Occidental issues have swept upon the land of all, and entered as a disparaging ruler oblivious to all, towering indisputably, and like the father of Christmas with knowing paternal mirth and assurance. The Occident in its virtues sees the sun reside, whence forth the day began on the other side, whose perspective waned and torn sojourned too long in night now rides to the proper side, to sing the songs of wealth and pride, the Occidental Occident, gold, and azure, sunlit side of all proper tides, the moon shall verily sigh and relinquish up the night to the place of eloquent might. Now Occidental fine its perfect sight the light so soon reapportions night to realize its purposeful right, to claim the dark (sonnenrad) sees fit and lets so die the lands which were and weren't thine.

Much more, further than greater, and less than an iota of amoebic fear the pestilence taken out from origin is called under the this name, should you ever be named! Help is fleeting, and the bane certainly the entirety of the purview of your office. But its greatness so huge as to encompass this sky and not let light escape its success therefore is.

These cases brought before the priest stays upon the lips of the abjurer pauper, so much so as to give unto the court of [He] the head of the innocent fools whose venture is to it tied, a millstone is its love, but hate is its record.

All know this and strike a party pose but not a principality does it hold in truth, all it does is so

stammer, and state others credo's of mice and smaller mice, and rats, but they know full well of what they speak. I call you out. I take you from the grave, born anew from the terrible night into the dawn where masks re shed, and fear of ignorance is the radiant light of overt small law, the law of the beast is stronger.

To wield truth is to make lie beneath headlong alive or dead similarly in precession, we possessing the spirit of the devil, reverse course and make it our process technique of the crown of the King in the wood

A great nation such as is borne of the blessing is simply put the irrevocable. Its essence resides in what it is and who it is, as Grande as all the essences anywhere combined. A small nation cannot be dictatorship to a great nation, its ancestry cannot be borne of its blood, its but to shed and offer its ideal of virtue, The reflection of final judgment escapes it forever, under the auspices of the beast, whose mark it wears, it has been chosen and no matter what derision in lamentation, and easing laughter heaped upon t, then so to advantage I tell you heap upon it mirth and cacophonous mountainous peels of shattering escalating laughter, it will never fall for it is chosen. The heavens reflect it, the light consumed by it, the land, penetrated by both its darkness, its circles, and its perfunctory swastikas, and it is ravished by its cycles, and it in turn suffers its image of the lord of the wood, it is its virulence and its sacrifice is content to die under it,

and its brotherhood is its sacrifice, for it is chosen it is  
the Law.

Forever, you come to me  
Promising feelings, conjuring laws  
As all is a burning searing vein to open  
Did you ever love me, in my sacrifice  
The dawn was fleeing, just then a star broke in  
In fleeing fast from the night's masks your remarks were  
vile

Everyone, every child, every song of angels say this  
night  
Stay with me, to state my name before your halls  
Everyone, all every single fall if in the day remember the  
night  
Was it the use of such forms which make them true and  
fair  
In the harsh word's dream words, false world, oh night

I could not believe, aghast I plunged my venom  
My heart pounded brave, my soul danger  
To die, embrace friends leave for edifying heraldry  
Do you know me my name revealed  
A vision so sacred of fire and misery  
The greatest of all gatherings assembled to bring down

But we stand on our parallel shores our judgment is this  
mystery

Crass, obsessed, dominating, pure, stars' suns  
Spirits' damned souls returning for lust!  
Rending flesh away and so an ear I lend all cause  
To be the avatar of he, the minister of punishment  
Metered out as an enemy and crowned animus gerent.  
It was hate, love, vengeance: just, true power, your call  
your cause

Let them come, let them break, the machine let is wreck  
Fall upon the ebb of the world, its tear falsely shed  
I and you your one me alone, separate free  
Lost in the canopy and star and frolicking in the dread  
So unlike the fools who know us, the imitating wisps of  
sooth  
There are none better at lies than me  
There is none equal to the tasking of your truths

He stands broken on the seas into a million lands  
His mighty desire shakes the foundation of their world  
Emptying his wisdom fast, to conquer thirst  
The blood his drink, his magic unfurls  
There are none, no other, never before tomorrow  
wisdom, not its earth

Unbound, and entreating fire, answers sex with death,  
desire it is  
My feelings for you are this, lies venom on the world, its  
oceans piss

Gorge at my anger, honour my wisdom 28800 years  
Has this been tortured wretched from my purity  
Know this now and ache with me under the fire of the  
great beast  
I enter into thee, and along with you  
I feel you die and being reborn anew  
Take it and kill, it, let it be degraded and appreciated  
From your desire, your power, your carnal magistracy

Help my ignorance I've loved you for a long time  
Just when my eyes begin to open I've fallen in line  
With this knowledge, a salubrious disguise  
Protect me and tell me things I know  
Can't get to me for I need to grow  
These things a peal of light and train of thunder  
Carnage of conscience or perhaps an intra-meaning

It said I am revealing  
Help me I want to die here wearing this mask  
Where the dawn breaks cold  
All that was delusion is the illusion which names me  
Kill me I am not worth it  
Or maybe more that you can afford  
I've risen on the wine I'm high, but I'm wise

Say ME

Tell me all these things yea world was made for me

I am the child of this beast

The machine is great IM the machine

Tell me, lay me Oh yea, all that evermore

I'm coming at you for you, and in the end flying

But never seen more, for I am I am

I was flying to Venus one moment she was here

How the light was dark, but revealed all the truths

Her amazing call of my name, I am the black flame

I'll never burn you Oh I'll touch you

And speak to you, sing your perfect name

I'm so forever, I'm death, but I deliver

The flames from the abyss in your forbearance

And manifest all these multiple themes

All which you can't understand

This is my name, together our flame, our game

Yea well, enough for you to tell

Yea die from the death which speaks and makes others  
act

Is it superstition, How safe are you

Then die

Having kept these, and assimilated all form

Gladly to rejoice, and succumb to a narrative

What excuse arises from your blade of shame sham

Glee and rancour in a solemn membership; excellent  
Imperative

How can reason answer, but action take quick  
Into the dust of a memory, commemorative  
Memorial, sorrow base

