

The Gnosis Of Inhumation

Nightbringer

Death be my hierophant! Lay bare the paths to the precipice. I would endure the torment of black Eden's thorn strewn paths of ingress. I would bask in the shadow of the Tree of Death and pluck such terrible fruits from its vines to taste of their soma. I seek entrance to the Death-Mother's womb. I am compelled towards her chasm which entraps and destroys all light and forms. Oh matron of the aphotic and primordial night! Thou art manifest and un-manifest, point of paradox. Thou art the darkness of empty sky and the glutinous hollows of the earth, bloated with corpses and slaked on blood-seed. I would enter with thee into fatal copulations. In wrath, pray you scourge my flesh and burn your gnosis upon my heart until my heart is naught but flame. Black Illuminatrix! May I shine with brilliance within your darkness, from which my own shadow may arise, cast across your form, a shadow that might endure in the absence of the radiant moment of its own becoming. I desire to be washed within the streams of the counter-current, within the provenance that heaves with the dispersion of forms. To drink of the lentor of this chasm is to drink the libation of the Devil's grail, for to sate ones thirst from this cup is to gain the burning pathway that trespasses beyond the binding circle of all eminences of an other. Only then may one upraise one's hands towards the image of the Great Opposer and pass through the mirror to become one with the reflection that hath become one's own, one's absolute divinity.