

The perfected will of the sojourner of the serpent's path is the will of Lucifer crowned, triumphant. It is the fulgurous diamond resplendent above the crowns of gods. Rapt in the burning catharsis of this enigma, feed all fears and desires to the flames of a rising conflagration of the soul, in a rite of self-immolation, a sacrament of cleansing fire. The flesh is the furnace of sacrifice that bathes the dark of the abyss in brilliant illumination so that one may behold the very face of the Devil who in turn is God, who in turn is "I", engendered by naught but the radiance of the Absolute. Through the successions of descending chambers, chase the shadow of thy deific self through the sins of innumerable trespasses. Pit thyself against the Black. Let all violations be devoid of revulsion and adoration that they may conquer and seal the quintessence of their elemental forces within the "I". The evocation and possession of all transgressions, sins and passions is a means to claim the Serpent's tongue one's own, with which one might proclaim "I am!" in fulmination before all pantheons. The naked will of the perfected sorcerer is the anathema of god, for the nimbus of immutable being engulfs all divinities like a radiant inferno casting a deathly shadow across the face of the world.