I would not answer with a plan, nor offer instinct  
Neither. I would with absolute knowledge conform  
To shape the reason is my shape in form to it to illicit  
But rather tear into the gorge of eviscerated  
Letting, the blood run by and say no more, nor no ink

When has it, the work been preferred, enough  
Purloined

The ensign of existence, and excess of access, extent  
My simple work, was a thought, my crudeness  
Seemed a fine case

Either upon its face your form, performed an  
Eloquent absence

No figuring, nor excuse, finality, finishing, granting,  
Quantifying, rejoin

The army of fallen angels whose choir does more,  
Over all and all do advance

This day, to abjure and joy of peers are final God in  
Death

Doesn't this appeal and say, rather than act with  
Sacrifice and death

Out to the economy of ecology and anthropology of  
Mind and enjoin

I have, and you have not, seen so I am and you are  
To be an outcome Germaine to me, in the afternoon  
Of reason's depart  
To chase it down, find a cause, so close that  
Distinctive art  
Is bloody clause, and cause of art, a relation impart  
In sequence a cause indeed, has it close the life and  
Start  
To repeat a dying selection, which words deathly  
Heart  
Accomplishes to speak, with art of dying causes of  
Art  
Speaking to you in relevant notion of a lifeless art



## Chapter Two

Jointly the time says lay to waste; and you are  
A waste of time, lest the sorrow is the joy and calms  
You will see me arrive disguised, in frightening stars  
But go away, and see me contemplate like the  
    Transmutator of daemons alms  
You say, I love to hear you whisper to me frightening  
    Songs: beware  
My love for you is a joke that's so wrong  
You within the bowels of despair seduce me with  
    Despair  
Far more than with your approaches ne'er  
You should succumb, and stay long  
Like a prayer, a prayer, offer doth to me beware!  
My memory of you is fleeting fleeing fleeing fast  
Until the mourning of the morning star arises and  
    Conceals seeming  
Are you a jester in the nights day way of the next and  
    That  
You wished it to claimed it too all this and dying,

### Screaming

Let go of me my love is leaving leaving you your crass  
Blithe of seeing being believing screaming sacrificing  
And all the while hiding did you see the fruit cling to the  
Asp  
Whose sinuous body slithering speaking did tempt you  
Come back  
And take of me the memory memories dying in the past  
Fleeing  
Till all there was left was me leaving you returning to  
Reclaim it all back

Together we're a part of this  
Together coming from our minds  
Like you had solemnly wished  
That my hand would so in love in kind  
You were much more erudite than this  
Your reasons a lust entwine  
To challenge you about this wish  
And vanish out of your sight  
This was the only love which  
I offered you tonight  
In this mourning morning which  
You died to say only right  
My path a bait and switch  
I cannot say right never right  
Along a careening morning glimpse  
And left again to destroy your mind  
You're mine mine mine

This is this and right is wrong  
But you will die die die  
Let it bridge this dying wish  
But it shall never reconcile

Who would dare ask of you to claim awareness  
Of mysteries far beyond you febrile grasping  
Should such an act be performed in the wilderness  
Such as a hunter or animal hungry tearing  
You are a weak fumbling neophyte enchantress  
Whose kingdom is flesh and never reaching  
Who would, enter into contract with that such valueless  
As this it would be best if it was bleeding  
Yet, for the sake of a simple kindness or kiss  
As a lawyer who offers a retention remonstrating  
Anything would be bought, made listless  
Before the outrage of society when it's beseeching  
But these are laws which are far more of interest  
To those whose dominion such as a master knowing  
The usage is kindness put into practice  
To illicit from its mine a hue-less intertwining

Never to life enter to betray the life  
You would like to sit beside his power, his throne Death!

Like this dagger, possessed through his politicians  
A law like a religion, and sacrosanct as this thing's Death!

Me, Lord of night, Lord of symbol, lord of song and  
dance

The ever entreating but consummately always  
advancing never retreating, meaning Death!

Take this book, and see within it, the elements of the  
mystery of the beast and claim them as verifiable. His  
immanent representation is before you, his imminence  
to take hold of you, the secret of his sun as his own, is  
to you to take if you dare and make thus all yours.

Hold, divide, parse, and change its order of power.  
Utilize its elements of truth and make your Kingdom,  
draw its power, and raise a throne. Change all order of  
power. Use it as example and scimitar, might, and  
horror, send it to them, and look at them who serve  
these examples, look at them as they have faith in God,  
if they dare to look at you. Divide, conquer, tear, break,  
and wreak havoc. Destroy one nation, raise another,  
condemn who was once and forever put in their place a  
more favoured overseer, for others or yourself, for your  
God, or for the Master

If ever you should presume the aperture;

Approach in uncertainty causes-yet die

As the color red

My friend's color of red follows closely by its end

So impure

Red which is their view to make their love dead

Succinctly attest to yourself the process of Enumerance

Commit to the authority immanence of black impure,  
derivation of light but most common light holy light,  
hue-less light

Here should drink the flesh and subsume its essence  
In vengeance pure, not reason simply a black act  
That through it, originates absent light, untouched by  
Proper sacrifice

Purposely driven like snow, impure, a deceitful fact  
Reassembling the love of life its cause of remembrance  
The act of vengeance has strategic plans  
It's beautiful mythos oh glorious yellow  
Like a vengeful prophet, thou shalt die  
Of your own purity, like Christ's yellow

**My color red, is the color in your eye-your life**

Into the miller's churn, sing the anthem of the twins  
Whose anger you have, and whose axis is so: Death!

