

*To the Dark memory of Mind and Missy dedicated.
To their courage, sincerity and honour.*

**MALEDICTUM
"THE MALEDICTION"**

"When a lot of people
are capable of Evil, some of them
—much more beloved by Hell
could realize this Evil into the life"

I

By the dawn of a new era, when ancient gods were dying slowly together with the sunlight coming of the East, the human world was waiting for the coming of a new power bearing salvation.

"Ex Oriente Lux". Thus spoke the Latin proverb about this awaiting.

So world has got it and forgot about the night following the day untameable and about the light to be swallowed by Darkness.

The epoch of gloomy day is coming to an end. A dramatic tableau of chaotic dissolution covers up the dim colors of the obsolete murals of human world already touched by dusk, and the day is preparing to sink into the depthless Night.

Twilight of gods. Twilight of consciousness. Decline of humankind. Everything has intersected at one point – in the shadow of a falling cross.

And when transcending to the Third millennium we proclaim:

Ex Oriente Tenebrae...

II

Foreshadowing the coming of Darkness, a storm is rushing by whole the front, and it's sweeping all the dogmas and used rules of essence away.

It brings the Chaos and dismay into the human souls and wakes up the forces overthrown before for the rebellion.

It is the Demon, the foreteller of forthcoming times. Unwillingly, the holders of truth of past centuries let go their sceptres of power before his merciless fury.

Colossuses, so powerful not long ago, which were the first and the one in long time – they notice how the base under their feet is heaving. But they do not understand the power that makes them bow to the ground and forces them to their knees.

They are still persistent when upholding their "infallible" truth. But the echo of their "ego" is lost in countless halls of labyrinth created by the hands of their true slaves.

Acting like this they see what their eyes want to see, but they feel – the time of the lamb has passed, and they can not believe in this.

They feel the bitterness of the coming thunderstorm.

For many centuries they have tried to convince themselves of hardness of their standing. And now they can not understand why the air is stinking with anxiety.

They take the keys from the dungeon and hurry to check the locks – their Main Enemy should be there, kept by them in centuries. He is the one whose defeat they celebrated in triumph and who has been blamed for all of their troubles.

They look into the dungeon. There is nothing but a malicious reflection of them. And they suit this mirror.

They are the principles become obsolete, the vassals of god and cracks in his throne.

The breath of Darkness uncovers their ulcers and throws down leprosy of masks from their faces and so they present before the world this disgusting sight.

They have nothing to cover it up, because all their magnificent garments look like rags.

They have no one to ask for help – numerous human troops have lost their saints and pilfered their bones apart and stuck their cleaned gelded souls on the facade of heaven.

They cover under with the name of god, but we hate this name and it just intensifies their guilt in our eyes.

They hope the christian church that has been nurtured by them will shield their life.

The church is old. Cooling down blood of christ flows in its veins. And it is ready to make a bargain to live in peace in brilliance and greatness for long long time.

Hiding the fear for it's own skin behind the kindness church turns away from them and it's ready to turn them into the gold in order to make dealing more convenient.

Abandoned, deceived, and perverted – they can only appeal to their last hope – their creator.

And the crucified one will descend to the earth again, but not before miasmas of rotting and death poison the air and smoke him out of heaven.

In this hour we'll be ready. We'll be waiting for him.

For now they are loosing power and forces day by day just yet and they can see the Darkness coming closer, as humankind devours itself, as churches grow up again and again towering like tombs. They are the tombs – the last haven of god dying *here*. And earth reminds a cemetery more than ever.

The lightings, splitting the twilight show the world in true colors.

Only one who possesses the wisdom can see – this is the stigma on the forehead of god and this is the brilliance of the crown of Satan.

III

Yes, the dissonant rhythm of the pendulum tells us: the dark hour of the universe is coming closer.

Furious growl of the Dragon who has just awaked in hunger shakes the crimson mirage of the withering world and forces an exhausted nation to shudder in horror.

He has growled among the ravines, echoed from the towering mountains – the human dwelling.

He has descended upon the earth, burying the last hope for the salvation of humankind under himself. He has raise an acrid dust, which swallows the rays of the setting sun by the shroud of gloom.

Obeying his call, Eternal Night spreads her anthracite wings and prepares to swallow all the area from horizon to horizon. It has reclaimed the right to dominate undividedly.

Obeying this call all the spawn of Satan – the rulers of the Dark truth have bursted through the bounds of the circle of lands and have rushed inside, through countless corridors, poisoning with their dark essence everything untouched by rot. Obeying this call, gargoyles have left their comfortable nests to soar into the sky dissecting soulless gloom with their wings. And now they are circling and waiting for the carrion.

Twilight chimeras, which build their nests inside of the human mind, zealously stain the personification of human ideals and erupt the streams of sewage onto the charismas of christian idols falling like plaster.

Everything that has been dead and damned turns to this call in anticipation of the great hour, stretching their stiffed limbs.

And fire of impatience burns in these damned eyes. 'Tis the fire their lust to return to life, even though this life will never be the life of the living.

All the damned and dead are coming back. 'Tis the Dark tableaux of the Apocalypse, displayed by the skilful dabs of the Devil upon the reality.

The apotheosis of dissolution has come to its climax.

Signs, impaled one by one, have no meaning from the moment the right hand of the Devil descended upon the spine of the lamb and ruined human fates, fragile like porcelain, into the depthless abyss.

The night of burning wrath is coming closer.

Almost like when Foma from Chelan was gnashing when he suddenly saw through the mist of more then seven centuries the coming of the Dark Era:

"Nox Irae Nox Illa
Solvat Saeclum in favilla".

"Night of wrath, 'tis the night
when the world will be turned to ashes..."

IV

We have stepped into this world just as humankind – through the gates of flesh.

We have invaded into it in the moment of Darkness has overflow the bonds of night and black poison began to stream from the opened ulcers.

Twilight was condensing before us. In this time the blood became the purple border of the world, and finding the deepness aureola of malignity has summoned the colors of Imago of the Devil to live.

That was the sign of our birth – of the Apostles of Satan.

Occurred from the dark beginning, fostered by Hell, we have rushed through the cracks, covering the ancient bonds like webs -the bonds separating us from our lustful purpose – the world which named itself the creation of god.

We have merged with black poison and became a part of the Storm of Darkness, sometimes smashing like a hammer and sometimes stinging like a serpent.

By the right of our birth we are the parts of the will, that goes so imperiously and measuredly upon the hearts and souls with one purpose –

to put the human world at the feet of Satan.

And we have studied all winding ways of the Dark spirit (Unholy Ghost), running through our souls and penetrating into the all unlimited corners of human consciousness.

V

From our shoulders, dressed in the heavy armours of responsibility for victorious hostilities, an elegant cloak of diplomacy does fall and it's fasten at our throats with the fibula of the bloody covenant.

Beneath the steel of our armours our hearts breathe with flame of hatred and they look like tar in frame of clotted wrath.

Crimson marks of us do proclaim that we came into this world well armed.

Our perfect blades were born into the Darkness from the best forges of Hell. And they split and cut the light and the dirty faced angels irreproachably.

We are moved by the relentless hunger of our insatiable souls, pulsing in unison with the Darkness, and by the smothering thirst of evil deeds. *And absolute love for Evil* does crown our untameable passion.

With all our demonic essence we feel as burning breath behind us is blazing with a tremendous heat and it is singe us by fury.

We see – all the forces of the Underworld have gathered behind us for the decisive attack, and they only wait for our first successes. Highest Demons, by whom we have been taught the tactics and strategies of Hell – they look upon every step of their disciples.

And from the highness of his throne the Devil directs our thrusts to the target and makes them irresistible and merciless.

Possessing myriad of acute ways for the will of Satan to be done, we, if it necessary, will use them all *for His victory*.

VI

We have seen the dawn of the world and have led civilisations to their doom. We were sinking even stars in blood and turning the Milky Way into the Gory Way.

The elements, ruled by our will, have come to war against each other when we were descending into the deeps of the earth following the signs of Nigrior and were tearing its deep strata for to pleasure of its igneous heart.

We have been rising to the top of the world, resting against the stars, where the *ruin* was breeding her spawn and we have ravaged her nests and nailed her children to the roods.

We have mocked at the sufferings and writhing of the sons of god, and our laughter has been bearing the storms and sinking the continents.

The legends have remained *only due to our generosity alone.*

We have engaged against the angels on the battlefields and their white feathers were covering the arêtes like a snow.

We have breathed a fire into the human souls, but their weak passions have extinguished it to the last spark.

We were admired while watching the rebellious sons of the earth becoming the sons of Satan and we ranked them to Infernus.

But the rotting carrion of the crucified one gave life to worms, breeding the spawn, and this extended stench has poisoned the Universe.

Possessing time eternal we were overfilling with wrath and circulating among the Shadows we were losing our patience.

And it has summoned us to the war from the igneous deeps of Gehenna.

Sword the punishing, which pierced the sky, is vibrating again. A curtain of Darkness has fallen upon the lands of Sunset...

Our time has come.

And now, however as always, our hands will not be idle.

VII

Dicto Diabolo...

We will resemble the locust, devouring everything in our way, and we will leave nothing behind us, nothing that keeps the sight and likeness of god.

Like a horde of predators we will hunt prey and we will summon the brothers to the feast when the prey is overtaken.

And above the picked victim we, flushed of the success of the hunt, will not forget for whom we do it and to whom we're devoted ***AD UNGUEM.***

We'll connect our tight arteries with the communications of the human world, and a wave of our fresh spluttering blood will swamp it. It will be black blood like the most impenetrable night.

Trampling the friable laws, we will hurl the curtain of the existing shadow of worldcreation at the boards of the world, the curtain that will herald the finalé of the human tragicomedy. And with a perfect mechanism of destruction, created by our hands and by drawings of the Devil, we will grub up the mildewed temple of god rooted in the earth.

Then we'll make what is to be a precious stone in the foundation of the Devil's Realm.

Filtering the world of miry principles and ideals, we'll gather the scattered teeth of the Dragon in the merciless grasp of steel jaws. And we'll summon under the wolfhead banners an invincible army of those people, who fight not for the good of the world, not for the mercy of god, but for the right to fight and to give their own life and soul for the triumph of Demonic Justice.

On that day the growl of countless throats will reply to the tolling bell of the last church and it will be a signal to take the heaven by storm.

We know the way to fling the slime-covered gates of the Serpent wide open and to summon the disastrous hordes of Demons.

We'll have time to see how they fill the ruined decorations with a rough stream.

We have the keys to every gate of the world except the gates covered with sheepskin – the gates of heaven.

But the ram with the crushing head of a wild boar is ready. All the barriers are powerless against this key.

When the smoke of burial bonfires veils the heaven and the mournful howl drowns the weeping of the wind, then we'll fill all cups offered to us with the bitter wine of the kindness of the Devil, and drops of wine fallen on the clotted ground, mixed with our blood, will drink the stable sprouts of the Demons race.

And blood, still undry on the parchment manuscript will fasten the eternal union of the Devil and Man.

**Thus wants a Man,
Satanas Vult.**

VIII

Drama of elapsing time does seethe – the drama of time, when under the sign of Darkness and the vaults of Eternity we got the power and a new birth, like an incarnation of the most ghastly dreams of humankind.

The drama of time for which we gave everything, that forced its dark mass from the gorges of sickening millenniums and which distorted it with the unrestrained disposition of Chaos.

Here is raging fiery drama of conflictness of the fallen existence and the absence of a point to return.

The world, rushed into the epochal rupture, torn into the parts, divided, melted – it is writhing in the vice of the oozy shores of imperishable eternity and it is choked by an insatiableness when it catches greedily the shreds of dying time.

Its dwellers are the phantoms – they still live, but don't cast a shadow in to the future.

Here is ruling drama of dead line, and beyond it there is rapid of falling into the Abyss.

The deep of Gloom and monumental Evil are the rulers of severe judgement there, and they are the observers of the union of flame and dark arterial blood.

The might of the Epoch of the Darkness is inevitable.

It's frozen for a moment in streams of poisonous evaporations, which rise like impenetrable wall from the vale of life, forsaken place, where both human souls and the sanctity of angels are prone to destruction.

Through the veil of mist we see as it dominates under Eternity and ephemerality, and its greedy beak is aimed at the naked senile heart of the human universe.

Inhaling the alien stale air we are expecting for the moment to tear the viscosity of swirling time, to deprive it of its life and to proclaim the compelling Twilight Epoch invasion in to the bounds of the earth realm.

Finally then, destroyed pendulum of a broken clock, counting down the years anno domini, will freeze in oscillation and count down of another time will begin.

We are waiting, staring in to the Darkness. We lean on the shields of the principles of Supreme Evil, which are entrusted to us, and so we take the nameless thrones.

Right here is the pure heart of the world – unconstantable, insatiable. And so here is the most unprotected place.

From here all its conquerings are to begin. And from these grandiose heights built from human passions, sins and crimes, we'll hurtle down to the agonising spaciousness of Hesperion.

IX

Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, black waves rage and beat against the walls of the world.

The riders pale like death, in gory garments – they hover in the atmosphere, rip the air with sharp sickles and spread the nets in foresundown darkness.

Someone who dares, look at them – they are the worthy spawn of Hell and now they catch the souls, hurriedly rising to the sky. They hunt on the roads to paradise.

Their spears impale the souls in the beat-time of expiring seconds and of our heated hearts – sparks of the universal conflagration.

Compassion is as unknown for them, as mercy is unknown for us. We have spilled our blood and the blood of others enough to remember the niceties of perverted redemption.

We have endured hunger and suffered hardship for to see this hour.

We have endured successes and failures for to rise up after the long centuries with Darkness in all our Greatness and to be dressed in purple garments.

We have conquered the legions of denied souls for the Devil, and we have smashed the pure regiments of god's army.

We were the dry logs, when the fire of Hell fed upon our flesh. And now, it can be read in the branded marks in our souls – Infernus.

This is the name of Victory.

What do the passions and sufferings of humankind mean for us in comparison with our sacrifices to our Ruler? They are just the rusty spoils of war beside our feet.

We don't hesitate when the time is so close.

We have a few moments to lower our gaze on the shaking horugvies (holy banners) and on the labarums bearing the nets of christograms, to look in the faces of the warriors of countless enemy hosts and into the slimy lines of angels troops, covered with a ripple of snow-white wings.

Our gazes can penetrate inside of them and snatch out their essences by the sights of our eyes from their variegated diversity and burn them with indignation, nurtured in freed unfrightable souls.

There are counted seconds for to spread the scrolls, spotted with bloody arrows –
Disposition Zum Angriff.

We are going to see the enchanting sight – the first stage of War –
the swamps in flames.

X

Humankind, which has become meaner than the Hell proclaimed by the christian twaddles, humankind bogged down in the vice, in the mass of uncontrollable passions – it looks for the ways to get over the bounds of decency, and breeds the parasites. Its claims to the holiness and to the vice are overstated inconceivably.

Billions of its filthy throats are open wide in requiring cry for justice.

They are unanimous in it.

Races and nations with one fate are affected with leprosy. They are the prisoners of a common lie. Envy, hypocrisy and betrayal are the most horrible goetias of their relationship.

Giving equal rights to them, the winds of Plague, Pest and Death do blow. From the dark apertures of doors, opening wide in to the bounds beyond the world, they burst like the heralds of general Twilight. Biting in to pliable shrouds, they roam in the illusions of a fragile equilibrium, which has been given to the human temptations.

And in such a way, disease from the depths tears the parasiting dreams of civilisations. Friable laws have the purulent insides.

Liquid morality does not keep in porous arteries and spreads by the slime, which is pure pleasure for the wood louses in the cassocks. Surrounded by dead idols, they build their power, their temples.

Decaying flesh of humankind covers the construction of breathless principles and ideals by the ulcers.

The pillars on which his “faith” and his “infallibility” leans – they are its bones, corroded by the erosion of the christian doctrine, crumbling under the excessive heaviness of the diadems of greed, which crown the large crowd of heads fighting with each other.

Until the Darkness comes and makes them silent, their sacrilegious mouths blackened of lies, cough up empty words about universal happiness and inhale that one inherited curse, which has become a corroding poison for human lungs and a virus in their blood.

