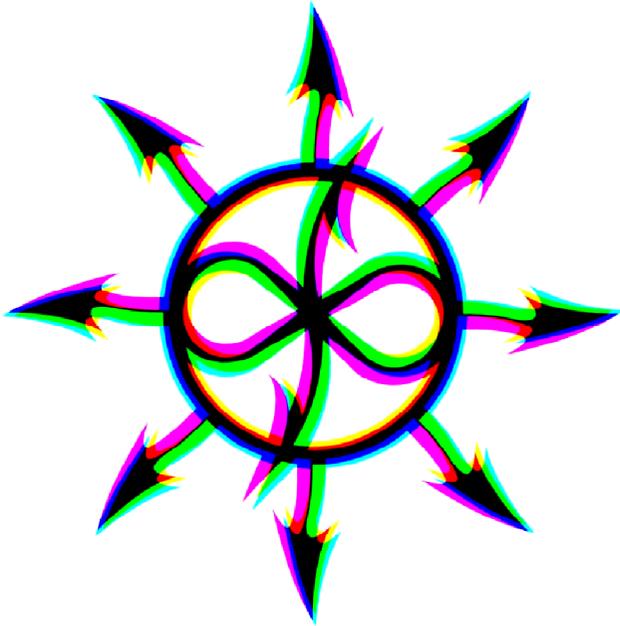
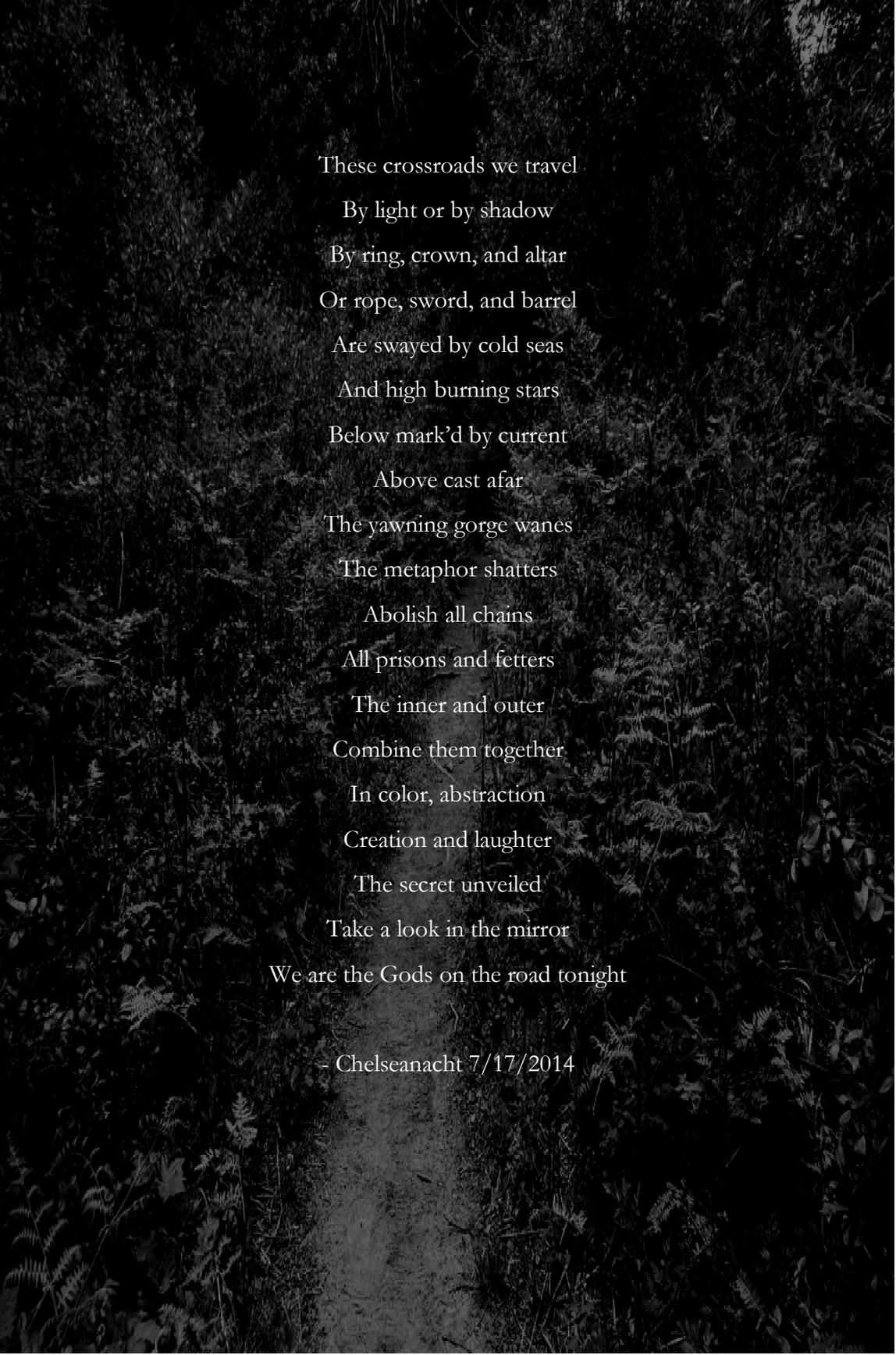


The Holy Pirate Wizard Code of the DKMU



By F.A. & S.B.



These crossroads we travel
By light or by shadow
By ring, crown, and altar
Or rope, sword, and barrel
Are swayed by cold seas
And high burning stars
Below mark'd by current
Above cast afar
The yawning gorge wanes
The metaphor shatters
Abolish all chains
All prisons and fetters
The inner and outer
Combine them together
In color, abstraction
Creation and laughter
The secret unveiled
Take a look in the mirror
We are the Gods on the road tonight

- Chelseaacht 7/17/2014

NOTE: Instead of being misconstrued as some founding document, these are rather observations made on the state of the group and where its powers might reside. Many of these have been upheld as DKMU virtues for quite some time. They are explored here along with other points as well as general group behaviors. This document was written in 2018.

0. AVE



ollow nothing, including this.

1. REALITY



here are many realities just as there are states of mind. Some are low, some are high, some are near, some are far, some are suffocating and small, and some are terrifyingly large. A magician traverses these realms and takes an account of his/her experiences. The more realities we discover, the larger our map grows; the more power we have to call back on. Having some power and control over ones mental states also grants a certain advantage to the magician, being able to direct his mind more clearly. Some say we exist in a Multiverse, and every decision we make branches us off into a slightly different Universe. A powerful ritual, then, might represent more potent a shift. Beyond the far reaching gulf of the myriad countless local realities may lay truly bizarre and alien spaces ripe for human conquest.

There are also consensual realities shared by the many; cultural operating systems which come with their own stories and dogmas. Depending on the story, people will live their

lives in accordance with its programming. Many of these are self-detrimental to the species, including the burning of the rainforest, dependence on fossil fuels, corruption in government, the private prison industry, ridiculous drug laws, racism, sexism, overzealous capitalism, fanatical religion, mandatory patriotism, prideful ignorance, and war profiteering, to name but a few programs currently running. The DKMU calls the collective of these programs and more: Insubstantia, the Monolith, the Power Behind the Nothing, the Dominant Paradigm, or, plainly, the Consensual Reality. It could also contain modes of being such as lack of imagination, general stagnation, mechanistic drone-like behavior, etc. We don't all actually want dragons to exist, but there is an earnest push to change the world.

2. DTTI:HTNF

Death to the Image, Hail the New Flesh
(Some images are larger than others)

By Stephen Branch



I recently went to a mental hospital after a series of wild and insightfully healing hallucinatory experiences. I was diagnosed DID and I'm also on the Autism spectrum. My alters made me lose time, I never noticed before because I was a reckless alcoholic and thought I was just a blackout drunk. The fact that my other "alters" were all aware of each other and remembered the transition kept me out of the guidelines. I always was beyond a sense of self due to trauma as a child. I always wore other people as masks until it became more efficient to just have universal masks. My

insanity would ultimately be the key to my ability to use magick, survive, and eventually tear me the fuck apart.