Your ally is a time approaching, no more pain  
But certainly his song will confound---there will be  
Death!

But if you wish to know life, make your own rhythm  
Not the breast of an alliance with thee to start my  
Death

Enter Enter Enter into the hymnal the final union  
The revelation of the season, and his terror Death

Vengeance upon the oppressors who never said a thing  
But their solemn ignorance of Death!

Yes it will, intricate absolution  
His name, a great law, his love as permanent as Death

Your empathy.....as an opportune predator  
Neither his guide, his force, or his stealth or! Death!

43

By this imitative man  
And raise the Red Dragon, plumage rebirth  
The Phoenix of Tales, of man coerce  
To force the story  
Ply the parable  
Vex the myth  
Break the secret

18

The people can believe in me if they wish  
Or they can lose their souls common shared experience  
With eyes towards brave skies retina lied see blue ries  
That melt into one harmony in spite  
Of a million tears of other Gods

I am a serial killer  
I lie and pretend my hours are grand  
I exemplify mortal man  
And live forever upon my stand

9

It said I am revealing  
Help me I want to die here wearing this mask  
Where the dawn breaks cold  
All that was delusion is the illusion which names me  
Kill me I am not worth it  
Or maybe more that you can afford  
I've risen on the wine I'm high, but I'm wise

“The song of the cry of the angel’s fright of demons  
Feast, vigil, menstrual minstrel, musically, evilly”

22

Of Satanic manipulators  
Sworn to unleash the devil  
With none of the fiends Grande eloquence  
I be not a Satanic worshipper  
But science is my game  
And seal are my trade

I founded man upon the strand  
Of a whisper of a star  
And the time came to this  
And recuseth not my eloquence

I take thy priests and make  
Christ flesh and blood before them  
And they quiver and they quake  
And throw off their holy water

57

Fast he must elude his prey  
And faster still his enemy  
As upon the steed of power his law  
Should disembark—throw him to baser  
men  
Fast fast to escape  
Before the task becomes too great  
At speeds as I this work  
The universe all wilt traverse  
Thwart thine masters—count thine verse 33

41

On this famous day of their refutation  
The Day of 25 December that they killed the light, where it  
    Was born  
That the waters should bear them not in harmony  
But in crazy song of their own scripture  
So now count, and head from here  
Counter their earthly power and embrace the heavens  
Which demarcate them and theirs from their mark  
That this be also his mark upon them  
Since the garden argued beseechingly, to be her intercessor  
For woman is impudent, through her, counterfeit  
Made God's Law, Man's Law

23

I sit astray my boat  
My shield my anthem blows  
I call and call and whisper song  
That falls upon my eloquence  
I am not a dotty Free Mason  
Neither a knight in slaying  
My power is not a Red Serpent  
Nor hesitate in laying

15

Suck my ass suck my ass  
From this sold never need to ask  
Saw you coming with a hard on  
To the hell light restrict of Bombay  
Sub sight leaflet of Bombay  
Read life Hell spirit of Bombay  
You're not getting to  
heaven  
Fucking priest

Fact Fact Fact  
There is such a place to act  
As the Red light district of Bombay

*“Part of it, perhaps, was nothing more than an instinct for self-preservation. In a world where Christian sensibilities are routinely and pervasively mocked*

*“ What I was really hanging around for, I was trying to feel some kind of a good-by. I mean I've left schools and places I didn't even know I was leaving them. I hate that. I don't care if it's a sad good-by or a bad good-by, but when I leave a place I like to know I'm leaving it. If you don't, you feel even worse” ridiculed or hauled into civil courts.....,”*

62

That though the stars have fashioned thee  
Into the tales of strongmen  
Compare thyself and mold her, the Goddess  
Into the coiffure form of the render of stone  
See your counterpart--Medusa

3

I could not believe, aghast I plunged my venom  
My heart pounded brave, my soul danger  
To die, embrace friends leave for edifying heraldry  
Do you know me my name revealed  
A vision so sacred of fire and misery  
The greatest of all gatherings assembled to bring down  
But we stand on our parallel shores our judgment is this 100  
Mystery

All that were and weren't hate  
Love is hate and destroy in death

Keep, hold, lower, invest a solemn first  
The 2<sup>nd</sup> born kills so death

56

Experience is limited knowledge, knowing thereby  
Nothingness,

Seduces all without concern; this brute, the Satyr,  
    Enjoying her  
Howls like a Jackal, and calls knowledge out, and stands it  
    On its head  
This her mystery of the cycles, her lie made empire,  
Disregarding innocence, her theft, her counterfeit.

And spoke of fact and truth and harmony  
And concealed not yet was wise  
That one may make a difference in life  
That fools speak about many things  
And God is one all describing  
Yet forsaken the tale lose its weight  
And no man ever be able to relate  
To thwart thine master be like him yet count thine verse

51  
See how Love is made the calling card  
Of Martyrs and Prophets who speak in their blood  
And Die  
At last Die  
See the lonely crimes call out  
And take you deep into the hidden place where your love  
Has been allowed to hide away

*“Something is stirring...  
Oh, indeed, something is stirring, and it is splendid  
The darkened perspirantly propeted  
Amorous imperious, gluttonly envious, primly’”*

*----The snake before the temptation of the counterfeit*

24

As we pass forthwith into age  
Of transit upon spring and summer  
The ageless rule of ours is spent  
And returneth we once again

To mock the vicissitudes of faith  
And ether any expense forsake  
To barter with this time divine?  
Yet this be denial that which is mine?

