

Old Night

Nightbringer

Thou hermit of Old Night who wadest into the turbulence of the waters un-drowned, who verily enters into death's magisterium without fear, thou whose toil is the ineffable work of the abyss that draws forth the all slaying solve, thou art amongst the deathless race of the kingless, beyond the provenance of god. In the light of Lucifer's dawn, thy shadow casts long and dim before thee. In the pitch of Noctifer's saturnine night thy shadow is the very face of the abyss. Oh vajra-hearted lord enthroned within the silence between the birth and death of every thought, in thronismos within the shadowed temple at the crux of the cruciform! Yet shall the very abyss of thought be wholly illuminated by the gleam from thy morningstar lantern, the fruit plucked from the deepest root. To guide the pandemonion of self unto the scarlet hill of martyrdom, upon the path that even devas are cursed to tread. Thou hast withdrawn the husks of the most bitter seed and the garments from the gods themselves, to reach the hypostasis that is a black pearl dazzling the 7 aeons. Betwixt the hammer and anvil of becoming is thy presence eternal that is in between-ness known as N.O.X. Self-murderer and Self-begetter, with eyes fixed unto the cup of Djemscheed, thou breakest the chains forged by stellar gravity. Oh, the motionless movement of Death! With both the soberness of the Amethyst and the mad Satyr's ecstatic thirst, leap ye forth into the Mandala's center - The Point where sun and moon collide, crushed to lifeless splinters before ancient Night's hollow eye.