

# 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)