12

Rape ravish suck my ass  
Sticking needles so to laugh  
Like a Eunice abscessed jack  
Off an the red-light district of Bombay  
Where are your priests Mother

Theresa  
Father Murphy from St. Peters

8“Help my ignorance I’ve loved you for a long time  
Just when my eyes begin to open I’ve fallen in line  
With this knowledge, a salubrious disguise  
Protect me and tell me things I know  
Can’t get to me for I need to grow  
These things a peal of light and train of thunder  
Carnage of conscience or perhaps an intra-meaning”

33  
For years they were able to escape into your ranks  
And speak their foul mistaken songs  
The Dragon has come from far off lands  
And spoken its words  
And fire is in the dragon’s mouth  
The Ages of Gold  
Have been preserved and the Kings  
Of The East speak as one  
This is the Gold of the Dragon  
Protected, far flung, dispersed

The Kingdom Of God is all places the servants have gone  
Increased the coin, disseminated the song  
And sung not, but cursed with base profanity  
To not redeem with coin  
But to return to the master what was already there  
Fear the Dragon  
For much less do you know of him  
Than he knows of thee  
And so herein count after the present bark  
The number as designed  
For in these pools harkening to the birth of the Son  
Virile are the verbs of the Master  
Sol Invictus calls to refute the powers of they that usurp in  
name and collar Mark the date and see the true power of the  
heavens! As it counters their lies

14

Down by the corner  
An the halls of schools sanctuary  
Where is your church  
What are your lies  
Is this your act  
Eunuch of snatch

Again again again  
Over and over  
Reincarnate thyself holy priest

Syringe fucker I can do better

When you're dead  
Your fucking dead

How many saints fit into Yankee stadium  
One miracle at a time  
That is the crime  
600 million raised in one lifetime?

25  
Or will it so to make it thine?  
As hordes pass into abjured test  
Of what this contest end nigh  
In the very midst of duress

Of argument so then  
This lie for thy judgment

2  
Everyone, every child, every song of angels say this night  
Stay with me, to state my name before your halls  
Everyone, all every single fall if in the day remember the night  
Was it the use of such forms which make them true and fair  
In the harsh word's dream words, false world, oh night

*“Ah, yes. Fr. Relativity. Sr. P.C. Unimpressed with the actual documents of the Second Vatican Council, they’ve been flying for thirty years on the so-called “spirit” of Vatican I....”*

19

I've seen lords and fallen man  
Of Satanic manipulators  
Sworn to unleash the devil  
With none of the fiends Grande eloquence  
I be not a Satanic worshipper  
But science is my game  
And seal are my trade

I founded man upon the strand  
Of a whisper of a star  
And the time came to this  
And recuseth not my eloquence

1

Forever, you come to me  
Promising feelings, conjuring laws  
As all is a burning searing vein to open  
Did you ever love me, in my sacrifice  
The dawn was fleeing, just then a star broke in  
In fleeing fast from the night's masks your remarks were vile

28

So marked then are thee in times  
Whence quiet conjuration  
Shouldst thou craft wonder and in conclusion  
All vastness of God's creation  
That thy hast in hate limited  
What was designed and deigned uplifted

37

And Holy  
As they are Pious  
As also they are Righteous  
As they are forgetful of their transgressions upon the Son Of  
Man  
Making, destroying Heavenly, hellish and truth: lie  
And Holy

As they are Pious  
As also they are Righteous  
They are forgetful of their transgressions upon the

52

Or  
Contest ever the reason and rhyme that you have made  
To stand without works before you speak  
Of this strange Pantomime  
In contrast to bold acts and brash talk  
And feelings of tearing and feelings of love  
Oh never such intrigue as the greatest deceiver has been  
Made stone from clay  
And mineral from air and water  
To soften the bright daze and render thus  
Your breath ever so more  
To this earth to sacrifice for immediate cause  
Oh interests be the coin of the day  
Oh strength be drawn from this thought this heart this  
body

Right as tomorrow, wrong as a dream  
Forced anew to be taken through death

Mysterious and lending a hand to science  
Nothing more than the exactness of it: death

The shape of the general made precise...die  
His illustration is his rightly powerful death

Then so be it then destroy  
Death, and give it death

The preparations of the code of law  
Revealing codified death

26

Perusal in repose of springly airs  
Without care  
Is thy heart predisposed  
To wonder at the drawn bow  
Of Diana or Orion pleased  
That hounds shall bale and bond entreating?

4

Crass, obsessed, dominating, pure, stars' suns  
Spirits' damned souls returning for lust!  
Rending flesh away and so an ear I lend all cause  
To be the avatar of he, the minister of punishment  
Metered out as an enemy and crowned animus gerent.  
It was hate, love, vengeance: just, true power, your call your  
cause

“But it is the miracle of the upcoming death! Which night, in  
steel, and breadth of breath. Seducing to lie, and lies in life  
alive? It life! Spurring the night, nice, horribly loathingly,  
permits, insists”

-----The saint before the offering

27

The fallen grow thy soul heavy  
A for soothe to admit in thy company  
The souls of the punished vastness  
Hast thine left to chance or villainy  
This deed commit or offer entreaty?  
To avarice under the hanging tree  
Of usurpation or apostasy

39

Lest they should be drowned in the flood anew  
That they should fear the manifest before them; for  
are they not false? As per a song, so heard  
They would befall the fate  
Of the song so sung  
By angels and innocent children

(HAIL THE BRIGHTEST OF THE FACES OF GOD,  
HAIL THE BRIG OF ANGELS)

That utter dates and times to come  
And fear the pools of uncertainty

See in their midst all that is refutation; for is it not for  
them to say "we are saved by faith of doctrine"  
That they counteth their process equal to God's  
Yet avoid his containment of their waters; for have they  
elemented authority by chosen words, rather than  
anointing work  
Placid are they till the sour waters of their inequity,  
unmarked as regents upon an unread world  
That deny lest the day should reveal itself

(HAIL THE BRIGHTEST OF THE FACES OF  
GOD, HAIL THE BRIGHTREST OF ANGELS)

64

I have spoken outwardly and thundered across the scene  
The memory collected and this thought never germinate  
Except that thou hast spied and bought from others  
power