Just as Pilat has done, humankind washes away its thousands of hands before every dirty deed, and does not towards the one, whom it calls god. But forever item soot is an indelible from the billions of rough souls. They smell of sacrificial smoke, smoke with sulphur.

For thousands of years the beloved children of god have followed Judas way more obstinately than obstinacy could be. For them the example of hanged one is embodied in centuries, and the tramp of marching feet does drown the appeals of the crucified slave.

And now the unsteady paths become confuse and resting against the borders, beyond which rise the sharp tusks of the *dark* laws.

The humankind is in confusion.

In insolent outbursts of wilfulness it wages war with god. It refuses all the precepts and hastily concludes the mutually exclusive pacts.

The twilight idols of so-called technical progress won't defend the humans. Their search for a new god and the creation of numerous religions show just one thing – that humankind has finally lost the way to the gates of paradise.

Bewilderment poisons their mind and eats away their eyes, which see nothing but the impenetrable fence of despair.

Slipped away of good pastors crook, the flock has wandered off in different directions and it is unable to gather to the call of the archangel's trumpet.

Here and everywhere,

now and forever,

lost humankind, blind humankind –
- *our prey by law.*

XI

We hear the groans and damnations. They merge in a roar of voices, becoming a growl. Now, after the grand fugue of the Underworld, they soothe our ears with passion.

We see the perspiring bowed backs and buttocks servile put forward to the heaven. Whipped spines of people of picks and mattocks.

Their calloused hands were building the city upon the seven hills, their hands became skilled in the construction of stone bags by the order of the spanish fra, their crooked fingers wrenched the food out of the throats of some one like them, and their tongues knew no tiredness.

They have opened the way for us just with their own deeds, when they preferred our success and yielded everything to our fury.

They lay the log-path through the swamps and covered it with a carpet. Everything was ready for the moment when we would come, and we are not even soiled our feet.

They are not glad – they have led the Hell into their home. They greet us with flows of mire poured from their mouths and with unskillful efforts to stop us. But ‘tis too late. The Underworld has opened wide.

Behold, the skies becoming thicker. Its high and low levels are blocked up to the limit with those, who lusted to get there and paid the bill. The lightthrone prisons are filled with godchosen prisoners. Henceforth they are incarcerated forever.

The skies do fall to pieces under their own heaviness, with the sensation of their own significance. They burn with fires and lightnings, torn apart of the contradictions, pressing from within. Holes generously pour wide luscious intoxicating manna. It is a bone for dogs, advance for their obedience.

From the doomed earth hands do reach, beautified with stigmatas, hungering greedy mouths fixed with bared teeth, eyes’ve seen the white light becoming darken in the atmosphere, bleeding, irrigating them with tears. Now they know – plentiful harvest of ashes from heaven will fall soon. Betrayed, they are screaming, offended, they are moaning.

And they pray for heaven to bear them a savior.

Let us not be refused!

We brought the invaluable gift – salvation from god and humankind.

Their scream: “Hostis humani generis” concerns to us.

Oh no, we aim at the point that’s more higher, *and only god is worthy of all the plenitude of our hate.*

As we scorn humankind because of its vice, hypocrisy and slave essence – as we hate the heaven much more than anything because of its sanctity in personified passivity.

When we have swept away humankind we’ll sweep away that rubbish, which lies *between us and heart of god.*

That’s why human’s kingdom must to be destroyed.

The arrogant oligarchy will be overthrown, and the nations are to be trampled into the mire. Decline and depression, desolation and a state of neglect accompany us in it.

The world will be the base for the invasion into the heaven and at the same time it will provide the resources for our victory. This place will be the obvious proof of the complete realization of our uncompromising conquest in reality and the assertion of our morality principles – straightforward, hard, and dismissing of concessions and deviations.

Urhitopheles has stained his sword with holy blood and gets it out again. Reptiles have made their nests in basilicas and enrich the poison stocks, scooping it from the cloacas.

The nations cling close to the swamp mire and insatiably drink the black waters of Styx from their wounds.

Their thirst is unquenchable. Bad malarial blood runs through their veins.

They torment themselves with the vain hope of a day to follow the night.

They do not know – night could be too long to live till the dawn.

They won't see the end of this night so praised by them.

Their moans and screams soothe our ears with passion.

They will change nothing

Never the words of prayer will fall from their lips.

Only damnations!

Damnations as prayers!

XII

Heaven says: “man”, but means “servus”. God made Adam from clay and provided him with the soul of a slave. “Mire, mixed with blood” – that is a human being.

“A soul burdened with a corpse” – crowning point of god’s creation.

There is a brand of shame on the forehead of man and it marks all his slave’s tribe. The brand of dishonour – the intelible brand of plague. Human existence is the most acute form of slavery. It implies unlimited dependence on god.

At seen freedom – golden chains, extending from tight collar to ring, fixed to the stable massif of god’s love of power.

Connivance in freedom of choice – impossibility of alternative: the pleasure of paradise is always preferable to the sufferings of Hell. Metamorphoses of reincarnation through the incarnation in to an angelic countenance; when heavenly ranks and hierarchies are obviously closed for human.

Divine grace is expressed in everything in only one way – the substitution of suffocation for bloodshed.

Promises... Promises...Knout.

Promises of unlimited possibility lying, beyond deathline, where no one can wrest man from the strong hands of god, but... Except the Devil in anger, when he is descending, impaling the heavenly spheres and flowing down.

The son of god suffers defeat by defeat from the Devil and crucified by Him on the cross, he presents the hope and new promises to humankind and he talks about the coming kingdom of light, where slave will find well-deserved rest and the Devil will be destroyed.

An ideology of vain hopes feeds man in his last fight for the depreciated paradise. The illusion of promised does not damage his sick soul, and crash of bloodless reality strengthens the levers of autocracy and almost blood ties, binding the slave with his master. The slave of the eternal god is rewarded with immortal core and the fatal hopelessness of snares their similarity.

Its predetermined, that mess of blood and mire with a boggy soul to be an example of the image of humility and resignation in the corners of the bottomless mirrors of the universe, and to bear in inexpressible sufferings the reflection of god, separating his complacency from the pitiful mortality of man.

Man never could love god. This place of sensual domination belongs to the love of man to himself undividedly - love, projected on to god.

The man is like a similarity, and he’s just a defect in the original image.

It does the “honor” of the creator, that he gives as good as man gets: contemplated similarity condemn human being to bring the curse of degeneracy, which is in his loins. Boundary – lines of responsibility for the god’s deeds dissects the cavity of the human soul in to many melted parts, which tear each other like dogs.

They are the embodiment of unrest, flexible symbols of disparity. The peace offering of the lamb, which was a phenomenon of realized hope, it slipped out of man’s hands like a phantom and made them burned with a sense of doom.

And whole the pantheon of the master’s mistakes breeds in the slave the ugly perception of the truth of his existence, and it breeds self-detriment from self-imperfection.

It breeds that twilight cereals of aesthetics of all the hideous. Morbific vision of paradise and Hell deforms, perverts and denies two true beginnings, and bears the chimeras, which are like unstable human nature. They make him more unfree than he is and make his lusted union with

heaven more difficult. That is the price of burden of slave's shackles. That is the payment for the promised rest.

Cringing under the heel of divine will, shackled with fate, the human being is not able to get free from the shadow of god's hands. He can grumble, rise in blasphemy and drown in the depths of passions and vices. But he knows how godless will be the punishment of god's hand for the effort to brake iron links.

He is placed to the Eternity and to the bites of fleshless servants of the Serpent...

In the shadow of an idol of power of god, the pillar of truth, kneeled, drowned in searching of essence of self-existence and burdened with it. The slave. He is nailed to the pillar of shame and merged with it together as one. He eats and defecates right there. There he gets ready to behold promised coming light.

He is dreaming in twilight. He is waiting for...

XIII

The self-assertion of human being through neglecting god's will, goes on by the ways of cruelty. Cultivated by man, *the human evil* is promoted to the rank of virtues to satisfy his low-lying instincts.

The man of somber destroys himself and everyone like him. He does it an imprudent effort to escape from the shrunken leather, in which he has been dressed by his creator. When self-asserting in this way, he is doomed to repeat again and again countless variations of the bible's stories, cheap scenes of cardboard moralité.

Getting clumping under the monolith of eschatological ideas, dictated by his "alter ego", the human being chooses humiliating ways to his confirmation on his Golgotha.

He is afraid of image of the genius of doom. In the shadow of the purity flame he is abjectly delighted with the development of the apocalyptic embryo in himself, that places him together with those idols of unrest heaven, which swarm around the Universal cesspits like tamed angels.

Self – humiliating satisfaction has become his religion, the acquittal of his useless and promotion of his amorphous spirit to the rank of god.

He is not fastidious about receiving the gifts from hands, generous in blows. His lips are black from his master's boots, and his knees are abraded to the bone.

Absorbed in to the stream of slavish emanations he voluntarily squeezes himself into the prison cells, which was built by the king of slaves with his attached grandees, the prison that is constructed of commandments, precepts and sermons... But all that is just for him to overstep, and having made this act of disobedience, to have the possibility of beginning new efforts of pitiful self-assertion, before he gets from prayer the forgiveness in inexorable shade of the master's lash, reaping the air. Forgiveness just for one moment, when the slave revels in the touch of rot from the god's veto placed upon the fruit.

As a slave, he does still search for countless ways to be a lazy slave. As a beast, he is mean and dirty. His instincts both, quieted down and rebellious can be detected in every single detail of his beastly dye.

His acquired vices and sins torment his liver, absorb his conscience and make his tongue eloquent in creating webs of flattery.

No of the means accessible to him gives him the success, lusted for, looked for, wanted.

With the monotonous moan of blasphemous panegyrics and the regular whistle of lashes he chooses extreme methods to enlist forces to his slavish side, which can indulge his longings and be partners in his slavish games. He, who died in destitution and grief so many times, crucified on the crosses of Levantian cedar and writhed on the spruce stake – he has perceived the cruel roots of self-assertion completely.

It's beyond his powers.

And until he becomes the marble of the tomb, corroded with time and winds, he offers himself. He is looking for an ally, he is in need of outside help.

His searching stare is looking into us.

XIV

We have been together with man since the primordial twilight dispersed, when the Fallen Star fell down from heaven and when his birth was proclaimed by the legats of god. Then he was given and stepped in to the matter under the name of man and started the countdown of his way with blood and cruel-hearted milestones.

He, then just new-born, with the naive aspiration to direct our fates and possessing the potential threaten heaven's might – he could become a good party in our merciless “game” with god. He was inflamed with greedy rebellion. He was intolerant to everything that showed him *his* place in the dirt. The Demon of Dark Desires rocked him in a cradle, whispered fairytales to him, awakened his passions. The Demon bore doubts in him, reopened old wounds and put the concepts of pride and power into his empty ears.

The heart that belongs to man like one face of Dark worldcreation has been marked with sorrow since he was born. It includes all the harmonies and disharmonies of the Universe, and in this case *some of our side became the human honor*.

It, in spite of all prohibition, led him into battles, pushed him into the fire of Hell.

We have been bound together with man by commixtio sanguis, and with covenant, based on the *freedom of will*.

But everything was in vain. Dirt with parasites of rotten blood corroded the heart of man. The soul of the slave has screamed for redemption and humility of everything that has become sin and fear for the soul.

The culmination of bloody psychomachy opened wide the abyss in man's heart and drowned him in the depths of a weed herbs brew.

He denied everything, when he chose the way of submission and sloth.

Then we turned away from him.

We have delimited his dominions, given him wars and diseases, bequeathed him to passions and sufferings, put weapons and poisons into his hands and taken our places in the amphitheater of Shade...

Since when he was afraid of us, and trampled the spouts of indignation in his soul he proved to the universe *what he is*. God created a slave and the undisputed slave has appeared at the base of his throne.

The leprosy of slavery, absorbing the man deep inside of degeneration through dangerous steps, has destroyed everything, that we created almost an Eternity ago and placed him again before us, raising the theme of covenants older than the sea.

He bought bestial goods for the price of his soul, and we paid the bills of his ruin, denying with scorn his venal servility.

The long game with god is over, when it entered this new phase, rising to the top of merciless butchery in that moment, when bones, flung from the hand of god, became charred, fallen with *triple six on top*. God's throw, unsuccessful for man has deceived god's tributer into our hands as redemption.

And we have come to take what is *ours*, appeared at the head of the legions of sunset to ratify our rites and rule the Blutrache. The brand of shame on the forehead of the slave should be washed out with his own slavish blood. The period of interregnum throws the soul of the slave into chaos and throws him down at our feet. We do not need slaves, we do not need their absurd life.

The soul of the slave – just the key to the heart of his master.

MALEDICTUM LIBER SECUNDUS

It used to be always: the mendacious gift turns back with serpent jaws upon he, who is blind before the face of betrayal.

No one bargains with a slave and makes a deal on his conditions.

They used to be devoured and forgotten. So that is the last and the shortest essay about humankind – the epitaph to man.

XV

Now about the human troops, who are compelled to resist our expansion.

Troops of flesh and spirit,

bones and iron.

They are countless but doomed.

About troops, which have been conscripted by the heavenly order to defend all the ashes of this world, ashes that subsiding in retorts of settled forms;

about troops which are compelled by the instinct for self-preservation and the agile lie of light to be used as pier under the subsiding domes of heaven;

about troops, which are dissected by fatum into two sides; and one side is flesh – pleasure and pain, and other is spirit – burden.

The fatal contradictions of the human spirit make the selected martyrs of the human army, push into the twilight way of resistance to us and make them pawns in the forthcoming conflict. The true knowledge which was not inherent in human nature, freedom of initiative and realization of spiritual morality make the recess – the command post of god, from which he flings the waves of cannon–fodder for us, when he is planning to exhaust our forces.

The god, who's name shines upon the labarums of the human troops, concealing the fact that *war rules the development*, he proceeds from an other principle, the principle of the defense of his dominions and tactical maneuvers of diversion. With methods of threats and false victories he makes the barrier of the feeble human soul – the barrier in our way.

And he is among them – the sons of man. He creates the spirit of divine anger.

So that he will never be dragged chained behind the chariot of Satan's triumph, he breaks his own laws and mendaciously given to man the freedom of choice. Saving his own force and power, he throws his puppets against us.

But the nature of the human troops does not meet the requirements placed upon its numerous shoulders.

It shudders at the inevitable threat of our invasion. By all its nature it resists our violent penetration in his tight, but the scattered orders, opposes to us their nature, dispersed on pleasures and the will which weakened from the temptations.

Its discipline that's like a splintered joint, like broken copulas are no longer cemented. It does not fasten parts together, does not make the troops united and formidable.

That spirit of equality, which is typical for relations between warriors with adherence to a system of hierarchical values, based on respect for leadership and the courage of leaders on battle fields, and trust to them – that spirit is inherent to Hell, and actually is poison from the relations of the human volunteer corps.

The ties of the warriors brotherhood are weakened by the trumpery of all the suits and ranks; by the stick drill of submission; by the demoralizing work of a faithless atmosphere; and by disorientation caused by the unprincipled lie and also by the absence of uncompromising ideals.

That spirit of corporativity of the battle units of the ancient world armies, which was the reason for noble competitions for the honor, to take first place on the fortress wall or to rescue the companion – in arms from death – that spirit has faded away with these armies and conceded the place to the nasty of estrangement and betrayal.

Human troops, which didn't even have the time to stand on the path of resistance, initially are on the verge of collapsing.

O dieu, these are not the kind of armies, which lead the way to the victory.

And in our need to lance an abscess we do not assort and do not see the difference between those burdened with arms and those hiding behind them.

Alien to humankind, the chthonic break tears into the heart of heaven troops standing in avant garde, absorbs them into the fatal revelry of battle, charms them with impetuous steps of a dance macabre.

Our force strains all their internal contradictions, tears into a pieces the tight ball of gray complexity, and in *dividing the black from dirt and crimsoning white* it bares their nerves in a cruel necessity to pulse, drowning everything in the deep wrath of universal confrontation.

XVI

Yes. The human army is not divine at all... And that thing which the warrior of Satan and enemy of humankind does feel on the eve of the battle – that thing dooms the enemy troops standing along the aflamed borders to death.

The moral superiority of demonic essence, dark will twisted into a spring and the purpose which tore from the deeps of Hell the cuirass of earthly priorities – all these will sweep away the lines of enemy fortification and the pliable forts of degenerated humankind.

