

The lunar current within the earth
It curls around the ashen, uninstructed mortals
Damn them, damn them who pity!
They shall be smitten and fed to celestial fire
Quoth the crowned and conquering one
The fiery joy, seated as a great lost god.

The eagle spake!

Fragrant steam sent up by offerings
As the night weaves her unpenetrable veil
The infinite aether of austere skies
To be airborne is to be lost to the earth
Evoked as an eagle yet swifter and deadlier
Accursed opponent twitching on the talons of eager violence

"The best blood is of the moon, monthly;
Then the fresh blood of a child or dropping
from the host of heaven; Then of enemies;
Then of the priest or the worshippers; Last of
some beast, no matter what."

- LIBER AL vel LEGIS

OL SONF VORSAG VABZIR CAMLIAX
CASARMAN VPAAHI TOH VONPH