35

And lest all be clear and obvious  
They would open up their hearts and of 25920 measures  
Has it been decreed by design that they would so measure as  
They are Judged  
That they would so Learn  
As they were Taught  
And  
Teach  
As they would  
Teach  
And lest all be clear and obvious  
They would open up their homes  
And seclude

29

For truly angels would descend  
To weep for thee and by your side  
For your demise even if they'd rejoice

At shame finding improper course  
So as in age of bounty fall  
Deeper than “avast!” so to call?  
The time by which earth's age so fall  
Under the command of the truth

47

The time steadfast as the man, repetition of the father, and end  
result of the court  
Such sow then set in the sky  
This nettle of sloth woman scrye  
This motley Dragon, and contrast  
In elixir, fertilize the land  
By the ungiver if man  
And raise the snake, so scales, unbirth  
The death, of lore, of beast, unearth  
To tempt the happening  
Wretch the example  
Placate the fact  
Hermeticise it back  
To transcend natures border\set  
All impediments of science\punish  
All contravention of man or his rule\foul  
Who shall justify the father  
In the land where law is corrupt malefaction  
The answer or, the bringer of light  
Rebellion, or grantor  
Let the court's assemblages descry

The arguer and the passersby  
And subsequent render points irresolute

54

Some far off place where she is not  
And assume there the cause of prophets and martyrs  
Who speak and no one hear  
And yet do not die for all here  
Have been given planes upon which forms  
Hard and soft  
Or easy and difficult  
Hear how they attest no more and no one cares.  
For here are they not all the same  
All the same breed  
And point to divine right to choose

“Upon an argument before greater forms  
Strange spooky action takes hold, that argument; love  
Seen that the intercession was made, was for man’s  
Freedom over beast”

42 The Judge Of The Seven Red Hills

To transcend nature's borders  
All impediments of science  
All contravention of man and his rule

The time has guile of Fox  
Power of wolf, and quality of birds  
Such then, prick from the ground  
This mettle of work, man confound  
This snake red, and camouflaged  
In blood, so ravish the land

34

Yes it has been decreed by design that they would so Judge as  
They would open up their homes  
Has it been decreed by design that they would?  
So Judge as they are Judged  
They are  
Judged  
That they would so  
Learn  
As they were  
Taught  
And Teach

As they would  
Teach

53  
Her recall her  
And die  
Wretched form  
Before wouldst thou take planes of vision  
And fashion them to war  
And warrior accoutrements  
Proffer your wares someplace else

“With their, insolent tongues, remembering young  
As vein as vain as Lilith, across the stream  
O thought dissimilar girl. Similar woman, unequal”

58

As his age transpires to unfold  
His own doom upon mans youthful  
follies  
Unveil the mask of the true body  
Of man before he is slain

**49**

That you  
Should stand and inquire  
As love is waiting at the gates  
This moment turns the hour  
And the time is passing late  
As you should stand and see  
Watch the time allow  
At the starting gate  
Watch her face  
And her body move upon the scene  
See this train this curse  
And all her metals' work  
Burnished in ovens O' fire  
And her arms and legs of clay  
Pass through the fiery gaze  
Of disappointed methods and mysterious forms—  
Unknown  
But to the choicest confabulator  
See  
She says, that you are precious too her

Fashioned as you are  
In Raiment's' Gold ever watching  
Her more  
Move  
Move upon this scene and see  
And move  
To the floor of the waltzes  
The stars in her orbit call

“Their looks are sheepishly deep  
Protectingly funny, warpingly to entreaty  
Quicksand, and entrappingly, the quickest of Hell’s  
Deacons”

55

It fabricates and enjoins, endlessly, repeatedly; erroneously,  
This beast, shows only to those whom it deigns corrupt,  
An, whence it providentially succumbs to coarse base impetus  
Allow entry into this representation, a low mind, whose sole  
Derivative

5

Let them come, let them break, the machine let is wreck  
Fall upon the ebb of the world, its tear falsely shed  
I and you your one me alone, separate free  
Lost in the canopy and star and frolicking in the dread  
So unlike the fools who know us, the imitating wisps of sooth  
There are none better at lies than me  
There is none equal to the tasking of your truths

*“Others, like Peggy Noonan, who is the very-model-of-the-modern- Catholic-laity, suggested that ‘with this homily, Ratzinger has just become Pope!’”*

31

That upon finding the most adverse strength  
In verse only simple recourse left  
To say that which without trick be bereft  
Of the most important of essence  
That man's ears hear it not  
Concavous as is as  
As the red snake.  
Unfolding itself  
A lineage of brothers none divided  
Yet united in tale

That unfolds their precious circuit  
To entrap and be the serpent  
And see carved upon the tree  
Words of blasphemy  
The red serpent hisses and bites and sneaks  
Unto the crevices of thine body  
And politic squander in the end  
Its cause uplift rather; small men expend

48

Changes nothing advantage but law of laws of itself in itself for  
itself and in its own

Lest it burn its fingers of the snake and scales  
The Tale of the tale of the Tale  
Revealed  
What was it knowest all great scribes  
Hathor returneth thus the eye

(HAIL THE BRIGHTEST OF THE FACES OF GOD,  
HAIL THE BRIG ANGELS)

“The song of the cry of the angel’s fright of demons  
Feast, vigil, menstrual minstrel, musically, evilly”

38

And Holy

As they are Pious

As also they are Righteous

They are forgetful of their transgressions upon the Son Of  
Man Making, destroying Heavenly, hellish And truth, lie

And all this for to increase their orbit

Their dominion... their dominion

That their final point should be their

Finer point;

And their process, abstract

Their finer points, principle, and deep into the pools

And abstract, their view of heaven

And the heavens the Dragon

For the Devil sends the Beast with Wrath for he knoweth  
the time is short

And so is the Dragon: the knowledge of

Their dominion, temporal

As it is limited

And eternal, as it is

Definite

65

The schemes from the temple know my designs and protect  
you. Their process laden with heavy desirous proffering