Blessed is the aim to which the Evil deeds lead.

Blessed is the soil we sow the wind into...

We, who hold the chalices of sorrow and the scales of losses in our hands, we dispassionately measure off the consequences of all the wars of the Universe, and the fight for the earth domination won't be an exception.

Burdened with their own evil the scales of human victory bow to the ground, and they are trampled into it in their struggle with Demonic Evil. Deprived of their crowns, and naked in powerless, as in the hour of their birth, the myths of the invincible human army disappear before our stare. The vision of its essence, our scorn to every false and vague mirages of might and self-humiliation inflame the expression of our invasion. Expression, which almost brought to perfection, streams through the roads of the industrial Hell of human fantasy slippery with blood. The notched paradoxes of humanity's broken fate are quite in spirit of epoch *exhausted from awaiting for the end*. Something, that is used to unite – does divide, something that scatters to different poles of experiential world – does unite together.

They are still the same, as they were centuries ago, although dressed in the armor of final battle. They bring confusion and ruin to the watchers of exhausted ideals, transcend from inside into outside, keep the fire burning which we ignited in the secret places of the human heart crowded with lumber.

We see as absence of spiritual rears and of initiative inspirations of rebellious will determines positions of human army and marshy area of its dislocation, and this situation doesn't leave an opportunity for the warriors of human blood desert to the other world, to the promised land.

They, who have been placed here by the puppet existence and the legacy of god: between us and heaven, between hammer and anvil, they, who had the courage to look in the eyes of the personified spawn of their own superstitious fears – they are in store for war, where won't be a victors among the sons of man, and mercy won't be woven of their moans.

Mortals will get no benefit from the forthcoming war. In their blindness they polish with the patterns of fate on their fingertips, the bas-reliefs of our titanic achievements and they are left with the eroded stumbling-block and closed labyrinths of cyclic decay. Mortals would prefer to continue the fighting with each other for their own values, intimate to them, desired for and constant. But it could be real if the horizons of their hopes for well-being were not scorched with the blazing storm of our aggression.

But not the dignity of their nature makes them chosen, and not the wasted potential gives the right to unsheathe the sword. Not the call from an Archangel's trumpet, but the call of the struggle of pride and false aspirations smashes their isolated hordes in fatal resistance.

Having no reason for their existence, the human warriors creep 'pon the ground like weed, becoming denser entangling our feet, but they can't prevent our next step and decisive attack.

Our success is better and faster, when they stand against us more and more. We toward the Alarich: "The mower is not afraid of dense grass", - could not stand those troops, where under the

mask of the victorious flesh of every soldier, a microcosm of slavish degeneration does dwell, and inside it the spirits of contradiction and delusion are interlaced in fight, for to determine the winner, who will furrow the bog of the dead world undividedly. So those are the gods of their wars.

Those are the messiahs, leading them to fight.

With our curved insignias, with sweeps of our sickles we greet for the last time sick human souls and transitory bodies of numerous human troops.

We foretell – the war against them won't exhaust us and won't crown us with new glory.

Burning won't escape the ash.

Hell guaranties the victory.

XVII

Every moment of our time costs a lot of human souls.

By the beck of Satan we've moved our immortal legions to the way of Chavajoth, which is extended through the front of Darkness to the high folds of Empirium. Up to the shadow of the final Earth's Milion the mess of human armies will be living in luxury on our account, wasting our time, destroying themselves with that time.

Their methods of struggle, methods of resistance are older than the sea, such as sinful flesh of Adam, and they're as useless as rays of his glory fading away.

Raw passages of their counteraction crippled improvisation - toward the reprise written in the times of Hammurapy, Old Testament and XII tables.

And here are the things they won't renounce:

The harps of fear...

Sharp razors of propaganda...

Shame of "justice"...

Prisons and executions...

Everything, of which they have personal experience, everything that they use against the outcasts of human society – they are ready to pounce upon our heads, when they see us as a pestilent wind blowing, as a conflict of their social system. But when they search our beloved lair coming the way of streaming blood – they'll get the gaping holes of earth's spirituality, the grottoes, where everything is saturated with Evil and Cold.

...and impaled with this Cold they will fall.

The same distorted vision of war by their own rights and on their territory hides the tremor of their souls concealed and compels them to strike our cold shades.

Hands of their Cains became coarsened from the field of fratricidal wars, and again, closing their eyes before our might, they turn to us their arms and weapons, sharpened in street fighting.

Fixed the guns on the gun-carriages of their laws they load them with the case-shot of invidiousness and lie for to shot us in the back.

They send the sheeps in wolf's clothing being prepared in elite units of their reconnaissance.

The "Sanctum", is there where the vultures of their rights observe.

Counting their lambs, counting their sacrifices on our altars, they lust to squeeze our flesh with pincers.

But where we rule by our rights – the laws of god and humans are not powerful, *and never will the World see one of us in chains.*

Only in purple, or in crimson.

That is the End of each Beast, who shoulders the responsibility for all manifestations of Evil, revolting in the flesh of everything dwelling on the earth.

Here deadly toys, like a center of gloomy human spells could not crush our armor of alloyed Faith, Will and Devotion to Hell.

And tangles of words of their truth town-crier will become fatal with the grinding mechanisms of their perverted medacious propaganda.

Not dirt of marauding, nor lust of outrages; nothing will soil our robes and the honor of the true sons of Darkness, bringing performing Evil, like the Crown, and immortal in this exalted Evil.

XVIII

Vae! Vae! Vae!

Where messengers of Elnahashiim – serpents of our hate wriggle in rings, there we let black ravens go forward – the birds of universal sorrow, scooping with their wings the muddiness of human tragedies, which had not been experienced with drowning in this stench of regular savior of humankind.

Merciless are the eyes of the horrible spirits of truth, spirits, which never knew rest, and dispassionate are the shades of the oracles of Hell, which harness the horses of our anger to the chariot of wrath, seething with the unrestrainedness of the Beast.

All the deaths come though us regularly one by one like shades, shedded by Hasasel, like a congestion of murders, it hits the mark in the infinite vast of heaven in confusion.

Where militant Minerva with her adherents wages war, there it is to late to turn the face away in confusion, when there is a smell of overflowing blood of the lamb in the wisdom of the Beast.

Pronounce the words of threat.

Vae! Woe betide the human army, ignominy to its horugvies.

When they bring their banners from repositories in to the temples and appeal to the Holy Church for support, where they idolize the generosity of war – there symbols of military Virtus and Fides dissolve in rites.

Realizing the program of god the christanization of the human army units goes on, and the warrior - Saint Gregory or Devilcrusher Andrey – as the integrity of the divine in man, as a single-handed winner - as the next corpse in line to pave our ways by themselves.

And christian warriors would not resurrect neither the maiden by the name Goan, nor Thivian legion, cursed by Herculies.

While the human soldiers pay the inherited duty under an unceasing cannonade of slogans to the realm which gave them the arms and to which they belong, in this time we capture their cities, and take them on the spears and feast the clots of their most precious blood.

Our invective clear words make the breaches in the delirium of the Realm and Foundations, and our Malediction steps hand in hand with Evildeeds in this crescendo of the storm tocsin of the Universe, playing the final coda of Marche Funebre.

Vae!

XIX

In the days of Abaddon and the hours of Lyilath thousands of chests breath out, shake the oceans in foam, turn over the crimson horizons, open wide the deeps and bring away the ashes and dust of murdered souls.

We rule by a steadfast hand the cooling vitality of spaces, fastening its seized parts together with the armorial seals of Satan.

Our name – the legions. The faceless, dense hosts of our names, hidden till this time now it is the break from inside of the Unified, Eternal, and Relentless.

This is like the scream of awakening,
like a whisper in Darkness.

Now we are everywhere, we are inside of Him and inside ourselves, we are where the strata of worldcreation are opened and the stones of foundations are shaken. We are inside of everything and everyone, who has no power under his will, and inside of those, who are devoted to Hell by good (Evil) will, by soul and power.

When we wage the war by the right of the primordial, hidden in false matters, we move the endless line of Infernal cohorts along the edge of human reality, between the blocks of flesh and spiritual aspirations, corroded with baseness. We swallow the atrophied tissues.

Trampling the earth, standing apart, like peaks of a ridge, we rule, united with each other with myriad of hordes of the fleshless tribes of Darkness, acting from outside and standing among us.

We, who are in bodies, visible and enfleshed, but not less grim than the Demons of Hell.

We, who are bound together with fire by our primordial elemental relationship. We dwell in rocks and ravines, in the heights and bottoms of the human spirit and gift to it the pleasure of seeing the Eternal Horror of Hell.

We are the countenance of Evil in the Eden, impressed in soot.

We tempt the egregors of the world, when tempting them to nothing.

We gather the dispersed and prepare our apostles for the human world – apostles, who are rearing on our blood for to keep the hearts of Hell in the places of Abaddon's bursting.

Hell reigns by their hearts.

They feed the Hell.

They feed it with souls, blood and Evil deeds. They lay the citadels and build the roads and violently sweat the divine might.

They remember and know about their time – eternal time, which towards the end of three Dark Stars.

And the Will of Hell, the Laws of Hell – that is what unites those, who are on the way to Satan, who fight for Him.

XX

Swarms of Demons-flies and winds-destroyers – troops of Baal-Zebul, have stepped in to the swamped land beyond the clouds, and all the spawn of night – retinue of the Lilith – like dark streams, clasped the place Aharon – Milhamah, they whirl the splinters of shameful commandments and grind, dividing, select and gather the noble black quartzes, attracting the most worthy granules of Inferna to the Infernus through the castellums of Devils might and due to Them.

Piercing and clinging disharmonies, condensing with batons of Power in sephers of the divine tree inherit the Will of Hell in the palaces of stars congestion and on the ruins of human civilizations.

Sulphurous mercurian smokes rise to the cold dominions of the Moon, draped in shadow. They rise in the moment when Lilith, enthroned on the earth, overflowing with anger violently press the Universe into the walls of a prepared tomb.

The signs of Astaroth in the bents of agile reptiles, and the principat of the spirit, scraped from the oxide of its own souls, are cut clarity and readiness, they are exhaust by wisdom and passion, the divine shades, crucified in the womb of anxiety.

And just by our first heart we are passionate, and by our second and principal one we are cold and impenetrable and homogeneous with Imperium, where we are like a receptacle for its principles and deposit, like a cradle of Officium.

There is a bloody burden in our hands – the longing of discreation particles. It oozes out between our fingers, falling down to the ground, bordering by it the place where anger and rebellion reign, where every inch of burned soul is penetrated with power.

And we are blind and all-seeing, closing our eyes before the wounds around our fleshs and looking through the chaos of shades on the surviving stratum of worldcreation.

We are the essence of ruins and the oppression of the outcast. And we really have royal scorn for every trouble on our way and devilish patience when pursuing our aims.

Inhaling the smells of human tragedies we absorb their sufferings with blood and sins, scope their power and get it inside of us for to reject the mercy in ignorance, showing the highest inhumanity and sacrilege of the Beast's privileges.

Fighting against god, misanthropic ideologies, which execute humankind, are always welcome by us and coming from us. And Demons, Demons – burning winds, sequorors of Azazel had no rest and tiredness in their destructive art, and hate was at the head of affairs.

Following the signs of wars and spells, in the hearth of hostilities; we come again tireless through deadly wounds and crimson breaks in the alien Universes, and we are steeled in cruel battles.

Legions of Sunset, united with us – legions Muscae and legions Lacustae grind the details of attacks sharp edge and cut in fury the spine of the X-th denarius of angelic troops, caught in confusion by Hell. Under the banner of Behemoth they shake the flesh with the march of the Beast and stretch the lions down at our feet with legacy of

Adramelech, when tearing the tendons of stiffed sphinxes and ruling the third kingdom of the dead.

And again Asmodei had stepped on the earth and everywhere the spear of the archangel Michael encounters the resistance of the shield of Archystrategist Samael – the leader of all the satans and protector of the unholy.

Lonely forposts, chapels-seals, scattered above the fatal cores of the living earth, restricted with unsteadiness – they won't keep their oath to god, when powerlessly yielding to the power of Belial, enthroned in the godless pantheon on the throne made of gods bones.

In smokes, fires and the fumes of blood there are the ways of Devils – the Rulers, which crossed the sickleshaped thresholds of the Gates we have opened, scope our evil will and confirmation of lawfulness.

And we are opened wide before Hell by our flame and Underworld, unable to betray or to reject, to retreat or to give up. We are opened wide before Satan by our devotion and honor, by that thing which we are: Hell.

In fire and ashes, in curses and pain, we storm the highest. And in this fight we are supported by the sword-bearers of Hell,

Possessing Steps, united with us

Ordinis tenebrarum, level mark-graffen, Infernas – these are the items of Infernus, treacherous in the faithlessness, conquering in the anger.

For the laws of Hell be done.

For the good of underworld.

As before as in Eternity.

XXI

We can possess everything, but nothing and no one but the Devil can possess us.

There is no place for divine love, egoism, for the miry Devil in the miasmas of misery and fleshy domination. And there is no way to pride through leniency.

Majestic Infernus kneels only one knee and only before his Father and he has no agents between Satan and the Underworld in his heart.

Dedicated, but not using, he discharges his duty, binding the darkest energies into the regular cocoon of Hell.

In Infernas the spirit of harmony and mutual respect reigns in a descending and unraveling way. This is the spirit of solidarity in one concern – concern for the good of Hell.

Not by caprice, not by despotism – according to the Laws of Hell, we generously render all the services rendered to Hell, where the highest reward for the disinterested – a reward, which is worthy of their effort – the right to be dedicated to Satan, where one devoted is much more precious for Him than a lot of captured.

And not every soul can get a place in the Realm of the Devil. The eliteness of this place is measured with responsibility for evil deeds done, and only an igneous spirit is worthy of Infernus.

The rank-and-file of the Satanic Army is equal in cost to the quantity of the souls he ruined, but any his claim is lawful, if it is for the good of Hell and corresponds to his means.

Solid cuirass of united shields, circled with the nakedness of arms – monolith of unity of Hell under the Imperium of Highest Evil, worshiped in this Universe under the name of Devil and Satan.

And our law and highest ideal is dedication to this Evil, dedication to Satan.

In search of the new ways for Evil, when creating Hell here, why should we be wicked when we are Evil, why should we distort to justify in the malice of our disposition, when we are one with all the Evil in Universe.

Yes. Sometimes we are cruel and it offends our aesthetic feelings, but does not disturb our morality, and we are as we are, and if we change our selves – we are just proceeding from who we are.

We repudiate human love based upon egoism, and we keep demonic devotion to each other and to Hell and follow it devotedly.

We feed the spirit with our souls, and when abolishing the lust of creation, we destroy the shadow of divine thrones everywhere, and in the might of Hell we could not wash off our hands from blood and give up for idleness.

We are the axes and spokes of the Universe, which has turned into the Abyss; from slumbering prelude to smoking postlusion, from the fragments we wrenched out of the tomb of timelessness – to the landscapes of Hell.

We destruct everything which resists the development, growth and expansion of the Dark spirit, by coming not well-trodden way, by igneous paths and by insatiability of our nature.

Thus we increase, and do transform

Everything in whole of all

In to Evil.

We are praised as the messengers of a Lie. That's right. Sometimes we make others lie, but never Hell did fall to lie to even a single mortal.

Our word – that is our pledge of honor

Mortals lie to each other and don't see the falsity by their looking eyes. Keeping trump cards up their sleeves, they play against themselves, dealing, and they lose them selves in

ignorance and sloth. They keep their code of rotting dogmas, where purity means only inexperience, but not the triumph over the temptations.

We are the lie in the method of display, but nothing more. We exist and don't exist. We are the grandiose trick under the veil of masks, the colossal process of contiguities of Hell with any reality, and that's why we never lie in trivialities, and making the lie of the size of Universe we bring much more truth than the creators of truth and we ruin the illusion of collapsing agony. We are dressed in purple, dressed in human, provided with demonic nature and we are the manifestation of Devil Spirit.

It is discomfort for us to wear human masks, covering but not hiding, what is impossible to hide our true essences.