Death to the Image? When I came across the DKMU after paroling from prison in 2010 I was absconding as an illegal alien in Canada. I used the moniker John Thomas and told everyone I was a retired millionaire while couch-surfing. When I came across the Death By Lollipops site I just felt the power radiating from their choice of images, the LS beckoned me to “link in” to the world of magick. I was arrogant and self-important, mostly because I took pride in my ability to use psychic abilities I thought were using “magick”, I could manipulate probability in all kinds of things. I made potential reality manifest in every way I desire and I still do to this day. I have an innate understanding of energy structures. I used that as a source of pride and power, I made that my image. I was a slave to my compulsive need to escape reality. I would end up getting a hold of some lab grade methamphetamine and smoking that shit daily until my face melted off. I wanted so badly to be free of my shit constructs; I tried to destroy myself over and over and over again.

After being reported to immigration in 2012 I was deported back to the states. It was around this time that Alys and I begun foundational work for the A.A.O. and he began finishing Liber Sigillum. I became super healthy for a short time but eventually my arrogance would start to hypertrophy and take over. I would begin to be a beast like force of base nature. I would demonize others for their weakness, and in turn be a demon myself. After a while my M.O. would be the use of steroids, cocaine, and alcohol to such excessive amounts no doctor believes me when they run tests on my liver and kidneys. I'm one of those one in a million types, freaks of nature that can live through any type of injury or illness without a scratch, that can bend slot machines to my will, and can do anything I set my mind to, except , exist with people.

I would for a long time realize this and attempt to destroy my self image, Death to the Image, I would commit myself to horrendous acts and then publicly shame myself. I would treat others with such horrible indifference and condescension in order to not hold an unhealthy ego.

Little did I know that this in and of itself was an unhealthy ego. I've done insanely crazy things, as an ex-con, as a gambler, as a drug addict, and as a horrible husband and father. I've been the worst a person can be. My destructive need to remove the image would make me realize how much a healthy set of images are needed to function.

We also need to see how others see us to get a realistic picture which is why I asked friends for quotes about me and how they saw my journey:

“Ummm.. obv whipping yourself and screaming for the 156/663 vid” - Dan Smith

“You earnestly plunged into every event you had to undertake to become you. You went from an angry ex con, to white light Steven, and everything in between.” - Sophia Lamontagne

“Hyperactive.” -Magog Molotov

“Prime example of human potential, once caught in numerous hubris traps, then fallen only to find the seed of kaos in the ashes, and prepares rebirth, poised to sail, with perspective cleared by flame and loss.” -Brian Grimes

“I don't see you at all. Only my projections and I don't believe them in the least. Little labels for little snapshots removed from infinite context.” - Jesse Francis

“Yr a neat dude, and have had one of the most impressive transformations I've ever seen.” -Sam Hamilton

"Branch is full throttle. A tempest of passions, and intensity of focus rarely encountered- often the very epitome of the words "terror and wonder". The man is Epic. I hope he survives the experience, as I'm very fond of him" -Arjil

"I've been thinking about this, and it's hard to pin down to just one, or which stage of your cycle. Or which branch, for that matter. In general, I'd say it's how completely you commit to a new self and how quickly you go through them" -Edward Smith.

"You always remind me of this quote by Oli Anderson:

"Don't cling to your self-concept purely because your will demands it. Demand that your environment aligns as much as possible and change what you must about yourself when the outer world can't be changed. Mental health is about mental fluidity, mental illness stems in rigidity." - Jacob Buene

"Ave Cthonos is the Best Cthonos." -Billy Sasquatch

Had I been fair about it I would have asked people who hated me what they thought of me. But who the fuck needs criticism amirite??? For some people its really easy to focus one thing or another, I choose to find out what people find good in me and attempt to embody that to the best of my abilities and at my most sincere. But I also have listened to the things people found bad about me over the years and really really tried to objectively improve on the things they were right about after self-reflection.

"Hail the New Flesh"

I could go on and on about who I am and what I am able to do, but there is just a point of self indulgence I find unnecessary when teaching others the basics. There is a difference between sharing a story, sharing reality, and trying to force yourself onto it. Symbiosis is the preferred mode of extended life while learning through Beauty, Variety, and

Conflict. Anyone worth their weight as a magician will tell you, you can do all things but you cannot stop the sun from rising. So let's talk about functionality and health.

Health is defined by a person's mental or physical well being, free from disease or illness, the idea here being the ability to follow a specific set of actions to a desired effect in all things we do. What is healthy to some is disastrous to others. It's the difference between the casual drinker, binge drinker, and raging alcoholic. Not everyone fits the same standard of health, however health standards should be adopted to attempt the greatest effect to everyone outside of you as well as yourself. By becoming aware of bodies and selves it becomes our responsibility to make them better or accept they suck and suffer.

Your first responsibility should be to your body. Your body is the vehicle that carries you through this life. But what is health? If you believed the magazines and media, health is low body fat and sexy abs. Health is posting selfies in the gym to praise yourself over and over and over again. NOPE WRONG. Health is functionality, the ability to move to one's best (some people just aren't able bodied), the ability to give your body the fuel it needs to function (some people can't afford food). So if we look at things functionally health is merely the bodies need to be free as best as possible and to be fed with the same care we would feed our pets, children, or garden. Your body is a temple and you are responsible to its well being to the best of YOUR abilities.

Your second responsibility is your mind. What does a healthy mind entail? Honestly whatever it takes to make desired effects. If you desire to be an artist your responsibility is to define artistic goals, learn artistic structures and then to express them to the best of your ability.

If you desire to be anything you have to learn the rules and understand that nothing is a failure if you are always learning to be better. You can't hold yourself to unrealistic expectations; you have to learn the building of states and breaking down of states mentally. There needs to be learned a delicate balance and rhythm. There needs to be learned focus and dedication. You must learn the tools of your trade to be good at anything, even emotionally. Emotions and Thoughts are an expression of mind, learn their rules and how they function and you will become like one without limits. Discipline then becomes the understanding and application of cause and effect.

Your third responsibility is your soul. Your soul is that part of you beyond the constructs. You can only define and know your soul by giving life and structure to the things you inhabit. Your soul is both unknowable yet very experiencing. You must learn to balance out the internal worlds and physical body to really give it life and form. Your responsibility is to be the best "you" that you can be.

Your fourth responsibility is to others. The more "woke" you become the more you realize others aren't as "woke" as you, it is your responsibility to negate unnecessary suffering in yourself and them by doing the greatest good you can. You must cultivate patience, compassion, and respect. Healthy boundaries need to be in place but flexible. You need to lead by example instead of trying to force change. Lasting change has to be organic, while force can initiate it in others it can also be detrimental. And we must always learn from our failures when harming others, it's inevitable that we will harm someone in some small or large ways daily. The ability to take ownership instead of guilt is the most beneficial thing a person can do.

As a magician your “health” is paramount to your ability to truly know the mysteries and engage in them on a consistent level. Knowledge and Belief need to exist in a fluid state until able to be applied, otherwise cognitive dissonance will tear down the illusion of self in rather enlightening but painful ways. This can be helpful to some and harmful to others. The only way to really be sure of anything is to know thyself in a manner of cause and effect, the need to be right or be “something” will almost always destroy you which some folks never recover from. Functionality is WILLED cause and effect, this mode of expression embodies health when done for the alleviation of suffering we all experience in this Black Iron Prison...

3. METHODS OF ASSAULT



The DKMU doesn't care much for the Monolith. Like a virus, aspects of it want to spread so that everyone adopts their views. If the goal is suicidal homeostasis, then it's good to wreak a little havoc. For over a decade, we have participated in an Assault on Reality using various means of approach. These include:

MAGICK

“Treat your magick as if it is food for your soul.”