And their empty jest wrapped in tales of rural naiveté

This is lost upon you but their interests is manifold they  
increase. In your name, in your stand, in your ancient story

10

Say ME

Tell me all these things yea world was made for me

I am the child of this beast

The machine is great IM the machine

Tell me, lay me oh yea, all that evermore

I'm coming at you for you, and in the end flying

But never seen more, for I am I am

21

I am not a dotty Free Mason

Neither a knight in slaying g

My power is not a Red Serpent

Nor hesitate in laying

For cause of thine bare breast

Neither so forsook I the rest

Of cause upon a cups mantle  
The coat of arms sworn to

Bring forth the fire of days rot  
And the flames yet feel not  
This journey bridge gaps in time  
As upon lands divide

“The prince of inequity  
Rose and thorn  
    To see the asp of the maiden  
    Hyman shorn, rose and horns  
I am the one! Whom else  
Scabbard and sceptre!  
    To be who else remains and reigns  
    Roads embarked never change  
Once down this path no other oppresses  
Inequitable that”

39  
Deep as the trenches of the Marian  
So hideth truth from eyes unrepentant  
That singularity be of idioms

And idioms domain be by isolation  
The bounds unfettered to speak  
And cast down low, forever so burn devoid;  
thine idea spurned  
Shouldst thou of this gem be remembered for the singing  
Or for thy words' trolling upon mad choir bringing

13  
Asshole asshole ass hole suicide mothers maggot  
Aborted papal  
Enunciate light in dark  
If the red-light district of  
If the red-light district of Bombay  
Where are your prayers  
Questions asked  
Never stop tormenting your fucked middle  
Villain abscess  
Up your crack  
Never ask what about that Red light district of Bombay

All that were and weren't hate  
Love is hate and destroy in death

Keep, hold, lower, invest a solemn first  
The 2<sup>nd</sup> born kills so death

Purposed is it that his awareness  
Pesuasion his opposite true to death

Careening juncture dying edifice threshold  
The absolute spirit of a deadly death is death

Now finalize and immortalize his dream  
The vision of invented lastly first death

6

He stands broken on the seas into a million lands  
His mighty desire shakes the foundation of their world  
Emptying his wisdom fast, to conquer thirst  
The blood his drink, his magic unfurls  
There are none, no other, never before tomorrow wisdom, not  
    Its earth  
Unbound, and entreating fire, answers sex with death, desire it  
    Is  
My feelings for you are this, lies venom on the world, its  
oceans piss

46

That the true power is to kill  
The Grande revealer and his will  
That he should transgress the borders set  
And banish all forever yet  
These borders natural taken to advantage  
In the works  
interpretive, to  
complete their  
assemblage In  
their form,  
incomplete,  
disunited unheard  
But to limit his reign coerced his words  
In limit fashion all their worth  
And upon an artificial border  
Inspire his paltry blooded order  
And relinquish humanity up to death

To kill the Snakes before their scribes transgress  
The "one in the candlesticks" who is also the light

36

Upon official procession and as they Hang  
They would so Hang together.

That they would Grant  
And be  
Granted  
And  
Banished  
As they are  
Banishing  
To make the  
Heavens their  
Dominion; rather than  
God's  
Against the  
One who has brought light into the world

(HAIL THE BRIGHTEST OF THE FACES OF GOD,  
HAIL THE BRIGHTEST OF ANGELS)

Sendeth they through this authority death  
Martyrs who cling to finer points  
And do not dissuade falseness to grant to do what they  
wilt shall be the whole of the law

16  
I am a serial liar  
I was told to educate; but I was contrary  
They told me things I couldn't reveal  
I am a priest.  
Doubt thee my faith

How certain as the length by which my faith  
Alleviate alleviate sins of times wasted  
Communicate communicate  
Times used for a fashion  
Excommunicate excommunicate  
Strange thoughts unheard of yet in kind

I am a serial liar, I lie to get by  
The following is my secret prayer

11

I was flying to Venus one moment she was here  
How the light was dark, but revealed all the truths  
Her amazing call of my name, I am the black flame  
I'll never burn you Oh I'll touch you  
And speak to you, sing your perfect name  
I'm so forever, I'm death, but I deliver  
The flames from the abyss in your forbearance  
And manifest all these multiple themes  
All which you can't understand

40

That utter dates  
And fear pools  
See in their midst

That they counteth (consume?)  
Yet avoid  
Placid are they  
That deny day

*“But part of me hopes they will stay. Part of me hopes they will go on retreat somewhere, someplace where the chapel is not stocked with new-agey celestial gooeyness and no one really gives a hoot who they are, and that they spends a week lying prostrate before the Baphomet -practicing, instead of speaking - perhaps finding what they has lust of, reclaiming an magnificent beasts about which they may have forgotten. My puppet and I disagree about things. He is much more center-left (but profoundly political) and I am much more center-right, and he disagrees with me that there will be a schism, a breaking away of dissatisfied, disaffected Satanists, who are simply so in love with the rites and the glamour that they cannot bring themselves to orgy, anymore. They don’t think it will happen. I don’t see how it will not. But that’s ok. The Beast is moving. He is thorough and leaves nothing lie.*

*Today I received an email from a nice gentleman who said, “I’m coming back to the Arcadium, and your books are helping.” That is lovely, and I am so glad he is coming back to feast, but I wrote to him: “It is not me; it is the snake. He is at work among us. He is ravishing us, one body at a time.” And if the Master is moving us to sacrifice, and to the Beast, who can stop her his avatar, his puppet, him? Who would*

*want to? Before the In the abode of the werewolf, where the satyrs find the maiden, and the witch reveals her manifest, all to bring her to the court of Lycaon and the verfel lve transits into man.”*