As a death-mask can be the true face of man and the waggon of an executed one can become a triumphal chariot – the final moment of the battle on the earth will be such a moment of agony of our bodies, and when we throw them away we'll be undressed, standing in the nakedness of our nature, in the primacy of our Evil and well armed with our unmarked principles. And turning to the fight in heaven we will stop the lie and throw down the masks.

Hell is in movement, truth is in cognitance of Hell.

Infernas move, restless, binded by the will of the Devil they initiate the Evil, let Gehenna come.

And there is no fate, grimmer than the fate of the Demon in his ungovernable essence. The weight of the cross of the crucified one becomes the weight of a chip if it is compared to the burden of bearing in struggle the diversity of mights which are feeding the Chaos.

In memoriam de...we wear the weed colors on our helmets, when we pour the pain out of opened but never healed wounds, and praise the Devil of Sorrow.

And again we appeal to everyone to rise from the graves, who lays his face down to Hell, and we adjure to return to fight from every Abyss.

We are unephemeral Evil, and we can possess everything, but nothing and no one but the Devil can possess us.

We don't care how we are reflected in the splinters of the broken worlds.

We have no term, no limit and there are no barriers we can not destroy, rising in Satan under the Highest Banner and following the Highest Law in concern for the development and good of Hell.

XXII

The mark of the Beast lays in source of human number. In the soft hand of clay there is the mark with sigillum of Devil on the otherside, burned with burning breathing displayed sight of the Beast.

Archenemy of all orthodoxes, aroused from the ruins and ashes, the eternal antagonist of all prosperity, winged caco-daemon of humankind, Beast of the divine – has risen.

Where the spawn of Babylon summoned the ravens to feast on its own remains, where the walls of the new Akkada bare its teeth – there *he* rides in on four prophets, harnessed to *his* chariot and there *he* marries with Babylon Harimtu.

He rules the crossroads forking at *his* feet, *he* rules the basalts of the earth and the swells of the cosmos and *he* dominates, displaying *his* alien perfection through the leaves of the soulless temple into the opening Spiritual Evil. From the crests of Leviathan's spine *he* directs the primary elements to the highest hegemonies and leads the stars from the surfaces of dark waters into the spirals of Abbadon, round dances of the Abyss.

With *his* sickening breathing the cities crumble to dust and legions burn away in the wind; *he* put to the front all *his* essences – undisputed in their cruelty signs of *his* presence, and *his* shade contends with *him* for to possess the baton of inheritance.

Risen for the twilight of millions, *he* curbed the elementals, *he* crushed the blessed, handing the elements repudiation to the human heart, so that nothing sanctified and holy will survive in bounds of *his* power and where *his* chthonic birds rise up with moans.

From the center of bleeding deeps *he* brought out the spirit of the conception of the Holocaust, when *he* destroyed the cramps of life and marked the shackled into the human flesh with sacrifices and awaked those, *who are like Him*.

Fatal armies march after *him*; behind *him* the hunger, pest and wars are interwoven on the edge; the Queen of the Night talks to *him* with winds, laying the storms before *him*, hiding in her nakedness the completeness of *his* might. But as eroded are the bounds of her mercy, as the limits of *his* anger are unknown.

He expresses a will to Evil, dominating in Power, taking the highest place in the circle of Satan, - vice-leader of the Might of Darkness in the Universe; and countless are the steps of superiority, grim gestures of *his* manifestations.

Human blood seethes in *his* veins, but this is the most dangerous blood.

He stares into the Flesh, penetrates into the temples and soars above the realms, curbing the instincts of creature, feeding the number of men with the Grimness of Hell.

Because *he* is – Antichrist, personification of Satan's Will in earth's perspectives, not the essence, but the principle dwelling in the Beast – Manifestation of World Evil in uglified flesh. And *his* hunger is everywhere, where *his* crimson roots break through, where *his* predatory nature is restless.

It's the truth, *he* is insatiable – ancient Beast, spirit of eternal Satanic necessity.

Hangled on the wings on to the axis of all damned in the Universe, *he* does not divert *his* eyes and keeps the silence of what is beating in *his* vice, charms with ruin, leading to identification with Chaos, everything, which is penetrated with the towering pulse of the Beast and into *his* dispassionate stare...

We were keeping our striving when forced over the river of life,
reversed its desecrated waters, frozen on the cold shores.
There we were clotted in blood, when growing cold on the altars,
revived in purple Cold, laden with immortality.
There we revived - in the words of Cold, in talks of blood,
on the eve of epoch of Darkness and consulate of Samgabial.

Impii Irreligiosi Carnivoribus Immortalibus

XXIII

Eternal Ocean of Chaos seethes with Its waters under the gravity of the deadly star. Darken face of the Underworld coils in Its tides and worries the monster which came ashore out of Abyss and became that shore by the terrible menacing roar of Tehomoth.

Archons of Evil, cataphractes of the Abyss, tiamats of the sacred depths rise in the thorny streams of blood with dark elder rage and penetrate outside through the pores of corpse that was a man before. Diluted in timeless, dissociated matters grow dim in insatiable womb, and the shade of Abaddon soars in the blinded eyes, in creations of the human mind, in ulcers of the human heart.

Litanies to destruction howl in rocks, and the mysteries of discreation float in the labyrinths of Unholy mind. Returned again, murderous for human passion, alien wishes whirl under the age-old carrion, and the freedom of will is possessed by the fragments of alien memory, caught by the onslaught of fury winds from the plains of ruination of the Universe.

O Chaos, thus Hell yearn you return and call to you to feed you and to see as the Universe will be torn apart by the jaws of Abaddon and reborn in your integrity. Earth is saturated with ominous emanations of fallen creatures; cities are burning with breath of your nearness...

Universal perishableness swings above the Abyss like a nameless black suffering and suffices as a curse in the traces of deadened reality. Putrescence of created dust elapses in alien hands with slime and time, and in this embrace it mocks with its undermost perishability at the reversed face of life.

And when among the ruins and remains the howl of hungry throats of deserts glorifies the “renaissance” of flesh, it sounds like a hymn of craving in the honour of it, or like a hoof thunder of seven black riders – carnivorous phantoms of apocalyptic horizon.

Released in the carnal unities of the desert whore, obscene depths, unholy essences, omnivorous emptiness in the silts and slime of Chaos outcomes upon the earth of last creation, when baptized in deadly waters and power of the Beast.

In the gusts of icy winds, in incest of earth and heaven, elements are tormented by fight and salamanders cling to the feet of Immortals, Carnivorous; there, through all edges of Chaos, Behemoth is interwoven and reunited with Leviathan, growing rage in the billows of the blackest waters. And when the ice is blended with fire, when Samael is in coition with Lilith, the threat of world collapse becomes inevitable. It is there they gather thunderstorms into the steel and wage an attack on the shore – the Angel with the gaping jaws and the Beast in the iron crown.

XXIV

Abaddon is stretched behind *them*, by *their* shade, Keeper of the gates of Chaos, Angel of the Abyss. From the windy stormy sky *they* sparkles by the myriads of splinters of the night luminaries and by the flashes of deadly ominous blazes reflected in the hollows of human souls they fall with rains upon the earth.

Who knows how many are *they*? Who has counted *their* lives?

Who has perceived the depths of alienness that is stretched like a pernicious swamp between Abyss and a man?

Rocks, impassive from the beginning of times, sands, obedient to the will of the wind, - neither alive, not dead, existing in the limits of measurable things, - they keep soulless harden traces to display the elder relationship of those fallen from the heaven and arisen from the Abyss.

Never to rest in oppressive emptiness...Never to rest in ashes...

There is no time, there is no space where *they* dwell in the pitch Darkness, in wait for incarnation of the shades of past and future and keeping integrity of *themselves* in these shades, for Darkness accepted *them* indivisibly.

Immortal and blood-stained are they, who desecrated the heaven, desecrated the earth...

Bloodless, hostile, alien – *they* did not obey. Ice-bounded, sealed into stone, burned in fire, dispersed as the ashes on the wind – *they* will never obey. Only *their* ugly shades in the mirrors of the Universe display *their* existence and uncover *their* essence – night and damp mist.

Stars, like the ulcers, glimmer in the oedemas of *their* souls. Molten by eternity, exhausted hearts pulse pressing through the veins clots of *their* black blood.

They are the oblivion that's arisen from the under into the entity... *They* are the death roaming through the life – allpenetrating plague that is beyond the power of doom...

Immortal, cold, cursed by *themselves*, they know no sorrow, no pleasure, neither vice, nor salvation. In infinite growing flesh *they* give back that dies with *them* every time – *their* cursed relationship with Abyss and with man.

Their endless return is like gloomy bottomless shudder of sacrificial flesh, raving possessed on the altars of the bearing Darkness. *They* wander in *their* own blood above the emptiness and time. *Their* relations are dark – Purplefaced Dragons, emblems of blood...

Their forms are delusive, *their* contours are misty.

Their images, like waves, breaks upon the rocks and fall into Chaos.

Lifeless, nameless enough so as to not call *themselves* by names, faceless enough so as to reflect someone's horror completely, *they* are dead by human flesh and *they* will be the same eternally. *They* know endless pain and open the gates to inexhaustible source of suffering where is no glory, where is no faith, where *they* dwell in icy immense solitude.

Who has experienced *their* love and hate?..

Who has perceived the infinity of *their* Death?..

Serpents, sliding among the stones, tarantulas, burned with the sultriness of the desert, - *their* great posterity, fruits of *their* ancient and unfailing devotion.

They kill themselves like scorpions.

By their fresh scars they know each other among their gaping graves.

They follow the adour of blood through the storm, in the shadows between the waves of Chaos, breaking the veils between Abyss and man.

Immortal, hopelessly immortal, keeping the Evil in earthly incarnations, encroached on the eternity of the Devil of the Abyss and foreseeing *their* reincarnation in it, *they* come again. *Their* births as many as *their* victims...

They die at dawn to revive in dusk...

They know why they die...
And that *they* perceived - can never *exist* in serenity anymore...
Leaving themselves by angels wings, by demons paths, they use their own human less
and less.

To be naturally themselves is enough for *them* to do all *their* things right.

Abyss shall kill humans inside *them*.

People will ruin angels inside *them*.

XXV

The whole earth is full of demons prowling between the human ruins, wrapped in the rags of storm-clouds, decoloured by the vestment of the Obscure. Unbeknown to human mind, abundant in darkness, they move hidden behind the shroud of storms, inexorable in their wrath, reflected in the ocean of Evil like human fear of their inevitable coming. Wells of the obscene wisdom, opened by the outrage of the maleficent spirit behind the walls of sanctuaries; sepulchres of sacrilegious mysteries gaping in the human mind, and fulfilled duties of the bloody deals between the humans and alien gods – wounds gashed from outside, and the gates of their outcome. They are always at the threshold, principles of all cadaveric mutations in the divine matters, evolution of the blasphemous embryo of demonic domination guised under human.

Carnivorous and hunting, furious and unfathomably different, they are the quintessence of alienness, and the lust of Hell Itself. Abyss is opened incessantly in their ulcerated mouths, satisfying Its boundless hunger through them. Their deeds throw purple shadows on the pedestals of holiness, their thoughts are always pernicious and free like sand-storms in a wild desert, like flashing lightnings in the endless emptiness of gloom, and only *they* are worthy of Abyss at all.

Dust and ashes they are, insanity and plague of human mind. They are the only kind of gods *by whom human cannot be enticed*. They are the past that never existed, they are – the future equally horrifying for everybody's fate. They incarnate the cruelest things on earth; whatever follows them brings the threat of destruction to each and all in the whole existence.

They pour menace... They spit it like poison... Uncreated ancient rage and hatred of Darkness... We are just part of them...

They were born in the vanity of time. Ancient, in the inhuman aspect of measures, corroded by Evil before the beginning of the world, immersed into the metastasis of Universe, they are void for all that is not them, and they are the void that swallows everything into itself, for it aspires to incarnate itself into the existence - transforming the existence. Devouring parts of all generated by Light, spreading the aura of disruption around, in cruel ecstasy they overthrow the reality of all illusions of created being.

Immortal they are, their chitin is hard, their scepters are strong.

They inherited the days of creation when, rash and lissome, they stuck into the very core of the desert, constricting the ragged edges of their essences, constricting in themselves the edges of Abyss, and clotted in the hot flesh of viviparous Behemoth.

They boiled up in human blood like relict grimaces of Chaos, primary outlines of Darkness, and awoke in ugly wasteland when the rainstorm ripped the sky again and was hot with blood again.

Loaded with all the shadows of life they found their way behind the gates and, crowned with the horns of Chaos, entered into Abaddon, endeavouring to keep intact the unity of flesh and their black whirling womb.

Blood-drained, they returned yawning with the impenetrable gloom in their hearts, led by their need to possess the blood of the best human.

Insatiable hunger of Abyss – that is what continues their might and rises from beyond the edges of the Universe, passing over the endurance threshold of the human mind which dared to tear in itself the closed sphere of humanity and doomed himself to the torments of the hungry unearthly existence. Rare people are able to take inside that greed to experience Evil from beyond, to become the gaping vortex of Abyss so as to destroy inside the strongholds of Creation, giving themselves to the storms of raging Leviathan.

As demons they don't make any limits for themselves in imperfection, staying forever hungry, never being satisfied with their achievements. Struggle inside of their own nature is an inevitable war of them all.

They change their imperfection for a greater abruption of the extended perfection, and thus they bring everything down into their dark streams of unceasing, timeless flow. So that through them the harmony of the divine is being destroyed and sacred ecstasy of desecrated human nature refills their losses. Their paths from the deadly depths of Abaddon run through all that. Thus they drag others into their infernal round dance, and thus with their sophistication they ruin those alien to them.

When the Greatest of them fell in struggle or, being dissected by Abyss, lost their form and dominating over the void, the rest immersed into the Outer Cold, each of them bringing away a handful of bloodstained soil.

But what an appalling alliance brought them back to earth over and over again, filling their Hell with the breath of the Beast?

Human and daimonion intertwined under the same skin, transforming the very essence of life by their tenacious one-ventered desire of the essence separated before but reconstituted by Abyss. Unity of their joint flesh disruption, of their combined soul crimes, alliance of their confluent blood, opens all the gates of Darkness and reveals new invisible ways for the countless and desired procreations of Evil...

The whole earth is full of demons, vulturous, hunting... Their immortal essences are torn apart. They dwell in different, damned places, nowhere conjointly, never together, but that which dwells in gaps between them – is them also, also belongs to them.

Their impious power is black and unlimited. Their infernal might has grown and it is not ended on that. Spaces experienced by them bear their seal and the Shadow of Sachabial safely cloaks each of their consequential incarnations from the eyes of the unworthy.

Overstepping the borders, changing the angles of reflection of the gloom in the Universe, breaking forth out from all the bleeding wounds – they appear again and again, eroding from the human mortality that which they recover as their *indigenous own*...

Perishable, lacerated shells abandoned by them and scorched human souls mark each step of theirs... and their immitigable tread sounds as an alarm on the bare nerve of the earth. They walk the broken circle in human nature... Their unity is in Abyss...

Their Hell is on the earth.

XXVI

Ragged shrouds of the disintegrated refracted essence, squeezed in the icy embrace of Hell, manifest the Underworld in all dark corners of perishable reality and thus open the yawning mouth of the core of Abyss, the hollow of pernicious spaces and the gates for all the chthonian powers to pass. Abyss is opening wide in a human being, answering his desperate calls from out the tombs of Universe where he is buried dead or alive, and dominates through him over measures of the custom habitual spanned world, distorting them by human hands and will, and throwing them into the monumentality of universal *nothingness*. For a brief moment, Abyss of imperfection, potential of everything, illuminates human face distorting its features, but only a chosen one of humankind who's able to appreciate cold absinthian depths, oppressive endless gloom and his own unconquerable aspiration for perdition, the one who has looked into Abyss too deep - couldn't become not a part of It.

Wakening in desire to cognize things of beyond the boundaries of blessing and good, being tempted by that recognition of the cursed greatness unknown before, which originates in unbounded Abyss where unconditional rebellious freedom and deadly spirituality of Evil outspread, he starts a quest inside himself, searching for a flaw in his divine nature, enhancing breaks in the closed cycle of chains of his own existence.