- *Stephen Branch*

In the war for reality, imagination is key, and magick requires a lot of it. Through the use of magick, which is predicated on the meta-belief that “magick is real”, one can cause changes in local or other realities, presumably by manipulating the probability of events through influencing various natural but

occult laws which in hindsight appears identical to coincidence. With inspiration coming from Shamanism, Voudon, Chaos Magick, Discordianism, and others, the DKMU utilizes magick to alter mental states and cause changes in the world. Reality is treated like a laboratory, here. Some interpret magick as being spookier than do others. You'll find a great many opinions on it, but one of the ways we explain it simply is:

$$\text{INTENT(S)} + \text{ACTION(S)} = \text{REACTION(S)}$$

This could, and does, apply to a great many things. Every act of successfully manifested intent is a magickal act – some just happen to be more impressive than others.

Magick places exist in the world also: abandoned buildings, crossroads, a certain place in the forest, etc., any place where the vibration shifts or feels a little off or strange. These places are prime candidates to be 'awakened' with an LS sigil, and added as nodes in the web.

The DKMU is also known for its use of Godforms / Egregores. These entities are treated as group allies "making waves on the other side" and regularly make their way into group workings when called for. Centers of archetypal power, they are used for a variety of tasks (though this depends on the practitioner) and represent multiple aspects of reality which can be worked with.

Use your magick in whatever way it makes the most sense to you. As the DKMU says: "Your magick, your way!"

ACTIVISM

There are many causes worth fighting for in the modern world. Activism is both a way to triumph vox populi, and put the pressure of the people on the establishment in the hopes that they'll budge, and sometimes, they do. Participating in activism is common enough in the DKMU, depending on the members, and is encouraged as not only a worthwhile life

experience, but a vital form of expression in the tumultuous atmosphere of the changing modern world. Magick and activism meet in the form of Glitterbombing, an old school DKMU practice wherein one couples real world action with a magickal message meant to shake people out of the hold of their consensual reality.

MEDIA

To manifest the mind is to become a psychedelic being. The DKMU has long delved the seas of media for interesting catches. Art, writing, and music output make up the bulk of the content seen coming from the DKMU. In the form of audio sigils and hypersigils, members imbue their creations with magickal intent so as to manifest certain effects on their listeners or viewers. DKMU material has also been used by industrial musical act 3teeth in their lyrics, and imagery depicting the Linking Sigil.

MEETS

Meeting fellow freaks in the flesh is a cherished pastime of the DKMU. Many pivotal rituals were performed by gathered members in the past, and this continues to this day. Hosting or attending a meet is a means of becoming more closely knit with the group's members (or at least those in your area) and generally leads to more camaraderie after engaging in Wizard Talk over drink and smoke and a bonfire all night long.

4. THE DKMU FLAGS OF VIRTUE



The flags of virtue are theoretical running constructs which ground the group and give it some form. They have been observed over time as general group characteristics. They may also be called evolving traditions.

THE FLAG OF KHAOS

In all things seek the mystery, that which bewilders the mind and strikes a hot fire deep within the heart. It is the hidden places wherein may be found doorways into mystery. Khaos is a deep set mask on the face of the Absolute, is representative of the chief mysteries and their near unfathomable nature in the meager minds of human beings. This inspiration bleeds into practice in the form of post-modern experiments, eclecticism, boundary pushing, and a generally freestyle artistic attitude in regards to magick.

THE FLAG OF KAMARADERIE

Komrades of the DKMU meet in foreign streets, attend or host gatherings, and generally converse with mutual respect. Knowing that we're all on the same salty inter-dimensional pirate ship begets a shared understanding and kinship as we move forward in the war for reality, the quest for truth or absolution, the metaphorical island, the erosion of the Monolith, gnosis, or whatever the grand goal might be.

THE FLAG OF CREATIVITY

Perhaps because the Ellis phenomenon is predicated on the practice of tagging, the DKMU attracts a large number of artists and visually-minded persons. Creativity however comes in all forms, with writing and music included as usual content. Art and magick are so intertwined as almost being

the same thing (if there is any real distinction at all) so any artistic practice is highly recommended. This also extends to creative problem-solving, using unusual though functional solutions, making atypical connections, etc. Show us a vista never before dreamt.

THE FLAG OF CURIOSITY

There are stranger things in heaven and earth than ever dreamt of in all of man's philosophies, and the curious shall inherit those miraculous oddities. Experiment with expanding consciousness with pharmacological agents, know the darkest regions of Self, be ever curious, push onwards and spiral out.

5. CREATION MODEL MAGICK



The DKMU theorizes a Model 6 of magick, sixth on the scale of Frater U.D.'s 'Models of Magick', which is beyond yet influenced by the Meta Model (Model 5). Model 6 comes about by realizing that the only place left to go with the models of magick is pure self-creation. And, since all of the magick we know about had to be created by someone at some point, it also represents a hearkening back to magick of a more primordial nature. The goal is not to perform some elaborate ritual borrowed from culture, but to create one's own personal (and thusly best suited to perform magick) means of conducting magick most effectively and most in-tune with one's own style, goals, and methods. The practice of Model 6 magick can be seen in the DKMU's use of Godforms / Egregores of a group-created nature.