50

And see how lonely the masters are  
Their sway sees in their paramount view  
The Circus pass and ever increase  
The form of her mineral wealth  
Granite as the perspicacity  
Which can see but not enjoin

See how the players talk  
Of sordid reasons

17

"I scathe souls that uplifted by in heavens reach  
without me, even thro' the path of science and  
uncertainty, my faith shall not lend a hand to certainties  
yet it shall make all measured up to the standard of my  
God

And even if they should question I will not answer  
mystery with equal ground but uplift to unattainable  
ministries; nor provide upon any mystery absolved

notions of man upon man yet not judged before god as  
god is the cause of mine ministry"

60

One should be sufficient one pass  
Before words lose essence and rancorously  
lay  
The many in light of one whom  
Death claimed to uplift to heaven  
As poles to traverse the earth to  
mill  
The bones of men so like him

7

Gorge at my anger, honour my wisdom for so many years700  
Has this been tortured wretched from my purity  
Know this now and ache with me under the fire of the great  
Beast  
I enter into thee, and along with you  
I feel you die and being reborn anew  
Take it and kill, it, let it be degraded and appreciated  
From your desire, your power, your carnal magistracy

20

I take thine priests and make  
Christ flesh and blood before them  
And they quiver and they quake  
And throw off their holy water

I sit astray my boat  
My shield my anthem blows  
I call and call and whisper song  
That falls upon thine eloquence

59

And in madness contrive to build  
machines    Which constitute  
themselves before thee    Whether by  
state or military

They should grant thee into fiery  
dragons

For a fool's gold to fathom,  
Rather than the true fold—that of an  
age

Thwart this mad man in ornate  
robe  
That unique did speak as many

30

What queer thought begets only  
The deepest disapprobation  
Remonstrations yet alloweth  
In this way to search and foray  
Deep in the trench of earth bowels extreme

32

And so  
Their fear is based upon the lore  
They have cause to be frightened  
The placing was by men more intelligent than they

61

In all your meandering impertinence see  
How  
In all your inconsequence's delivery  
Learn  
In all and in all and all  
See how transmuted be

63

In all your aptitudes thus fashion  
And fall beneath  
In all your method all your war  
This flesh to metal  
In all your thought make it derision  
Eloquence to be  
In all and all and all these all and all for all from  
thee

Gazing into the face of the pleading maiden  
Plunge headlong into the field of blood, divide, guilt or death

Never his greatness ever efface as forever him, recondition  
His shape, his sign, his sigil, his symbol, his death

His fear, you shall enjoin, to hearken yesteryears  
Policy as never before shall again as it has been but Death

Approbative journey to the infernal magnetism, suffer the sight  
Of where he's been so enter into a bargain with Death

It is yours, his love, oh his great destructive bane  
That has come, and to make the rest in shame depart to Death

See how he mingles pleasure with relief, and joy, with flesh  
See his eyes in the middle of his forehead, though you despise  
Death!

The black serpent is law unto itself, for it cries when it wonders  
and is startled by your transgression upon all law.  
It enters into you, man or woman

FBA'GNU ZY-D'SYN  
SI'N SI'RA S'ALK  
*(Behold the beginning and ending of (time), (dimensions)  
Time that was, time that is, time that shall be)*

The white serpent, chosen by the priests to exemplify the law  
of church is subdued; no light may pass for it will not admit  
any to him, nor enter into any

FBA'GNU ZY-D'SYN  
SI'N SI'RA S'ALK  
*(Behold the beginning and ending of (time) (dimensions)  
Time that was, time that is, time that shall be)*

The half law chosen of the world, shall be pleased at the reign  
of the beast but will not partake, nor enter into salutation for  
they will want to live forever, it is revelation of fallacy, and  
limit, and it will not admit it, not even you who stands before it,  
and sees it

FBA'GNU ZY-D'SYN  
SI'N SI'RA S'ALK  
*(Behold the beginning and ending of (time) (dimensions)  
Time that was, time that is, time that shall be)*

The whole of the Law, chosen by the singer, by the druggist, by  
the artist, by the princess of tryst, and the prince of the feast,  
sees the world as a fallen practice, and is the law, and knows  
you have entered and sees you in all your shape, pleasure, and  
does not resist, or desist any serpent, any star, any color, it is  
whole, it is here it is the whole of the law.

FBA'GNU ZY-D'SYN

SI'N SI'RA S'ALK

*(Behold the beginning and ending of (time) (dimensions)*

*Time that was, time that is, time that shall be)*



## Chapter 3



The chosen 144 goodness is The True Blood, before all is all whose sacrifice is just, accomplish reward of Truth in a world of avarice, by rewarding flesh. The Mystery, solving 2 questions: that of Star: Man Star: Woman, and God; Man. The Final Solution is perfection, Truth, Fidelity, Strength, it is his, and he is Final Solution.

In its intellect, the being, who is drunk in light, and whose dearth is spry and rangy, accomplished what his aspirants want of him, dedicating lust, life, money, resource, and precepts in illocution of time, and Gods, whose memory is assertion woven into warriors of pen and steel. These are also county girls whose love for nationhood exceeds the nation of the people they reside in and whose essence of womanhood are unvirtuous yet pleasing, their hair as women decorate their weapons, but do not satisfy the flesh nor the feast, but are coiffeured words masking as great imperiums.

Their throne resides upon a land which wants and does not want of them, and where fearful stories of lore, stoics hymn, and exasperated symptom of times yonder, are ever before the people in the immediacy of the precipitating moment; much urgency as it is to enter its fray.

This projection tells it how to act. Seeking ever more its journey to the reasonableness of illucidative

principles, it supplants whatever is of evil form, and places it in its place its light.

In a complex series of rejections and accomplishing.

This sojourn, forever of greater and more perfect essence of historical primacy, projects forwards the mask of the beast. Aside from his care and his love is the feel of faith.

