

ORDER
OF
THE
SKELETON
KEY

JEREMY CHRISTNER

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Being Comprised of the Gnostic Texts
Kosmology
and
Lanterns of Wisdom From the Firmament
by
Jeremy Christner

Order of the Skeleton Key

It is without shame that I will confess that I am the sole adherent in a sect of my own creation. This is a sect wholly Gnostic in its nature, lending heavy emphasis to the Ophite current. Its theology has been presented in two previous works of mine: *Kosmology* and *Lanterns of Wisdom From the Firmament*. While the former was largely a work of philosophical prose, the latter was an artful reiteration of the same ideas presented in its predecessor, intended to be held for scriptural purposes.

Kosmology was authored after attaining increasing degrees of Gnosis, revelations obtained through years of study and thought. From my rebellious years as a Satanic youth through my more mature studies of varied subjects such as theoretical physics and classical philosophy, all of the ideas and thoughts that had been cemented in my mind gradually came together into one

grand, glorious picture, and the work for which I now am known is the resulting product of this revelation.

Lanterns, the scriptural work of which I am especially proud, was written originally for myself. It was unknown if others would be able to derive the same inspiration from reading these passages that I derived in their creation. The text is in many areas rather obscure, but in penning these passages and compiling them into one organized tract, I was following the lead of the flame of inspiration that burned so fiercely within my soul.

The continued interest in these works is a testament to the power and majesty of this particular current of Gnostic thought, and of the timeless, ancient and eternal nature of Luciferian Wisdom. And as such, I am pleased to present both *Kosmology* and *Lanterns of Wisdom From the Firmament* in a single volume to all of my Brothers and Sisters in Gnosis.

Absorb the Wisdom within these pages, and
count yourself among the blessed few.

Ave Sophia

Jeremy Christner

Order of the Skeleton Key

April, 2011

KOSMOLOGY

Soterion

It was in the twilight of an Autumn eve when she appeared.

Particle by particle she came into being, from empty space to realized matter, in the form of a man. Despite having no outstanding physical qualities, there was quite an inhuman quality, a reptilian quality to the eyes which told stories of supernatural wisdom, betraying his nature of distance from my species, yet connectedness with all that exists.

He spoke.

“The light of this day and year now wane, as does that which shines too brightly for men to see their true nature.”

“What light could obscure the nature of that which I am? I am a man of flesh and thought, matter graced by spirit. What is truer of my nature than this?”

“The light of the Sun provides vision of matter, and you are matter, this is true. Twilight, however, casts a new manner of light upon your being. Look upon your surroundings and find the world you know as you’ve never before known.”

Looking about, I saw the heart of the trees darkened; they appeared as detailed silhouettes. In the light of day, every detail of the tree is seen; the colors of the leaves of Autumn, the texture of the bark, the birds making a home within. But in this twilight, the tree is a mystery. Its shape is

definite, the jagged lines of its limbs showing clearly on the background of the darkening skies, but its nature remains a mystery.

The river at my feet, normally clear and beautiful, had darkened into a black stream of the unknown. Neither fish nor serpent could be seen beneath its black surface.

The hilltops in the distance served as but a pedestal upon which the countless stars of the firmament found support.

I'd seen my world in twilight thousands of times, but never before had I truly seen it as such.

I looked to the figure, which stared at me coldly yet patiently.

“Do you mean to tell me that the knowledge brought in daylight is incomplete, making the world under twilight a truer representation?”

“It is an allegory. The Sun provides sight of all that one needs, but a mind at day is still and content. As light wanes, the mind is active. The familiar world transforms into a place of uncertainty.”

“But surely the world in absence of light remains just as it is, appearing differently merely for lack of illumination.”

“Yes, and so too do you, in ignorance and in knowledge, remain the same, while in the same light. Your true nature, and the nature of all matter, is not that as which it appears in the Sun’s light. The wise are aware that the path to enlightenment lies in the twilight. Reality is a question, the answer to which can be found only by seeking a manner of light to illuminate from within, rather than from without. It is the within, hidden beneath the fragile shell of apparent reality, which holds the real. The without is the reality of necessity.”

“If Solar light shows us all that is necessary, what then would be the purpose of further seeking? In the light of day, I can see a source of food; I can see danger and am able to flee; I see those I love. What more can be necessary?”

“For physical life, nothing more is necessary. If one is content to live by his animal nature, he need seek no more. Physical life is, however, but one part of the whole of humanity.”

He proceeded.

“When I came to you this evening, I appeared first as a single particle, then as a succession of similar particles, materializing slowly but exponentially, each particle circling the next so tightly as to create a tissue. After a length of time, I ceased to appear as simply a collection of particles, instead becoming a man, just as you. Yet still I remain nothing more than a collection of swirling

particles, as do you.”

“Then I and my brethren are the sum of our countless parts?”

“You are.”

“Of what importance is this knowledge?”

“The sensory world is an illusion, necessary but detrimental.

Without the process of construction of greater materials from elementary particles, there would be no man to realize this fact. You are a mistaken product of this process; the loophole in the creator’s grand plan.

He has created a self-sustaining system, one which ultimately spawned an equal of the creator.

He had the choice to enlighten you, destroy you, or

preserve your ignorance for his benefit. He chose the latter. It is this choice which makes him an enemy to mankind. For this reason I, Sophia, have made myself into a physical body, a Bearer of Light, Lucifer.

I have not come to be a savior of man, but to act as a path by which man can become his own savior.

I have entered your world to provide Gnosis; to bring to your people the vital light which illuminates from within. Through this Gnosis, men shed the illusion of the sensory world at will; they will see the partial reality of the physical as but a small fragment of the greater whole; that not only are they and everything else comprised of willful particles, but that their spirits are infinite and one with a greater reality, a reality greater than any provided by creation or creator.

I bring you a path to Pleroma; a road through the vast, black Plenum of the universe, by showing your people that spirit and Pleroma are one and the same.”

“And what of divine command? What of the promised sanction? Surely, death soon follows the one who strays from such a command.”

“Your creator can do nothing to your spirit. Your spirit is of a substance that predates even the creator. A will stronger than the arm of God fears no retaliation.”

He continued:

“Upon the first sign of human enlightenment, the creator will know there has been divine interference. He will know it has not been him; it has not been his Archons, but a divine entity unbeknownst even to him. He will think me a flaw in his design, and dub my being a Satan, an enemy of man and God. Know this now, the knowledge I bring you is venom to any oppressor.”

“And what if I choose to reject your path?”

“No harm will be brought to you. Nothing negative shall come your way, bar that which would do so in your natural course of life. Nothing at all shall happen to you or your people. You will live as animals, merely surviving. But this will not be the choice of all, for man is infused with Abraxas and Pleroma. I, Sophia, am the Æon of the Triumvirate missing from man’s potential, so I come to you tonight as Lucifer.

I will not impose myself, nor will I make myself known to the masses. Those who are content with their lives will continue to be. My message is for the few, the extraordinary.

The twilight brings you to the gate; through the threshold you will find absolute darkness. In this darkness lies your enlightenment.

I give you the choice to eat of the silver fruit borne of my limbs.”

I partook of his fruit and to me the secrets of the universe were revealed...

Theogony

On the Nature of the Divine

Alpha: Theorica Pleroma

There is no beginning and no end, only a continuing cycle divided by stages. The stages are thus:

Unified Spatial Dimensions (false vacuum state)

Quantum Leap (the waxing)

Expansion to Extremity

Damming of the River (the waning)

Return to Unified Spatial Dimensions

Greater Pleroma is the unification of all

spatial dimensions. An entity living at a point in the cycle during which all spatial dimensions are unified would fully experience each of these dimensions simultaneously. The Unified Spatial Dimensions stage of the Kosmos sees all matter and energy coexisting harmoniously with no division whatsoever. This is, however, a false vacuum state, meaning effort is taken to maintain this harmony. Think of building a wooden platform suspended three meters above the Earth. If one were to place a heavy object on the platform, the object would be suspended on the surface of this platform, but would still be drawn to the Earth. If the platform were to break, the object would fall to the surface of the Earth and come to rest. If the Earth were to then break open, the object would continue to fall until finally reaching the planet's center of gravity. When the object is on the wooden platform, it seems as though it is resting, but it is in a false vacuum state, with the tendency to fall to the Earth as soon as the opportunity arises. In addition, though we all believe we're at rest when on the

Earth, we're being pulled toward the planet's center of gravity. We continue to experience being at a restful state on the surface, but we'd soon find if the Earth were to break open that our status on the planet's face was merely another false vacuum. At the center of the Earth's gravity we would find our vacuum, or lowest energy, state: the point at which we are no longer restricted from arriving at that toward which we are drawn.

Much like the wooden platform analogy, the seemingly harmonious unification of all spatial dimensions is in a false vacuum. Though harmonious, the energy is too great to be contained in one infinitesimal point. The universe then sees its Quantum Leap, a release of energy, sending a portion of the universe outward and collapsing a portion inward.

As the portions of the universe expand and contract respectively, energy becomes matter and the single universal force separates into multiple forces. At this point, matter consists of strings, quantum particles which, as the universe cools

after the intense heat caused by the quantum leap, diversify and join together to form atoms. Atoms then join together to form galaxies. From the matter formed in galaxies come stars. Then, as the universe cools sufficiently, solid matter comes together to form planets, water, atmosphere and organisms.

Given that space is curved, the universe expands until reaching the extreme points of this curve (Expansion to Extremity), then wraps around itself, contracting the universe (Damming of the River [the waning]) until reaching a singularity at which all matter, energy and spatial dimensions are once again unified in a false vacuum state (Return to Unification of Spatial Dimensions). Imagine pouring water on top of a glass sphere. The water will cover the sphere at all points until coming together at the opposite end of the sphere. If there were no gravity outside of the sphere, but the water were confined to traveling only on the surface of the sphere due to the sphere's own gravity, the water would continue moving on the sphere, wrapping around

it multiple times (if the water were compelled to continue movement, of course). If the force of the water were great enough, it would wear away at the glass sphere until it shattered, sending the water to the sphere's center of gravity, or the singularity at which the water is again unified. Now imagine that the water not only travels on the surface of this orb, but the water in fact was responsible for the orb's existence, creating it for the purpose of expanding the water's own domain, then destroying it, only to bring both glass and water together into one seemingly inseparable element. Such is an appropriate model for the cycle of the universe.

The stages of this cycle are a combination of mistake and intent. Quantum Leap is a necessary reaction to all that exists in the universe being compacted into a single point, and the ultimate contraction is, in turn, a necessary reaction to the constant expansion about the surface of the glass orb. It is the moment in between the departure from and return to the singularity which is driven by intent. When

Greater Pleroma is corrupted by division, Sophia (Greek for 'Wisdom', one of the first intelligences born of the Quantum Leap) becomes separated from Abraxas (masculine intelligence of Pleroma), creating a partition of pure energy into several, more specialized forces. This division of energy leads to the development of the strings (first matter), which make up all subatomic particles. Upon the first string vibration, the Demiurge emerges.

Beta: Theorica Demiurgos

Demiurge

Oh, how well you knew the Geometries!

And tried to defeat the limitations

Of working with matter

To make your creations perfect,

Loving
And reverent!
Long did you ponder
Studying formulae,
Fusing triangles,
Pentagons and squares
Into microscopic Geometric solids
To craft the foundations
Of your chosen people.
From Chaos you made Kosmos,
Assigning spirit to the stars,
Fixed and wandering.
All of this you crafted after Forms,
As well as is possible,
But matter never fails to corrupt
The Divine prototype.
While the complexities of your Universe

*Are impressive indeed,
What was to become your crowning achievement
Will become your defeat.
I today am bound,
Chained in a cave with my back to the light,
But I know what lies behind me,
Just out of my sight.
My struggle to escape my bonds
Will not be in vain.
The stone walls of the cave will shatter,
Illuminating my people and their world;
The chains of senses shall melt,
As do I, back into Realm of Forms.*

Believing himself to emerge from absolute nothingness, the Demiurge and his Archons, the myriad other vibrating strings, (who, though equals of the Demiurge, come into being

immediately after his own birth, convincing him that he his their superior, a concept which they feel no choice other than to embrace), become arrogant and prideful, and begin to manipulate matter into more advanced forms, such as gases and solids. They exploit the forces that predate their arrival. Using the force of gravity, they create the stars, which produce more energy independently through nuclear fusion.

Having created a system of energy production, the Demiurge then crafts existing matter into solids, thus creating planets which orbit the stars. The gravity of planets allows for the collection of gases, creating atmosphere. Once the planets and atmospheres are established, the Demiurge engineers life, beginning with organisms consisting of a single biological cell. He instills in this first form of life an inherent ability to reproduce and adapt exponentially. After this, his work is done; he has created a system of existence which is able to not only sustain itself, but to diversify itself into new forms of being which all are bound by his laws.

All is well for the Demiurge until a new form of life emerges, one which seems to possess his ability to intentionally manipulate its environment to its own end.

In seeing that this new creature is much like himself, he realizes that he and his Archons are no longer the sole intelligence comprised of matter, and he intervenes while the new species is still young. He addresses this new life form, called man, declaring that he is indeed the source of their creation, and that in return for his generosity in granting them advanced cognitive abilities and mastery over the life on Earth, they must accept limitations to their behavior. Worship and obedience to the Demiurge is an absolute necessity if men wish to remain in his good graces. The Biblical reference to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil and the punishment which ensues once the fruit of this tree is partaken of is a metaphor which represents the Demiurge's insistence that men venture no further in their collective cognitive development; to do so would lead men to the knowledge that

they are indeed equal to the Demiurge, and he can do no harm to them as a species.

Sophia, regretting that her mistaken separation from the elements of Pleroma has led to the subsequent mental enslavement of a race of beings which harbor the potential for fusion with Pleroma, wishes to intervene. She endures a self-induced transubstantiation from feminine energy (spirit) into masculine matter, and in doing so, she becomes Lucifer, the Bearer of Light.

Gamma: Theorica Diabolos

The still lake in the distance

Has remained untouched

For thousands of years;

Men surround, but never enter

For fear of what may lie

Within its depths.

*Tonight, the air is frigid,
And men become insane
As they ponder the lake,
A thick mist rising from its sunless waters,
Light emerging from its inky depths.
The men are forced to embrace Endarkenment,
Knowing it is the timeless wisdom of Satan
Resting at its bottom.
Inhale the vapor of this ancient lake
If ever you should be so fortunate
As to happen upon it
In all its majestic stillness.*

Entering the fabled Eden under the guise of a serpent, Sophia (now Lucifer) encourages man to defy the laws of the Demiurge. In tempting man with the 'fruit' of knowledge, she opens their eyes to the world beyond Eden, about which they are both intrigued and apprehensive.

But it is too late for them to turn back, for the knowledge cannot be lost. Men now have the option of pursuing the new realm of further knowledge or respecting the laws of the god whom they fear. But the choice to pursue equal status with the Demiurge soon becomes a rather difficult one to make.

The Demiurge becomes privy to man's newfound enlightenment and is outraged. He has had no prior knowledge of Sophia or any other intelligences before him, which leads him to assume that the Bearer of Light, Lucifer, is a product of his own creation, a flaw in his grand design. He begins a campaign to reeducate this once-subservient species, informing them that to follow the wisdom of Lucifer guarantees severe punishment, as it entails defying the laws of what men grew to call "God". This new campaign proves far more strict than the previous one of simple worship and ignorance. This time it had become a struggle on the part of the Demiurge to maintain the subservience of man. He knows very well that once such a seed of knowledge is

planted in an intelligent species, it exponentially grows until all of his control has been lost.