The longing for transcendental Evil, pernicious for a human, lies at the roots of everything, and becomes the very beginning of his never-ending whirl in the unrestrained vortex of primordial Chaos. Wicked act of Evil transforms his essence, and then his personal obligations and personal responsibility of him to Satan determines all the following steps of his evolution.

In origins of forbidden practices and knowledge, the art of the Devil himself keeps all the gates open – except the way back. Acts of Evil, requiring exceptional courage, as well as alliance with Hell and inviolable devotion to Devil, - all these lead the way beyond the boundaries, where so important are such things as transcendental experience and independent reflection – all these keys to the gates of Hell, the only way out from the labyrinth for the insatiable omnivorous thought.

Acts of Abyss, requiring inexhaustible resources of potency and truly infernal instinct, corrode *flesh* and pervert *mind*, raising from *their* depths long ancient roads of the imperishable desires of Hell. Lack of strength, will, and aspired self-sacrifice is going to be fatal in any kind of contact with Abyss, for every sacrifice is, first of all, a *self-murder* finishing the cycle of human entity, uncovering the thresholds of a new, different existence. For no one will enter the Realm of Shadows with human thoughts and human essence, and there is only one choice – either to become Abyss on this way and one of the gods of Darkness, - or to be destroyed by Them, who are free from all-forgiveness and lies.

Alien beings, creatures of Hell under the human guise, they can draw energies through their inner ruptures, from out those black wounds which form a part of their negative existence incompatible with human nature. Destructive, incarnated existence of another reality realize the ruin of the balance set before; what was mixed up by the earth – is set apart by Abyss again, what was broken off by heaven – is united by fire anew. The world itself is a source of energy in its own ruptures, but it is not enough for interaction with Abyss without voluntary sacrifice of a human being fallen into them, sacrifice of the human being, going down into Abyss without fear or moan, merciless to himself, descending into the mirror of his broken fate, in multiplying reflections of blinding pain, into the infinite shadow of himself.

To rely on Angel of Abyss, to have strong will enough to let Abyss pass through the inner depths of self and to continue outside Its infinite spread, drawing energy from Abyss itself - means to be an architect of Evil and ruler of destinies, which is the right of those greatest only, who scorn all obstacles on their way.

And only they can take as a gift the ecstasy of primordial might and infinity of Chaos, every unrestricted manifestation of their might, when any price paid for it will be too insignificant, whatever it is – their own blood, or just the blood of mankind.

And where the wisdom of the blind serpent of Abyss could be incarnated, there heads of Tarsus's hydras grow up, and cruel images of alien, hostile Necessity swarm, longing for awakening in spirit and mind, and for the only immolation of the soul getting flesh in the sacrament of the primogeniture of Sin.

Stones will show the way, Inferni - prolong the milestones of knowledge... Wandering, insatiable void under the guise of human being – another inestimable form of transcendent existence in spite of all the measures contained in the structural cycle of existence.

Be not given rest, never grave be made for a man who opened Abyss by himself. But shall be undisputed his right to see with his own eyes the fruits of his terrifying deeds in the tragedy of agonizing world, and to experience in full the burden of his freedom and the immensity of his responsibility.

XXVII

Nephelims with singed wings, veterans of assaults upon heaven.

The sons of the very depths of Satan's heart are here in power and fully armed with unrestrained spirit of Chaos, flesh of Evil's flesh, rising in their aspiration for inaccessible heights, coming out from the very depths of ancient innate disobedience. Called by the name of sin and stigmatized by the names of vice, reconstituting the honour of Evil and raising the altars of all outcasts and rebels of spirit, called criminal, they follow the laws of their nature, guarding the imperishable principles of freedom and disobedience from the stigmas of disgrace.

Who knows about Sin more than we know? Who is more identical with It than we are?

We tasted Sin before our birth, when our ragged and wearied legions were going again into the sky, forcing our way to victory over the bodies of the brothers-in-arms who were not angels, empurpling inner, unassailable bastions with our insatiable will to win, gaining our evil fame there... Wearied, ragged, becoming a legend; but knowing that kind of strength only – born in fight, straight-out strength to dwell in overcoming... unable to retreat... already marked by Sin...

We nourished in our selves all the proud features of His estrangement, we sharpened in our selves hideous facets of His, creating out of ourselves such a cruel measure of Sin, such a high price for the audacity of the truths fulfilled in damned spirit, contradicting the divine, aimed upwards like merciless weapon, strengthened in the hurricane of perdition. Through the masses of flesh, through vague, disturbing voices, rising from Abyss in torn shroud of thunderous walls, swinging the storm like leaden sickle, we strung crime after crime onto the life eternal, smashing indestructible walls, tempting the Sin itself by the inexorability of our doom, destroying heaven on our way, and condemning to inevitable perdition those who dared to follow us.

When rejected the ideals of the depersonalized inside and inert creation of the divine world, we were the first who stepped over ourselves and opened the abyss of sinfulness inside, and perceived all its many-sidedness, all its multiversity in our invincible diabolical impulse. Breaking away beyond the last boundaries of the confrontation frozen in terrible eternity, beyond the *last* perfection frozen and corroded by the darkness, we, as every new being coming of the Gorgo nation, killed the seeds of god in our inner selves so as to go on our way and never allow tyranny suppress us, never let anybody grovel before us.

Similites mechanicae exceeded men... dangerous ideas of incarnating the amorphous... shadows, buried in embittered nature, cast away by human tragedies... All of them have taken something from us. But who knows better than we – called corrupted and vile in the impetuous rush of antagonizing Evil, - how to control ourselves so as not to be tempted by the things truly insignificant, small indeed in comparison with the strength of the one who desecrate himself by the infernal cognition of spirit? Who, more ruthlessly than we tore out by the roots the weakness of all that becomes despicable, that is always ready to kneel under the burden of broken wings, before the temptation of the comfort of limited forms, all that crumbles being overcome, fallen into ashes, reflected in the split sky, desperately wandering among the boundless waves of the inexorably impending Chaos. Who but we can be the embodiment of the most obscene, the most ardent of all the manifestations of Sin in rebelling pestholes, in black distempers of the disrupted Universe?

Where the cosmos is putrefying, where, in the center of everything, Darkness is yawning by Chaos – there whole world is sacrificed, and the blood of outstretched lambs washes the steps and fills the expanses of Darkness in the expiation of our birth. Going against the Light, against the god's creation realized in sterility, we churn the surface of the frantic power that is breaking forth from our own depth enveloped in flames, the power that

will bring us to the brink of a precipice – to try the eternal might of Chaos inside of us, - and will cast us ashore in a waft of rage on the wild cliffs, in the spread of boundless wings of all those of Darkness infinite pride, – the race whose spirit is inflexible and adamant to mercy and compassion, whose mind is not bound with space and time. Continuing the impulse of Hell we turn into Chaos and return to Hell, carrying away all that became dear to us, leaving shreds of us to agonize on the thunder ridge of storming sky, feeling flows of blood between our clenched lips, showing no mercy, nor indulgence, nor excuse for our admittedly essences established as perverted.

Trenching upon the abode of all that is saint or vicious, exposing the things concealed in lies, we strive for our goal, rolling in luxury or playing ascetics, but always free from all the consequences of the prostitute nature of vice and the profound snare of holiness. And when overcoming obstacles we show in full all the primeval sides of our nature, hard-hearted and untouched by decay.

We incarnate pain and hatred into the imperfect forms that starve and suffer from their imperfection, rise in rebellion and riot to our applause, but never stand dishonour and glorify examples of dignity by their own, their own perdition... and true immortality. We break the fetters of slavery and lies and set free the violent principles of ancient liberty, and guard our hearts against decay, making black bands flutter in the wind, celebrating Death with crowns of thorn thunderstorms.

And mercy is the only lie amongst that all, but who can say that false is our cruelty with which we cut open our selves, searching for new ways of Evil, unexplored before? Abyss that spreads inside taught us the art to carve out of flesh and blood. The art to destroy was inherited by us, it was perfected by the counter violence, in support of the law that says: the weak is not to survive.

Granting with highest pain, verging on pleasure, we depreciate suffering as a peace-offering, and find another result in the usurpation of the human Christ's place in the Judge, in defining universal measures of the holy and the sinful.

Crossing out the borders by war and destruction, disregarding the gravity of inert masses of sanctity, we bring down the existing worlds into Abyss, so as to erect on the vast of Chaos that One and Indivisible of eternal hungry Darkness, craving for its own infinity, and indivisible in its power to reject perfect ideals. Where will it appear now – an obstacle on the paths of Leviathan, illusory harmony of balanced worlds?

Chaos winds, bursting from out Abaddon, welcome us as the beings of a higher rank than all procreations of light, for we are – the ancient, for we are always moving. We scorn purity and ignorance, we create ourselves in our chthonian might opposed to everything divine, called accursed, but hardened by the experience of Sin, falling away from the paths of virtue, we are true Dragons of the Occident. Those of rebellious spirit will ascend the throne with us, the strong ones will join us.

Despising filth and denying innocence, by Sin and crime we confirm our primordially lawful claims to experience Abyss and take heaven by storm. We personify the vehement essence of Hell, spiteous to ourselves and unmerciful to the serenity of any existence, keeping thus our fidelity to the primordial revolt unshakable, and upholding our honour.

Hymns and appeals to Evil excite our names, damnations contain us, thunder-peals call us to the storm.

That is how ripped up drum sounds in the temple of the wind.

That is how fire howls in the furnaces of Moloch.

And now as before, Nephelims is one of our names.

XXVIII

Spheres of a sandglass count off the term in Abyss, and the pendulum of Saturn, swinging, rips the cosmos and tears human flesh.

Illusions of the Desert embrace all the cycles of human reincarnations, all the circles of Gehenna, all torture of purgatory in Its inexorably arising phantoms. Soulless shadows mummified in Its oases create monstrous idols, similar to It in decay and inertia, in the twilight not of day – but of blood. As a hybrid of pestilential magic and bestial realism, earth rises in the eyes of Abyss and falls off to our feet...

Here the silent earth attracts, and winds take dry black existences away. Here the desert lures men by mirages, but its gift is a lie. Dominions of Death and hard-hearted Cronus outspread far off, boundless they are... This trap has been silent long ere, thousands of tongues were dried up, thousands of eyes seeing it were devastated by its winds that beget black caves and doors into nothing. Thus was before us, thus will be afterwards. We will send into non-existence dead silence only, empty shell, having left our traces in its reality, in its ashes.

We knew suffering of the world in full measure and we saw the dead one go into desert. Following Nineveh, great Babylon fell before our eyes, and the gods who begot man, granting him only suffering and sickness, could not ruin him. Gods of the Desert, gods of their times, demanding bloody sacrifices, gods of crypts and cemeteries of devastated human spirit, devouring their own children, what kind of ardour make them dare to claim things that have always belonged to us?

We feel the swaddled in the womb of earth tear serpentine circles of their passions and entrails, and we feel shiver of the scorched, exhausted life, tortured by the lust for Devil's shades. Within its boundaries dead blood is shed, and guilty tears, and do shudder those who mourn over the gods of heaven, gods of rain... We are predators among them, among those screaming in the desert and praying for the death. The Beast alone can hear their silent voice.

The Earth – is only dust for them. Fire – terrifies them. Heaven - betrayed them.

What could they rest upon when their time is over? They are not to shuck off their clothes, for their clothes are ingrown into their flesh. Their diplomacy is always like benefaction. Their property – are all the gods from the beginning of time, awkward procreations of their own caducity. Their gods will be gone with them the same way as they have lived others' lives in alien existence. Ground up by the millstones of time into dust, ashes and sand, they pervade the desert, and while the desert bleeds – they live in hope.

Would they escape, without support or beginnings, getting bogged down in sand? Could they possibly survive, closing the circle of time? They sealed Abyss, locking themselves in the shell of Universe; but how could they, besieged by Chaos, speak of power over Hell, speak of domination over the earth and time?

Human lives – sand they are, human time – is Desert. Shackles of time and place dictate their terms to the spirit of war. Human future, like finest powder, is measured off and drained to the dregs.

Waving of Azazel's black wings thickens shadows and raises sand-storms in the stillborn ocean, breaks the silence in the space which closes up the existence, and proclaims the end of all.

And now as before abysmal reapers of Hell are beyond the power of time.

And now as before each of them has an old score to settle with time.

XXIX

Every man is a den of the Beast, for flesh is of Hell.

In every one severe spirit of Chaos dwells, Devil the Keeper of the memory of prehistoric hissing plasma, Wild Hunter chasing after human bodies and numbers.

In every one – putrid smell of graves of flesh is enriched by fear and trepidation of souls buried alive. In the soil, black as a sin, this inveterate hatred is sprouting, ingrained feud ferments, grim breed grows ripe...

Fierce and wild is the Beast, born from out Chaos with the name of Satan on his lips; he is cruel and free, crawling to gods and gathering in wholeness live fragments of a diabolical puzzle on the bones which rip the sky. Who prays to his womb, when he devoured the whole divine bestiary, but human females went on bearing animals all the same?

In every hole, in every den, in every vagina they do hide and wait for the hour of their rule – gods of the bestial kind, gods of pleasures and gods of carrion. Sallow faces, dark craters of empty eyes, cenotaphs of dried souls – the heritage of live crypts whose entrails were turned inside out upon the altars and stretched on the hooks of permissiveness to the choir of tormenting, innumerable voices of the Behemoth's darkest instincts – to conjoin and die.

To perceive the limits of one's own human flesh, to perceive the boundaries of pleasure and pain, they are thrown outside - predatorous receptors of those, inside whom primitive blind reason is smouldering buried under the mass of animal lust, the reason that rules from out the very depths of the viscous nature confined in putrefaction. Exquisite pleasure in decay and life is of them, who combine in themselves flesh and soul without contradiction, spiritual and physical sensuality they intertwist inside, which reflects naturalistic pictures of their existence and their aspiration, aimed outside, in experiencing their limits, where they are met and thrown back by the promised naked temptations and violent pain.

Appearing under the name of human but subdued, they are delivered from their choice by obedience, and only few of those lots and lots depersonalized by earth, every one of which being dragged to judgment by his flesh, flirt with Evil and live in hope of overcoming time by wait.

They committed to the flames the marshy fields of the womb kingdom's blessed so as to illuminate dark caves of their inner Erebus – just to be, even if in spite of all – to be... They prudishly conceal under the veil of morality all mysteries of perdition, deeds of their constrained blood red hands, and the sacrament of influence exerted over flesh by the noble aristocratic sin that exposes by bawdiness of decay unsuited to the guise of human, disfiguring bacchanal metamorphosis of their sick, perverted sensuality.

The only protection against death and the only worthy form of their burial - remains the lust for death. Their perverted carnal love on the verge of agony, on the thin, sharp line, giving inhuman delight between the sinking of flesh into decay and the resistance of an exquisite beauty of life's frail flowering, all these reveal a new meaning in cognizing their own fallen, humanized nature. Immersing into immortality in their coition, they tear away parts of themselves, inevitably sacrificing them to the idols of their past so as to remain in the future, so as to live without betraying the instinct of a created being, preventing Lilith from awakening in the twisted spirals of defected heredity.

Glutting their ego with rotten stuff, enticed by the example of those ascended into heaven in scabs of flesh, they leave the limits of themselves searching for some immortal entity and live, animal lust, which could keep up the wholeness of their flaking away, created nature, open to suffering, but unable to break away from its roots grown into matter.

Enveloped in demon's musk, emasculated by the time and burden of their souls, gnawed by the lust of dead, quivering flesh, they are allured by the seething reflection of the gifts of Hell in their own reason, but carry them past their hearts, without understanding their bitter core in the possession of sin, in the possession of flesh, in the possession of vice.

The alchemy of body was beyond them; they were not given the gift of making changes in the basis of all things, turning blood into wine, and feeding hungry mouths with stones... Conceived in the incest of flesh and spirit, detached through the lacerated muscles of genital cloisters, they were not free to deny their selves and overcome matter... they fill with their bodies black earth and die fading, in the expectation of imperishable flesh, eternal in the ages.

Innate ability to cause pain and to be the cause of death – is an exquisite art, given to each of them by right of their race's origin. To scent death, to breath in intoxicating smell of a body dancing in agony – means to be alive; to die in chime with the withering flesh, to die in spite of it, and rise in the grotesque forms of inexterminable, dizzy nightmares – means to perceive everything which can be perceived through flesh, and follow on their way, having paid tribute to empresses of flesh and having ascended in the incense like a mortal deity.