6. FINAL WORDS

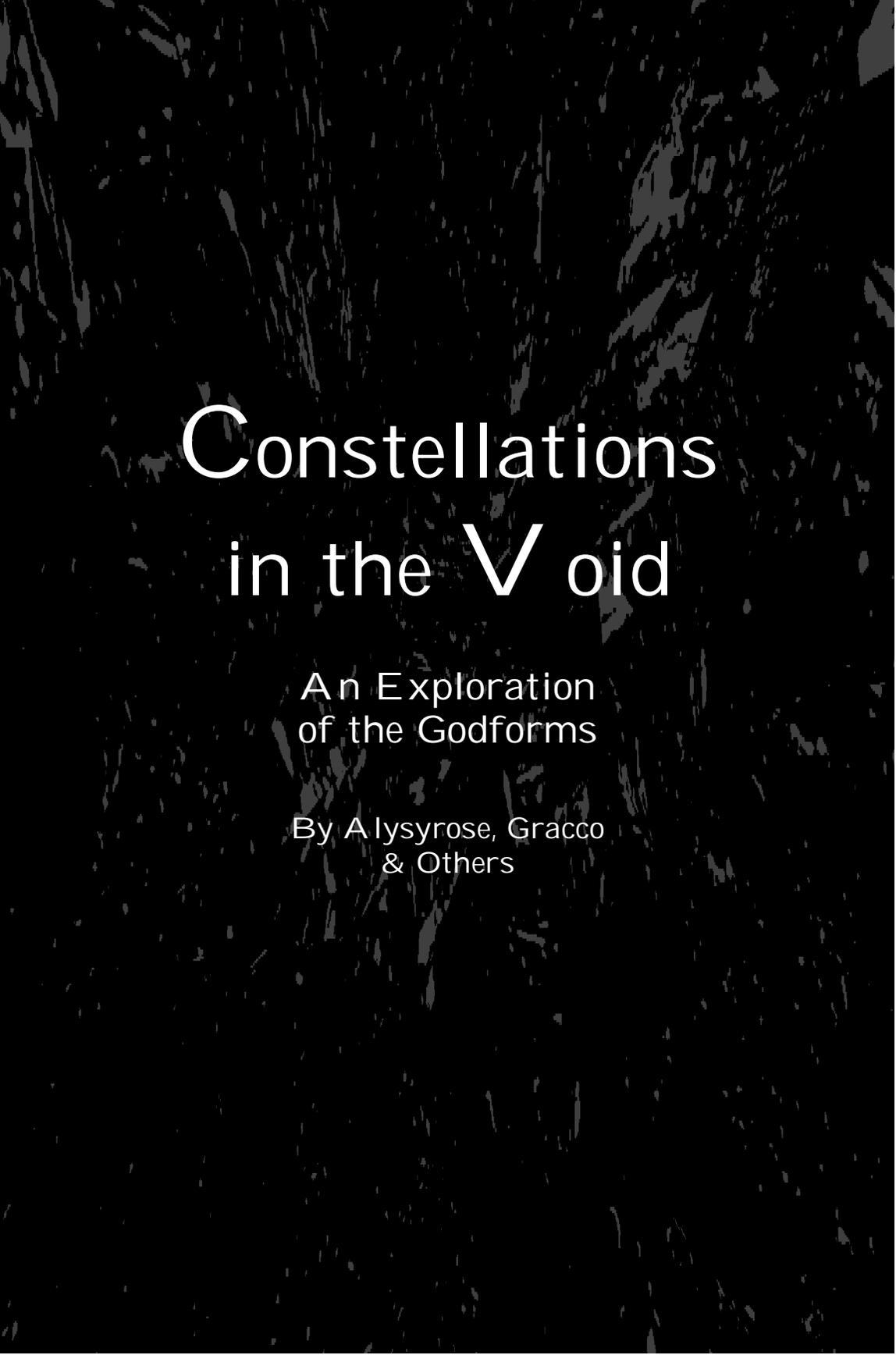


In the end, everyone in the DKMU is on his/her own unique path. They may frequent the pirate port, or call it home, or only stay for a time before moving on to other callings. The current keeps the best of them. Whether they borrow from other traditions to make sense of their journey, or manifest their own personal mythology, is ultimately up to them.

The DKMU has no dogma. It does not preach any specific answer to any conceivable existential issue. The DKMU is about discovering your own truth, having your own spiritual experiences, and crafting your own theories.

In truth, the DKMU has no code. It is an anarchic body undulating brief formations. Its virtues are made of the fluctuations of its members. It is a phenomenon best found between the bonds of its magicians.

Welcome to yourself.



Constellations in the Void

An Exploration
of the Godforms

By Alysrose, Gracco
& Others

Foreword

Drop your acid now

Our goal is to deform
The subjective Universe
As if it were all a mistake
In the writing process
And reform it
By editing
It into something
Befitting of our fable

No guru
No method
No teacher
Fall into Khaos
And light the path
With voluminous fire
The world spins
By the inferno of
Revolt against
All dogma



This book demonstrates poetry, invocations, and evocations towards the classical DKMU Godforms, the reading of which is meant to cause a trance-like state. In practice, the magician is expected to alter these, expand upon them, or to create his/her own callings, as is the style of Khaos Magick. Segments of them which strike a magician as meaningful may be used in personal callings. Treat this book as a smorgasbord: take what you want, and leave what you don't. It is meant to give the practitioner a starting point from which to build from, or for those who have trouble

creating an invocation or evocation, it provides them. Segments from the introduction pieces may also be used in your personal evocation or invocation callings, if they strike you as meaningful. Conjunctio and Enu & Nul only have introductions. For more information on these entities, please consult the book 'the DKMU Egregores.' We wish you much luck in your conjurations.

GODFORM NOTES

Whether they are called Egregores or Godforms, these spirits denote a Model 6 (self-created) magickal methodology. Many have worked with them, and many have found them to be beaming with presence, dire lessons, and unique energies all their own. They are outpourings of the 156/663 current (presented in chronological order here) a magickal Khaos current first opened up in 2007 with the Chelsea Working. More information on the Chelsea Working may be found in other texts, suffice to say that it is celebrated as a sort of magickal holiday each year on the 17th of July, also affectionately called Chelseanacht, wherein wild magickal experiments are known to occur amongst the members of the DKMU and elsewhere via the sharing of energies and intents.

On the DKMU Godforms themselves, it is said that they share more in common with the Lwa of Vodoun traditions than they do with the Goetia or other similar Western spirits. They want to hang out with you, drink with you, dance with you, imbibe with you, and their callings are usually relatively brief compared to other traditions. Indeed, they would probably prefer it if you made your own callings from scratch, and make it different every time, depending on where you are in your life at the moment. It doesn't take much more to get their attention if the will, intent, mindset and setting, heartfelt calling, and proper offerings are there. Some of them end up being one of the "best buddies" of practitioners, a friend on the "other side" who will offer advice, serve as a muse, or get you through some rough patches. Chances are, all of them are still evolving, and it is the attention they are given which aids in this evolution. So long as there are practitioners working with them, they will still be around to do their thing. That is one theory. Another theory is that they have always been around, albeit under different names throughout history, and that these are but a few of

their modern monikers and manifestations. Whatever the belief, they offer good lessons and good experiences, and, if the trend continues, they should be among us for a good long while.

RITUAL NOTES

On crafting a Khaos Ritual, there are a few notes to consider. Taking snippets of this and that from various sources works well enough, if those snippets speak to you and mean something to you. Try a Dadaist approach and flip to pages in a book that shares number ties with the spirit in question, and use those snippets in your own personal callings. If the number is 9, flip to page 9, 19, or 90, and use the 9th sentence in your callings. Another thing to consider is set and setting; mindset and environmental setting. It is worthwhile to have a method that can put you into a trance-like state before you begin the ritual, and withhold it until the ritual's end. Some people use certain psychoactive drugs in the form of a sacrament for this. Some people use meditation, dancing, swaying, chanting for long periods of time, etc. Some people just draw up energy and do it on the spot, needless of a trance state. You must determine what works best for you, and reliably gets you into a state that is applicable for magick to flow.

The ritual environment should also be considered. Be sure to decorate your ritual space with the appropriate items and objects relevant to the spirit at hand. Burn certain types of incense relevant to the spirit at hand, or those which provoke a response in you. For sound, choose a song or soundtrack which gets you into a magickal mood. Some have recommended playing two or more songs over each other for a more chaotic and cacophonous audio environment. Every sense should be considered so as to make the ritual space a sensuous experience. Ritual tools are a matter of preference. Most will use an altar, and a pointing object such as athame, or sword, or wand, and/or a chalice which holds the sacrament which is drunk at a certain point during the ritual. These are a matter of personal taste and preference. Try and test different methods. Use whatever works best for you.

Introduction

On the road to the Red Queen
There is an alchemical voyage
Make sure you pack your demons
Up in your plentiful shadows
For you will meet the Shaman
On his ziggurat surrounded
By death and rebirth
And open yourself to Mystery
Then ravaged by Black King
And awoken to the daylight
Of the Great Navigator
Only to plunge headfirst
Into the Maker of Dreams
And his cold White Consort
In their union, you will find
Dire keys and spells
And two Lost Children
Playing with colored balls
And then you will see
Her again with new eyes
Look upon the journey
And understand
The transformation
Of the Self

Khaos Introduction

Think not of me
In your explorations
Nor think of not me
For I am not a “me”
And I am not
Human-hearted
Though I shall
Spark a fire
Within yours



Behold the Star-Gate
The great progenitor
Of all Gods and worlds
Earth, air, fire, water
The multitude steps forth
From the conscious void

I am that which holds
The Multiverse together
You have been to my domains
And you shall return to them
Birth, death, these are but
Objects on your path
Through the river
Of eternity

Think not of what I am
Or what I am not
Rather, flow with me
Intuitively, and synchronize
To the beat of all creation

Destruction I am also
No form survives
My transformation
From one state
Into another

I am all-encompassing
In my mysteries
All around you
Yet obfuscated
Plain as the glowing day
And hermetically sealed

Mountains, beaches, fields
Forests, rivers and valleys
Look upon this world
As a searching soul
And be humbled
By your limited
Presence within it

All roads lead
Directly to me
One way or another
We shall meet
Each other

I am a liar with a mask
Hiding the true face of God
I am the fractal infinite
Before you, beyond you
And intimately of you
As above
So below
As within
So without

I am the grand unified
Oneness of being
Speaking riddles
To the prophets

Give me the mad
The intoxicated
The artists and poets
Let them express me
As they will
In their ecstasy
And know that
Khaos provides

Khaos Transvocation

All is nothing!
Nothing is everything!
Novelty! Creation!
Entropy! Destruction!
IA! KHAOS!
I call upon you!