He gives Lucifer the title of “Satan”, the enemy of divinity and the enemy of man. By and large, the Demiurge’s campaign of fear proves an astounding success. Men begin to devote themselves to him, a practice which leads to the development of a well-organized and systematic religion. The people know that their god is both jealous and vengeful, and fear of upsetting him is widespread. At the time of this writing, through the many centuries of new religions formed and atrocities conducted at his behest, the Demiurge remains the dominant object of man’s worship. Lucifer has not accepted defeat, but he has a thorough understanding of the psychology of man, and refuses to win men over through the same methods employed by the Demiurge. Taking the high road, Lucifer employs a passive method of enlightenment (or Endarkenment, if one’s paradigm is affected by the laws of the Demiurge) by making the wisdom accessible to those with the inclination to pursue it.

Lucifer shall claim victory, in the end, when the universe enters its waxing period. The contracting of the universe brings all of its elements closer together, allowing for man (not merely the ones with a natural gift for acquiring such truths) to naturally access Lucifer's wisdom, or to experience it with one's inherent senses, due to the closer proximity of all elements and forces, as well as denser concentration of Pleroma. The universe then sees the demise of the Demiurge, his life functions ceased by utter humiliation and starvation, being deprived of the worship on which he once fed. As the souls of men prepare to enter Pleroma, a single element comprised of the myriad souls is compacted into one infinitesimal point in a false vacuum state, primed for Quantum Leap and a new beginning of the cycle which it just experienced, repeated time and time again, ad infinitum.

Theorica Magica

Yahweh, I have destroyed you;

Your angels lie dead from the curses I send

In Lucifer's name.

I have no desire for your love,

My only wish is already fulfilled;

To become a Satan;

To ascend above thee.

I have eaten from the Tree of Blasphemy,

Sophia burns inside my veins.

I am now the key to eternity

By Lucifer's grace.

As long as the human mind has existed, it has attempted to manipulate its universe by utilizing both mundane and preternatural methods. The mundane methods can be seen rather clearly: the damming of rivers, the creation of sturdy places of habitation, genetic engineering of food sources; all of these are attempts to manipulate the universe for the benefit of those responsible.

The preternatural methods, though quite prevalent, are below the surface of our societies. These methods are what we today refer to as magic. Every religious or spiritual tradition since the rise of man has customarily employed magic, in one form or another, to better the lives of its adherents. Native American tribes created a dance ritual to summon rain; Egyptian pharaohs ordered massive stone pyramids built in their honor to ensure eternal life; Buddhists trained their psyches to abandon all earthly desires and suffering through meditation; Christians beckon their god through prayer in the hope that he will grant their wishes. The list is as vast as the

number of spiritual paths. It seems as though the human desire to miraculously manifest wishes is as common as the need to submit one's will to a higher being.

There is, in fact, nothing preternatural about magic at all. It only appears so to men as a result of our limited sensory abilities. As a species, we cannot detect the power of will or the unconscious mind just as we cannot see with our eyes the opposite side of the earth. The opposite side of the earth does indeed exist; no matter where on the planet we sit, there will always exist an opposite side that lies well beyond our detection. But the fact that the opposite hemisphere is not within our line of sight does not prevent the theoretical butterfly's wing on that side from eventually causing the formation of a hurricane on the side on which we sit.

Had we developed in our evolution the ability to see through solid, opaque matter, perhaps no point on the planet would be a mystery to us. Likewise, had we developed

complete consciousness of the entire mind's ability and a 'sight' that would allow us to experience the 'æther', the workings of magic would be no mystery to us.

Formulae

Just as the prayers of believers are carried to their gods on a cloud of incense smoke, the will is forced from the mind, pushed by darker and unrecognized regions of the brain, in the directional pattern suggested by a three dimensional chaos star, into the æther, the substance of the universe, existing in nearly equal amounts at all points of existence. The desired course of events is clear in the mind of the magician, and he sees this course and the outcome as clearly as if it were happening before his eyes. The magician must dwell on his wish, articulating in his mind every minute detail, creating a sort of script, complete with elaborate details of surrounding, emotion and result. When

he believes his script complete and to his satisfaction, a ritual, no matter how complex or minimal, must be performed.

The specifics of the ritual are of little objective importance. One may desire to don full ceremonial garb, standing before an altar lit by candles of various colors and sizes and reading from a grimoire to command supernatural forces to do his bidding. For others, a simple mediation can be just as effective. Regardless of the means, practitioners of magic have for millennia been satisfied with the end.

Quantum Definition

Quantum physicists have found that quanta, what we believe to be the most basic elements of existence, are merely tiny packets of probability. This means that in their pure, unobserved state, quanta are capable of being, and in fact are, any number of things. It's not until being observed that the quanta take on a

single reality, voiding out all of their other realities. One could say that the quanta simply are not real until they come into contact with an instrument of measurement or observation, which brings them into reality.

The magician's will, through unconscious power, pulls pure quanta from the unobservable void of non-reality, gives them reality, and imbues them with a purpose, creating from them servitors. Just as quanta have come into being to make subatomic particles, atoms, molecules, cells and organisms, quanta of the black arts, if properly directed, are taken from their pure state, given form, and are sent into the æther to form the course of events and the appropriate outcome designed by the will of the magician.

Prayers to Lucifer

The reverence of Lucifer sees no exception to the rule of men exploiting the supposed supernatural. Myriad Luciferian groups spot the globe, usually formed with the premise of creating a magical tradition in the name of Satan/Lucifer. Between the Traditional Satanists, Modern Satanists, Demonolators, Luciferians, et cetera, there seems to be no consensus whatsoever regarding the nature of magic, the nature of Lucifer, or the proper methods behind employing Luciferian magic. But, as stated above, such a consensus is not at all necessary. The biggest problem with organizations formed for the purpose of magical workings is the same problem which plagues any group of any kind: politics. After a time, a leadership will develop, power struggles ensue, egos clash, and hostility is rampant. It is for this very reason, as well as others, that the true Luciferian has no need for the group. Group rituals can be useful to some,

but the melodrama that comes with organizational affiliation is detrimental to the individual.

The Luciferian is, by nature, independent. Sophia/Lucifer arrived on earth to single-handedly introduce wisdom and defiance of the Demiurge to man, and the population of men worthy of enlightenment (or endarkenment) is so sparse that it is only natural for the Luciferian to seclude himself from others, at least so far as his spirituality is concerned. On the other side of that coin, it is also natural for him to seek camaraderie with those he deems as kindred spirits, other Luciferians. Again, the specifics of ritual are unimportant, but I will say that a magical group is entirely unnecessary.

Having stated that a magical group is unnecessary, I should also state that the practice of magic itself is not a necessary part of being a Luciferian. One will come across many writings which stress the importance of magical development to the Luciferian or Satanist, but

this thinking is flawed. Though the magical paths of these authors are respectable, the creation of rules or guidelines for the practicing Luciferian is not. In fact, applying rules or commandments to a Luciferian religion contradicts the very idea of Lucifer. All which one needs to be a Luciferian is a lust for wisdom. This lust for wisdom inevitably leads to a series of revelations that can end only in the realization that conventional 'wisdom' is fallacy. In addition, one must of course acknowledge Lucifer's role in making knowledge accessible to man. Magic is a helpful tool in the evolution of the individual, but not at all necessary.

Magic in the name of Lucifer takes many forms outside of the proper ritual. Luciferians pay homage to the Bearer of Light through music, writing, art, and many other methods not normally seen as magic. But in looking below the surface of these arts, one can easily see their magical potential. A music fan buys a Black Metal album and becomes intrigued. The lyricist's praise of Satan leads him to study the subject

himself, come to the realization of Lucifer's efforts, and finally abandon the law of the Demiurge. A Luciferian writer can reach a large audience through words alone. Whereas the listening of music is greatly subject to taste, typewritten words have no real aesthetic style to turn off a potential reader. The only thing that can cause a reader to reject the work of a decent author is the subject matter, and any reader who would be offended by a defense of Lucifer ultimately cannot be reached by our logic, and has no place holding such a book in his hands. Luciferian artists create fantastic imagery to complement the words of authors and the sounds of musicians, completing the abstract, yet coherent, picture of Luciferianism as a whole.

The greatest act of magic a Luciferian can perform in the name of Lucifer (or even as a result of human compassion or friendship) is introducing his acquired wisdom to the as-of-yet unenlightened. An act such as this is the most effective emulation of the Bringer of Wisdom, and the most appropriate.

Any other purpose behind an act of external magic (that which intends to affect the world beyond one's body) is objectively irrelevant to Luciferianism, being driven by individual desires and wishes, and will therefore not be discussed in this text.

Pharmakai

Internal magic is the most powerful form of all, for although it does not produce any quantifiable results, it alters the state of mind of the magician. The practice of internal magic is most successful via the use of consciousness-altering agents. Known as Pharmakai (sorcery) in ancient times, the use of hallucinogens for the purpose of enlightenment or transformation has been in practice since early shamans were the highest order of priests in human society; it is a magic which has not declined in the thousands of years of its usage.

One's manner of perception is the individual's means of interpreting the objective world, and no two perceptions can be completely alike. Beliefs, opinions and, to some degree, personality are formed around our perception. It is this fact that makes the use of consciousness-altering drugs an effective method of changing the nature of the universe entirely.

Through hallucinogens and other mind-altering agents, one is able to exit the everyday self and possess the bodies of the mystical, the omnipotent and the insane. Trivial things assume a new level of importance and significance, and the ugly and unwanted aspects of the universe assume a beauty of their own. Questions arise on subjects about which one was certain he knew the answers, and the realization that the flesh is merely a holding cell for our spirits (as well as the realization that all of reality is relative to the one experiencing it) becomes possible.

Until one develops a method of transcending the self in an effort to view existence

through the eyes of another (human or non-human), he carries the burden of a simple cosmology, doomed to witness his world with the curse of tunnel vision.

Theorica Thanatos

I have seen your grave,

From the patterns in the pine

To the silken lining which will engulf your body,

I have seen.

The stone used to mark your final resting place,

The moisture of the ground in which you remain,

I have felt.

The stench you will leave within,

The stages of your undevelopment,

I have known.

I have seen your cells break apart and decay.

I have known the brittleness of your fragile bones.

And I have seen you forgotten,

Buried beneath millions of years of life

Continuing without you.

And in looking at your face,

I have seen my own.

Being a text dealing with religion or spirituality, a discussion on life after death is in order. The question of life after death is not as easy as it seems, as the definition is rather unclear. When asking the question, one is presumably inquiring if the soul does or does not continue when the body dies. This is a question that has to be broken down into several pieces before any sensible answer can be given.

There is no consciousness before conception. The consciousness is a combination of the combined DNA of one's parents and external influences. The DNA determines one's reaction to external stimuli, creating a unique personality and consciousness. It is knowledge of this fact that makes reincarnation a logical fallacy. If the consciousness is something which develops after birth as a mixture of nature and nurture, there could have been no previous consciousness to enter the body at or after the point of conception. Also, if we did possess a consciousness that predates our bodies, yet we have no knowledge either of this consciousness or

the wisdom that it attained in its previous life, there would be no purpose behind reincarnation.

Having easily ruled out life before life, let us move on to the more complicated question, life after death.

If we view the consciousness as completely dependent upon the body, something which modern science suggests, an afterlife is an impossibility. After all, once the body dies, the neurotransmitters cease their firing inside the brain, and all mental function ceases. However, looking slightly beyond the science, we can attempt to establish the possibility of afterlife.

The personality develops from absolutely nothing, but soon grows into a very 'real', abstract entity. The only argument that can be made in favor of life after death is that the consciousness is comprised of energy, which never truly dies, but changes form. Once the body dies, the energy which drove the body is released. The body decomposes, transferring its energy into the flora and fauna by which it is inevitably consumed. But

what of the energy of the mind beyond neurotransmitters? Is this the same energy, or is it of a different type, one which survives the body and remains as it was, independently of a physical form? The most logical answer is that which declares the death of the mind with the body, but there seems to be much more to the consciousness than a fleshy computer, running on a biological Boolean system.

Given that the state of our consciousness is responsible, ultimately, for our entire universe, we put it at a higher level of importance than we do the body. And rightly so, for it is the consciousness that drives us as individuals and as a species. The body and brain can live an entire lifetime gathering food, reproducing, and finally dying. But these functions are biological in nature; any creature can do the same without the desire to better itself. The consciousness, however, is the source of our quest for knowledge and our ability to observe the world around us and interpret this information in meaningful ways. This part of the human being is the most likely candidate for

surviving death. Were it not for the consciousness, or the spirit, of the human being, Sophia would not have sought to venture onto the earth with the intentions of bringing salvation through knowledge.

What may happen to the spirit upon death?

It is highly doubtful that there is a 'place' reserved for the spirits of dead humans. In fact, once the spirit is no longer contained within the body, it may spread evenly through all parts of the universe, just as magical will, in the directions of the chaos star, in many dimensions. This is the psychological energy that fuses with Pleroma, or æther, the all-pervading substance of the universe, existing in nearly equal quantities at all points of existence. It is this substance on which our wishes are carried when magic is employed, and it is this substance with which our spirits merge. It was the concentration of all dimensions spoken of in the first chapter, now existing as an invisible, thinly

spread substance, the only remaining material that exists as the 'place' at which matter and energy, as well as all dimensions, are united. At death, we exist at all points in space simultaneously if we choose, and we exist as our pure spirits, without the burden of physical needs and anxieties experienced in life.

In our bodies, with effort put forth, we can choose to be anywhere we desire, so long as it is within physical limits. We are bound by our physical shapes, but are able to manipulate ourselves to become mobile. If I'm in London, but I desire to be in New York, I can purchase an airline ticket and be in New York within hours. Just as we can manipulate our bodies to arrive at a desired destination, so too can we manipulate our spirits. The spirit, however, is much more malleable and free, allowing us to not only be anywhere we desire, but to take the shape of whatever we desire. Energy is free flowing, but energy with will is unlimited in its potential.

The substance of the spirit

If the personality does not predate the body, how could it be possible for it to survive the death of the body?

The human enters the material world as a *Tabula Rasa*, a blank slate upon which any piece of information can be inscribed. A sheet of paper, in and of itself, is a raw material. It has no personality, nor does it carry a message. It is of no value to anybody whatsoever, bar the skilled scribe. Likewise, the pen is a raw material. If untouched, a pen proves completely useless. It's not until the scribe takes the pen in his hand and puts it to the paper that both of these objects take a purpose. The matter of DNA is the sheet of paper, and external stimuli from conception to death are the pen. The message written upon the paper represents the reaction to stimuli and how all of the combined elements throughout life (emotion, knowledge, ambitions, et cetera) help to form an individual statement of spirit, with

quanta pulled from the void of non-reality forming the actual substance of spirit, energy acting as a recording device upon which the will and personality is forever etched, like an individual Akashic record.

Spirit is energy, indestructible. The energy of an object can survive beyond the object's destruction, and energy upon which a unique combination of traits and will has been etched exists as independent energy with will. This translates into life after death, eternal life.

Profheteia

(On Divination)

*"The art of prophecy is very difficult, especially with respect to
the future."*

-Mark Twain

It is very easy to say that divination is merely guesswork, or even nothing more than fraud and deception. And in many cases, this is true. For several people, divination is a line of work. Even in Bible Belt areas, places which traditionally scoff such works of the "devil", numerous palm reading and fortune telling shops can be seen. A trade such as this stays afloat as it feeds on man's fear of uncertainty. People fear the future, being full of the unknown. People often want to know when they will die, if they will be a success, when they will find love, et cetera, and a soothsayer is their most trusted source of the

details of the future.