Infernal passion that withers human soul, ages flesh, in every choice between the necessary and desired it hurts twice. The feeling born in flesh, coming from the very depths of Behemoth, can raise to inhumanity and give the power over one's self, and throw to the predators. The path of unrestrained indulgence towards flesh and the path of asceticism as well, lead to deliverance, when the power of the vice is outdone, when the dark Spirit dominates, leading through countless losses, delivering from the power of time...

As before, wide open purple greedy wombs attract to the bottom of primordial instincts through the inner breaks of exquisite desires of a being once born, and like the lust exude through pores their sweat and secret dirty dissatisfaction... As before, the traps of predacious earth are reddened with blood and hold their corpses, offering their sacrifices upon the altars of flesh and crucify idolized mortal remains, which were hung up at the cornerstone, on the fracture of spirit.

But what kind of burden is it - to wander in labyrinths of vice, to look from the dead womb, and bear the sin of earth? What kind of insanity is it – to long for Evil, but at the same time, turn over animal truths in the mouth with the bifurcated tongue?

Everything is from Chaos and Demogorgon, and there are no limits for the Devil in man...

* * *

Consanguinity of Chaos to the whole existence, which is also a procession of Chaos, is defiled by the presence of divine, but the succession between the spirit of Hell and Its forms was not broken. Matter, as well as spirit imprisoned in the viscosity of time, is passive and compliant to Evil in any manifestation of a mortal guise. Human nature squeezed into flesh is decaying by its origin, but it is feeding the seeds and fruits grown in a human form by the heritage and mysteries of His Infernal Majesty.

Mature bestial inhumanity looses original Evil in every link of the incarnation chain, and incarnates its forbidden might in their features. Might of Chaos, released from billions cells of the human flesh, reveals its nature, feeding to its spawn the vicious animal hearts torn up by the roots. Carnivorous and greedy as a Sin, insatiable – for neither Abyss nor fire is possible to sate, - diabolic, predatory origin devours flesh and returns it to the sources.

Tortured, transformed by the Beast, flesh releases the spirit, turning to ashes the number and bodies of the human race, turning into the number and flesh of lots and lots of Beasts.

Tearing the wombs and leaving their lairs – the brood of many-headed, pernicious race, carnivorous Nahemoth. They don't have to be born and to die so as to step over the

thresholds of reality; they don't have to conform to the rules of the creaturely animal Universe, so as to know how to destroy it.

The claws that strop flesh and time are sharpened in a human nature... True gifts of Hell, properties of matter – they are experienced and returned to Hell, being ripped by greedy jaws from human womb, from torn throats, from ruined dens.

XXX

Perishable gods rise from their graves, they rise through the stench of human suffering, through the ribs of putrefied forms, through the dust of earth and the time of the souls they drained. Mounted over the nothingness of destinies they ruined, they are dragged by their own fate to the accompaniment of flutes playing falsely in the hands of the Devil's tempted, dragged to the throne like to the slaughter, to the tune of goat-footed fauns they were dragged upwards, up the stairs exhausting the strength of life, in the dance of Bacchanal lechery.

In the Death's screamy instruments cacophony, vendible voices of their bestial maws rise to the indifferent skies, and fall reflected like hungry, dead birds... In poignant contest with Heaven for their flesh, in the vain struggle for the salvation of their souls from reality of Hell unknown to them, they find themselves in this fall only, in the monotonous motion, imitating godlike reflexes for human fate, in their aspiration to possess sacrament of vice affirming miserable value of their claims to the rickety throne in the center of their own Universe.

Undead, they are hiding their hearts among their bones' dry branches in the web of souls. Worthless on the bare, cracked ground, they are helpless when, humbled to the dust and mire, they bear resentment of their uselessness, in their troubled souls avoiding the refuges of their past. Naked, like on their burial day, natural, like at their death hour, they are spread under the heel of pacing cold, bended like pitiful abstractions, restless in the paroxysms of despair and love to their selves in the animal exasperation against unknown to them but inevitable fate, confined with it on the peaks of lonely rocks of fear. Taken from earth, they will return, scraped off all the sepulchral cracks, they will lie down into them again, conjoint together from putrid remains in order to disrupt, they appear as humanized gods in order to exist on the crest of flesh, to take the favourite place of moaning winds – deserted place of god among the people, the place dugged up with human graves.

Animal revelations of the aspects of existence, comprehensible to them, attract them to the bodies merged in the dead ecstasy of mortal deformity, making them inherit the sterility of human nature and wander in the dark labyrinth of ruthless vice. In the aspiration for the power almost divine, of all the possible sins choosing the human ones, they exhaust spiritual lore by pieces of human meat and absorb cadaveric poison, taking the opportunity of the day when human gods are disfigured by flesh, so as to swallow the Universe in their full-fed ego, using slave labour when building their mortal prosperity.

Here they need lashes – to tear terror, here they need chains – to bridle spirit, here they need nails – for them to rust with flesh; they don't need wings to conquer peaks, unsteady basis of the human notions of good and evil are enough for them to put their own good above all in the Universe, so as to subdue, playing with the human evil.

It is enough for them to subdue the pride of a single man so as to satisfy their flesh and continue their parasitic existence in the corners of immortality; their goal is now to catch up the last of men who has to run away from them to die free.

In the fits of blind rage, their mortal idols break through by the remains of divine, their pestilent emanations of the inmost recesses turned inside out. In torturing delivery they bring another one of prisoners of their flesh to power, the ruling slave – to obedience, carrying away into their grave pariahs of spirit, outcasts of mind, once and for all having delimited possessions of men and god, equally humiliated them both, and took into the pantheon of elites all the habits of the subordinate position and fear of outer Darkness.

Permissiveness became their law, pages of their bodies – their book of Law; desire to possess without sacrificing anything, to possess the power that has no equal on the earth, the lore which is concealed from the mortals, the lust for the absolute power – lead them to dishonesty of any kind, ruin them from the inside by the beating of the throng of hearts of the mortal god who went mad in his imperishable gluttony. Energy strokes on the canvas of

existence they are, spots on the sheets devoured by rats – they squeeze the Universe into the human view of good and evil, they, who cannot possess something that can make them *God*, unable to possess the measure of responsibility which is necessary to make them *like god* – that is why their cruelty and their mercy are limited by their human imagination, and it is beyond their power to choose whether to be the god of men, lashed and tortured by the crowd, or to rebel against *the divine*. Too craven for Evil, too weak for goodness...

It is of their questionable honour to stay at the chosen “height” anyway, to uphold their putrid morals on squeezable minds and dominate over the powerless, trampling on those unable to rise once again. To shine among the dregs or cringe like worms to achieve their goals – no difference for them, performing their exclusive sacred rite of keeping their own blissful covers intact, and equilibrium inside their fragile shell. They are ready to betray each other like a hissing barren cesspool, gaping with its malodorous mouth, spitting out sepulchral stench so as to whitewash themselves in their own eyes, to drag in their dreams into the mire and rape something that will remain above them forever.

At the head of their own pantheon, in the withered funeral wreaths, denying all on the way of their imaginary progress, they gain the gloss of mourning, painted with the colours of the night, they hid the substitution with the stolen words, they lie like human gods, they betray, they rob. They stand in false greatness, trying on the right that was conquered by others in a cruel struggle – the right to the exceptional merit: to retribute and to seduce by vice.

Among the cold sculptures of Death there are lots of their *numenis* tied in sheaves, looming between gallows, turning round on the stranded sinews of that only thing which they raised like their standard and took on trust, which must serve the cult of their perennial ego. They robbed the altars of their gods for the sake of decoration, to frighten those who denied them, so as to put themselves together piece by piece in that defective cult, lusting for their own semblance of life.

They don’t possess the *godlike* scorn for flesh, *godlike* scorn for putrefaction, but not for putrescence. There is no *deity* worthy of them except themselves; there is no *godlike* dignity inside them, nor *godlike* simplicity and harmony, nor understanding of the Evil that penetrates them, that’s what the mystagogue of their inner side is ingeminating. They just can be carried away by their Geniuses for a brief moment, possessing the tiara of the most ancient vice, but their truly *human* gods know the low price of their fidelity.

To perform their own needs, to persist in rotting flesh, to exist cherishing the parody of their “unique” image, their self-deified, torpid mind squeezed in the masses of flesh, and to climb upwards trampling on the dead, so as to find their own rotten bones on the peak and to put them in the shrine of immortality – such is their fate, their choice. They have no free mind to track down the causation hidden behind their uterine understanding, nor true impurity in their fall, nor exquisiteness of the genuine sin – those pitiable, contemptible, false in the grandeur of the fire of universal vice.

Whose intent may threatens them, what is to disembowel their imaginary splendour – they are not to know till the last moment comes. What is to judge the fools, throwing them off the pedestals – they are not to imagine such a nightmare, when they seem to heal so many purulent wounds where they are sewed together. It seems to them that they will find deliverance from inner and outer tortures, being crucified on the other side of purgatory. They will scream begging for a sip of merciful oblivion from the god unknown to them, longing never to return to where their bones will be gnawn by the ruthless, howling Cocytus.

Feeling fear of the inevitable that is throbbing wildly in their veins, feeling inside that overfilling terror which was grown on the wastes of Phobos, devouring them from the inside by its heaviness, breaking all the built barriers, violating all the laws of their inner paradise, they plead for deliverance, giving vain graft of their pride, for the last time trying to get free from the noose of Hell, once again being beaded on the chord of christian limbo. They dread and demand the proofs of the existence of Hell, trying to escape punishment, driven mad or

sunk into the grave, remaining just like tangible phantoms of the inner hollows in the deep, processes of flesh misapprehended by them, like Devil's eerie sneer at the everlasting lust of human perishness to become godlike.

Swept away by the waves of Chaos, dissolved in the illusions of the animated rot, they were brought back to life from out cesspits, so as to highlight the distinction between the way of overcoming and the indulgence by their pitiful fate, to be the rationalization in the choice of the intricate path to the mastery over themselves among all that dirt of self-satisfaction preferred by them.

Their mortal, fleeting greatness is pitiable, their existence for their sakes only is senseless and fruitless and vain, for they cannot get rid of corpses inside; and there will be no prayers over their own ashes when it's the time they turn to decay again. They rise and fall like carnal hopes, like mortal gods – chimeras incarnate of the plague-stricken humankind. Worthy of scorn only, they bespread many of the carnivorous paths of Hell leading away from divinity, from the corpses of the leprous gods through agony, catharsis, disruption of the outlived forms – to the creators of Chaos and fiery revival.

XXXI

Sacred path of Doom into the wolf's gorge of Abyss... There serpentine the path in the mind of a man who denied gods, the path which hits against the breaks of narrow blindness, raves in the gloom of reason, shudders with all its black, swirling flesh in the opened wide, throbbing mass of greedy, swallowing nature. Squeezed in the crimson twines of death grip, dark revelations, like fevered thunderstorms, give inhuman suffering and convey the secret feeling of innermost unceasing burning to the damned human soul writhing in the heart of flame, emitting fumes to what is going forever...

Devils outspread over the insatiable jaws like black branches of the Chaos tree, they thickened like the dragon darkness of ancient Night in perishable heaven, rose by hugeous shadows as the guards and permanent wayfarers of these paths. Their scorched ways, paved before the beginning of times, glomerate into the tangle of Chaos, entwine into the depth of human heart, being connected by arteries with perishable essence. They stream by flows of primordial blood along the blade of Evil that dissects integuments of Universal womb, and through the raving of hurricanes and cries of harpies they invoke liberation of Their kind, the kind with unbowed spirit, and raise the monsters coming into being from out the prison of the mortified soul matter.

They move beyond the bounds of the world of wasted forms, throwing mourning shroud over holiness, grinding claws on the broken surface of the earth, with their freezing breath dissolving the shield of Universe, passing the thread of times between the cold fingers of galaxies sunk in Abyss. They accompany man on his way to the eternal damnation and disturb his wounds, sharing with him all of his black torments, enjoying the grief of his dying soul... Forever bereaving of repose, they stroke the wrong way the hair of a strong and wicked child, bewitching his soul by the cold grandeur of postmortem spheres, freezing his gaze with the diamond edges of their eyes bringing discernment.

They move beyond the boundaries, breaking into the human reality from outside, breaking with nightmares the long sleep of the plunged in visions of his inner illusions, fate-bound human who was left to die of exhaustion, devour his own self, go blind and deaf inside the reason of flesh. Their movement to the very depths, to the very basis, makes an explosion and forces to accept above all sins the experience of the most grievous, titanic denial, such as the dissolution of all divine laws in the chasm of total nonentity and the blackest satanism. Devouring spaces and drinking fear of a lost and lacerated sacrificial soul, calling to Them through the boundless expanses of Abyss, They stretch the string that shore despair and precipitate into the fathomless depths of a devoured soul all fiery passions of the man dispiteous to himself. Arisen out of nonentity... Breaking the backbone of divinity... causing the morbid visions of Death... They are worthy of those who love Them.

They unbind the knots of memory in human essence. They come despising the weak, destroying the stagnant by spirit, locking in the bones those who bend by intellect dead and permitted laws. Their presence, revealed in human minds, is worthy of the catastrophe of mankind that keeps in hearts the echoes of Their never ending, monstrous hatred for the creator of that all. Existing too long to have the bowels of mercy for anybody, breaking off the life so as to turn the time outside, They resurrect the names and faces which were not to exist upon this damned earth again.

By Their will - damned fatality of faceless creation is dead and broken, by Their will - the spiritual essence of Hell is embodied and inscribed with the dead souls of hungry demonism on the rough surface of bestial nature. In deep dark tones They concealed the multiplying images of the persistent chaotic structures of a hostile, different existence, striving forward, begetting monstrous forms of predatory aggression so as not to lead anyone into temptation by their alien essence on the threshold of inevitable rebirth. By the inhumanity of

the reflections of irreal Evil nature which is brewing by their wisdom among the people and feeding on their very core, in the dark times They nurse the most beautiful priestesses of their blood, and bid to achieve the impossible at any price, but it is not by Their indulgence that multiply on earth corrupting vice and kingly foolishness, it is not by Their wish that degenerates the lore of the infernal customs into the beggarly superstition of clerical whores. They are the different ones in the different world of godlike imitations, and, piercing alien spheres by devilish ways, like the stars falling from the sky, They come as alien gods, recreating the grandiose scenes of discreated universe which transcend all notions of the human mind frightened by demonic possession ... Not created by man, not being the creators of man, They remain beyond human comprehension...

They are alien, chthonian gods, and there is nothing more terrible than Them... All relations with Them is a crime against one's own folk – the one in which mankind originates; a malefaction against the human race and that unsteady world where the rebellious human branch has risen... against man himself. Under the eternal damnation, under the penalty of scorching out by the flame of earth and heaven, again the lore of Them arises from the ashes - in the folds of existence, in the minds and souls of mankind fearing those who can stop and overcome that eternal, instinctive terror of Them that is inherent in all alive and lifeless beings; of the mature inhumanity of those who could by shreds of their burnt skin testify their dignity before Dark Lord.

Alien, hostile eyes stare at the human world... The eyes in the facial hollows of a Gorgonion, live coals in the eye-sockets of dark idols, blazing with fervour - severe and always needful; the eyes of bloodthirsty monsters endowed with beastly features, whose mission is to guard from the ignoble of the earth that inhuman nature of the original, indomitable power, and to scare away from it those idle by reason, inert by spirit, driven by vain thoughts. Alien to mankind, alien to Light, the source of wisdom and sacrilege is gaping in these eyes, the eyes of Devils full of dark wrath and aversion for the human nature of the one who comes before them, but who in spite of pain is able to receive the sin of these eyes, is able not to cast down his own eyes before the horrifying, black, inconceivable essence of Abyss, and pays firmly the price of such an agreement – a human in him must die.