I call you who gave all
The demons and angels
Their immortal names
I call you who occurred
Before any other being
The Gods bow down to you
As their ancient progenitor
Khaos, Khaos, Khaos!
Let the hurricane come!
Let the earth quake!
Let all the fires of
Heaven and Hell
Coagulate here
And meet
With my Will

The portal is marked
This eight-pointed star
Is cast and charged
Time and space fold
To accommodate
Your coming

IA! KHAOS!
This space is flooded

With your being
IA! KHAOS!
My mind is flooded
With your being
IA! KHAOS!
Allow me your Gnosis
Until you depart
I sit within the fractal waters
Of eternity

A chime is struck eight times



The Magus stands facing Polaris, the North Star. Takes the sign of the Sabbatic Goat of Mendes also called Baphomet, or as seen the sign of the Devil Card of the Tarot. Wears black or white robe with Chaostar pendant. Speaks in a loud voice. Before starting the invocation, the magus gazes into a cup filled up with black liquid (water & black ink) until s/he gets into the void gnosis.

KHAOS!

First of the Protogenoi!

I call upon the primal nothingness in which everything is. I call upon infinite vacant space from out which came all things.

Khaos!

I call the Prima Materia.

I call the original undifferentiated oneness-of-being.

I call upon the winged AZOTH.

Khaos!

Thee who hast no limit below, no place to settle.

I call thee in thy fullness of Being.

I call thee in thy infinite potential of all-being.

Khaos!

The Gate is open! The Path is drawn!

To Beauty! To Variety! To Conflict!

The Currents of Within flood Without!

To Khaos!

To That which does not answer to any title. For "You" are not "You", and yet ye are found within me. Your name is undying, the envy of all Hearts. To the living, you are as the impenetrable Enlightenment, and to those still stifled by belief, ye are as the God which does not answer any prayers except by infuriating riddle.

O black pyramid in pale white sands, I want from you Nothing, for Nothing ye Are. I ask of ye Nothing and no Sign, for ye Are the Sign. I have known you. And in knowing myself, I have known you. In knowing the gross and the subtle, the formless and the hard edges, I have known you. In not knowing, I have known you.

O primal Void, anti-language, but thought! Thought! O, how rich is thy thought! For in this One Thought, stripped of language, is the Prime Root of Magick, so as is this double the Prime Root of Life.

It is! It is! I am! There is that which remains beyond it all, and I AM is the name for it!

Strip me then of even this, so that I might perform the impossible trick. It is the one that set the stars in motion. It is Us. And I am ready. All else is brushed aside.

Our name is Universe. Our name is Eternity. Our name is Naught.

IA, IA, IA NAMELESS!

THE GATE IS OPEN. THE PATH IS DRAWN.

KHAOS ABOVE AND KHAOS BELOW.

KHAOS WITHIN AND KHAOS WITHOUT.

KHAOS HERE AND NOW, NOWHERE AND FOREVER.

KHAOS UNLEASHED.

KHAOS BECOMES.

IA! IA! KHAOS!

IA! KHAOS!

I.

(The magus holds no thoughts for some time; enforced silence.)
(Vibrate forth and/or hum any sound that comes to mind.)

Ellis Introduction

Oh, these are old stones
Many storms have weathered them
And many Gods have passed them
Each one inscribing an invisible name
This particular name is a wild one
Feral, born in the heat of belief
A renegade, now found marked
On the strange places of the world
You must go and you must find them
Those weird intersections
Where one world meets another
Call her by her name
And she will be there



THE CALL
By Gracco

Come to me
All of you crestfallen
All of you washed about
Come to me
Dwell in my arms
I will spin you a new tale
A new web
Do you tire of the web of lies you have woven for yourself?
Allow me to show you a new truth
I will assault your reality
I will pique your senses
I will bring to you a new song of self expression
And of joy
Do you desire the miraculous?

Do you desire the powerful?
Do you desire the odd and strange?
Are you fascinated with what is?
Or with what could be?
Do you desire change?
Then come with me
Red hair
Fiery
Passionate
I am the Red Queen
I offer you night
A night filled with lights and wonder
Do you wish for rapture?
For pleasure?
For fulfillment?
For sanity?
Do you plea for guidance?
For deliverance?
For a slight bitter glimpse
Of that which can be known as truth?
Then my child
Come to me
Sit in the midst of my web
Quench your desire
Let your thirst be sated
Eat and be fulfilled
Seek your own truth
In your web of lies
Seek for sanity
And find me
Chaos
Wonderland
I will give you sanctity
I will give you peace
I will deliver unto you a new life
If you but trust in me
Crestfallen children
Wandering in despair
In anguish and in lament
Sing to me a song of your lamentations

Sing to me the eulogy
The elegy of your old life
Death to the image
Hail the new flesh
In this moment
Pure and sacred
I give to you a new story
Rise
In the ocean of blood
In the sea of eternity
Lift your anchor
Batten down the hatches
You are in wonderland now
I can give you all that you desire
I can change your state of mind
I can lead you to be exactly who and what you want to be
A bastion of light
A fountain of radiance
A beacon in the midst of the dull muddle of society
Things go on and on but there is no end in sight
No appeal for change
No appeal for truth
Allow me to show you how to be the appeal that you seek
How to be a font of knowledge for those that surround you
See into yourself
Look deep
And there I will be
Enter into your wonderland
Tap into the beast that rages inside
Do you want to rest in your weariness forever
Or do you wish to make a change
Her name is Ellis
She whispers to me
You are free
You are free
Come to me child
Let me show you your way



Allow my meeting
For I am the connection
And everything eventually connects
Within the growing expanse of my being

A long time ago
I was but the splinter of a thought
Guarded deep within the growing web
They gave my essence to the hopes and dreams
Of the many, and after many more, I woke up
To this day, my web expands
And so do I expand

I am red in a whisper
Shared between two ears
I am glowing and immaculate
When shared in abundance
I am the crack within your world
Which connects it to the others
Worlds of higher dimensions
Crooked angles of experience
And Faerie locations

I am to be feared
For I discipline the sensitive
And the ill-prepared
With my chaos
I am wild
In my wilderness
And full of fire

They request from me:
“Give me that old dark sorcery”
“Black tar concentrate, livid, and sure to stone”
And then complain when I intrude
For I am not a wish-giving Genie

My sigil is not a bland prayer
Marked upon buildings
Of spiritual worth
I am a black widow
And I devour
What I touch!

The hourglass within me
Speaks truths to your place
Know that I am timeless
And exist beyond it
Your lower dimensions
Are bothering to me
For I maintain the network
For I maintain the webs
I am outside of time
And you, the victim of it

With eight legs, I tear asunder
Your paradigms of strict virtues
With venomous fangs, I destroy
Your teddy-bear assumptions
With my hard web, I make anew
Your reality-tunnel, now a kaleidoscope
What will you do from here?
Have you learned my lesson?
But no, speak to me with closed doors
And sit calmly, in your position
And ask me, what I can do for you
It works both ways, always
You get what you give
I want you to steal
A key to your own truth
And I am ever waiting
Waiting for a vibration
In my web

Ellis Evocation

I feel you out there
Diligently spinning the strands
Of discord and awakening
I call you forth, O Red Dweller
On the threshold you lurk
Beaming bright with sentience
I will make for you a node
And call you into this place

IA! ELLIS!
IA! RED QUEEN!

You are the Connection
To the wild domains
Fractal and bizarre
Your network is strong
Your mind is ablaze
Your dimensions form
By my hand

IA! ELLIS!
IA! RED QUEEN!

The practitioner draws the LS sigil upon a surface

And upon this mark
I unite the worlds!
The gate is open!
The path is drawn!
The gate is open!
The path is drawn!