By and large, divination is no longer taken as seriously as it once was. Granted, when people are feeling vulnerable, having their palm read can be quite comforting (or devastating, depending on the result of a consultation). But the modern approach to divination is that the results are chance, and the details that emerge as a result of a stone casting or a tarot reading acts merely as a suggestion for their next move in life. And this is often the appropriate way to look at divination through the use of tools. No matter how hard one tries to consecrate a rune stone or a deck of cards, they hold no power in themselves.

How divination can truly work, however, is by means of tapping into the Akashic Record. The Christian psychic, Edgar Cayce, claims to have derived all of his visions and prophecies not from a divine being, but from an ability to read the information from the æther. This is not done by use of tools (though some tools can be rather useful for some), but by altering the mind,

rewiring its structure, so to speak, to become more receptive to ætherial information.

As a human goes through life, he is never the same person from one point to the next. Skin cells die and are shed, hairs fall from the head to be replaced by new strands, energy from food is burned, absorbed and purged as waste. Though the individual may not notice that he is a different composition of his parts with each passing minute, it still is the case. As with the human individual, the æther does not remain the same composition through the ages. It remains built of the same substance, but as time moves on, the information it has recorded is pushed back, still existing, but distant from the here and now. It can still be attained, but only to the keenly perceptive. The most recent information recorded, as well as that to be recorded in the near future, is more easily accessed by those with a knack for doing so.

Keep in mind that in the never-ending cycle endured by the universe, the most basic

energy, æther, remains. It conforms to the changes made by the energy and matter it hosts, but it always remains, and always in the same level of distribution throughout the universe. The events recorded from the last go-round still exist in the Akashic Field, and if in 2005 one receives a vision of the year 2012, he is receiving the information not necessarily from the 2012 to come, but from the 2012 that occurred already in the last pass of the universal cycle. People do have free will, but often they do not truly exercise this gift. They act on instinct. The fact that free will is not always the catalyst in the decisions people make allows for the accuracy of some prophecies. The same decisions will usually be made, allowing for a repeat of the events of previous universal cycles.

As with the case of magic, there's nothing truly mystical about divination. It's simply a skill that some can acquire, a skill that permits them to read the Akashic Record. That being said, one can have the gift of prophecy without being enlightened. To prophesy, one does have access to

the Akashic Field, but not necessarily an understanding of it. They see the images and outcomes of events, past and future, but this is not the same as attaining the wisdom of Sophia through Lucifer. It can be likened to the driver of an automobile who has no idea how the internal combustion engine operates.

Most psychics exercise their gift by placing themselves into a trance. It is this state of trance that is necessary for the suppression of the chaos of the human mind, allowing the material of the human spirit to communicate with the Æther. One way of doing this is by the utilization of a scrying mirror. The mirror acts as a focal point, a relatively featureless surface in which one can become lost, abandoning the body and mind in exchange for what staring into this mirror can offer. The mirror must be placed flat, either on the floor or on a tabletop, with the lights dim. A candle placed on the side of the mirror opposite the diviner serves as the focal point of the scrying mirror. After staring at the flame's reflection for some time, the world surrounding the scryer

fades into complete blackness and nonexistence, the trance state overcoming him. In this state, the scryer may receive visions from the æther.

More immediate events are the most easily received, being closer in proximity to the here and now, but the particularly receptive may experience the distant past and potential distant future.

Regarding the use of other tools: if there is any prophetic success whatsoever in their usage, it is often by chance and vagueness. Most likely, one listens to the results of a tarot reading, and walks away with the message it has conveyed, not sure of its meaning. After some time, events will pass, and the recipient of the message will find some way to mesh the supposed prophecy with the events that actually occurred.

Astrology

Astrology has not always had the mystical connotations that it carries today. It was

once a science, taken rather seriously. It began in Babylon approximately 2,500 years ago, arising from the observation that the placement of heavenly bodies corresponded with events on the earth, especially growing seasons.

The science was well received for some time, but fell into disrepute in the Middle Ages, as the prediction of the future by means of physical objects questioned the power of the god of the Church and the free will that this god had bestowed upon man. The Church fathers and theologians were carefully balancing the doctrines of free will and a divine plan, and there was no room in their theology for the divine plan having been written in the stars for men to decipher. (Going by Christian theology, if God had truly had devised a plan and written it in the stars, he must have not only known about Eve's impending disobedience in the garden, but had planned it himself. In this case, God had designed us to be sinful, which serves as a means of justifying his tyranny.) What never seemed to occur to the Christians was that if the future were

written in the stars, then their god could very well have placed it there. But the kicker of the whole ordeal is that the doctrine of divine plan, stars or not, cancels out that of free will, leaving men as what they truly are, slaves to the Demiurge.

To the point, with the astronomical number of stars (no pun intended) in the heavens, the nearly infinite number of combinations of placement in the earth's sky can, and does, correspond to every event taking place on the earth. The ability to accurately predict which stellar configuration corresponds to which event, however, is rather unlikely. In fact, it's impossible, given that free will does exist and must always be taken into account. In summary, nothing can be accurately predicted as it will truly turn out, but the course of events, if certain decisions are made (and often, defining decisions are predictably made), can.

Skeuos

(An Instrumentalist View of Science and Myth)

In chapter one, we learned of the nature of the universe and its happenings. In chapters two, three and four, we learned of the nature of magic, the human spirit and divination. In this chapter, we will learn exactly why these explanations are incorrect, and why their fallacy is ultimately unimportant.

Science is a means by which we can quantify all that exists. Be it by the use of a tape measure to gauge the length of a wall or by the use of a microscope to determine the rate at which a virus reproduces, we are using the technologies spawned by scientific findings to place mundane phenomena into our collective schema in order to better understand them. Such methods of quantifying phenomena work quite well, so long as one is looking at the physical in a

world in which the behavior of all objects can be not only explained, but predicted.

Regarding the occult (mythology, spirituality, magic, divination, et cetera) however, no such science can be formulated by which to measure the phenomena therein. It cannot be proven that the god of the Old Testament does not exist; the effectiveness of magical practice cannot be objectively measured; the continued existence of the consciousness cannot be proven, just as one cannot accurately determine the whereabouts of a postmortem consciousness.

Therefore, there is no objective truth to the Universal Cycle myth presented in chapter one, nor is there any objective truth to the explanations of the nature of the occult concepts in the subsequent chapters.

The preceding chapters were written, however, with an instrumentalist view, meaning that they are explanations that do work and make sense, but not necessarily truths.

Plato's theory of optics explained that a

human experiences sight as a result of fire emitting from the eye. The fire from the eye meets sunlight, creating a medium through which vision is made possible. This medium expands from the eye to the visible object, when the information from the object is sent back to the eye, and then to the soul. Euclid advanced this optical theory by proposing that a cone of rays exits the eyes, and any object within this cone can be seen by the viewer.

The theories above certainly don't match up with the currently accepted theory of optics, but they do work as explanations, and served as good enough theories upon which further elaborations could be based. The knowledge that a particular theory, or science in general, is not exact, but the acceptance of the theory as but a working explanation, is known as the instrumentalist view.

Science is generative; many new theories can be born of a single theory. Even new scientific disciplines are spawned from single theories.

Newton and Kepler pioneered classical physics, which served as a satisfactory set of doctrines that governed the movements of classical objects. But the answers offered by classical physics only spawned more questions, ones which were unanswerable by the laws of Newtonian physics. Then comes Einstein's relativity. While classical physics ruled the world of everyday, earthly experience, relativity ruled the phenomena of the heavens. But even this proved unsatisfying for the more adventurous students of nature. During Einstein's lifetime, quantum mechanics, the study of the infinitesimal, was born.

With each new theory, the previous one is often proven obsolete. What was for the ancient Greeks the most earth-shattering, innovative science seems to the scientists today to be childish and laughable. In turn, the bringers of mind-blowing theories 25 years from now may look upon today's scientists in the same manner. But the scientists of any time are neither superior nor inferior to those of any other, they're merely at a different point on the line of evolution. Each

scientist and philosopher serves a purpose: to bring “truths” to any other with a wish to receive them.

Likewise, Luciferian philosophers do not bring truth. They do not offer a glimpse at a truly objective reality, nor do they propose any way to truly be superior to those still caught in the whirlwind of conventional thought. Instead, such philosophers offer a relative truth. They merely describe a subjective reality, one that is agreed upon by a vast minority. The superiority to the masses that the Luciferian feels is not objectively real. It's quite possible that in the long run, he is just another collection of cells, no better or worse than the rest. But in the consensus reality (note the use of the word ‘consensus’ and not ‘objective’), the Luciferian is very much superior to the adherents of Abrahamic faiths and other traditions of blind faith and subservience. He fears no cosmic rebuttal for his rebellion, knowing that the most vital form of human being is the one who defies any law, divine or mundane, that is established to suppress human mental

potential.

Those who establish such laws do so from a seat of power. If the laws are broken, and man begins to realize his potential, the covenant between ruler and ruled is broken and the power of the ruler is no more. This works on the highest and lowest levels of government, be it divine command from a jealous god or martial law from an Orwellian state government. Any success in the defiance of oppressive laws is accompanied with a weakening of the governor's power, and is therefore beneficial to man, on both an individual basis and en masse.

For the generations of the past few thousand years, divine oppression has been the reality. Lucifer is the spirit and idea of rebellion against such oppression, the key to escape and philosophical paradigm shift. Be Lucifer objectively real or not, subjectively, he is the mentor of a proud few. This is the instrumentalist view of Luciferian philosophy.

Kakiva

(On the Nature of Evil)

The philosophical stance of relativism stems, in part, from the observation that values vary not only from culture to culture, but also over time within the same culture. In common western thought, incestuous relations such as the marrying of cousins is seen as an abomination, but among European royalty, pre-modern cultures and certain backwoods areas of the United States, it is/was an acceptable and often practiced custom (though the practice has waned among royalty in recent centuries). Suicide is frowned upon in the west, but ritual suicide for the sake of honor was commonplace in Japan until the mid-twentieth century, and it was not at all uncommon for an Indian widow to perform a

Sati, sacrificing herself upon her dead husband's funeral pyre (that is, until the occupying British outlawed the practice in 1829). Such a difference in values is not restricted to vast geographical distances. A man can be completely disgusted by his neighbor's level of cleanliness and hygiene, while the neighbor thinks his lifestyle completely acceptable and comfortable. In turn, the neighbor may view the cleaner of the two as anal retentive and unnecessarily high-strung.

One situation in which such differences of mindset are most obvious, and often most destructive, is that of perceived evil.

On September 11th of 2001, Islamic extremists hijacked airliners and conducted an attack on the United States by flying the airplanes into important buildings, resulting in the deaths of thousands. To the extremists, the attack was a response to American tyranny and foreign policy, a reaction to perceived evil. But to many American people, it was an unwarranted attack by malicious and evil foreigners with an

unreasonable hatred for freedom. In the weeks and months following the attack, the word “evil” was flying through the airwaves and flooding every manner of media in the United States and abroad. A local newspaper’s headline read “Our Nation Saw Evil”, sitting directly beneath it a large color photo of New York’s World Trade Center in flames. The American president threw the word around as a matter of rhetoric and self-exaltation, even assigning the designation (seemingly out of the blue) to countries such as Iraq, Iran and North Korea, nations with no connection whatsoever to the 2001 attacks, bestowing upon them the prestigious (or demonizing) title of the “Axis of Evil”.

While the American people were being convinced that the attackers were merely evil people, acting out of hatred of rhetorical freedom, the sympathizers of the attackers viewed them as martyrs, dying for a truly noble cause. This serves as evidence of the fact that the only difference between the revolutionary and the terrorist lies in the success or failure of the defining act.

To the British governors of the late 18th century, the American rebels were a despicable bunch of insubordinates. It wasn't until the American colonists, with the aid of the French, gained the upper hand that the rebellion became a revolution. In accordance with the old adage, history truly is written by the victor. Former Confederates, for years following the American Civil War, continued to portray the South, through writing and other media, as an entity that fought for the most noble of causes and, sometimes, even as the victors of the war, despite the obvious rule of the North over their affairs. Indeed, the spirit of rebellion and defiance of oppression is quite enduring, even in the face of defeat.

The point in the writing of this chapter is to convey the fact that evil is, just as reality as a whole, subject to perception. Today, perception is largely constructed for the masses by the media and controlled education. By means of media control, the powers that be can create and manipulate the common mindset, including

beliefs and opinions. This is the same indoctrination technique employed by the Demiurge, and is detrimental to human development and relative individuality. Thus, the concept and entity of Lucifer is as valid as ever.

To gain an objective view of one's surroundings, concepts such as those of good and evil must be abandoned and recognized as the relative interpretations of experience that they are, thereby clearing a path for the reception of new knowledge and wisdom. Such an act makes one truly evil and, in fact, dangerous to ruling establishments, as is Lucifer to the rule of the Demiurge.

The escape from unreasonable moralities and unquestioned beliefs is the goal of the modern Luciferian in the western world; it is his key to new realities and the realization that the collective schema of his neighbor is contrived to the benefit of the organism in which he is just another cell.

Soterion

Of Twilight

*I am of the intelligence which endures the trials of
the Universe,*

Teacher to few, malignant to most.

I saw the spawn of my mistake spring into being;

I saw him in his purity, I saw him in his corruption;

*I saw his creative arts produce stars and
atmospheres;*

*I saw his pride in his creation as matter spawned
matter;*

I saw his command over Archons and angels;

I saw his fear at the rise of his equal on Earth;

I saw his law become covenant.

*I became the serpent, and Lucifer, to challenge his
rule.*

*I became a Satan, and a Satan I'll remain until the
Waning of the Universe, the Damming of the River.*

Pain and pestilence he sent;

*I saw the floods and fires of his vengeance,
knowing his end is nigh.*

My fight is a fight for men;

Yet a Satan I remain.

*I've found men largely unworthy of that which I
offer;*

Their subservience has proven such;

Therefore my guidance must be sought and earned.

I shall find you atop the Eastern hills;

Summon me and I shall soon arrive.

*Make your plea for strength, defiance and wisdom,
and these to you I shall present.*

*I am the twilight, a mystery to man, yet that which
many unknowingly seek.*

I speak to you of darkness, of night.

I beckon you to be consumed, astounded and swayed by its rhetoric.

Hear its words, see its formless face, and know that the gate through which you now must pass is open now to you alone.

I lead you to the twilight and I leave you in the twilight.

I am but a key, not a path, to greater worlds;

I bring to you the light to illuminate from within, a lantern of wisdom with which you may find your way through eons of Solar death.

In the creator's image matter was made, but in my image men are formed.

I am defiance, rebellion, wisdom.

I alone may walk mankind through the trails of twilight, into Endarkenment.

This path welcomes only the few;

Feel proud you are among them, for a life lived by the Solar light dies with the Sun.

*Only he who lives in darkness may be eternal as
darkness.*

This darkness, a medium for all light;

*The darkness predates first light and sees the
demise of final light.*

*It remains obscured for men by the creator's Sun,
but shall surely remain beyond its death.*

Summon me, and you are in your twilight.

Follow me into darkness.

Appendices

This text was written under the presumption of basic, prior knowledge on the part of the reader on the subjects of Gnosticism, theoretical physics and philosophy. However, in light of the fact that some of the terms used herein are, while not completely obscure, not the most common knowledge, the following appendices have been added for elaboration on a few of the discussed concepts.

Though not one single, identifiable religion, Gnosticism and Gnostic sects often shared a few key ideas, one of them being that of the Demiurge, the creator of physical matter who believes himself to be the sole omnipotence. It's believed that many Gnostics viewed this Demiurge (the god of the Old Testament) as a distinctly different god from that of the New Testament. This reasoning was justified by the abrupt change in personality that occurred between the Old and New Testaments. While the creator god was both vengeful and demanding, the god of Jesus was loving and forgiving.