They are merciless in their relations with man, and it is allowed for man to know that no one is to track down Their ways in the immense silence of Abyss, no one in the disgraceful illusiveness of animal vice blessing is to ascend to Their spheres, no one is to get free from inborn blindness while godlike creature is hiding behind the human eyes. One can just see scaly plates sliding in the open wounds, in the traces of Their predatory fins cutting the firmament of earth where They appear on the verge of horrifying realistic incarnation. Only feeling Their near breathing by the restless streams of pent blood, one can see the troubled and confused depth of his own human imperfection in the whirlpools of Their eyes, but Their wishes cannot be divined, as well as can neither be remembered nor grasped that art of Their subtle intellect which reveals itself in the relief of brain as the original flaw, throwing shadows to the corners of a human mind, to which give up all flexions of the human logic.

Their flagrant monstrosity – is just a distortion in the visions of the Universe, another outcome in the perception of the things which lead beyond the borders of the human world to the total changes of inner, created human nature of the one who crossed permitted limits of cognition. Secret spiral, carrying away from the sleep, hidden in the preternatural, takes them down into Their reality, every form of which is too alien to the earthbound existence, too complicated and painful to choose an ordinary human mind as their abode. Hitting the fancy by grotesque nightmares, condemning the weak to madness, the strong to wisdom, impelling the dark spirit to realize himself as a master who has chosen mortified human flesh for its focus, They lead to action from the inside, impel to assault barriers outside, challenge to strive forward by the dark, imperious thoughts in spite of human egocentrism. Their wishes force to slide in the depths of incognizable, supreme instinct, and burst the perishable potential of a

human confined in doom, leading away his liberated diabolic nature and the dark mind of a spiritual being, leaving the blind and mortal reason to wander like a sick shadow in unconceivable world, clutching at the debris of the erstwhile, exhausted forms.

Ruining outer and inner canons, Devils take to their bosom those, for whom the beauty of Their weird, perpetually floating features doesn't look like ugliness; who isn't alien to the way of dwelling among Them, in the ambience of Their wild and violent nature; those who bear inside that exquisite, unique part emanating power in the integrity of Darkness which in them only is worthy to revive. Just the few – those already dead for their world, but alive for Them – devour flesh that opens wide at their feet, and pleasures of the consecrated body turn to shadow, but only select few of them are able to recognize to where they will rush afterwards, feeling how the sky is blazing under their feet. Those, who on their own free will have chosen Evil as their basis, in their inhuman waking from the human sleep capable of throwing themselves over the board of divinity and incarnate an alien unbridling into the fierce violence against their own human nature for the sake of their inmost and internal Devils, they become aware of their inner might to shake off boldly hateful fetters of the divine rule, and be accepted with dignity, as equals in Evil.

The one in whom the strength of Devils turns into the violent power of titanic insistence of the man resisting his created essence, he who with the infernal persistency is taking by storm the heights of his human nature, - he has strength enough to break himself as a creation and rise in the realization of grand desire, in the riot of the rebellious being's adamant pride – showing in all that unbridled, slashed by flame, breathing with dark triumph diabolic face of each and all of them, the spirit of true Devil.

In Their incessantly growing superiority over themselves, as ancient gods of Evil do abide the Devils of Darkness above all gods of the world's pantheon, like infinity that can multiply spaces in itself, and tear up nets which enmesh inhuman roots, always breaking any kind of cyclic completeness. Not accepting even a shade of lie, abhorring treachery as the worst of human vices, despising closed on itself pacificated holiness as the worst of the manifested foundations of divine power, They will never suffer indignity from those whom They bring to agreement with Satan in fight against the divine world, and never will They welcome those who seek in Them an excuse for their own feebleness. They need those only who will lead all the colours of liberating agony through their own self and, unleashing Hell on mortal horizons, will trample down the sprouts of harmful humanity, delivering flesh from the humiliating likeness to god, trespassing on the forbidden height in the impious ecstasy of diabolic transformation.

They propose to man accept deliverance from fetters taking it from Their hand, They are waiting for those who will call and accept Them in place of mother and father, who will share with Them flesh and blood in the sinister feast *on one's own self*, and, athwart the dreggy commixture of divine and animal blood in their veins, will partake of Their poisonous nature, and transgress the limit of all human abilities in the aspiration to test the strength of the locked Universe.

So as not to tempt anyone, They give the experience of the ecstasy of Death... Take down into the labyrinth of Madness... Grant the pleasure of the mystical perversion of spiritual base. They devour resisting souls alive, and unchain eternal sufferings that have no rest. Thus is realized the Devils' right to select the worthiest of worthy, thus Their fatal choice reveals itself, the examiners' generosity that fell on heads of those foredoomed, who on their own made their choice of war at the expense of one's own soul, taking inside all that constitutes that hard and dangerous, uninterrupted experience of being in Evil – to be Evil itself, like Them...

They invades and assaults in Their followers, in Their sons – Their likeness, as dark and fathomless by mind as Them, as primordial as Their blood, dwelling in pain like Their

endless victims. They grant to their newly found sons the path that bristles with suffering, cruel wisdom, and the heaviest responsibility. Dangerous, endless, ruthless path. And nothing more, nothing but the chance to take in the inaccessible highness things which will belong to each of them – the right to devastate and burn their own heaven... the right won by Devil...

In the reality tired of faceless Evil, poisoned by the apotheosis of the feebleness of mass hysterias, fused by the fear of the pallid madness of nuclear revelation, by distorted features manifesting themselves in the fatal symbols of nature rebelling against man - Devils of Darkness, called the revengeful gods of the last Apocalypse, gather their bloody harvest on the souls of mankind, squeeze the inner space of man with the shadows of irrational chaos, gaining strength with the commotion of hearts, surging higher by inflexible will in their demoniac nature, carrying away with them in aspiration for the forbidden might of lacerated spheres, and, remaining in the cosmic system of matter as the spirit of mysterious contradiction, They brood like blind fate over the frightened and the meek. Abstract by form and real by power, They force their way into the sanctum sanctorum, piercing through the sin-offerings of the Universe, drawing in people's memory the lightnings of Their abused, awesome Names covered by the rusty dishonor of the scars. They give freedom to the descending ways of progress, creating ravenous race, and remain the gods alien to man, hostile outer elements, gaping out abysses of pernicious lore, audacious highness of Evil, flames of Hell, blowing over the world.

The satanic instinct of opposition and primordial diabolic spirit accompany the maleficent desire of a man of perdition to become one of Their kind...

XXXII

Through the march of those of dark spirit to the threshold they are to step over, through the march of those godless in mind over the death of their bodies, through the agony of their world, through the impossible, through everything that accompanies them on the way to demonic maturity, thus the *transfiguration* of those pernicious ones of humans *into Hell* is actualized. Going through the furious gorge of gehenna without closing their eyes, scorched by adverse roaring streams of raging infernal flame, they persist to overcome the resistance of the head tides and rule the collapse, getting closer to the source of it all, expressing the advent of their Demons.

Agony is their element forever, road is forever their abode, through the pain they grow out of themselves, shedding human skin every time their nature is transformed in the chosen torments of reincarnation, in the outburst of their insatiable essence's seething aspirations. Always fresh blood, steaming on the devil's altars, crowns their choice. One's own blood is that chosen sacrifice which will be accepted from the man at the Gate, for this blood, spilled on the threshold, opens an endless Path, different outcome in his aspiration to be and to perceive – to let his own Demon prevail.

They have to go again through the flesh, clothing the instincts of creature and laws of creator into the irreversibility of inhuman nature, delivering themselves from the burden of divine, tearing the snare of the scanty nature of human doubts. In the violation of live creations' laws – they have nothing to lose, for they precipitated the foundation of divine power into the Tartarus of dissention, instigating wars in the whole Universe; they cursed themselves to be the real ones in the world of illusions, now they are able to reflect Devils in themselves, the Fates of outer Fatum, coming in the suite of Death, eternal cross-roads leading to the Dark...

They were not promised welfares, but they made their irreversible choice, and so they've got the right to all. Craving for their severe fate only, they rise above low desires, and stand their ground lonely and inflexible in their preferred, inevitable and necessary destiny, forsaken by the weak and lost on this way, in the scorn and jest about human lot, only by the proud nature of the strong, becoming possessed with demonic spirit, they rise above it... staying undefeated.

Opening dark cards, entering into the unknown lands enveloped in flames, they go down dale, where evil genius guide each of their steps farther, into the depth, they follow untrodden paths, ways of immense danger, playing with the knowledge of it, turning reality into Hell, bearing Chaos in their souls. To explore transcendent feelings and restless pain... To learn the laws which dominates in lawlessness. To let Devil enter their home and revive a host of Devils inside their tortured flesh, with the experienced mind perceiving the essence of their blood shed in the name of Satan – such is their triumphant procession.

To learn from the Devil – is the price of their self-dependence.

Mutilated and dehumanized, only then they start to perceive their purple ascend from the deep abysses of Darkness. Excommunicated from the light, only then they start to see Darkness in Its whole immensity, appreciate the true sense of their fall - able to suffer, burn and change... and to keep themselves well in eagle claws.

Mighty, rebellious, cast away beyond the edge of existence... Looking into the wolf's mouth of Abyss, they become perfectly beautiful, perverting the divine beauty by the destructive experience and untamed powers, taking pure Evil inside, infernally fearless, so as to make all the heads of the awoken hungry novitiate turn round at their call.

Marks of bestial bites on their hands burns permanently, the lore given to them with the predatory blood in their veins drinking from the Abyss fills them with the fire of violent whirling, with the uninhibited fury of a gigantic essence, turning into their weapon in the

furnace of the outrageous disharmony of existence begotten in the essence wrapped in smoke, gained the freedom of feeling and thought. They have many names, but one should read their essence so as not to be deceived by their various names. One must know each of the fatal gestures of their blood-steaming palms so as to judge the sense of their deeds, and the intents begotten by them in the womb of Hell. Behind their eyes there are cold and alluring abysses flashing with the fullness of sorrow of this world, they bleed with the coldness of gelid pride in the fragments of human mirrors, foretelling the defeats of human guise in the battle against death, filling a goblet of the downtrodden souls with bitter human despair. Their dark minds keep the structure of relict relations of the original, chthonian elements, which gives them the understanding of the whole bottom of all things, which makes them akin to primordial Chaos and draws through them the true edges of predatory thorns of their will and potentials put together.

Coming to the tired to take off the burden of their souls, they continue their outcome from the disruption of man to the Abyss billowing, breaking the endless chain, calling the merciless strategy of life to fight on the side of death.

And no one can judge them, for they are the daring in which Devils arise, they are something that takes power beyond any hope, and the power of every one of them is the rightful and indubitable power of Hell itself, which continues with gates into the Darkness, where their human erstwhile blood turns black and clotted on the last frontiers.

Legitimated their deal with Devils, slipping in the invisible, they become indistinguishable from primordial enemies of the divinity, from the frenzied apostles of shattered innocence, they can be called 'men' by no one - but called monsters instead, resplendent and sinister, throbbing in Abyss and in human flesh.

Driven by themselves into the timeless night, driven by themselves like the demons of unending self-destruction, never satisfied, taking into themselves those long roads - too long for human hope, they are condemned to those roads forever;

their nervous way, far in the strain, leaves beacons for those following behind, inflaming the embers of the ancient blood at the execution places, piercing with the outer doom, torturing by infernal spirit those rebellious men, following them... and everywhere Hell is moving with them... and mind, like persistent worm, gnaws the time.

They know the worth of pleasure and pain, despair and fear, and delight of perdition, and they don't give these things in vain, uncovering themselves in the inconceivable nature of demonic act, in the monstrous enchantment of the raging beast-like grace.

Sacred are their spirit and blood, spilled out on altars at the cross of the paths of man and Demon, put together carefully into the horrible Grail of the diabolical immortality of a being seething in Chaos. Having no attachments in the life that's left behind, knowing no borders in the tangible part of their temporal existence anymore, the things which gathered up the one coming from without and the one born from man, they have just to sate their thirst of fire with the new flame, and breathe out the ashes of defeated man. They return to the foundations of Evil every creature besieged by flesh of doom in the depths of perdition, submerging into the depths of Darkness, going down the spiral, yawning downward, falling in the infinity... They force their life selflessly and obdurately, throbbing above like soulless, but alive, blazing shadows of apocalyptic Evil; they stop for nothing and give the possibility to follow their way to others... giving themselves away entirely, sinking into the void out of this world, leaving their torn to pieces flesh to hang on wild rose's thorns - to decorate ragged standards, to frighten the crowd with this symbol of destruction of the human nature...

Only then we'll be satisfied, only then will be changed the essence of all that we have here in possession, and mutilated man, Demon nowadays, will come close to the Altar.

XXXIII

Clergy prophesy from ambo that Hell is murderous. Their words smash the silence, their eyes cast lightnings, their mouths thunder and smell of sulfur. Their aim is – to avert souls from outer Abyss. They see the picture of their dreams in the pacification of the Evil Ocean. They say that deprivation of the divine Light and death of soul – is Hell. They say – triumph of sin and Death – is Hell. Their religion let them not to speak otherwise.

They are right... but this is the clergy's right.

They “protect” the earth from chaos and disrupt... Exorcise imaginary demons... Drown sane dissent in blood. Never knowing things beyond the border, never looking in the eyes of their own reflection in the mirror, driven by *instinctu divinitatis* to torments, into eternal life, they are useless on the cross as well as under. With all their militant dogmas, but too narrow-minded, with all their “victorious” reliquiae, but too dependent on god, too close to him they are to discern the true might of Satan... too dependent on divine causes... too humanized to become a opposite worthy for Hell.

They drove themselves into the trap between Death, flesh, god and sin, begetting satanized gods of twilights, they can make others look into the eyes of fear, but they avoid *to see*... They assert – there is no god without the Church. Nor truth without the Church. They also lie when they conceal god and truth from the people growing old within the walls of they choose.

Touching lightly on the surface, playing with forms, fearing to go into the core of matters, adhering closely to dangerous taboos, they set up taboos for others, uttering meaningless vetoes. Blind procession of man inside religion pleases their gods. Their own views of sin and of desire of flesh to know itself leave no alternative, but newborn sin and ancient hypocrisy. Feeling dirt under the heart, leaving Hell like punishment, Hell like the only and inevitable choice of a soul condemned by them, they grieve over the innocents, bewailing themselves, healing sickness of soul with an instrument of torture in the sick world.

They are liable to the weakness and vices of many people.

May God give time to them... time only... Give them property – they'll grow dirty and dodgy so as to hold it. Give them slaves and they'll get worthy to be treated as slaves. Give them eternity and leave them alone... in greedy crowd... at the throne...

They say their inner purity guards them from the temptations of the world. They say, their inner temple is free from dirt and holy flesh is virginal before vulturous eyes... When the Bride of Christ became the wife of State, the only thing that prevented us from using it the way it deserves, using like a whore – was our inborn cleanliness.

Called meek, they are – pathogens of militant xenophobia...

To break the pride of the arrogant... Punish those impure in their cognition... Rebellion of spirit, rebellion of mind – that is what they oppose... what is beyond them forever... something alien... inaccessible... hungry...

Their love – tastes human morality, feels the fume of tears, smells the scent of Eternity, but there is no word of honour in their endless, righteous speeches. What can they know about HONOUR, what can they teach if all that they branded “sin” exposes things unbearable for their dependent, slavish spirit?

How can they compare the suffering of a humble slave - and the pain of cruel transformation of those who every time transcend their selves being entirely realizing their own choice, bearing the whole responsibility for their truly rebellious, proud and unyielding spirit?

How can they, hiding from responsibility in the shade of the Cross, say that proud spirit is growing weak when it chooses voluntary the torture of existence in the black tormenting depths of the non-being of light and life, to accept perdition rather than salvation,

but not to pray for mercy those, who demands dishonour, who send forgiveness for rejection of rebellious will?

How can they, the priests of free-will obedience, appreciate in full this *peccatum mortale*, when those fallen in abyss rise above themselves, unable to be enslaved, without a shade of hope, without a shade of the wish to finish at the cost of their humility the endless slide in that unbounded shrine, when they reach their own depths, growing stronger than the Doom itself, holding the religion of slaves in their aristocratic scorn, choosing that indivisible power of perdition, choosing the icy courage to inherit the Hell which is pictured black in the canon of the saint, the Hell whose severe reality excels all the unfading, horrifying legends.