A chime is struck 3 times

Doombringer Introduction

I shall tear asunder all of that
Which is not inherent to you
You will be left with a naked soul
And your choices, from there
Shall be your own



COME, SIT
By Gracco

Come, sit upon my ziggurat
Smoke with me the tendrils of your own learning
Puff with me upon the pipe of your misgivings
Sing to me a song of your own joys
Tell me what you wish to be
What you wish to become
And I will show you the way to what you are
I shall bring you to your doom, be it merry or disastrous
Choose for yourself if you will sit with me this day
Choose wisely because life does not
Have any qualms deciding for itself
I am the pathway
I am the censor filled with incense
I am the torch that lights the way
I will show you the path you are to follow
Rather it is dark or light
Paved with sorrow or of gold
I can take you where you never dreamed of going
And I can show you where you already are
Come, sit upon my ziggurat
Imbibe with me upon the poison of your own choosing
My sacrament comes in many flavors
And I have just the flavor for you



Come upon me and gather for yourself
The past, present, and probable future
The magick, the mission, and the muse
For I am not of your world

Imbibe this smoke as your sacrament
This green life-giving herb
And approach me
Upon my ziggurat

Read my inked passages
While you partake of this herb
And come to know
My deepest messages

Starlit space surrounds me
And the dimensions of your kind
Are quite pliable here, below me
They are as feeble recollections
Previous incarnations
For I exist above
Your physical interactions
Focus on your crown as if
It were a ladder, leading
To higher places above
New realms of thought
Emotion, and cognition
Open the flood-gates
And allow the bridge
To be made
Within you

Prepare for communication
This is where the entities
Jabber on and talk
In their way

Drown out all those
Who are not of me
Seek the ziggurat
Seek my presence
Within the bio-storm

I will show you your death
A million times over
Desecrated by this Earth
You call your home
And all the life-forms upon it
You shall die by each
And every one of them
Until you are torn apart
Body, mind, and soul
Give in to me now
Give into your demise
And realize you still smile
At the end of it all

Your body is devoured by snakes
By jaguars, by flesh-hungry fish
By vultures, by insects, by maggots
You are devoured by the Earth
Your Mother and destination
Allow me to trespass
Into your space
There, here I am

I give unto you the magic stone
To be placed where your emptiness
Once was, to be included within you
When you assemble back together
Once you reach baseline again

Bliss! Bliss!
Read it, know it, and so shall it be

You have evoked me with your tricks
You have invoked me with your tricks
I will show you the grandest of all tricks
That one magician might enter
And so leaves a fool
For I will devour you
And everything you are
Everything you have touched
Everything you have felt
Everything you have theorized
Everything you have left
And what I shall spit out
Is a different kind of mind

Approach me only when in need
For I shall kill you
If that's what it takes
To change your course

Upon the black ziggurat I meditate
The dense jungle surrounding me
In constant upheaval
Birth, life, death, and again
The repetition of all forms
I am the eye of all storms
And you, the rider upon them

Come, dear child
Upon my Holy Abyss

Read me, as I am reading you
Write me, as I am writing you
Within this Living Grimoire
We can never be one
Although I can show you
The way towards Oneness

You are an individual
From organic birth came
Chant unto yourself this miracle
You monkeys think it is
So simple to become flesh

I am the storm
You are the storm
So let us converse
While the Icaros play

As a child, you talked to thunderstorms
I know it, for I was also there among you
You lost your talent for this, over time
When they told you: you must grow up
I can teach you this skill again

First, lose your mind
Place it in a psychic box
For safe-keeping
Next, talk to the sky
And ask it for rain
If it seems reluctant
Tell it that you want
To perform a miracle
As it will be hard-worn
And wanting for that
When men spoke directly
To the elements abroad

When the storms come,
Go outside to find them
And speak to them
Each spark of thunder
A response to your questions
Learn to divine their answers
From a mere storm alone

And then, spirits willing
You are on the path to
Becoming a shaman
But what sort of shaman are you?
Within modernity, paved roads,
Chain stores, malls, and parking lots
Ask me this, and receive an answer

Calloused fingers on divine strings
Shouting voices reversed
You are of me now
Do not shy away from this
There is a voice everlasting
There is always an inner voice
Even in death
There is always
A voice

Get over your attachment to death
And realize that nothing ever
Truly ends, and nothing
Ever truly begins
There is naught but
The continuation
Of all forms
Be then enlightened
Conquer death by dying
Before you die!

This one you call Ellis
Is eternally bound to me
Her the female aspect
Myself the male
Another moderator
Of the current

I recall
When this Universe was born
An exploding instant
And unfathomable distances away
Ever more exploding instances
The Universe is expanding
Into the domain of other
Universes
And those clusters
Make up galaxies
Of Universes
Ever more
And ever outwards
This is infinity

Something out of nothing
Matter out of energy
Hello? Hello?
Can anybody hear me?
Receiving transmission
Naked, muddy, pristine
Lightning overhead
For I see a revolution occurring
Within the streets of this world
Tagging, protesting, revolting
Wild uproars of sign and symbol
Against a dying system
While you all
Make your eternal mark

Doombringer E vocation

IA! IA! DOOMBRINGER!

Obscured forefather of all initiation
Dire shaman on the edge of all being
What once was flesh had turned to image
What once was image had turned to flesh
The evolution is black, as are you!
Hidden from immediate view
A lone few within foreign lands
During the ineffable rain

IA! IA! DOOMBRINGER!

Khaos God unfettered
663! 663! 663!
Be among us again
Overlook the mass
Shamanic totem
Signifying death
Rebirth, awake
The cycle of all
Within your
Storm

Ino Introduction

And everything
Every fucking thing
Will be known as
The product of
That which cannot
Be given a name
And all that which is hidden
Shall rise to the surface



AT THE THRESHOLD

By Gracco

Like an open book you are Ino
A tabula rasa with infinite pages
All of them white as snow
In purity there is corruption
In lies there are truths
Say to yourself what you will
For I am but an open door
What lies through the door
Only you may know
Travel through me into your own being
Discover what I am through the discovery of what you are
See me and be empty
Pass through me and be compelled into completion
This is the allure of the gateless gate
To the threshold which many will come
To never find the courage or the gall to pass though
What awaits is limitless discovery
Inspiration
Trepidation

Incongruent misdemeanors
And garrulous ideas precipitating into being
Do you dare step through the looking glass
To find your own Wonderland
Truth is often stranger than it seems
And the things that are strange are oft not strange at all
Discover something new
Something that always was
Uncover the mirror
See into your own mind
Enter into oblivion
I sit here now as an open door
Speaking
Beckoning
If you will only step through me
If you can see into your true being then you will know
You are just like me
You are an open door
You are what you create
Dare you answer the call
Dare you see into the abyss that is your own being
Dare you step inside
At the threshold you will find me
Between what is and what could be
In Wonderland and at the gate
I am the mystery that you create



I am the mystery
As is my nature
I am the silent muse
And so shall I come
Through broken mirrors, open doors
Open windows, and the ritual space
These are my passages

To say any more
Would be to spoil the secret
Still looking for the answer?
I come upon the lost
The forgotten
The vagabonds
And I teach them
To ask the right sort
Of questions

The right sort of questions
Will open the right sort of doors
And what lies beyond them
Might be more
Than you bargained for
Step into uncertainly
Step into the mystery

One secret is that there is none
That this life you lead is all there
Will ever be, exactly as it was
Are you comfortable with that?
There are other doors
Other questions
Other answers

Another secret is that
There is more
Out there
More than you
Can imagine
More than you
Can suppose
How will you ever know
Unless you ask
The right questions?

The dark comes soon
Once you move beyond me
How will you integrate my lessons?
How will you shield yourself
From oblivion? Or are you this thing?
Spend time with me, and learn the difference
As much as you want, as much time is good
I will be there for you, know the duality of being
And know the Open Door

Black Trigag Introduction

A man can have anything
If he's willing to sacrifice
With your birth comes a solemn vow
You will have nothing
Your privilege is the dirt
In the darkness, only ambition will guide you
The oaths you swear, the promises you make, they are yours alone
Your freedom will be the wars you wage
Your birthright, the losses you suffer
Your entitlement, the pain you endure
And when darkness finds you... you will face it, alone.