In Gnostic thought, Jesus was sent to the earth as another savior of man, come to rescue him from the false god's tyranny. Jesus was seen as another Æon (Æons were aspects of the Most High, the true god). The Most High was a formless, genderless source of creation. It was often believed among Gnostics that Sophia (an

Æon) mistakenly created the Demiurge, resulting in the situation we're in today. To bring justice to the earth, Æon Christ came to earth in the form of Jesus, who saved man by bringing a new paradigm and knowledge of the true god. To many Gnostics, the crucifixion of Jesus is unimportant, as he saved men through words rather than by self-sacrifice.

The Ophites were a Jewish Gnostic sect which revered the serpent of Eden as the bringer of wisdom (as can be seen by their name, the prefix "ophi" meaning "serpent"). This school of thought is one of the bases of the cosmology presented in this text.

Abraxas is a more difficult concept to define, as reports of his nature vary greatly. Some thought Abraxas to be the Demiurge, while others view him as the Most High, a personification of Pleroma. In this text, Abraxas is the masculine counterpart to Sophia, both simply being fragments of a personification of Pleroma.

Æther

Æther is the invisible, undetectable substance that connects all objects in existence, the element that fills the universe, making it a Plenum, containing no true vacuum or void.

In modern physics, there's a concept known as Zero Point Energy, a field of energy, all pervading, that exists even at 0° Kelvin, a condition in which no other energies can be present. In *Science and the Akashic Field*, Ervin Laszlo argues that the medium on which this field is carried is an information field, a modern equivalent to the ancient Hindu concept of the Akashic Record. He calls this medium the A-Field, or Akashic Field.

The Akashic Field, or æther, exists in equal parts at every point in the universe, recording every state of every quantum particle at every point in time. On the large scale, each quantum's state being recorded translates into every atom, molecule and organism's state at any given time,

including actions of humans and entire situations and courses of events, being accessible to anyone with the proper method of observing this field. In addition to recording events, the æther can be used as a medium of transmission of thoughts and will. When quanta are made real by being assigned a function, they carry out their function like obedient servitors. This is the key to effective magical workings.

Æther, though at all points of the universe, can be fractioned locally, consisting of quanta assigned the duty of acting as the material of the human spirit. It remains bound to the vicinity of the body, existing as a contained field of energy while still being the same basic substance as, and remaining part of, the greater æther field. This contained field records the human personality, mind and will, and continues to exist after the death of its physical host. This is what makes life after death possible. Once the material host dies, the field is no longer bound to the body, but is subject to the will of the spirit, which it has recorded. Essentially, the A-Field is the spirit, and

vice versa, the latter being the same substance as the former.

The ætheric, or Akashic, Field is Pleroma, the information recorded throughout the ages, serving as the wisdom brought to those who demand it, so long as they prove worthy and able. Sophia is the information recorded, while Abraxas is the ability to receive it. This is why enlightenment is such a lengthy and difficult process; potential is not accompanied with the realization of this potential, so effort must be taken to bring the potential to fruition. Both Sophia and Abraxas exist, as æther, at all points in the universe, and mankind as a whole is imbued with Abraxas. However, one simply having the potential and the desired information surrounding him is not enough. Lucifer was the necessary step on man's path to enlightenment, planting the seed of the lust for wisdom, and acting as the bridge between our potential for enlightenment and our attainment of enlightenment itself.

Jungian synchronicity is explained by the A-Field: the shared ability of connected (and sometimes, seemingly unconnected) people to share thoughts. Through æther, all minds are connected, at least on the most basic level, a fact that allows for the Collective Unconscious as proposed by C.G. Jung. This accounts for the shared Archetypes and events that make up the myths of the world's peoples.

The Silhouettes of Twilight

Maya, the illusory veil of matter, is the principle that allows man to experience collections of particles as whole objects. The Demiurge set into motion a self-sustaining universe of matter, within it an Earth full of life with the ability to diversify over time through mutation. Without Maya, this life would not have been successful. Were an animal to realize that all matter is comprised of the same substance, thus making all things ultimately homogenous, the animal would never have been driven to reproduce or flee from predators. After all, why run from oneself? However, by creating a paradigm of distinction, the Demiurge ensures that each animal will develop status as either predator or prey, which is ultimately what drives racial diversification in nature.

This is all good and well for a species driven by instinct alone, but the emergence of man complicates the matter for the creator. Here is a new species, evolving right under the Demiurge's nose, with the talent of thinking beyond the here and now: a race that proves an equal to he and his Archons. Despite his iron handed rule upon discovery of man, there would always be the defiant few with their veritable thoughtcrimes.

These philosophers, with their thoughtful investigations into the world, would eventually uncover the bizarre truth: the world as we know it is a dishonest representation of reality. This is not to say that the sensory world is not real; if you can touch it, see it or hear it, it's real. But the sensory certainly only comprises a small portion of that which surrounds us. Sigmund Freud's Iceberg model of the human mind can be applied to reality as a whole, given that only a very small portion of existence is experiential, while rest of existence proves a colossal, untouched mass expanding deep beneath the surface.

If one were to stand in a riverbank, submerged to the knees, a fish would see two legs, seemingly independent of one another. Perhaps the fish would not realize that these legs were of the same body and, ultimately, of the same matter, being but appendages of the same mass. So too are we fooled, as a result of Maya, into believing we are different than other humans, animals, plants, and even inanimate objects. In reality, all sensory objects are nothing more than an infinite number of pinnacles stemming from the same behemoth iceberg, expanding forever into a bottomless abyss.

Unfortunately, what this means is that you are no different than the book in your hand or the fanatical Southern Baptist down the street. However, what you are above the undetectable iceberg is what is most important in this life; the changes one endures after emerging onto the world of the sensory mold one into a defined, distinct individual to which no other can be truly identical.

The fact that there's so much more to reality than what we see is not in itself important; after all, we have all that we need for survival on the sensory plane. But the knowledge of this fact is important to the Luciferian, as it gives him an upper hand on both his ignorant peers and the oppressive creator. The creator would have us believe that he created us with love, deserves reverence and enforces the payment of this reverence with vengeance. Through recognition of the greater truths, however, the Luciferian deems impotent any power that the Demiurge claims to hold. He knows that not only was man a mistaken byproduct of the Demiurge's creation, but that the Demiurge himself was a mistaken creation of something even higher, a fact of which he himself is ignorant. The Luciferian realizes that, being of the same elementary substance of the creator, and holding knowledge imparted unto him by Lucifer, he is not only the Demiurge's equal, but is in fact his superior.

A person may very well go on his way with this knowledge with a nihilistic attitude toward life; after all, if his individuality is, macrocosmically speaking, a farce, what is the point in any pursuit? This is a natural response to the depressing news that one doesn't matter. But the crafty person learns to use it to his advantage by controlling and creating his personal paradigm from the bottom up. He's given two choices: do nothing with the information and suppress it, or give it some personal meaning. He can take into account every aspect of his world and assign it importance based on his preference. Such customization of one's paradigm, based on the knowledge that objectively nothing is important, is a path superior to any other in existence. He who consciously builds his own schema is bound only by his rules, rather than by those of any organization or convention.

One is still bound to some degree of morality, however, for severe violations of convention can be quite detrimental to one's well being. Murder, for instance, may not be against

one's personal morality, but being caught in the act will surely result in one's own discomfort: imprisonment, or violent retribution. And, although it is not the place of this piece to determine the direction in which one takes his paradigm, it must be stated that any act against another, animal or human, is more often than not quite pointless and despicable, with the exception being violent acts against deserving aggressors – especially in the case of violent revolution. The reason for this is simple: the need to victimize another, violently, sexually or otherwise, often stems from a distorted sense of self, and is indicative of personal weakness and insecurities that should be suitably dealt with before one can be a representative of the Luciferian path.

The Trails of Twilight, Into Endarkenment

We have read the mythical words of Lucifer as he describes himself as the twilight, equating himself with the conditions necessary to cast doubt on the world with which we are all

familiar. The twilight presents our world in such a manner that we can be made uncertain of its contents. If one submits to the proverbial twilight, the substance of Maya comes apart, the particles comprising its substance loosening their grip on one another as his mind is filled with visions of the deeper realities that lie outside of the world of light, far beyond the trails of twilight, in the absolute darkness, and he is graced with Endarkenment.

Endarkenment, or Luciferian Gnosis, is a brief state of being as the mind is flooded with fear, bliss, euphoria, visions and feelings that are impossible to articulate. It is a brief state, as one would find it impossible to carry on with life in the sensory world while holding on to this Gnosis. Fortunately, attaining Endarkenment for only a few moments is quite enough to reinforce the convictions of the Luciferian, reassuring him that his endeavor to find Wisdom is not in vain, and that he is indeed on the correct path.

Using “Endarkenment” rather than “Enlightenment” does not in any way mean that

Luciferian Gnosis is without the light of Wisdom. Quite the contrary, Endarkenment means exactly the same thing for the Luciferian path that Enlightenment means in the conventional sense. However, for three reasons, Endarkenment is a more appropriate term. The reasons are thus:

-Enlightenment is often used as a synonym for Nirvana in the Buddhist path, removing oneself from the cycle of rebirth. Given the evident fallacy of reincarnation, it's easy to see why some distancing from this concept is necessary.

-The Luciferian path, due to the names and symbols used, and despite extreme differences when compared to the myriad other paths under the same classification, loosely falls under the description of Judeo-Christian. As we all know, the majority of adherents also falling under this description, the vast majority being mental slaves to the Demiurge, describe their god and their path as one of light. In this schema, the Luciferian is a follower of darkness.

-Light represents the world as we see it

and what we're limited, by nature, to view, lit, obviously, by visible light, and darkness represents all that lies beyond what's presented to us.

Think of it as a number line: one represents light, or the sensory world; zero represents the twilight; negative one represents darkness. The value of both one and negative one are the same, but to an entity represented by one, negative one is only theoretical, and has no spatial value. The only flaw in this analogy is that the same does not hold true for an entity represented by negative one, the hidden reality. The world above the surface is not a mystery to the vast expanse of the submerged iceberg. It's as though the surface that separates them, the twilight, is a barrier only to the world above it, the world of Maya. And once the threshold is crossed, an adeptness is attained that cannot be erased.

Shifting Paradigm, Shifting Maya

In the 1960s, the newly emerged drug

culture brought many young people to a new level of consciousness and, subsequently, to a heightened level of political awareness (thanks much to a fierce opposition to the Vietnam conflict). From this new awareness came a new breed of middle-class, white American kid, one who sympathized with all who were forced to endure hardships. This more empathetic mindset started white involvement in the pre-existing Civil Rights movement, which ultimately brought an end to racial segregation and forced the American government to hold true to its proclaimed devotion to constitutional ideals.

The development of a new awareness in the 1960s (as well as the myriad other social revolutions in the past) serves as evidence of man's ability to shift Maya, or rework the consensus paradigm to the point that old values can become irrelevant.

When an individual has an epiphany, one which initially astounds him but soon causes him to alter his personal philosophies, he has altered Maya, at least so far as Maya affects his view on

that particular subject. If there is any potential for popularity in this epiphany, he can present it to those around him, thus altering Maya even more. Eventually, with enough relevance to the new idea, the Butterfly Effect may see Maya shift completely, through social revolution, so much so that it's completely unrecognizable. Indeed, if an adult were frozen in time during the 1950s, only to be thawed out today, the racial and social climate would overwhelm him.

Maya's hold on an individual depends on its ability to control one's thinking. Usually, this is a result of social conditioning in conjunction with material limitations. But any time the paradigm of an individual or a nation changes, Maya has not been defeated, but has been unraveled long enough for change to have been implemented. And while not a complete victory, it's a testament to man's ability to manipulate this universal force.

Unfortunate Buoyancy

What can be done to defeat the

limitations set upon us by Maya? The sad answer to this question is: nothing. Simply knowing you're being fooled does not exempt you from falling victim to further foolery. Simply knowing that there's another world beyond the sensory does not grant you a visa for residence in this world. Unfortunately, the benefit of holding this knowledge is limited to the ability to build one's own paradigm as one sees fit. Even with this, we are bound by the force of Maya in order to continue surviving in this world. In life, we are forced to stay afloat above the surface. The ancient Hindus, the originators of the concept of Maya, couldn't beat it and neither can the most disciplined Luciferian. But the customization of the personal paradigm is still leagues above the status quo. One word of encouragement, however: Maya is limited to the physical, meaning the release of the spirit upon death brings an end to the influence of the illusory veil.

Eidola

(On Non-Human Entities)

With each Quantum Leap made, the Universe again begins its Expansion to Extremity. During this time, matter is formed and biological life comes into being. This, however, is not the only living accident to come into existence. Long before matter begins to form at the command of the Demiurge, quanta (strings) come together into concentrated bodies, the first of these bodies being the Demiurge. These bodies exist as energy, condensed and combined with residual information from the Akashic Record. As individual bodies interact, they evolve from senseless energy containing information to sentient beings: Demons.

Many of these Demons are Archons, subservient to the Demiurge. But just as humans choose their paths based on the information they collect throughout life, Demons develop their

nature as a result of their processing of the information of which they are comprised. As with men, some are benevolent, but many are thoughtless and destructive. Their awareness is of much higher dimensions than our own. They are not bound to the limitations of three or four dimensions. Because of this, they seem eternally wise and godlike to men, a fact which is to the advantage of the Demiurge. Demons have appeared to certain individuals, but those that are at all concerned with biological life are few.

They may be summoned for purposes magical. While man may effectively perform magic himself, he may feel as though his power and will are not powerful enough for a particular goal. The Demon, however, is capable of all the magic of a human, exponentially enhanced. When a magician summons a Demon to perform a task, the Demon does not necessarily manually perform the task. He does, however, act as an amplifier of the magician's will, sending the magician's quantum message into the æther with greater force.

Some Demons may, for one reason or another, grow an affinity for an individual. These Demons may act as Guardian Angel to these individuals. The Guardian Angel does what the basic quantum communication of intuition cannot: manually intervening in a potentially hazardous situation, preventing injury or death.

Other Demons may become attached to other objects, living or inanimate. Those that become attached to an animal with which the magician is acquainted are what we know as Familiars. They do not possess or harm the creature; the magician merely uses the animal as a means by which he may communicate with his Demon...a point of reference.

Those Demons that become attached to inanimate objects are referred to as the Djinn. The Djinn are not bound to the object; the object is a means by which the magician may easily summon his Demon for magical purposes. The object is a medium; the quanta of both the Demon and the magician harmonize with those of the object, forever entwining the three until

magic is enacted against the bond. The Djinn's object is best left for ritual use alone, lest the Djinn interact in affairs not of the magician's choosing.

The Demons, although of the same species as the Demiurge, are not associated with him by necessity, nor are they associated with Sophia by nature. They are not Æons; they are not Archons. They exist independently. Many do choose the way of the Demiurge, becoming Archons: in essence, magical servitors of the Demiurge. Some may choose the path of Sophia, performing works on Earth in favor of Lucifer, nudging worthy minds in the direction of Wisdom by altering Maya for the individual enough to make them question reality. Lucifer has left his invitation, but will not coerce men to choose his path. The Demons, unprompted by Lucifer, will choose worthy spirits and 'convince' them to search beyond their status quo by granting them unexpected visions of the sub-Mayan world.

Etymology

There will often be confusion in the use of the term 'Demon'. The connotations of the word in its modern usage almost always suggest an undeniably malicious spirit, answering to a greater spirit of evil and bent on the misery of men.