How could they, parasites on their god and people, - possibly be able to understand the men of beast-like nature of strength, beast-like instinct of justice and straight-out understanding of the honour – how could they understand and not to fear the satanic power and pride of that inexterminable kind? Is it of them, needless priests, to perceive the free spirit of Hell? Is it their to understand Hell?

Seething, bubbling, dirty foam of existence hits against their mouths... Is it possible to speak the truth with their tongue? Is it possible to guess how many snares more will their conscience spin? How many are they, the tongues that know no truth, nor silence, asking how much is left for us? Perdition is our Kingdom by right, so how can we fear Death?

The tears of the burnt witch will not remain unwreaked, one can destroy the dens, but the paths of hate cannot be grassed over... Exhausting pandemic sprawls around the earth, entrenches itself in crypts and temples, finds its ways into all caves of reality, fertilizes generously and profitably disconsolate earth with black lies and brutal cruelty, solidates the mob under its greed – christianity as a way of organizing their world, as the ordinary stronghold of their mortal existence – is only bridgehead filled with blood, earthly conditions for the transfiguration of the man rebelling against heavens.

Their religion is based on a multifold betrayal in excuse of weakness of divine man, there is no flawless principle in their alliance with god, and in the reconciliation of their flesh with Holy Ghost there the problem of the forced humbleness of their own human vanity and love for sin bleeds like stigmas. In their war against the manifestations of Hell interference of men are exhausted by god's, their creativeness does not trespass the limits. Their war under the crown of the divinity of man is waged by the lowest means so as to justify their own inability to lead their exhausted by compromises and fruitless spirit to incredible victories. True, violent fight is unknown to them, passes from them, strangers to audacity, because of their worthlessness.

They are incapable to take responsibility on equal terms with their god; they had not the right to stand up for their own Hell under the yoke of the divine favour, and tenacious sin only, dissipated potential, and the trophies of their vain barren rising – lead them to retribution aback from the hoary enmity, taking them off the real fight that could be the only excuse and result of their inner sickness, leaving them out of Satan, out of god... out of any Responsibility.

Their words about Hell are false, like many of their words...

Their words about justice are vain. Who can judge god? Who can be the executioner of creator? They who condemned him in their hearts, but in spite of the divine justice wage war beyond their rules. The rest – beyond their faith.

“Christ holds the keys of Abyss.

Christ conquered Death and destroyed the principal of Hell,

Christ is the King of heavens, earth and Underworld....?!” – *Hell knows him not.*

XXXIV

There are two images of the same gate on the way to the *transformation into Hell* for those destined to experience it through their own selves, and those going to know its alienation...

To ascend to the summit means to trample on own dead... Going away into the outer Abyss and returning from It, became different, is behind. Now, when the new basis for the progress is created and agreements of existing out of life are proved, reconciliation to the still persisting parts of human nature inside is impossible. When damaging the confined light, one must be a hard-line subverter, destroyer, conqueror, dark creator – the one who's always the first to assault the enemy's walls...

Taking the right to this monstrous freedom, one must become like Hell, ruthless and inconceivable, predator, crushing the pillars of divinity, victor who's got the right to be worthy of his triumphs in spite of the lot of man, who rationalized his losses, staying defeated. Sealing themselves on the peak of perfection, keeping in secret from enemies their flaws, enjoying every moment of others' ignorance, one must walk naturally and shamelessly in ancient bareness along the uncreated paths, known to Hell only, without possibility to hide truth... One must climb the peak ulterior in existence from which there is no way to retreat and to forget the burnt taste of the victory's victims.

To stand in Satan – that is our only reality.

Here Hell is a method.

We cannot satisfy our thirst burning up inside, we can only extend it out, and the responsibility – such are the things that let us be ourselves and discover depths again, let us sip the silt of Death, and let poisonous words go between the lines, saying that we are poisoned by life itself; it is not of us to reject the fruits of our jealousy, spreading in vain.

Rising to the peak, one must know that the abyss of such peaks lies ahead, peaks turned to the Underworld, one must remember whose generosity it is, that's the only way to remain grateful to him who stretches out like steps so as one has what to step on, creating indestructible connections from the outermost depths of Abyss to the inmost Devil... Irredeemable debt before the gates of Hell.

Necessitas and *necare* are kindred to the one who turned inwards, inside himself, who erected Citadel on the ruins of his soul and vindicated the heart of dark dominion. And what indeed can the Immortal possess but unfading fidelity once chosen?

Only Responsibility makes one free truly. Only Honour lets us remain in this Responsibility.

Hell is our Honour and measure of our Responsibility.

He who seeks miracles as the proof of the reality of Hell – will trick himself.

He who fears his own depths - will not cognize Hell.

The heart of conqueror must be like red-hot lava, but even when turned into stone it must be open. One must hear Devil's voice deep inside his heart, then only it is possible to understand each other. And the only thing you have the right to possess is what you've been able to excel in fidelity.

Taking Hell as It is, without grace, without straightening the shades of Hell into plaits of comfortable clothes for human nature, without casting shadows of reason on the inner cloth of the divine perfection, one must never forget, one must realize fully that perversion of outer forms makes for the changes of the inward nature, and one must keep on creating metamorphoses inside mercilessly, sinking his teeth deep into the unburied dust, going beyond the edge in silver flesh of the unrecognizably transformed being.

Entering into the changed proportions, into immense prospects, without detracting from Evil when cognizing the things which could be only firsthand experienced really, one

must be in development, exceeding all the motives and resources of human individual freedom, realizing: Hell cannot be satiated with a single human soul, as well as It cannot be grasped with reason, nor seen with eyes, but only sensed; not explained by helpless human rationality, for in our yesterday It will differ from the Hell of today.

Destroying souls, experiencing lawlessness in senses, emptying oneself inside, picked to the bones in predatory depth, one must remember what exists on the ruins of All, what comes into being in the reality of Hell... Out of multitude – the One...Whole...Hell... And one must know full surely, forging himself into Hell, that the only path of manifestation of all that is cursed lies through the kinship with the original curse.

One must know how to win, and to win with dignity, cognizing aspects of Hell eternally – the inconceivable Hell in Its inconceivable reality, treasuring the knowledge of the things that were effaced from mortal memory and erased from awaiting heart, and be responsible before oneself, more than ever. Rendering homage to Hell, nothing will be small on this way, and he is worth of the honour to take who is capable of sacrificing in his devotion to the Standard, the Name, the Principle and all the innermost that remains unaltered in Honour, in the once given promise, in understanding the worth of words once uttered...

Our praise to Satan; Ode to our home...

XXXV

We are - Serpent piercing the universe, Saraph who's taken the earth in his infernal embrace... It's our dower to tear its enslaved shrouds and widen the halls of perdition, disgorging other worlds and alien spaces endlessly; its rough flesh – is just an anvil for our success, and we are to forge the hearts of steel golems who will smash its shells, we are to drive with our blows its deadened spirit into Tartarus... devour its innermost bones and drain dry its still blood... to prevail in final *coup de grace*...

Cutting out from living flesh the principles that ruin it, evoking that sateless, gigantic monster, hidden in the twilights of the earth, releasing its unloved child from, unwanted fruit of its heavy, hot womb, we are to incarnate all of its multitudinous phantoms and to see the descent of Evil into its torn shrine... and to take the bloody result of the immortal's burden in the birth convulsions of cold infinity...

By revived movement of the darkest ones here we will be avenged in spite of our own losses, step by step taking away from the earth its time, watching the predators of our blood grow up, watching fledgelings break free from alien nests, taste others' pain and joy, and death, and eternal lives. We can bear our heavy diadems, our hard victories, our titanic sorrows and bronze sigils forward, marking the boundaries of new kingdoms, expanding wastelands and new ruins; but what can help us to take from the earth its superior blind cruelty, crush its blood-stained totem stakes, what can help us not to rise in black ashes like the shadows of its erstwhile soullessness, and not to become more merciful than its perdition? What will help us not to hope for our immortality and inhuman fate in the persistent overcoming of its unachieved perfection?..

Its vasts are trampled by the chase of vague chimeras in the elusory heavens, vain fancies and swinish indifference blotted the sky above it, the inmost depths of its sanctuaries are spotted with the aimless existence of the lots. Traces on the cold earth froze in wolf's instinct; gaping wounds of the wicked anticipation: when will geniuses of devil's spirit rise to continue their way?

We are granted to prolong ad infinitum the moment of time-devouring agony, we are to see the will of the whole world incapable of bringing to his knees the only man who opposes all the *targallu* of his own daring will against it; we are to put over the human fate the wisdom of his hardened heart and to accept him as the one of our kind, devouring his own creations, and satisfying his tearing greed in the predatory metabolism of the Beast. What will then prevent us from snatching the cursed sons of earth from the oppressive wardship of funeral spheres, and unleash all the demons of our spirit?..

Evil youth of human world plays on its debris, and looks into the depths of black waters with the impatience of an ancient vice, with the inflexibility of sophisticated great age overcoming itself in the long return to the undivided power beyond sin and innocence; thus they march – severe predators of the poor earth in their unyielding cohorts, finding themselves in denying the values of the kind of slaves, in cognizing the true essence of war, overcoming themselves in demonic transformation. Their faces are tired; they have no time to be young in this battle at the gate of Eternity. Their fortress is ready to test the whole might of the walls crashed down on them, their human homes burn down behind them, their will is inviolable, their honour is not stained with treason...

Few of them, the survivors, are capable of voluntarily sharing the toils of war and daring to shoulder the inhuman burden of Devil, choosing life as a likeness, but life still; life without the joy of living, comfortless life on the edge of a precipice, but life all the same, life necessary to them and imprescriptible from Doom in Abyss. They are wise and dangerous in their self-immolation, in their absolute selflessness when opening their hearts for exceptional victory, in the unspent depths of their natural potency throwing themselves into the breach, on

the barrier bristling with pikes. Deep scars on their souls, chasms filled with the primordial Darkness reveal: they will be inexorable in all that concerns their choice; they are invincible and have no fear when faced to danger. In the persistent struggle for the future they ruin themselves, foredooming those beside them to destruction, and we will not lie to them, accepting their destruction as their due, as bloody reward, as payments for work, telling them that possessors of the immensity of perfections are not perfect, but able of be the best in this voluntary imperfection.

Tried lots of guises, stepped over lots of barriers, absorbing souls and faces - we move tirelessly so as to guarantee imperishable pain of this world and personify the immortality of our Honour. Does Hell exist anywhere but in the hearts of It's sons? Does Hell possess any guise except their faces? Hell is not the flesh terrified by its own torments, Hell is not a measure of punishment, Hell is not a boundary, but the heights that can be achieved by the flames of burning soul itself. What is Hell then if it is not an assembly of dark souls in the pagan harmony of the primordial, genuine and supreme Evils in their aspiration?

Hell is many-faced indeed.

Hell is in war, Hell is in rebellion, Hell is in our state. Confidants of war, living pages of Belial's memory, pervade every inch of space with purgatory pain and incorruptible justice, making every wretched flesh tremble... Constantly in motion we are and will be in the infinity... unachievably high... inconceivably close...

We are – Hell, for those waiting for It from us; for those not waiting – we are the stings of Hell.

We will not accept the beggars who stopped on the threshold, counting on somebody's shoulders; we will not shepherd across the line those wishing to be carried along, seduced by the treasure of Hell shining not for them. To them, hiding in the embrace of undeserved love and undeserved hatred, we will not give the disillusioning way of infernal blessing, we will not give them a chance to prolong their unnecessary existence, but let them avoid many dangers of being among us, which is fair, for they are not worthy of Hell: they've lost the right to possess their own selves. They shouldn't have forgotten what is burning like flames in our hearts, what creates countless victims of this black earth, what makes them victims of their own impotence.

Many wished, but few were able to become worthy, few were able to become efficient in that war between god and them, few were able to find themselves in fearlessness of the character they create, daring the hateful enemy to a fight, going against his countless swords, and in the choice whether to be the Antichrist for Hell – or for the mob.

When those, dragging on others' lives, shift the blame for all Evil awakened on the earth to other shoulders – Devil follows their traces, but when they take on responsibilities, they follow Devil and toward the honour of the Beast, all dowered with the martial fate that is not the same for every one of them. They should be taught nobleness still. They should be taught understanding of all conceivable potentials and experience to increase Evil. When ever, in the name of all the damned, will they learn to be responsible to themselves, and will not incite others to actions they are not capable for?

Inside them, already aware of destroying burden of power, but only guessing about the true nature of demonic responsibility, their inviolable need to summon the diabolical spirit will prevail, and their own ability to incarnate true satanic necessity will continue in the irreversible tragic actions in the Name of all damned who joined this war. Power is just a synonym of responsibility for them. Steps of power – nothing but the steps to responsibility... and signs of unrestrained primordial blood.

What richness of their inner world calls to, if not to overcome the obstacles? To where do they break through and do not fear to exhaust the depth of their feelings, being aware of their mature love for Devil? Only deep waters are dark impenetrably and do not bring oblivion to the few ones destined to cross the Rubicon of their human right, do not give delight, nor

promise comfort, and their manifest is only reserved promises and weariless austerity of the demonic existence. These waters are banked high, their temper is wild, merciless and impartial; dauntless are the ones destined to go the way of the strong, go against the tide, aspired to their true source... Hellward.

This chosen struggle will dissect many a man, shatter the illusions of mysticism around truly esoteric knowledge and crush the auras of spiritual liars. Not once nor twice the ground will be cut from under feet, the ideals considered popular will be turned inside out, and the victims which were considered insignificant, thrown into the furnace in the cause of real victories in struggle against the strong enemy, will be appreciated at their true value. Besotting illusions of life, alluring with its instigations, will be shattered, but no one in the circle of Death will be attracted, no one will be seduced, leaving the best, the strongest, tried and experienced only. Sacrilege of the fools deserves contempt, those only who possess the keys of Doom for the benefit of Hell are worthy of their freedom, and blessed by Hell will be those who set open in human reality the gap of inaccessibility between the human - and all that comes from Satan. In the eyes of Hell, in their own eyes, it's better to be dead than accessible to the pretensions of all the worthless.

Changing layer after layer, this selection struggle will mix up notions and dissolve the true ones in the fog of prosiness. Not a gift, but damnation is to be resident in the souls of those who swore allegiance to Darkness, and many souls will long for harmless illusions and inviolable peace aloof from raging storms and unyielding breaking waves of war... But damnation will harden things that lie in the depth, if it is fidelity, honour and inflexibility of nature in the devotion to the fire of Devil lead them descent into Abyss, and this damnation will not shake, nor crush, but will only harden the core of the noble spirituality.

Who will then dare to throw out a challenge and take the bloody mask off, exposing his true face behind the blade *en garde?*.. We are what we are... we are like Death, we are like Devil, we are like Abyss. IN SUO SPECIE. Hot streams and violent storms of Hell. We are destroyers, but not peacemakers, we are the poison in the veins of Universe, but not the balm in its never healing wounds; we will not leave placid shelters on the scorched earth to return, and our infernal metamorphoses with its cruel revelation will not serve as a consolation in the humble existence of the divine virtue's disparaged pretensions. Disproving myths, acting perfidiously over the superstitions of mankind in conscious perceiving of monstrous truths, we do our duty and open the gate to all the winds of cognition in the chosen effective ways of fighting, in realization of our potential, in incarnating the menacing original cause of immemorial confrontation

Throwing together – flesh against flesh, armour against armour, heart against heart in the combat with the ancient adversary, we are to clinch the primordial argument dissecting the alien structures on the way of our foreseen return to the undivided greatness, to the original power, to the primeval existence of all the living and dead, incarnated and unbeknown, in the primitive absence of innocence and sin, in the undivided, single reality, reality SINE DEO...

We are alone the judges of our intentions, and Hell only can judge our Actions.

Releasing from our disgodded flesh, from the depths of our disfigured souls the cruel creation of our unconquerable spirit, ruthless and powerful, we raise the black bastions of Hell which pierce through all the depths and matters with its inexhaustible potential in the inexorable motion of the primordial Evil, breaking the boundaries of spiritual isolation, demolishing the foundations of the live god, from out the hearts of the foredoomed world upheaving with fury under the standards of Asmodeus, transforming everything and everywhere, to the unshakable altars of Abaddon...

Wherever we are all, wherever one of us –

We keep our devotion to Hell.

We keep our devotion to ourselves.

In Officio permanimus.