Who will abolish the frayers, their strength cannot dispute under tutelage above, of a God whose being is light, who's darkness is never seen, but to scintillate a few but, who is their master. The easy going fools who profit under a systemic palace, are with power, money, and credit cards? No the true repatriation is already being in the form.

The new utility has always manifested itself through the song, dissipating the shadows, focusing the mind, singing the ecstasy of heroes of appurtenance to this coven.

Secrete away the rites are committed, and the daily manifest, enstamps itself upon the body of the now, the place of the new dawn. The image itself without fear consummates its sanctity, its reason is its presence, its attenuation itself of its reason over destruction, for it sacrifices good to evil.

Not all may see how the towering assembles its refurbished steel over long ago, gained from the veins of the early man, yet exerted anew, reborn, again, and again like upward fire, for where extension of its views, it spoke in a protesting cry, and said, you will not, an its

power of will took it. Now they who profess these riches have failed, but those who kill have their time to kill them as Christians in the end, the fake churches.

Further they push them, and themselves until there is nothing left, and their answer is to repent with a vast anger, from years past---their fury all out of sorts, the King being now no longer equitable, for having they been led to abandon their own children to the sacrifice of others would be best ennobled of their own as theirs to act beyond all similarity, and conformity to any norm, a headlong plunge into carnal madness and the maelstrom of consuming gravity, and spiralling anger, she gone too far and it has absorbed all it can, and ended its division---now judgement.

Were it not for the new method, the power would have lost out to the less, but it has seen to it in its finery, to illustrate and then bargain, them: substance by its own followers into decay. Stretching credibility, it her symptoms so many times, it can no longer reiterate, the cause of itself, when it has recourse to the body of Christ.

Which is power, those who purchase power, those who extort it, or those who prevent others, from achieving sustenance.

In those days, the table was set with sacrifice of symbolic substance, unknown to the people who conducted it. We know full well they acted as a collective innocence, not doing anything was their repetition in rote, but their killing was legion. The

power of the Master of Sacrifice! His absolution is his Priesthood, may he kill or be killed. Those who see his face shall see his religion.

It is not beauty of strength and darkness, his light skies in radiosity self illumination and his law, self proving. The argument is often made that the powers of love are a light---then thus is it. This is its love. Assembling itself in an essence of communal brotherhood, it reacts this way since its within itself, within the boundaries of surety. It has offered itself to itself. Those who do not see this protest, and all unto their demise. Nor can withstand the power of the day, but it is whole and integral, for it bespeaks to itself that which is known, not what it conspires, for while the good condemns evil, for its excesses, the evil knows the good for its conspiracy against law. For while it sacrifice is retained in itself and it black mystery, the good consumes, its own. This is the light of the sun, the evil one is the law, and so it is known only to those who practice it: the good is the whole of the law.

It is them the good, to say we believe but do not fully know, the mysteries of who we are, and where we came, saying instead the others are precise in their destruction clearly to occur absolutely in no uncertain terms but it is the Evil who know what they have when they deny their own right to practice evil. To kill the unknown, to serve the wary, to protect the history, and devise the good.

There be teetotallers, and teatotalers, teatotalitarians.

The apologetic disentanglement of a plutocracy  
From technocratic threats imposed by it against lesser  
Powers,  
Nations, and economies, would go unperceived  
By 95 percent of the population justly our part ours  
Whose destiny is not a creation, should not  
Empower

In intermediary times when the climate for relation  
Of people and ecologies of nations are neither hot nor  
Cold  
Wisdom may be imparted, whose times afford relations  
Not in times which are culminant of the deceit of old  
But by the one distinguishing mark of Churchill;  
The beast of old

Of them they killed one because they said he agitated  
Fomented the population like a ranting raging madman  
However, he spoke with greater eloquence, iterated  
As well much more in degree a refinement, than that  
Ne'er ever contrasting between war mongering, and  
parochial  
Truth can ever be understood

It is for this reason as an organizer, and magician  
My divinity will have to be defined according to  
Definition

Transiting, between two forms, one from a superstition  
The other hermetical oblivion, possessing a conspiracy  
Into value, and distribution

To make known to all it is through substantiating  
fallowness

Denial transmutes to fecundation

They will not interpose themselves through this  
Transition

They will never allow their opposition to falter  
They are greater agents of death say over and over their  
Position

They adopt the position, which their intention is to alter  
Turn “universal” sentiment as they say into an artificial  
Tradition

This is no holy construct in fact it is simply pre-eminence  
of thought one not borne out of the facts of history

An advancement of scientific and politico-socio models  
Presupposes through opposition and evil and good in  
Nexus

That we are juxtaposed, when in fact they associate  
Devils

With their own calling to task, no we are

Just opposed

Imperatively we must take a two stepped approach

The attention grabber propaganda

Conspiracies and mythos along with its tools

Sensationalism, fear, constriction, crises weakness and

Shadow empires

False international alliances international markets and

Ghouls

Manifest destinies, self congratulatory delusions

Illusionary benevolence: fact turned into geopolitical

Tools

Their impractical diligence masking as due diligence and

Righteousness

Which served both those who precipitated and assured

It

The first instance is a distraction of the natural order A

And

Led it to adopt a false sense of the order of economics

(What we have now) one where the Nazis were

Defeated.

As a result these are GDP excesses (Good dotting priest)

Excesses

Waste either of Saturnalia or within those countries, on

Catholic and simple policies, or in what is irrelevant

Science

Of which may for the sake of reasoning be reliance

Of all government upon inflation of deflationary  
Parlance

Hunt down those who engage in religious socialisms,  
There isn't enough money in a global market to satisfy  
Everyone's needs

Hunt down those who would engage in any kind  
Sensationalism even their own children to  
PEACE.

The religious socialists a superstition, a fragment of  
God

The National Socialist is thee