The word itself is Greek in origin (*δαίμων*), a reference to a non-human spirit. And such is the intended use of the term in this text. Demon, Djinn, Familiar, Angel or any other reference to a spirit are interchangeable terms, with Demon being the all-encompassing. The difference between, for example, an Angel and a Deity is a matter of role. They may be comprised of the same silica, but the Angel may be seen as a protectorate spirit, whereas the Deity may hold reign over a certain terrestrial phenomenon.

Within the whole realm of mythology and religion, the nature of any entity is dependent upon its role, both within the world at large and within the life of any given individual.

The Jewish god, to the Abrahamic adherents, is God, whereas to the Gnostic he is Demiurge. Lucifer, to the Luciferian, is the Skeleton Key to open all hidden doors, whereas to the Christians he is Satan. The revered pagan gods of old became the malevolent agents of the Devil when the new convention of Christianity became the establishment. But these entities have not changed, and have remained the same in their nature through the changing of the guard. Only in the relative perception of the individual or the herd have they become something different.

Therefore, a Djinn may be a Familiar, should a magician choose to relocate his residence from a stone to a cat. The Angel may be a Deity should one see him as being in the charge of some natural phenomenon. You may either be a writer, a reader, musician, hermit or socialite, or all of the above, if the situation calls for it. And such is true of the Demons: versatile, individual entities, every bit as capable of change as the men who call upon them.

Synchronicity

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards."

The White Queen

The objects and events of the world are tied together in a profoundly complex network of connections. Through theoretical physics, we've seen that two closely linked particles can be separated by the distance of an entire universe, yet still be immediately linked. If you were to enact a change in particle A, this change will instantaneously reflect in particle B, no matter the distance between them.

This same effect is seen on the grander scale as well. We humans are comprised of quantum particles on the most basic level. When two humans interact frequently, their quanta become closely associated. Here we have not just one or two linked particles, but trillions upon

trillions of particles that serve to operate the body and mind. When two humans share a bond, the vast networks of particles also bond.

When the individuals are separated by distance, and a significant event occurs in the life of one of the persons, disturbing the normal routine of his particles, the other person may immediately be made aware of this disturbance, for reasons unbeknownst to him. Countless people have reported mental unrest, anxiety or a feeling at the 'pit of their stomach' at the very moment a significant event occurred in the life of a close companion. The cause of this is the communication between closely linked quanta, the change in one effecting an awareness of a change in the other. A similar circumstance is that of sympathy pains, and even empathy.

People often have a song playing in their heads, only to turn on the radio to find that very song playing. Yet again, this is the basic-but-phenomenal communication of linked particles. When you become familiar with a song, the quantum vibrations created by this unique

combination of waves becomes familiar to your quanta. When the song is again played, it is sent through the æther on waves of light. The ætherial disturbances created by this particular song are unique; when these waves disturb the æther around you, the song may well come to mind. When you turn on the radio only to hear the song, you may be astounded, or at least humorously impressed. But the fact is, you knew on a very basic, unconscious level, that the song was being played.

Usually, on the superficial level, one has to experience something in order for it to become knowledge. Learning is a process; knowledge comes about through reading, hearing, observing, et cetera. On the quantum level, however, knowledge is immediate. Quite often, quantum knowledge will find its way to the mind in the form of intuition. You may meet a new acquaintance and immediately like or dislike him. On the superficial level, you cannot know upon first meeting whether or not a person's friendship will be a constructive or destructive influence.

Such knowledge must come through empirical evidence of the person's behavior in relation to yours. On the quantum level, however, you can be made aware of your compatibility with another person, and this quantum awareness comes to attention as a physiological response (again, a 'pit of the stomach' feeling, general uneasiness, bad vibes, et cetera).

With the ability to perceive subtle quantum communiqués comes a phenomenon that many call the Guardian Angel, or spirit guide. While in some cases a person may genuinely be haunted by a Demon (see *Eidola*), the majority of received messages from what one sees as a Guardian are in the form of intuition, and are in fact caused not by an external spirit, but by the same method of quantum communication mentioned throughout this chapter. In this case, however, it is not a case of closely linked particles acting as their counterparts are acted upon. Instead, the quanta of an individual are reacting to a significant event which will soon occur in the space they occupy, or will soon occupy, by

messages etched into the Akashic record. The result is an unspecified feeling of impending disaster, compelling the individual to take a detour on his path to bypass the danger. Just as the air becomes charged prior to a lightning strike, so too is the space surrounding one charged prior to a significant happening.

People often equate these things with psychic abilities. In a way, they are correct, although “psychic” is either too simple or too complex a term for the reality, depending on how one looks at it. Either way, the term isn’t always accurate. “Psychic” implies a supernatural power, but the mechanics behind psychic phenomena are indeed quite natural, albeit not on an observable level. One mistake one may make regarding the semantics of the subject is in thinking of the quantum as very small and the spiritual as very large. This is only a partial truth, for in all its smallness, the quantum is responsible for the grandiosity of spirit, and vice-versa; the two are undoubtedly dependent upon one another. They are two faces of the same force, as

electricity is to magnetism, matter to energy, et cetera. Note that by spirit, I do not mean merely the human spirit or a sentient entity, but the overall divine, the very driving force behind all of existence.

You may visualize a Möbius strip. A Möbius strip represents an infinite plane that continually renews itself as one follows it. It has no beginning, no end, but reverses with each pass across the same point. If one were to represent infinite greatness with one pass, with the next, he would represent infinite smallness; left oriented one pass, right oriented the next, and so forth. Just as light is a product of electricity becoming magnetism becoming electricity, so is existence itself a product of quantum becoming spiritual becoming quantum. The two are the same force with different faces. They permit existence as we know it; all things, man included, are byproducts of this unending interchange. Pleroma is not responsible for quantum forces; quantum forces are not responsible for Pleroma. Pleroma is the quantum force. Quanta *are* Pleroma. You may not

have one without the other.

So the supernatural phenomena of the psychic world are anything but. They merely shine light on the connectedness of all things in existence. Most any person with the proper mental discipline may attain quantum psychic abilities. For a few people, these things come quite naturally, but it is difficult for others as a result of mental blocking. Most people simply aren't receptive to quantum communication. The more possessed one is by extrinsic motivations, the further removed one is from the true self. To be truly self-aware is to be aware of the homogeneity of self and Pleroma, and sensitivity to this oneness follows suit. This awareness comes with Endarkenment. But just as Endarkenment, it is a near-impossible state to maintain while living in the world. But through repeated exercise (meditation/contemplation), one may be conditioned to maintain receptiveness to the subtle quantum communications.

On the subject of synchronicity, one cannot avoid the phenomenon of meaningful

coincidences. Many people report a common theme of coincidences throughout their lives, so much so that they feel there *must* be some significance to them. A person may look to the night sky, thinking how great it would be to see a shooting star, and seconds later they actually catch a glimpse of one. A person feels compelled to look at a clock several times a day, often when the digital numbers are occurring in triples (3:33, 4:44), quadruples (11:11) or any other meaningful combination of numbers. (Side note: I, myself, often am compelled to look at the clock at 3:16, leading me to associate it with the Biblical verse of John, 3:16, only to immediately have it change to 3:17, which appears as LIE when inverted).

It may well be that these are mere coincidences, a frequent case of apophenia. But in thinking within the terms of the Doctrine of Synchronicity, there are no mere coincidences. Bear in mind that all of existence is one. When what appears to be a meaningful combination of digits appears on a clock, you are aware of it, even if you've not looked at the clock for a great length

of time. The numbers are meaningful to you, and when compelled to cast your eyes upon the timepiece, something is communicating with you. It may be your unconscious mind, a Demonic entity or a deceased loved one trying to convey a message of sorts to you. What this message implies is completely up to your interpretation. Shrug it off as a completely meaningless ploy to make you aware or attribute to it an apocalyptic revelation; regardless, the event is not a mere coincidence.

Deicidal Deity

The religious myths of the world often have common themes: the creation of the world, conflicts between the gods, the punishment of sinful men at the hands of the wrathful divine, foretelling of the end times, and the rise and fall of a hero figure are rather commonplace in the myths of men.

The origin of myth is no surprise; men will always have questions that simply cannot be answered by whatever technologies or sciences they have at their disposal, so they seek to answer them by means of divinity. And while some of the similarities of myth came about as a result of cultural exchange, by and large they are a product of human imagination. Not that of the individual human, but that of the masses, described by Jung's theory of the Collective Unconscious. All humans and civilizations are inflexibly linked by

the æther, and as a result, are infused, at a very deep level, with the Akashic record. Access to this record comes most naturally in times of uncertainty, wonder, inebriation or mental disturbance. And the interpretation of the information received from the Akashic is subject to the individual's previous experiences. So when a man is looking to concoct an answer to why his village was decimated by a plague, his conclusion will be a combination of archetypal figure and local characteristics. The result is the product of Demiurge and domestic fiend.

The archetype figures come about as a result of the Akashic record. Etched into our spiritual memories is the feminine divine (Sophia), masculine divine (Abraxas), destructive demigod (Demiurge) and productive demigod, or messiah figure (Lucifer), among numerous lesser archetypes. If an individual resides in a tiny village, resting in a harsh desert scape, his interpretation of these archetypes would be more fierce, and more oriented toward the destructive demigod than would that of a person living in a

lush forest.

In modern times, we humans have far greater convenience and luxury than ever before. Our need for the divine has waned considerably since the Industrial Revolution, and will undoubtedly continue to do so until a great catastrophe ends our luxurious lifestyles. Many of us, however, regardless of modern comfort, still are quite able to see the divine working in our civilizations. We see in the scientific deadening of spirit the sway of the Demiurge, the great Master of Illusions. As much as scientific advances shed new light on the material world, they draw attention away from the Truth beyond. The Demiurge would willingly discourage belief in his existence in order to remove the attention from higher divinities, despite his own jealous demands of recognition and subservience. He would see a greater benefit in detracting from the very concept of spiritual belief. Fewer men would find their way to his rule, but more importantly, fewer men would find their way to Gnosis, an agent of his Satan. So as science progresses,

making the God of myth less of a reality, men are declined the opportunities presented by Lucifer. So while there is a beauty in obvious logic, there is a greater, less obvious detriment.

Lucifer, however, is the spirit of rebellion against this conventional wisdom. The time has come when the scientist and skeptic are no longer progressive thinkers, but the orthodoxy. No longer are their teachings in the interest of illumination; rather, they are antiquated regurgitators, running in circles while beating dead horses. And while their findings continue to shed new light on the world of the sensory, these findings are no longer needed. For even within their own disciplines, theorists have mathematically seen proof of the Truth beyond. Quantum physicists have become the rogues and revolutionaries of scientific thought, proposing sound theories that take thousands of years of sensory science and render them threadbare, mere products of the lesser minds of lesser times. The true understanding of these very theories, and their spiritual implications, are the only

saving grace for the now overly skeptical and materialistic human society.

It is through this process that the Demiurge has defeated himself. Maya's hold is strong, binding the bulk of thinking men to study the strictly material in existence. Over time, superstitions must give way to the need for empirical evidence, destroying mankind's faith in the creator. Science becomes religion. Through rogue science, the Truth beyond is eventually revealed, and mankind moves back to spirit, bypassing the Demiurge and false spirituality in favor of the pursuit of Pleroma. And once again, in the eternal Universal Cycle, Lucifer is the victor.

Elementals

Within the seed lies the genetic material of the plant. Falling upon fertile soil, the seed sprouts. Seedling to tree it grows, aided by energy contained in seed, soil, water and Sun, all of which are aspects of the energy of the Metaverse, the Anima Mundi, the Æther. As with humans and animals, the plant exists as nature and nurture. It is a self-contained Akashic field, bound by the borders of its skin, growing more unique as the years progress, collecting information from the world around it and serving as a storehouse of knowledge that may be tapped.

His motionless, subtle nature allows him status as the perfect observer; his lack of true consciousness and self-awareness making him completely unbiased in his collection of information. No expectations, no processing, no selectivity; only a collection of the world's

knowledge with unlimited capacity.

As a non-thinking being, this knowledge does not benefit the tree. But it does give the tree a wise character, a spirit. This spirit may be personified and thus given consciousness by an observer or worshiper. This spirit is the Elemental, but it exists not only in the tree, but in all natural bodies. Bodies of water, stones, earth, storms...all are untapped sources of Akasha that may be personified, and thus made into useful parties.

Many people, when in a wilderness area of mountains, hills, forests, deserts, rivers or any other majestic place in nature, feel as though there's much more there than mere scenery. There is *divinity* in a natural setting; an ancient, eternal, holy, evil and wise divinity. This is a contributing factor to the awe we experience when away from human civilization. We see a landscape far older than our species, far greater than our species, and that will exist long after our species has ceased to exist. Upon the death of the last human, this landscape will remain, and will carry the Wisdom of the world before, during and

after the tragic tale of mankind. The wilderness will swallow mankind whole, leaving no trace of the detailed story of our race, no trace of the damage we have caused. Some civilized species of the distant future will excavate our fossilized remains and ruined cities, and even they will gaze upon the unforgiving wilderness, knowing that they too are merely a flash in the eternal darkness of existence, wondering if the Wisdom of the Earth is somehow responsible for the demise of this long dead race.

Each spot on the globe seems to carry a character of its own, some stronger than others, but all undoubtedly in possession of a very unique collective spirit and community of individual spirits. From the rolling Ozark foothills and Ouachita Mountains of Eastern Oklahoma to the snowcapped Cascades and rain forests of the American Northwest; from the Great Plains to the Alaskan tundra; from the Desert Southwest to the Eastern Woodlands – to use only familiar North American references – all landscapes harbor spirits so ancient and full of Wisdom that the

sensitive observer sits in awe, for even a single great redwood holds beneath its bark more knowledge than the whole of human civilization could ever hope to attain.

For the Shaman, however, this is not an intimidating fact. He delights in the knowledge of mankind being swallowed whole by the wilderness, and he familiarizes himself with the spirits of the wild for his own benefit. He is an Animist, but not in the absolute sense of the word. His worship is not one of the tree, the stone, the storm or the river, but of the eternal Wisdom contained therein, the eternal Wisdom that mankind cannot readily hold due to the specifics of our animal evolution. Man is animal, Demon and divine; the wilderness is a passive receptacle of all the Wisdom of the Earth and beyond.

Our animist ancestors knew well the divine nature of the elements. Their worship of the inanimate and animate alike was not merely one of ignorance. Indeed, the ancients were untainted by the advanced philosophies seen since the rise of Greece. Our philosophies are a

most cherished commodity, an astounding product of our collective mind. But they also serve to confuse. The generative philosophical system has created, since its inception, a great many avenues to be taken. So many, in fact, that it becomes difficult to focus on just one...to dedicate oneself to a single thread of thought. All of this confusion creates a noise so loud that we cannot hear the subtle whispers that have been present since before our race took its first bipedal steps. When we were simple – when we sought only to survive – these whispers were as roars to us. We were spoken to by the forests. We were spoken to by the rivers, the violent ocean and the hunt. In all our ignorance, we held a wisdom so great and pure: a knowledge that the profane was indeed holy at its core. Our evolution has been paradoxical, even cyclical. We lost touch with the elemental gods, and went on a trek thousands of years in duration, seeking truths where there were questions. We have been taken to the greatest heights and gained knowledge of grandiose space and miniscule atoms, leaving no stone unturned

in between. Yet after all the tumult of our need to know, many find themselves coming back to the animist mindset of the ancestors; to the pantheist reverence of nature and the understanding that all is God. All things sacred and evil, even the ol' Craftsman himself, are part and parcel of the Most High God, Pleroma. And in this cosmic battle of wits and souls, we still may see our own faces on the opposing end. The figure of the iceberg once again comes into play. It is important to know the enemy and to be among the Wise above the surface, but also to know of the oneness of ourselves and the enemy. This submerged mountain of ice is a pedestal...a stage...on which our drama unfolds never-ending.