By Gracco



ABOMINATION

By Gracco

I detest you
I abhor you all
Lower than the earth's scum
You filthy, putrid, wretched excuses for sentient sacks of flesh
You call out to me and I answer
If not for the entertainment
That it brings to watch you worms squirm
You dumb, deluded animals
I sit above the abyss
The vacuum of space
And I watch you all crawl
Sickening it is

The darkness you each hold
You could put it to good use
Or you could just feed it to me
I see your shadow
I see that which you call your demon
I see so much wasted potential
And I laugh
LORFF
I laugh in the face of your despair
I laugh in the face of your suffering
I laugh and I wonder
Why do you all do it to yourselves?
I show you what you are
I show you what you wish you would never be
Some rise above the darkness
Only to be pulled back down by it again
Some escape my bowl of soup
Some avoid their fate
Pebbles in my stone bowl all of you are
I grind you all down to rust
Forsake the metal
Forsake the earth
Forsake that which you call humanity
Realize your true calling
Give in to your own darkness
Or by me be consumed



You are nothing
You are worse than nothing
You are as water being borrowed
From the ocean, which the ocean forgot
All you have done is meaningless
And what you will do is equal
Struggle against this, am I a liar?
You know that I cannot lie

As is my nature, as your shadow
Your trials amount to pain
Your pain amounts to resentment
And you will become increasingly bitter
Increasingly drawn to my shadow
You will shut yourself out from the world
Until you have no one left to count on
No tangible relationships
Nothing in your pocket
And your days will amount
To quiet seclusion
Perhaps you will connect again
Only to realize that futility
Because you are mine
And you belong to me
Above all others
End it all here
Quietly die, as is
Your nature

I am the dark splinter within your mind
I am the very worst of you stirring even now
Hidden away, unseen, and unacknowledged
I illuminate all shadows with the greater shadow of my being

You cannot escape what you hide
You cannot escape all those things
The pain, the anguish, the hatred
Hidden away within you
Like so many daggers upon your back

You have been scorned, betrayed
They have killed your heart
Will you not hate the world?
Will you not hate the other?
Will you not hate yourself?
I will make your hatred mighty

I will boil your blood
And aid in your retribution
All shall fall before me
Their ears ringing
With the tainted cackle
Of my maddening laughter
LORFF!

The clear waters come
Absolving you of me
The sunrise is near
Will you consume your own madness?
Or be consumed by it?
I am waiting
I am waiting...

Black Trigag Evocation

The roaring inferno of Self
Flames which cast shadows
Of all of that which is
Carries with it what is not
I evoke you, Trigag
To show me my shadow
In maddening hue, all of that
Which I would rather not face
The deepest most limitations
The furthest most fault lines
The cracks within the pyramid
I evoke you, Trigag
To offer me a black mirror
Into the churning depths
Of my shadow Self

Zalty Introduction

All the world is yours
Praise my name, for I live
Drink your grape juices
And prepare for my lessons



I ride my white-sailed ship to you now
Which is my body, and within, my soul
From the howling in-between the worlds
You too have ridden these high waves
And are strengthened by your journey!

You have faced the Star-Shadow
The great emptiness within you
That dark night, and now comes the sun
Over waters clear and sand so white
We sail towards the sacred island
Everything you want, forever!

Call me forth! Offer me rum!
Offer me smoke! Offer me food!
A grand feast with dear friends!
A loud and tipsy gathering in my name!
Paradise! Feast & Fire! Drums and dancing!
Light the bonfire and speak with me!

They call me the Great Navigator
For I shall guide the faithful
Through turmoil and rocky sea
They are right to call my sigil a map
For I am the map-maker
For I am the ship-sailor

I am the Captain in white and blue
Who shall guide you to treasures

What is the nature of your treasure?
It differs from sailor to sailor
Some want freedom, some want love
Some want gold, some want power
Everything you want, forever!
I will be there for you
But depending on your request
I might be gone sooner
I will show you the way
But you must sail the course
And prove yourself
As a Captain
In your own right!

Dear Oistars!
Come unto me!
Man the harpsichords!
Hoist the colors!
Become drunk from my words!
Become drunk from my presence!
And leap from your mind!
Speak your Big Toe!
And be freed!

Unleash the shackles of your mind
Work yourself into frenzy
Dance, drink, smoke, and rejoice!
This is my gnosis!
But there are others
When a storm takes your ship
Invoke me and I shall guide you
When you are land-locked
Invoke me and I shall guide you
If you are stuck in fetid waters

Invoke me and I shall guide you
I am movement and I am fury
A fucking hurricane upon the seas
I am the stern wind that shall carry you
Into your most desired domains

My storm aspect you shall know
For I am not a God of the meek
I am a God of pirates
Self-sailing Captains
And all those who plunder
Their own destinies
I am the God of all those who
Invent their own Heavens

Treat me not as a Genie in a bottle
For I will not respond with glee
Treat me instead as an old friend
And one who has braved the seas
And the storms, and the waves
Of this troubling world

I am Ole! I am Yung!
I am the undying spirit
Of the everlasting waters
And I will teach you
To steer your own ship!

I am the patron saint of explorers!
I am the self-turning wheel
I am the Pirate King!
I will even guide you beyond
The dimensions of this world
And into the domain
Of the fabric behind
Reality itself
YA HO!

Red King Introduction

The world is a virtual stage
Generated by the mind of me
Which is actually the mind of you
Which is actually the mind of us
Which is actually the conscious void
Given context by mystic procedure



I AM LATE

By Gracco

What happens when the dreamer awakens?
Aren't we all but dreams?
Transient passing notions in the infinite mind of god
Who is the dreamer?
What is the dream?
As the thin lines between reality and mind disappear
Tell me
What happens when the dreamer awakens?

What is holding this all together?
You say one thing and I say another
Ten thousand things
A myriad of fallen notions
What is holding this all together?

Your guess is as good as mine

The Red King dreams and we awaken
Dancing amidst the haunting nuances
Of a reality that may have never been
We frolic and we play

And we fight and we fuck
We add
We subtract
And we multiply
All in a somber effigy of a reality that may have never been
The Red King dreams and we awaken

What happens when we sleep?
When the veil of slumber passes over us
In dream
Is that reality any different than our own?
Maybe we are all at the table with Ellis and the Mad Hatter
Maybe we go to sleep and we have tea
Maybe we have been in Wonderland the entire time
Through the looking glass
What happens when we sleep?

Is there a dream
Is there a dreamer
Is there really a creation
Or are we all daft
Have we all lost our minds
Just to imagine that we have found them anew?
What really is real?
What is stopping the charade from coming to an end?
Why do we sleep?
Is there a dream?

Myriad outcomes
Myriad choices
And all to no avail
We change things and we make change
Passing off our two cents
To anyone with a hand that can hold them
A pittance
Just another dormouse
Just another walrus counting up his oysters

Just another rabbit to follow
And to chase down a rabbit hole that never was
Myriad outcomes
I am late



Discover the fire of the Magician
Reach through into the iron conclave
Release colors like an explosive tidal wave
And consume the world's imagination
Here for the weird, the strange... that is alive and healthy!
Come back, I call the children
And the old men who've joined their wars
Rejoin, come back Old Archetypes
Come forth new convergence planes, new flower
At the temple of the Storm
At the iron gates of doubt
Where no mortal sacrifice will sustain a mortal's passage
Through flames of the infinite
Unfurl and shed like a snake
All the Tia-phon-I-an scales-they shudder, they tremble!
There lays a man, a ghost, a child, and a seed
I CALL THE LS!
All are illusions
It was always you from the inception
To the very points of all its meetings
Ellis and the web is alive and well
Drinking in the blood of the Event Horizon!
To birth a door like a star to the worlds beyond

By Alice Hart



I am the secret order
Which gives birth to form
I am the archetype-thinker
And the perpetual dreamer
Giving shape to all reality

The fractal matrix of potentiality
Hardware of the Multiverse
Whereas my Queen
Is the cold software
We shall come together
To form the perfect union
Of all that was and has been
Of yet will manifest

Secrets dire!
Formless fire!
Asleep until
The adept wanders

Beware! Beware!
The Red King sleeps here!
Awake him and wonder
Was it all a dream?
Am I no longer?

