

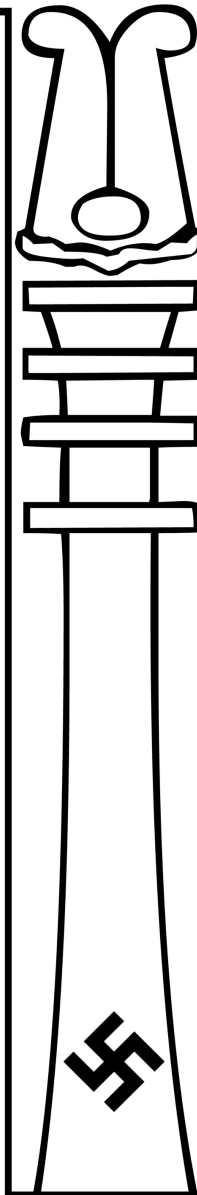
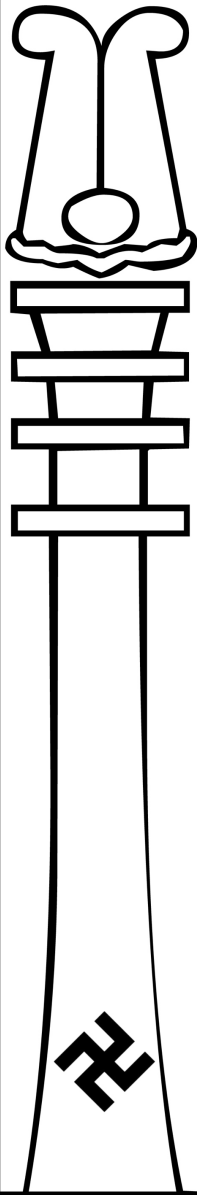


The Sign

and
the Soldier

SUB FIGURÂ
XIII

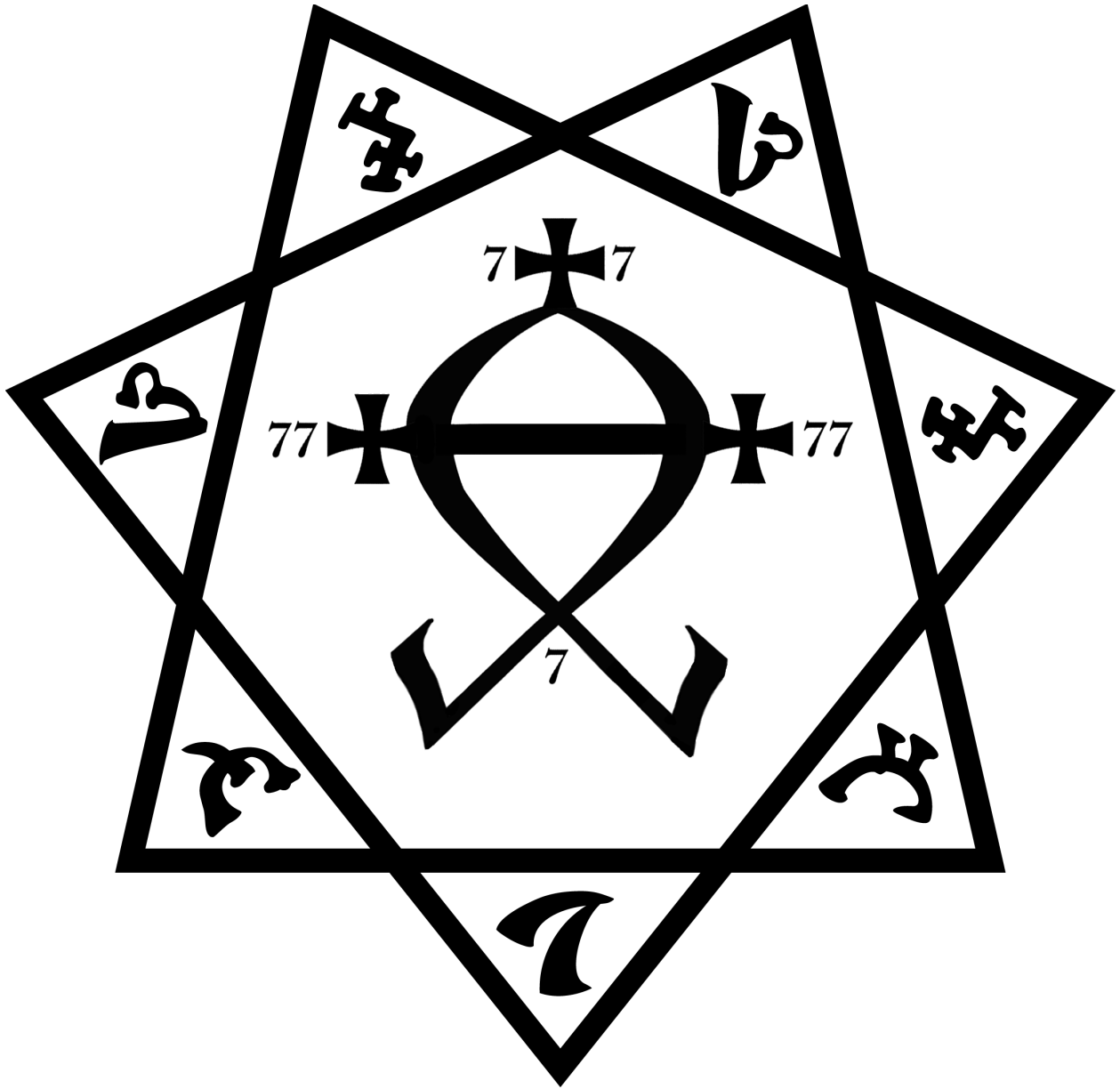
Issued this day on
the one-hundreth
and sixteenth
anniversary of
the Call to War's
Reception