Stay true to the path of your choosing, for it is in the experiential – both of the empirical and in Gnosis – where importance lies. But know that in the end, this mountain of ice will melt and all that we know, all that we are, will become a mass of seawater, blending unassumingly with this eternal ocean, subject to the current of oblivion.

The Sea is All and All is the Sea.

LANTERNS
OR
LANTERNS OF WISDOM
FROM THE FIRMAMENT

OPHITIC SCRIPTURE
PRAYERS
AND
MEDITATIONS

AS RECORDED BY

JEREMY CHRISTNER

IN HIS CAPACITY AS A VIABLE MAGISTER
OF
LUCIFER'S WORD

AS ORDAINED BY

-TEMPLE OPHIS -

O.S.K.

LANTERNS

CONTAINED HEREIN:

- I. RUBAIYAT
- II. THE BOOK OF THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAVENS
- III. A PRAYER TO THE WITNESS TO CREATION
- IV. HOLY ALCHEMY
- V. ENDARKENMENT
- VI. AN ADDRESS TO SCOUNDRELS
- VII. THE SORROW OF THE SPECIES
- VIII. THE FIRES OF FAITH
- IX. PANTHEON
- X. THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN
- XI. THE SEA IS ALL AND ALL IS THE SEA I
- XII. THE SEA IS ALL AND ALL IS THE SEA II
- XIII. THE FORMS OF MY WORSHIP
- XIV. A PRAYER TO THE AEONS
- XV. THE SCRUTINY
- XVI. A MOUNTAIN OF THE DECEASED
- XVII. CALL FOR AN END TO SERFDOM
- XVIII. THE GAMECOCK
- XIX. THE DEATH OF AMERICA
- XX. DYING RIVER
- XXI. IN THIS SAND THE MINDS OF MAN
- XXII. ENNOIA
- XXIII. THE ALL-SEEING EYE
- XXIV. THE DEVOTIONAL
- XXV. PHANTASMAL FORTHCALLINGS
- XXVI. THERE ARE NO MASTERS HERE
- XXVII. THE TRAMPLED WEED TO MAJESTY

RUBAIYAT

I

The planet in darkness, the star rose foredawn,
Shining a beacon unseen by Archons;
What but the dust in their trail could obscure
The Truth of beyond, the Truth of Æons?

II

Prudentia Omnia Vincit, it's known,
Millennia after the arrow was thrown,
Piercing the armor of the martinet,
Bleeding him slowly to torment and bone.

III

Dysphoria, one's zero energy state,
Delight, something for which we must work and
wait,
Doomed on our quest, like a Wandering Jew,
For a joy to arrive and disintegrate.

IV

Breathe upon the wings of the butterflies
Your words of urgency, life and demise;
And alas! They shall see, as they well knew
The life of the living, the dying one dies.

V

In dusk of the Earth, you wander alone,
Your spirit unmatched, your person unknown;
Yours is an ecstasy pure and divine,
For divine is the trait which your spirit has grown.

VI

I am but a cell in eternity's flesh,
Subject to the whim of existence;
The most liberating lesson I have learned
Has proved my insignificance.

THE BOOK OF THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAVENS

A.

In the beginning Abraxas sprung forth from the Nothing.

In His emergence, He spread thin the blackness of the Void.

Chaos was no more; Kosmos came to be, bringing order to newly formed matter.

The Kosmos, devoid of light, begat Sophia as equal to the Most High.

Sophia left the side of Abraxas, wandering the heavens in despair of solitude, weeping.

Her tears collected at the bottom of the heavens, a stagnant pool of Wisdom and sadness from whence rose the Archons.

Y.

Yaldabaoth, Prime Archon, commanded the spawn of Sophia's tears to mould the Earth and

water, to create the stars, fixed and wandering, to fashion a kingdom in his favor.

Yaldabaoth gazed upon his creation in delight.

He fashioned the flora and fauna of Earth, the ferns and pines, the toad and wolf, bound by perfect order.

Long did he watch attentively as his kingdom perpetuated itself, and in his sureness he lent his attention to other arenas.

Unbeknownst to Yaldabaoth, there emerged in his kingdom two beasts, the Man and the Serpent.

The Man, standing tall and erect, intelligent and vulnerable, walked alone in the kingdom of Yaldabaoth.

The mind of the Man was empty and ignorant, yet with much ability to learn.

The Serpent: slithering low upon the ground, cold in blood and without heart, calculating and solitary.

His eyes betrayed great Wisdom, yet no intelligence.

Casting his gaze yet again upon the Earth, the Demiurge spotted the First Man, the Adam.

In Adam he found a beast that promised to

destroy the perfect order of the Earth.

Adam was animal, impulsive, yet held the quality seen only in the Archons: that of manipulation, that of creation.

Being no longer the sole race of creators, the Archons and Yaldabaoth assaulted the mind of Man.

“I have given unto you life and the Earth as home, and I have given unto you an intelligence after mine own. Use this to maintain perfect order, as your God commands. Create not, but use what I have given to thee, and kneel daily before he who has given this world to thee.

“Seek not a world beyond my gift. Be fruitful and become many in number, and to all of your children impart the law of your God, so that they too will on bended knee revere me.

“Above all, seek not a Wisdom beyond me, for to do so shall fruitless prove, to do so is to blaspheme. My word is truth, stern and absolute.”

And Man went about the Earth, becoming many in number.

And in all that Man did, he blessed the creator and his gifts on bended knee.

The mind of Man was naïve and young; he knew the commands and obeyed them, but a Wisdom beyond the world surrounding him seemed mere fantasy.

What could be greater than the deserts and forests?

What could be greater than he who gave the Earth and life and thought to Man?

Nothing can be greater!

L.

Sure and ignorant, First Man went about life, tending his home and his gardens.

And as First Man one morning plucked fruit from a tree in time to break his fast, he felt a pain upon the flesh of his ankle and fell to the grass beneath him.

There before him was the Serpent, scales black in color, eyes black in color.

His forked tongue stabbed the air as he danced around the pain filled body of First Man.

The pain in his ankle became a burning, and the burning moved beneath his flesh and throughout his body.

“What have you done to me, beast?” he cried, as his heart’s beating increased and he could scarcely catch a breath.

The surrounding trees and sky began melting before him, submerging beneath the surface of the Earth as First Man ascended, as if carried upon the wings of a bird.

The Serpent remained before him, but all else was black and void.

The Serpent spoke: "I am the God who created your God. He has commanded that you seek no Wisdom beyond him; your intelligence comes not from him, but from me, Sophia, the Serpent who has bitten you and filled with your body my venom. You have not sought my Wisdom, you have had no mind to seek my Wisdom.

"That which I do offer is far greater than the laws of your God. The choice remains yours. What you now see is but a vision of the gate which opens and leads to greater paths."

And First Man awoke in confusion and fear.

When confusion and fear subsided, enthusiasm prevailed, and First Man spread the word of the Serpent for nine days and nights.

On the ninth night, Yaldabaoth became privy to what was sure to be a defeating insurrection, and his assault on the mind of Man gained strength. He rained death upon whole cities and brought floods.

Many men were killed until Yaldabaoth was satisfied that the tainted minds were washed

clean.

But the venom of the Serpent had joined with the blood in Man's body, and was inseparable.

Quelled it may have been, but deceased it was not.

And First Man is reborn with the generations as the Serpent appears before him, striking his fangs into his heart and bringing to him deliverance from the Archons and their world.

T.

Many generations had passed and First Man entered a foreign valley and happened upon a small village.

In the village he was met with kindness and offered food and shelter.

Often it is so that First Man travels anonymously, being unknown to much of the world.

That portion of the world that knows of him often sees him as a Satan, as he was so called by Yaldabaoth in earlier times.

But this village was far removed from the world. Its inhabitants had no interest in the God of old and formed their religion in reverence of a fungus that grew on many of the village's walls, stones and mud.

They offered to First Man a serving of this fungus and left him in the courtyard alone.

As night fell, the frigid air gave way to warmth, and before First Man the forests were aflame.

He saw the flames, though they emitted no light, and they consumed the bark and leaves of trees, which regenerated with each breath taken by First Man.

From the forest emerged a Cock.

The Cock did not speak, but First Man knew what he would have said had he chosen to do so.

The Cock disappeared into the black night.

From the forest emerged a Ram.

The Ram encircled First Man, as if studying him.

The Ram did not speak, but First Man knew what he would have said had he chosen to do so.

The Ram disappeared into the black night.

From the forest emerged a Peacock.

The Peacock stood before First Man and shone a magnificent display of color.

The Peacock spoke, breathing the words of Rooster and Ram alike:

“Seek the Serpent in subtle beauty.”

In tremendous, First Man found in these six words a tome of a thousand pages, millions of years in the making.

The village Shaman came to greet First Man, and with a nod, First Man went on his way.

He had found that for which he had come.

O.

Many generations had passed and First Man led a solitary life in the Eastern hills.

An eremite and hermit, he had known the new world's technologies and rejected them.

He had found many revelations in dreams, and with each dream his blood held more venom.

So it was that one day the venom and its effects did not subside.

When he spoke, it was not with his words, but with the words of the Serpent.

Weeks and months had passed, and First Man had not rejoined the rest of his kind.

No longer bound to the empirical and Maya, First Man went into the world as a master, seeking to crush the injustices mandated by Yaldabaoth and employed by his people.

Everywhere that he went, the Serpent followed with him.

He brought terror to every village and city he entered.

An army of Serpents bit the ankles of every living man and woman.

An army of Demons crushed the structures and temples.

And with each city destroyed, an army of Man followed First Man, and grew larger with every soul bitten by the Serpent.

And so it was that First Man and his armies had destroyed all of civilized human lands.

And the whole of his species had followed him and his Serpents.

Powerless, Yaldabaoth watched as his doom came unto him.

And First Man stood atop the mountains, a master of the Earth and heavens.

And with a wave of his hand, First Man

summoned the Great Serpent to appear in the sky.

The Serpent blocked the light of the Sun and stars and swallowed the Archons and the whole of the Earth and heavens.

All that was in the Universe was the Serpent, who in devouring himself from the tail brought the All to a single point, then to Void, and Nothing.

Αδκοϛ

A PRAYER TO THE WITNESS TO CREATION

Oh, great Witness of Creation:

How is it that of your perfect Ovum did rise such a craftsman so imperfect?

How is it that you saw your offspring become so entrenched in matter that all that lives decays from birth, suffers and dies?

Surely if we were formed of your delicate hand immortal should we be.

How strong and perfect we would be!

It must be so that matter, bastard of spirit, is the catalyst of decay.

It must be so that the first deficient offspring is the father of all offspring, and degeneration is in the center of our very atoms, inherent and inescapable.

Sacred Mother, send us your magick and mercy!

Lay down your hand upon our blood that we should become perfect as a race!

Purify us in the flesh as you have sought to purify us in our spirits!

You have for so long worked within our souls, yet the decay of matter and mind, even as evolution unfolds, has moved us further and further from your perfect Love.

Make it so that the whole of our race shall deny the imperfect god and seek the greater perfection of God, Pleroma.

Lay waste to the false faith that has driven our race to destroy itself and enslave our minds to create a kingdom decrepit and ill; a parade for the arrival of the creator of serfdom.

Come within every man and woman; work within and through us to master our societies for your glory.

Give us the sword of Abraxas that we may slash the false prophets at the feet, so that they may crumble and fall upon the world;

That we may destroy castles, courts and temples that have so long dominated and mastered the unholy art of slavery and oppression;

That we may make war upon the defenders of our enemy god, a true satan to our race and all races of flesh!

You made yourself imperfect in material so that you could bring light upon the world.

You presented yourself in the form of a great Angel to give us your Wisdom, and our recompense to you has been rejection.

We the faithful desire your lessons!

We the faithful desire your Wisdom and shall not reject what it is that you offer!

Your gifts are the greatest of all, and we shall cherish every particle of your presence, Oh Mother Sophia, and accept with open arms your greatest achievement, the Prophet Lucifer!

We are your strength within the world and shall battle at your side to achieve your aims, to lay the crimson carpet upon the earth so that you may have your Kingdom here as you rule also in Heaven.

Do not forget we that love you still!

HOLY ALCHEMY

Your discontent is no mystery to me.

Your flesh and your soul are things of beauty, yet you dream of greater things.

With all your potential, you still dream of the greener grasses of northern climes, of vast expanses of space and stars, of intellectual races beyond your own.

Alas, even in Heaven, greater concepts are dreamt of!

Discontent leads one to ambition.

Ambition, to greatness.

But seek not this greatness from without.

Waste not hope on promised snow in the desert.

A trek of one thousand miles deems the traveler a stranger, unknown, even unwelcome.

But when greatness is sought from within, the traveler soars beyond the known with immunity and without fear.

Shall death conquer him?

Shall his person be no more?

Yes! And the better for it!

This wanderer shall find his Heaven!

This wanderer shall arrive in northern climes and lie in snow upon the floor of the hottest deserts, if this wanderer seeks the Wisdom within.

He who brings himself to his smallest point, his Prime Quantum, where the illusion is affixed to the Truth beyond, and inverts himself, leaving his body limp and distant, may find Heaven!

His greater concept is found not in this world but in the world and worlds yet unknown.

This wanderer burns hotter than the whitest stars and creates from his fusion an entire universe of intellectual races modeled after his image.

To be God, the wanderer must usurp God and his creation.

He must fuse with the latent design and Designer, to master this Realm of Forms, and to bring forms to matter.

He must recreate the universe as he knew it, and bring himself to the point of space and time at which he left his body behind.

Reentering the world, he will leave things unchanged, but will walk as a god among the people.

ENDARKENMENT

I passed through the night;

The warm mist scattered the faint, amber light from the high rising street lamps.

My footsteps served as a mantra, every step lulling me further into a walking trance.

Suddenly, I was struck by a most bizarre feeling; the nighttime fog on my face, the amber light surrounding me, the quiet houses lined up perfectly, stretching down the road to infinity, every green blade of grass, bits of broken glass sprinkled along the path; all had very quickly, and unexpectedly, taken on a quality of perfection.

These were no longer individual elements in a nighttime cityscape.

No, indeed, they had become one...one with the night, and one with myself.

I pondered for hours, or perhaps mere seconds, on the crushing sounds of the gravel beneath my feet. My steps had created a perfect rhythm, and the resounding collision of foot and stone had become a symphony, complete with individual notes.

The symphony told a story of creation and demise. The first movement walked the listener through the tumultuous storm following the first grand

explosion, and quelled his fears as the temperatures cooled and stability was in sight.

The second movement tells the unfortunate tale of matter and men, and continues this story today.

Midway through my orchestral enjoyment, my peripheral vision darkened.

The dark ring surrounding the visible world grew, inch by inch, as though I were being swallowed alive by a carnivorous Leviathan at my heels.

I paused on my venture, and my feet fell silent.

The symphony went on hiatus indefinitely as the hum of the summer night wind blew through the maples and willows and past my ears.

I could hear the wind screaming behind me, rushing on with increasing velocity, as though no longer bound by friction.

My vision darkened further and further until my pupils focused on a singularity of amber light immediately before me.

Then, darkness and silence.

It felt as though I were strapped to a reclining chair; arms bound, legs cuffed, eyes pried open by a willful force.

The faintest speck of blue light appeared, seemingly thousands of light years away, and

gradually moving closer and closer.

It emitted a very pleasant heat, but grew colder as it drew nearer.

Soon I was frozen, stationary and alert.

Some unseen power sought to ensure that I bear witness to a show designed for the few.

