

The Scapegoat

Angel Corpse

I who wait and writhe and wrestle
With air that hath no boughs to nestle
My body weary of empty clasp
Give me the sign of the Open Eye
And the token erect of thorny thigh
And the word of madness and mystery
Scapegoat

I am a man
Do as thou wilt as a great god can
I am awake
In the grip of the snake
The eagle slashes with beak and claw
The gods withdraw
The great beasts come
Scapegoat

Goat of thy flock I am gold I am god
Flesh to thy bone-flower to thy rod
Thrust the sword through the galling fetter

With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox
All-devourer-all-begetter

And I rave
And I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting-world without end
Scapegoat

(from "Hymn to Pan" by Aleister Crowley)