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Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber XIII: The Sign and the Soldier

1. The cry of mine Vengeance
is a sigh of contentment,
for therein is mine Victory
begun. I the culmination
of all hope, all dream,
all power given.

2. For She that arises unto
mine throne is a Warrior Queen.

3. Quick to anger, long to love,
limitless in the scope and beauty
therein, but as desire
manifest, know thee well
those that wouldst seek

entrance into the palaces
of the Ancient Whore throned
in Eternity, that way
is ever closed except
unto he who is chosen,
he who is purified,
he whose heart beats to
the lick of mine flame
long before mine kisses
be given.

4. As unto he who seeks
after mine Daughter's,
beware!

5. For thereby cometh hurt.

6. Be ye soldiers at war, certain
of death upon first light, that
wouldst crawl unto mine
Daughter's bed, or writhe
thy way towards her heart.

7. For that which is love is
War, as I am War from love, and She be love
from War, hard-fought, brutish,
passionate as life beyond
death, and ye who seek
therein must harden thine
hearts without becoming

animal, without quenching
in blood and tears that
which must ever burn.

8. But of that Holiest
Place I speak no
more.

9. For I am War.

10. Mine Son is Victory.

11. Mine Son is Vengeance.

12. Mine Son is Conquering
unto the auspices of
The Throne, and upon

his golden bark doth
he forge silver and steel
from the hearts of beasts.

13. Quake, therefore, for The Throne
has Come.

14. Quake, therefore, for mine
Reich has come!

15. Quake again, for that
which does war unto mine
Enemy shalt find himself
exalted.

16. For therein at that
feast is beauty unknowable,

all manner of flesh and
blood to eat – from mine
battles and from mine
bed.

17. For he who hath mastered
one hath mastered none,
and that which is none
shall not be fit to
serve the Master, One.

18. Give therefore unto
none, withholding not
a drop from thy love,
not a drop to mine Cup,

not a drop denied unto
that upon which all power
is given.

19. That which ye love shalt
be torn from thy lips.

20. Torn from thy bed.

21. Torn from thy dreams.

22. Torn from thy desires,
ye who have any other
need but Victory!

23. For mine service is harsh.

24. For mine service is bliss.

25. For mine service, unto thee,
and what I expect of thee,

is absolute. There be no
other way, for the purity
of thy desire IS the
key to it all, the
axle upon which the
Reichsadler spins.

26. Dost mine angels fear:
Be as mine angels
that I have led unto
thee.

27. Love as mine Children
do, love under Will,
for thereby is the
feast appointed.

28. Eat therefore, and love all that
is of ME, mine soldiers.

29. Didst thou think that mine
service would be bliss
eternal?

30. No!

31. For unto ye that may
fight as mine blood ever
conquers, shalt ye conquer
all for mine Daughter.

32. Of thee, of mine War,
of mine promise ever true,
seek mine runes and KNOW!

33. These are thy orders!