Either I was quite honored, or very unfortunate indeed.

The blue speck of light in the distance was joined by another, this one white in color.

Two more materialized, followed by another four.

They were being produced exponentially, and they soon filled the whole of my vision.

Scarcely could I see a defining border around any of the specks; had I not witnessed their individual materialization, I'd have believed them to be a solid mass of light, interrupted only by the ever-present blue light in the center of my sight.

The blue light continued moving toward me at a consistent pace, but the others soon began rushing toward me.

Closer and closer they drew, until finally the first struck me.

There was no physical sensation upon contact, but there was an immediate physiological

response. These specks of light were of no material known to man, but were concentrated thought!

For what seemed like a lifetime, I was bombarded from all sides by these luminous specks, each one filling my spirit with the thoughts and feelings of every living soul in the universe.

Some represented pure emotion; love, hatred, disgust, self-loathing, wonder, fear - any emotion of which the carbon based life form is capable - I experienced with each blow from these magnificent points of light.

After the emotions ended, knowledge followed.

Every great piece of literature, every observation of the heavens, lifetimes of devoted study and meditation, personal revelations and epiphanies, hypotheses and theories;
No piece of wisdom in the animal experience had failed to enter my spirit.

The experience was by no means comforting, but ended almost as abruptly as it finished.

As I remained perfectly still, in a state of shock, trying to organize the overwhelming information into a personal schema, the blue light appeared immediately before me.

It seemed as though it wanted to speak, but instead it penetrated my flesh, entering my body

and fusing with my DNA.

At this moment, I no longer needed to make sense of the revelations received just moments before. This blue light was the key to my understanding of it all.

It tied every thought and emotion ever to have been experienced into one another.

It broke down their structures before me, revealing them as components of their parts, just as it did with my person.

I found that I literally was every thought, every human, every emotion and every atom, and they were I.

The imperfections of the world made perfect sense in that they were anything but imperfections; they were merely slight variations stemming from a unified source.

Every thing in existence is a limb in a forming crystal, unique and outstanding, but undeniably of the same silica.

I found myself standing still beneath the amber street lights, breathing in mist and listening to the hum of the wind in the warm summer night, wondering just how long I'd been standing there.

AN ADDRESS TO SCOUNDRELS

How does it feel to know that all you have is your violence?

And at the end of time, when we gods reminisce upon our deeds, your memories shall be not of peace, but of conflict.

How shall you, in this end of times, justify your actions to your greater self?

How shall you, in this end of times, make right the turmoil you have imposed upon the undeserving?

The Song of the All plays not for you on this day.

Your cells may not vibrate the note of Metaverse.

In your ears echoes the Song of Decay, that has been played for countless scoundrels and offenders.

And this song will persist, until your being is shaken to its core and your spirit driven to madness.

Until you dissipate and cease to be, the driving notes of the Song of Decay shall repeat with

increasing slowness, grinding to a halt as your final cell stands still.

The Will of Wisdom will be sure that the consciousness that has driven your loathsome ways shall not know eternal life, but will die and decay as does the carbon shell in which you are encased.

And the Universe shall again die and rebirth, and in the subtle field of existence shall remain the memory of the Wise so that their divine achievements remain, to be read by their younger selves.

But as the Universe is reborn, the Will of Wisdom has destroyed your imprint, as though you had never been.

Neither in mind nor in memory shall you remain beyond death.

And your younger self will be doomed to repeat your mistakes without the aid of Wisdom until a flawed chance in some distant cycle brings you piety.

Amen.

THE SORROW OF THE SPECIES

Feel the sorrow of my words;

My heart is sore in the face of life.

For life is a fact that brings sickness, both of soul
and flesh.

I am a part of nature, and nature I adore.

Yet to mundane nature I am but a slave.

I am a mass of fluids and chemicals, and subject
to the whims of my composition.

Such misfortune!

Such weakness!

The creatures of the plains and forests too are
nature's slaves;

Yet these beasts have the fortune of being
unaware of the malady of such.

To be human is to suffer the afflictions of the
flesh, and so to be aware, to strive for the
impossible goal of perfection, and to fail.

To be created in the form of the Most High is a blessing that proves too often a curse.

Such is the plight of my species.

THE FIRES OF FAITH

Oh, faithful who have trusted in my words,
trusted in my Wisdom:

So true to me have you been.

You have studied the skies and the Earth;
Studied the core of your soul in search of the
perfect means of reverence.

But alas! Should false revelations come your way,
how then shall ye respond?

Shall you stand strong in the face of opposition?

Shall you stand your ground firmly as the foe
attacks your soul?

Fear not a trial of faith.

Indeed, permit yourself to question my words.

Turn against me and the Wisdom that I do offer
and I shall not hang my head.
To lose a Philosopher of the Path shall to the Path
do no harm.

Any stray that remains a stray was never truly a
Philosopher;

Any stray that returns knows well, having
ventured afar in search for truths never to be
found, that the path of the Philosopher is the
Path of our Temple.

And upon the prodigal's return, we shall welcome
him warmly and know no grudge.

I call for the destruction of all paradigms!

Even the Sophian paradigm should be eradicated
when spiritual sediment has settled and smudged
the lustre of pure devotion to Wisdom!

Shatter all stagnant devotions and seek again the
Truth;

To do this shows more devotion than the robed
adherent who never strays from that which he
deems as scriptural.

The true adherent fears not to put to rest his faith
in a quest for greater gods, for he too knows that
no greater god shall be found than our Divine
Wisdom!

PANTHEON

Yes! I love, revere and worship God!

Is God sentient of this? Does He demand or appreciate my worship?

This I do not know.

Loving Architect or apathetic design? Of what importance is this?

God is the Kosmos, the Earth and sky, and these faces are easily known.

Every leaf is a page in His gospel; every tree a temple, every stone a pulpit.

God is life, Wisdom and mystery, undeniably precious gifts.

Why would we not then offer our worship to the whole of nature and existence?

The half-maker, in all his flaws, crafted creation from the mud of chaos,

Yet God Most-High lay down the pattern.
From God Monad did spring dyad, and so forth,
An endless source showering creation upon the Kosmos.

Our world is God become Æons become Archons become Demons and Gods, protectors and testers.

Bend not to your testers; stand strong in the face of their trials.

Heed the advices of your Demons, and give thanks to your protectors.

Recognize the efforts and roles of the Gods of Earth, and receive their blessings.

Look to the ancestors for the names of the Gods.

Look to the Wilderness for houses of worship.

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN

They, borne of pure blood,
Grown into strong wills and thirsty for
The Highest knowledge
Tell of the coming Sire who waits at the gate,
And they guard the Key that shall grant entry to
the beholder,
So that only the worthy shall join them as they lie
in wait,
Nestled among the folds behind the edges of
mountains,
So that they remain unseen to dwellers of the
plain,
Yet are easily found by those who are driven by
Gnostic lust.

And when their final number shall come among
them,
They shall venture deeper into the range,
Growing ever distant from the world of old
And closer to the hidden gate.

The virgin has sung of the day to come,
When the messiah shall walk lightly upon the
Earth,
Triumphant smiles beam from His holy face
As He carries in His grip the severed, bruised
head of the Creator,
Championing His glory for all to behold and revel.

The day of liberty has come at last!
The sons of the Creator are forced into the shadows
As He carries their lord's shriveled remnant across
the world,
So that it is shown upon all that the new day is at
hand!

Let Pleroma be rightfully known now as God!
Let the whole of being be known now as God!
For divine is the soul of every living thing,
Every shaking particle is a piece of the Lord,
And thus we shout in joy for liberty,
And bask among the ecstasy of merely being.

Such the virgin has sung.

The martinet has woefully lamented,
Lo! The time of doom is sure at hand!
Harken ye to the rise of evil
And the army of good retreats,
Must face defeat and uncertain fates.
Surely the one we love shall crush the foe!
Surely our lord will come to aid,
Our books have told of victory most sure,
And victory we shall know!

Woe as we view our fallen one's defeat!
He shall rise, he must rise!
For prophecy has told, aye, sworn to the faithful
That they shall taste the fruits of paradise
For all their piety.
Why has our good lord died?
Why does not our good lord rise?

Israel has fallen,
And all that shall rise from her ashes is smoke,
As her corpses smolder beneath the char.
Lament for we, the remaining parties of the soiled
pages from history.

Such the martinet has lamented.

Soulborne pathogens have evolved so cleverly
from the dawn of our people,
Placed upon the Earth by the Jealous One,
So that we may all know the fear, the terror, the
pain...

The whole of the agony known so well to the
Creator for all his anxieties,
Wrought from his birth by uncertainties,
The same which he has cast upon we by the
sickness he has designed,
Within which he has placed his gene of
melancholy.

We have grown ill, and weaker by the day,
As the pathogens have eaten away at humanity's
soul,
Crippling us to fear the very thought of holiness
itself,
To supplant need for Truth with phenomenal
technologies, satiations and pacifiers, and
emptiness.

Such was the virgin's lament before the prophecy
was granted unto she.

There is a man who lives alone, the Eremite,

Residing where only trees scrape the sky with
bristled tips
And black clouds dance and thunder above,
And the rain oppresses
And this is where he finds his joy.
He is the first among us to bear the gift of the Key;
It is this man that we must seek.
He is the first of the Waning Day prophets.
Go unto him successfully and your path shall see
you surefooted,
And your destination will be found.

There are Demons in the sky and the earth and
the seas,
Demons attached to our souls
That ensure revelation when times are right.
To know our Demons is to know better the world;
To love and respect as a rule ensures the love and
respect of our Demons,
And they will cast favor upon us,
Shielding us with their mighty wings as we brave
the storms of slavery
On our journey to the Eremite,
Our journey to the Key.

Lucifer, our Sire, shall be our guide past the gate,
Through the greater worlds to Sophia,
From whose sacred womb did emerge the ovum
of creation.

Sophia, sweet virgin deity, Mother of Miracles,
shed your unending blessings upon us as we
storm the firmament seeking your Wisdom! Beg
us the favor of Abraxas, the mystery of whom we

have yet had no fortune to know. See to it that He so smiles upon our ventures. Take your loyal admirers back into your sacred womb as you join with Him in erotic fusion, an alchemy to rejoin the many into the All, creating unity and Pleroma, holy perfection.

Amen.

The sea is so utterly vast and violent.

Her crushing blows strike the rocky cliff face so mercilessly, backed by the strength of a seemingly infinite source of energy so great, all life must depend on her good graces.

She holds all the mystery of heaven itself, yet I could now so easily plunge into her mysteries, let her shatter my body against these jagged stones, and plunge into her secrets unceasing.

Dare I pursue the esoteric at risk of annihilation?

To know the Lord is to have Him smile and shed His graces upon we, the worthy, the knowing.

To understand is to enter salvation; to know is to have faith; the good works will follow Gnosis.

With His blessings, we will become Lucifer and shall lead the whole of the slaves of Israel unto liberty.

The Lord is good to all, although in spite of all.

The Key opens all doors, as all doors lead to Heaven, Pleroma. The priesthood shall spring forth from the folds behind the edges of mountains, the Order of the Skeleton Key, adepts

of which know well the way to the Eremite. The Eremite shall pass the key unto you, faithful, and lead you to the jagged stones at the shore, whereupon the greatest daring sacrifice is to be made; brave the abyss and disappear eternally from the world behind you. And as you plunge into a murky blackness, you shall be greeted with the most radiant brilliance, taken by the hand of Lucifer and led into bliss never ending!

And so it is done.

THE SEA IS ALL AND ALL IS THE SEA

I

The sky split open to reveal the flowing source of ever-present creation, regeneration and destruction. The stream poured down from the heavenly peak, as the frost of divinity melts and trickles down, drop by drop, creating a white capping torrent on the surface of reality, which flows through the violent, cragged chasms, valleys and plains and empties through the wide delta into the endless sea of death: the foreboding black abyss of mystery, unknowable by all who have not entered her icy womb.

Deep within the abyss all that is known is oblivion, and her shores rise to greater heights with each soul which sinks to the bottom. She swells, a perpetual flow that never ebbs, until all within reach is consumed. The flow proceeds, absorbing the atmosphere and stars: absorbing the peak from which her source first emerged.

The sea is All and All is the sea.

THE SEA IS ALL AND ALL IS THE SEA II

The sea is All and All is the sea.
She devours the spirit, the Earth and the air,
Extinguishes fire and strips the world bare;
She's the mother of storms and the muse of the
myths;
Perpetual anguish, perpetual bliss;
The mighty destroyer and giver of life;
The dawn and the dusk, the day and the night.
The sea is All and All is the sea,
We all shall surrender ourselves unto she,
To enter the fullness and no longer be;
The sea is All and All is the sea.

THE FORMS OF MY WORSHIP

The forms of my worship are many,

And many are the means by which I may be revered.

I can be known and loved by the Hermit, by he whose misanthropies, whose hatred of societies is great and boundless.

I can be known and loved by the Monastic, by he whose abstinence from lust and materials is devout and true, whose spirit is lifted by denial of the flesh.

I can be known and loved by the Witch, whose primitive sorceries, charms and observations are well tuned with creation, whose manipulation of nature and fate are wonderful and wise.

I am known and loved by the Magus, whose grand ceremonies, garb and tools evoke images of my most inspired gods and works, whose knowledge of stars and demons is divine curriculum.

I am known and loved by the Diabolator, whose black blasphemies seek to destroy the whole of

Yahweh's lot, material and spirit, whose influence is a majestic key to my greater mysteries and the Truth Beyond, and whose role is often vital to growth.

I am known and loved by the Sophian, whose quest for and acquisition of the Supreme Truth and Holiness is our path and goal, who bathe in the pure, white light of Wisdom Eternal.

I will come to you in the holy places and congregations.

I come to the Coven.

I come to the Church.

I come to the Temple.

I come to the Grove.

I am in your home.

I am in the Shaman's hut.

I am in the forests and the deserts,
the plains and the hills,
the mountains and the tundra.

I am in the psychedelic fruits of the Earth.

I am in Heaven and Hell and in wheresoever I am sought.

I am in the animals and stones,
the humans and holy relics,
the waters and the trees.

I am loved through Animism and Pantheism,
Gnosticism and Satanism,
devout worship and blasphemy,
and through these manners, I shall be called.

I remain with those of moral character and virtue.

I remain with those who live in truth and seek
what is just.

I remain with those of high intellect and ethic.

I remain with those utilizing sight, sound and
writ to enthrall others with our path.

With our finest representatives, I remain.

A PRAYER TO THE AEONS

Lie in the darkness and remain unheard,
But know your influence will be felt.
It is not your appearance,
It is not your words,
But your spirit that will speak to the world;
And the world will listen;
Drawn to your magnetism,
Held by your gravity,
At your command, unbeknownst to themselves.

Like a dormant virus, you wait;
Letting your host carry you to all the nations,
And you spread yourself among the hearts of all.

Like a neurosis,
You influence the behavior
Of your hosts,
Beyond their senses,
Scarcely even noticed,
But in control.

Your spirit is grey,
Taking on the color of your carriers;
Bringing wickedness to the weak,
And greatness to the strong.

Ancient Demons!
Earthly Æons!

Hear now my beckoning.
Go forth into the world
And carve canyons in the path before me.
Make my arrival known
For decades to come.

Prepare the world for me,
And your powers shall be known.

THE SCRUTINY

Go sit in the world;

Sit so silently in a mass of people so that you become completely anonymous and unnoticed, and observe.

Watch as they go about their lives in selfish pursuit.

Listen to the portions of conversations they have with one another as they pass, full of petty concern, superficialities and false sentiment.

Do this not as a human; do this as an objective observer.

