

LAVEYAN KHAOS RITUALS

DKMU; KHAOS, 156/663 Class C
Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°)



Nex ut Statua; Hail Novus Viscus!

In the nameless void and infinite reach of Khaos, the ruling flow of the Universe, the One Mystery and King/Queen of the All, I command the forces of Change to bestow their boundless powers upon me!

Open wide the gates of the Abyss, and come forth from eternity to greet me as your brother (sister) and friend!

Grant me the indulgences of which I speak!

I have taken thy energies as a party of myself! I live as the churning stars above and the sweeping sands below, rejoicing in the splendor of life and death! I favor the awakened and curse the mindless!

By all the Gods of Khaos, I command that these things of which I speak shall come to pass!

Come forth and answer to your names by manifesting my desires!

OH HEAR THE NAMES:

THE KHAOTIC NAMES

Tiamat

Set

Yaw

Hun-Tun

Baphomet

Apophis

Kali

Eris

Loki

Amun

Amaunet

Nun

Naunet

Heh

Hauhet

Kek

Kauket

Luan

Coyote

Khorne

Tzeentch

Nurgle

Slaanesh

Black Trigag

Azathoth

Nyarlathotep

Pan

Dionysus

Ino

Doombringer

Ellis

INVOCATION EMPLOYED TOWARDS

THE CONJURATION OF LUST

COME forth, Oh great abyss, and make thy presence manifest. I have set my thoughts upon the blazing pinnacle which glows with the chosen lust of the moments of increase and grows fervent in the turgid swell.

Send forth that messenger of voluptuous delights, and let these obscene vistas of my dark desires take form in future deeds and doings.

From the very depths of Khaos there shall come a sign which joineth with those salted within, and as such will move the body of the flesh of my summoning.

I have gathered forth my symbols and prepare my garnishings of the is to be, and the image of my creation lurketh as a seething basilisk awaiting his release.

The vision shall become as reality and through the nourishment that my sacrifice giveth, the angles of the first dimension shall become the substance of the third.

Go out into the void of night (light of day) and pierce that mind that respondeth with thoughts which leadeth to paths of lewd abandon.

(Male) My rod is athrust! The penetrating force of my venom shall shatter the sanctity of that mind which is barren of lust; and as the seed falleth, so shall its vapours be spread within that reeling brain benumbing it to helplessness according to my will! In the name of the great god Pan, may my secret thoughts be marshaled into the movements of the flesh of that which I desire!

Meus ero perfectus!

Hail Khaos!

(Female) My loins are aflame! The dripping of the nectar from my eager cleft shall act as pollen to that slumbering brain, and the mind that feels not lust shall on a sudden reel with crazed impulse. And when my mighty surge is spent, new wanderings shall begin; and that flesh which I desire shall come to me. In the names of Eris, and of Ellis, may my lust be fulfilled!

Meus ero perfectus!

Hail Khaos!

INVOCATION EMPLOYED TOWARDS THE CONJURATION OF DESTRUCTION

BEHOLD! The mighty voices of my vengeance smash the stillness of the air and stand as monoliths of wrath upon a plain of writhing serpents. I am become as a monstrous machine of annihilation to the festering fragments of the body of he (she) who would detain me.

It repenteth me not that my summons doth ride upon the blasting winds which multiply the sting of my bitterness; And great black slimy shapes shall rise from brackish pits and vomit forth their pustulence into his (her) puny brain.

I call upon the messengers of doom to slash with grim delight this victim I hath chosen. Silent is that voiceless bird that feeds upon the brain-pulp of him (her) who hath tormented me, and the agony of the is to be shall sustain itself in shrieks of pain, only to serve as signals of warning to those who would resent my being.

Oh come forth in the name of the Doombringer (the Black Trigag) and destroy him (her) whose name I giveth as a sign.

Oh great brothers of the night, thou who makest my place of comfort, who rideth out upon the hot winds of Khaos, who dwelleth in the Void, Move and appear! Present yourselves to him (her) who sustaineth the rottenness of the mind that moves the gibbering mouth that mocks the just and strong!; rend that gagging tongue and close his (her) throat, Oh Kali! Pierce his (her) lungs with the stings of scorpions. Oh Tzeentch! Plunge his (her) substance into the dismal void, Oh mighty Set! Hurl his (her) mind into thy tempest and smash the flailing sanity of my foe against the stones!

I thrust aloft the bifid barb of Khaos and on its tines resplendently impaled my sacrifice through vengeance rests!

Meus ero perfectus!

Hail Khaos!

INVOCATION EMPLOYED TOWARDS THE CONJURATION OF COMPASSION

WITH the anger of anguish and the wrath of the stifled, I pour forth my voices, wrapped in rolling thunder, that you may hear!

Oh great lurkers in the void, oh guardians of the way, oh masks of the Universal Might! Move and appear! Present yourselves to us (me) in your benign power, in behalf of one who believes and is stricken with torment.

Isolate him (me) in the bulwark of your protection, for he is (I am) undeserving of anguish and desires it not.

Let that which bears against him (me) be rendered powerless and devoid of substance.

Succor him (me) through fire and water, earth and air, to regain what he has (I have) lost.

Strengthen with fire the marrow of [our friend and companion] (myself), our comrade (follower) of the path of Freedom and infinite possibility.

Through the power of Khaos let the earth and its pleasures re-enter his (my) being.

Allow his (my) vital saltes to flow unhampered, that he (I) may savor the carnal nectars of his (my) future desires.

Strike dumb his (my) adversary, formed or formless, that he (I) may emerge joyful and strong from that which afflicts him (me).

Allow no misfortune to ally his (my) path, for he is (I am) of us, and therefore to be cherished.

Restore him (me) to power, to joy, to unending dominion over the reserves that have beset him (me).

Build around and within him (me) the exultant radiance that will herald his (my) emergence from the stagnant morass which engulfs him (me).

This we (I) command, in the name of Khaos, whose mercies flourish and whose sustenance will prevail!

As Khaos reigns so shall his (my) own whose name is as this sound: (name) is the vessel whose flesh is as the earth; life everlasting, world without end!

Meus ero perfectus!

Hail Khaos!