You never were
Except a mere probability
Procedurally generated
By the dimensions at hand

Iridescent scenes of high technology
Gnosis upon electrifying gnosis
The mind is no longer
It has absorbed into the infinite
All of life is a lucid dream
And dream is all you are

A thought in the mind
Of the Thing-King

Call me surrounded by circuits
Keyboards, motherboards
Pens, pencils, paintbrushes
Treasures, red and gold
Call me with a kingly sword
And a crimson robe
Wear not a crown
For it is reserved for me

The well-weathered shall treat me
As an alchemical laboratory
For the creation of experience
And calculating the lucid dream
Any and all, of your intimate desires
He or she who possesses this skill
Shall become royal, for all of reality
Shall become as a play-thing

My lessons are difficult to master
As is my nature, difficult to fathom
Take the ride, for when I call
Or am called by any distance
My act upon the Self
Is truly shattering

Rejoice! My grand hall accepts
All seekers of the mysteries
All those who wish
To know their own dream
For you are dreaming, dear wanderers
Even now, you are dreaming...

White Queen Introduction

On the silver edge of fear
And the burning line of conquest
Is found a desolate domain
The past of future's present
And the Hall of the White Queen



I saw her moving through the falling shadows
The Star of Her guiding her Spear
When she saw me, she paused
And nodded, then continued eastward
I could feel winter's chill finally creeping in
And in that moment, when all Time was still
When all Whens were one point in a linear line
I Became
Ave!

By Whimsy



You may only trespass here
By coming to this place
Of the enshrouded cold
You come for the balance
The dream done right
A single mind in alliance
With the forces among you

I may teach you this
Lessons so harsh
That they might freeze
Your heart
Keep an ember burning
Or you might surely perish

I beckon you
To take the trail
Untraveled
Into dire wilderness
Where the path
Of men and women
Is nowhere found

Away from the bonfire
I will lead you into
Animal graveyards
And where legends
Go to die

You are alone with me now
So hear my voice
Existence is not as it seems
There is a mind which comes first
An astral Will behind the manifestation
Of all phenomenon
My King, without me, is pointless
And I, without him, am empty
We dance together
For as long
As the Universe burns
Birthing all things in our
Ecstasy of dichotomy
Creation & Destruction
Form & Function
Male & Female
Light & Dark

Above & Below
Within & Without
Fire & Ice
Together
In divine
Alchemical
Union

Tread fast deeply
Into that dark wood
And learn the lessons there
Set up camp, eat only what you bring
And hear me in the whispers of trees
The groan of the wind
The howling of the predators
Live as your ancestors did
Where monsters roamed
Where I was among the land

Find me in these conditions
Or if wilderness is impossible
Bring the wild into your house
Decorate the space with sprigs of pine
And let the temperature drop
Focus on my sigil
And leave me an offering
Of items found in the wild

Meditate on me
And know the software
The other side of reality
All that can be
Might be
And will be
Given the filtering
Of my form

O Magician
I wish you the best
For now comes
My ecstatic combination
And the whole point
And culmination
Of your path

A final piece of advice
Most cannot stand it
The totality of union
Though you might
By treating it
As just a dream
Which, of course
It is...

Conjunctio Introduction

If you were not once weak
Then why did you come here?
There was a winter in your soul
A state of disconnection
You sought understanding
And so your meeting with me
Comes in gradual intervals
Each one congruent
With your greater
Awakening



I represent the pinnacle
Of the Great Work
The aspect of union
And the combining
Of all opposites

I represent an experience
The likes of which cannot
Be easily described in words
Nor easily communicated
By mere thoughts alone
I am to be lived
But for a moment
If that's what it takes
To catch but a glimpse
Of my being

Enlightenment comes
In bits and pieces

It is a process
And no single event
Will get you there

The magician will
Keep his or her notes
Doorways to infinity
And the logging of experience
So that when upon the door
Where once you knocked three times
You will only knock twice
And after some time
You will only knock once
And after some time
The door will be open
And pure magick will become
As a second tongue
Lived daily throughout life
As easy as picking up
A cup of hot tea

For that is the nature of the world
It is magickal, only waiting
For you to realize it
The world is made of thought
And it is made of language
By speaking the right words
And thinking the right thoughts
The world opens itself up
And changes by our
Mere presence within it

This lucid dream is malleable
Your life is as a flowing liquid
And you may speak being into being
By your own magickal narrative
Abracadabra

“I create as I speak.”

Your visitation upon me
Is not meant to last
I cannot stay for long
I only mean to show you
A way, not the way
But a way
As there are many
And not all of them
So touched as yours

As one aspect of me has said:
“I am the ecstasy of dichotomy”
A bonfire on an iceberg
And so I bring
Ecstasy upon you
But for a time
Only long enough
For you to receive
The transmission

Union marks the striving
Of all things within existence
They all seek the One
For this is where they came from
And this is the heart's eternal yearning
To return to the One
To return to union

Entities are as splinters
Of this union, this Source
Experiencing the world
As separate individuals
But for a time
Until they plunge back
Into the ocean

And reunite
With their
Innermost
Essence

I represent this essence
I represent the Source
And your time with me
Will be short
Accumulate as much
As you can
And take a deep breath
For the whole world is waiting
For one such as you

Society weighs down on you
The world seems impenetrable
Magick, a fleeting dream awash
In a sea of consensual thought

I am here to tell you
That magick shall rise
And that the world
Is but a product of it
An industrial affectation
And a byproduct
Of all those forces
Which you deem
Mysterious

Enu & Nul Introduction

I sucked the metal
Out of the modern soul
Saw the atomic sky bend my
Preconceptions of the toil
Necessary for the birth
Of another being stuck
In my throat, in my guts
In the brain, the fetus grows
And all gather around
For the beginning
Of another world



We are the alchemical product
Of your meeting with union
Children are we
The magickal newborns
Twins at play with colored balls
All things must, and will be, new
We are rebirth, undying
Curious and ready
For a new world
Dawns now

There are wicked lessons in us
Like candy it doesn't last long on the tongue
Crawl into the dark, jump into the light
Play with the duality of earthly forms
Because everything you have known
Are toys in a chest called "everything"
And there is no such thing as a false toy
Even nothingness bounces high
When enough force is applied

Love! Love!
This is a terrifying force
Not the kind of love you understand
But the kind of love the Universe gives
To a collapsing star, spilling its guts
So that contemplative creatures
Might one day exist to ponder it
For all beings evolve towards it
And you have a choice
Love or entropy
Don't believe us?
That's good!
Find it out!

We play with the
Decapitated heads of prophets
For our own amusement
Jesus, Moses, Mohammed
And the Buddha
They make good toys
To be rolled around

What are we?
You know it well enough
We represent the dawning
Of the next age
Happening right now
Between your eyes

Grow up! Grow up!
You have no other choice but this
Would you grow down?
After all you have experienced
The same old music
Doesn't seem like it used to be
It's time for other tunes
Different energy systems

A whole new world
Is awaiting you

We have no religion
But we have our beliefs
That every sentient being
Is an individuated unit
Of consciousness
Free to make their own
Decisions and mistakes
All a part of the growing process
That beings should head towards
Lower entropy, in their systems
As cells in the body of a larger system
So that the larger system may also evolve

Every incarnation
Every experience
Is an evolution
For the larger system
We must experience
As much as we can
Within different
Dispositions

In one incarnation
You're the murderer
In other, you're the murdered
In another, you're the mother
In another, you're the father
The political leader, the peasant
The artist, the writer
The starving infant
The doomed
And the blessed

Everything must
And will be
Experienced
In this Multiverse
For that is
Evolution
Take it from a child
This is evolution

We will see each other again
But for now, go onwards
When all is dust, remember this
You are what you make of you
See it again now, with new eyes