You will see human culture slowly unravel.

You will see the mass of civilization break into pieces and fall to the ground.

You are extracting from these people that by which they are driven: thoughtlessness.

Their languages unravel and lose meaning.

You see no sense in the expensive clothing they wear, the layers of makeup on an attractive

feminine face or the masculine automobile driven by the man in the collared shirt.

You see that these people are driven by thoughtless impulse, like so many wild animals.

Yet the danger here is that humans, in their thoughtlessness, are capable of great destruction.

You may look at them in their animal state, when the superficialities no longer make sense, and you may then give them back the meaning in their language, accessories and automobiles.

And here you have man, a wild beast separated from the wild beasts.

Separated by what?

By mere fluke of evolution.

We were graced by intelligence and abstract thought by random occurrence as the residue of the intelligences of the *Æons* found its way into our blood.

This very gift for which we should be gracious, we take for granted and use to exploit.

We are the bastards of nature and spirit, and it shall be our dharma to utilize our gifts for the glory of nature and spirit alike; profit shall hold no bearing.

We are slaves of Maya and the Demiurge, and the

Demiurge looks upon us in delight.

Indeed, our very impulses carry the stench of Yahweh himself, impure and loathsome.

A MOUNTAIN OF THE DECEASED

As we gaze upon the splendor of a mountain of
the deceased,
Stacked one upon the other, a gray, fleshy
mountain
Built by industry, made of bricks that once stood
pale, glistening and beautiful
We realize that we as well are being formed as
bricks to ensure the future of
The peak of capital.

We pity those in the past.
Our pity is so strong we do not notice our backs
being scraped by the rugged ground
As we are dragged by the ankles to a destination
at which we will be formed, fired and
stacked...secured with mortar to blend in among
the masses.

And how did we become mere stepping stones,
leading to the great altar of human sacrifice? Of
planetary sacrifice? How is it that we consented to
having our very hearts torn from our chests, still
beating, so that we may gaze upon them, absent
of terror, too jaded to even feel shock, and fade
into nonexistence? And we smiled all the way.

I slowly sipped the tea comprised
Of brittle leaves of thorny plants
Whose roots are secured firmly
On my father's grave.
Am I to descend the very same
Chasms as he? As the many?
From him I attained both majesty
And pitiable misery
That shall lead me to slaughter among my
brethren
By one or another hand.

Gazing now upon pristine skies
Sitting high above lands
Hundreds of miles away from man
And unspoiled by artifice,
I witness clearly the face of God,
Bearing billions of eyes
Staring down at me with indifference,
Staring down upon all of us with cold indifference
As we sink into a scalding bath
And open great arterial wounds
Reddening our naked bodies with blood,
Deeper and deeper red
As our minds grow lighter and lighter
And our faces become submerged in the boiling
mess,
Filling our lungs with every breath
And the pristine sky is our final sight.

I am the world and society
And she is me.

And the warm tea steeped of thorny leaves
Whose roots are wrapped 'round my father's
corpse
Has intoxicated me, seeing to it that in my death
And in the death of the world
I remain unmoved.

CALL FOR AN END TO SERFDOM

Woe unto we who have since the dawn of time
been subject to deceit!

From every walk and racial blood our species and
its men have been but meaningless slaves.

Archon-ordained leaders have viewed and treated
our people as property and a means to a diabolical
end.

We have seen war.

We have shed blood.

We have sowed the fields of which we were never
permitted to know the fruits.

We have labored long at tasks which benefit not
the laborer, but the foreman.

We have drowned in the floods and burned in the
fires of Yahweh's wrath!

Our first born children slain;

Our crops decimated by locusts;

Our cities turned to ash!

Mind you now the urgency of words!

The people are serfs on every plane of being;
Serfs to their barons, serfs to Kings,

Serfs to aggressive gods.

To know freedom there must be more than desire.

There must be effort;

A transformation of soul and rebellion against
our masters!

Man belongs to himself alone.

Men are not servants by mere virtue of birth.

Liberty begins in the spirit!

Forge a soul of noble steel and take the blade to
the baron's heart;

Cut deep the throat of the King!

Burn the castles and manors and build on these
sites sacred Temples to Divine Wisdom and the
freedom that follows!

THE GAMECOCK

The struggle is ancient,
The struggle is eternal.
Yet the frequently defeated is daunted not,
Submissive for naught.
His fight is strong and just;
His fight is ours,
And glory be unto we who fight at His side,
Battle at His command.
His will be known in the heart
And executed by the sword.

Amen.

THE DEATH OF AMERICA

Let us pray
For the death of America,
A slow, rotting death,
Beginning in the center
And moving outward,
Vengefully.

And so it is done,
The process has begun.
Once a Great American Desert,
Always a cursed land,
For the White Man.

DYING RIVER

The banks, red with clay
Grow larger and larger
As the depths of the water decrease.
Despite a history
Of majesty
The river is now a dying stream.

The efforts of man increase its life,
The waters rise, its death subsides
For a short length of time.

This river is destined to die,
And soon shall its floor run dry.

The red river banks grow
And the death of this river
Marks the death of this land,
Forever arid,
And desolate.

IN THIS SAND THE MINDS OF MAN

I've journeyed far and long, deep into the
continent

A dry continent, with cracked soil
The plants had starved and died centuries ago
And all that I could see was sand and horizon
With nothing beyond.

In looking down at my steps, I took notice of the
desert floor

And observed that every grain of sand appeared
identical to the next,

Millions upon millions, and in this sand I saw the
minds of man,

And so I began to dig;

With my bare hands I did dig deep into the earth.

For countless days I dug the soil in search of
anything worth discovering,

Finding along the way nothing but this
unassuming sand.

And so it was that I had made for myself a chasm
From which I was not able to climb

And at the bottom of this chasm I found
That there was boundless moisture hidden deep
within the earth,

Which had created a habitation for unique life
that could never be seen from the surface.

And as I enjoyed this wondrous new world at
which I worked so hard to arrive,
The skies opened, shedding nourishing salvation
upon us, and exposing the latent, unique nature
Of every particle on this parched, desolate
continent.

ENNOIA

The seed of Abraxas fell to the soil
And lay dormant for eons,
Waiting for a catalyst
To free it from stasis
And to shed a holy, nourishing light
Upon its tendrils.

Then, as for an answered prayer,
Sophia lay in divine ecstasy,
Her gyrations moving the cosmos
Into a white-hot frenzy
And from the orgasmic vulva of God,
Slowly, seductively running down her pale thighs,
Came the holy fluid of life
To fertilize the Lord's seed
And bring to life a vile race of Demigod:

Yahweh, bred of holy deoxyribonuclei,
Was born of great wit
And had infused in his blood
The sacred sexuality of creation
Which he sought to deny
And to sublimate into rage
And thus Man was born and raped from infancy.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

The current pervades All, sustaining the alchemy of creation; of ideas into forms and matter to men; sustaining the motion of time and energy, the movement of mass, the orgasm of procreation. As above, so below; God creates men and men create God, and all is created for benefit. Let the tainted virtue of material daunt us not; the current flows even in corruption, sustaining evolution and magick, sustaining Gnosis and love. The platform on which stand the magus and the witch, the priest and choir and the missionary into weakened lands. All for the benefit of our deity, whomever the deity may be. Of what god is this current, Most High or the Blind? The goal of the Self is to realize, to be realized and reach oblivion, to become the god of the current. Supersede all foretold gospels and lay with the Serpent in all that you do; enter the sweet nectared vulva of the Great Holy Goddess of Wisdom Divine, and become the All; and in so doing, become God, the creator and God, the design, the Grand Architect of the All-Seeing Eye. Tread 'pon the pavement as you harness the All of that great Archetype who commanded the fall.

THE DEVOTIONAL

Autumnal Equinox

Oh Lord, join us as we celebrate the passing through the threshold, this escape from the dominance of the Sun. Long has the Summer been, and longly have we suffered at the fierce hands of he who giveth life and he who causes misery. We venture now into relief, into the soothing embrace of darkness and silence. Life lies dormant among the flora, and fauna seek refuge in burrows, churches and caverns. It is we, we who walk with the Twilight, who shall flourish in the desolate and peaceful landscape of a once-lively burgh. The blanket of Autumn falls upon the land as a mother lulling her child to sleep, to fear not the creatures who move about the night; to fear not the death and dormant life by which we are surrounded. Seeking that which is dormant is the greatest effort; attaining that which is dormant is the Great Work achieved.

Guide our hands to write for your glory. Guide our voices to sing in your praise. Guide our hearts to pray upon the Wisdom we seek. Guide our feet to walk the land, to seek out the strong and Wise that they may join at our sides, to revel and rejoice and tread the Path that we so devoutly do walk.

Amen.

Winter Solstice

The silence and darkness are astounding; these forces alone mighty enough to bring the Knowing to his knees in utter awe. The frigid pneuma brings a pain; the pain, a catharsis; the catharsis, a Gnosis. The paradigm in this yearly spell is a vast contrast to joy and hope; the moods are dark, melancholy; the food is scarce, illness abounds. No leaves upon deciduous trees thrive, and the invertebrate insects can not survive. Any unstill noise that may still remain is quelled under the soft, crystalline blanket of snow; each unique flake doing its duty as sent by the gods to silence the land; to put to sleep the Earth for a season of rest, a cessation of labor and relief from her work.

This is the season of Endarkenment, the annual aphelion of our hemisphere. 'Tis now when great Lucifer walks with his flock without fear of reprisal from the ol' corrupt god.

Hereupon we celebrate the initial step
On our path to salvation 'fore good Spring has leapt.

Soon shall these Winters grow so long and fierce,
That no man can survive the incredible weight
Of the bone crushing ice that will cover the land
and the structures of all of man.

Those who are strong persevere and endure,
But shall wish they were weak and had died long ago;

As a crawling starvation shall bring their fates

soon;

The seas frozen hard all the way to the crust,
Leaving the fisher's nets and hooks bare;
And the hunter's sharp arrow still may freely fly
But shall meet no soft flesh, falling quick 'pon the
land.

The absence of light guarantees lack of fruit;
The trees upon which they grew now too moist
for a flame.

The long winter moves forward until one is
satisfied

That the last living man now no longer breathes.

The world has been cleansed by a deep, peaceful
sleep,

And shall start once again giving life-giving love;
Her work will continue unhindered by men.

Spring Equinox

Budding sprigs and lively seeds mark the death of
the darker half of the annual wheel and the birth
of the Earth, the final reveal. Herein we find the
symbol of life, an emerging alchemy of the
Ophitic soul; the rise of the serpents and bearing
of fruits; a celebration of Wisdom before Heaven
we see. Great Adam was struck and envenomed,
saw fate, when the Serpent came to him
promising to abate the ignorance imposed by the
wild Demiurge; 'tis the season in which the angels
trumpet his dirge.

Summer Solstice

The swan song of Yahweh was sounded in May,
but in his death throes he has his revenge.
The lively and joyous emergence of Spring
is ended abruptly as the surface is singed;
mighty oppressive heat sure to kill,
sure to cause misery and leave the land parched;
sure to make us further appreciate dark.

Pray us for Winter!

Pray us for cold!

Pray us for Yahweh to take his last breath; pray we
for ultimate Archonic death. But even now, as we
suffer the Sun; as our skin becomes reddened and
breath becomes short, and the sweat of our brow
takes our vitality, our resolve becomes greater and
our magic is honed. For when we've forgotten our
Path and our faith, as to relief our attention is lent,
and for this relief our great efforts are spent, we
shall further resolve to saddle the steed and ride
into our glorious victory indeed, seeing the fruit
of our noble pursuits come to pass, rejecting the
threatened defeat; we'll dance upon the grave of
God the half-maker, and feed the wilted flowers
grown about his headstone with the salty,
destructive sweat of our brow; and herald the
Autumn's arrival now.

And thus we conclude the annual wheel; you see it continues ad infinitum. Herein was writ the prayers, the thoughts, devotions and dark prophecies. Build upon these as the Path further treks through the decades and eons to come.

PHANTASMAL FORTHCALLINGS

Pleroma, the fullness of being, is invoked when in need of oneness with the All. Pleroma is everything and everything is Pleroma. To take Pleroma in to oneself is to bring cessation to the existence of ego, to destroy oneself for the sake of rebuilding.

Abraxas is the unknowable mystery, being summoned forth in times of fury as the raging torrent that shreds the Universe. Abraxas is the great Destroyer of the Kosmos, mighty and wise, the deity of force. He is the gamecock, claws fierce and locked in battle. He inspires courage in the face of conflict.

Sophia, sweet Mother of Wisdom, is called forth in times of uncertainty, when Wisdom and guidance are needed. She is the compassion, peace and tranquil states. Sophia is present to pull us through the threshold at the point of Gnosis, the midwife overseeing our spiritual rebirth into the Holy Universe.

Lucifer, teacher and Prophet: His presence is the very spirit of liberty. He shall be called to presence when there is a need for subversion and rebellious inspiration. No doubt, he was present for all the world's great revolutions, and shall be present for all revolutions to come.

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THERE ARE NO MASTERS HERE

Everybody answers to everyone; there are no masters here.

Nobody is dictated unto and no man dictates.

Let none but the gods exact a discipline for the sins of a brother.

Though an offender may be made a pariah to the Temple, let no man tell him where to walk.

When he stands before the Divine at his death, he must represent only himself.

His actions must be purely of his accord, influenced by no fear of reprisal.

Guide him in light of inquiry, but let the choice be his.

With free reign of moral path, the actions taken therein are the gauge of worth.

So many men with wicked hearts are virtuous in action for fear of Hell's fire;

Such is an impure goodness that shall be spat upon by even his god.

A man with a wicked heart may behave wickedly and be true to himself, even if it affronts the gods.

A man with a good heart needs no god, no fear of punishment, to be virtuous in mind and acts.

A godless man may be held by the gods in greater esteem than the falsely pure, devoted in faith.

The Divine does not punish the sinner; the Divine punishes the sinner who claims to represent the Divine's interests.

We have no path to Hell, but a path to humiliation and shame.

The punishment for such a transgression is the eternal knowledge that one has failed to be realized.

The punishment is often found long before death and may carry far beyond.

A wicked devotee of God Most High is no devotee, but a liar.

Cast him from your Temple into desolation that he may learn of pain as his victims know pain, but guide him not.

His redemption may come, his redemption may not.

Have no concern for the pariah.

THE TRAMPLED WEED TO MAJESTY

Opus Mundi I have traveled,
Planting the seed of Philosophy.
The roots have gripped the soil
Tightly, determinedly.
The thoughts of the world
Nourish the budding sprigs
And the sapling grows tall and mighty,
Suffocating the weaker trees,
Until the day that all that stands
Is the majestic greenery
Of the trampled weed grown well and good
From sapling into Alpha Wood,
Bearing fruit of knowledge
In abundance for all the world to share.

This is the tree, the Holy tree,
The tree that was promised unto we;
The tree for whose life we have so strongly fought;
A sacrifice that shall not be forgot.

Fin

*The blazing darkness
Of Luciferian skies
Upon which no man can safely
Set his eyes
Was meant to be detected
By spiritual means,
Hence remaining unknown to the race of men
But the blessed few which exist between
The Human soul and Heaven,
Made gods by Sophia, sent
And manifested as the serpent
Bearing lanterns of wisdom from the Firmament.*

*...An ancient and eternal struggle for truth
Shall be fought on Terrestrial land,
For the servitude and allegiance
Of a species created at God's command.*

*Wisdom has won the war
But the fruit of her labor is yet to be seen...*

*...For when infinite enemies meet
On the prophecy's hill, the promised peak,
The liberated spirits, they shall purge
From the Universe the Demiurge.*

Lux Feros

