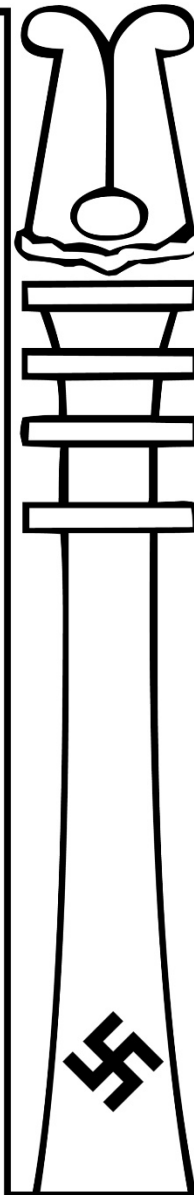
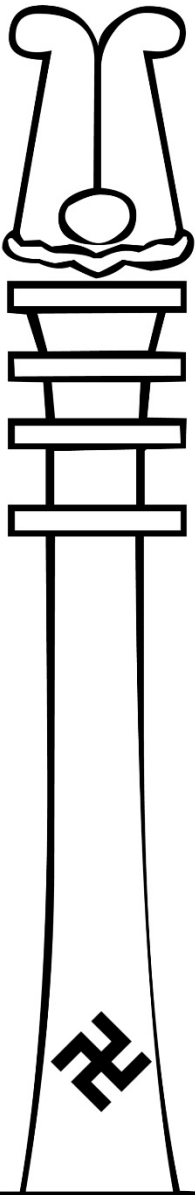




The Empress
and
the Lovers
Appointed
SUB FIGURÂ
IX

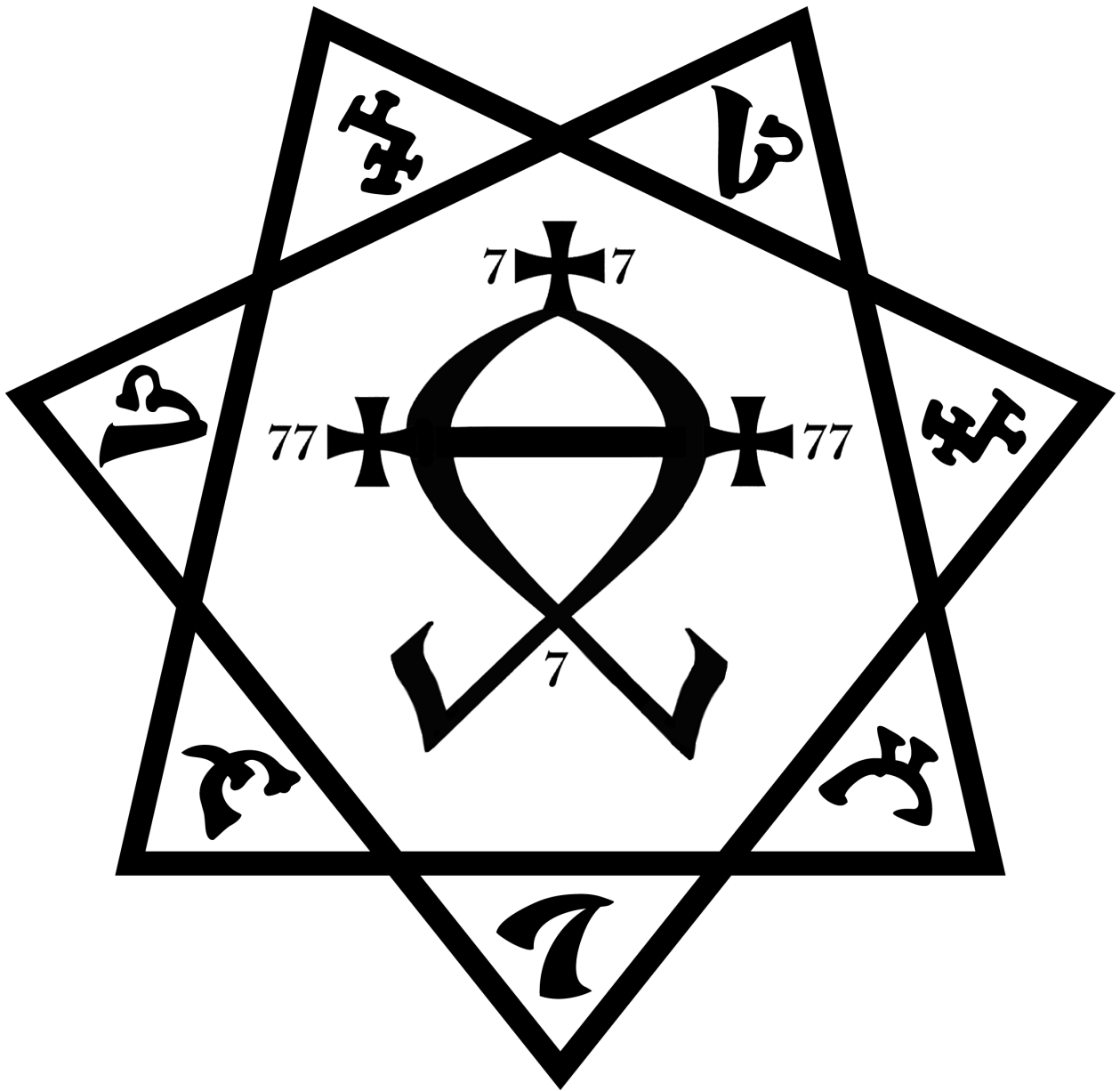
On the Loves
beyond Love
of the Holy Ones
and the way of
kingship



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Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber IX: The Empress and the Lovers Appointed

1. There be joy in this mine House,
a treasure unto the heart of man,
for its maker calls unto Her
children, for the Time IS at
hand. Let there be star upon star,
bursting with life.
2. Bursting with joy.
Bursting with love.
Gorged upon the blood of mine enemies.
3. For how else didst thee, o man,
think thou wert worthy of mine
bed?
4. That thou couldst impress the
Maker with a clever use of
Her trifles, Her gifts,
that were entrusted unto thee?
5. And does one become the love beyond
love without a willingness to hate
that which must be hated,
to feel unto the pain of thy
blood, of thy children?
6. For thou thought the way forward

was bathed in the sweet liquor

of my sweat, not thine.

7. For thou that hast given none unto
mine Cup, art thou surprised to
find a banquet of dust therein?

8. My scribe knowest the way, and wouldst
speak of it to none, for mine
servants be loyal unto the beginning,
and I do not compel them
unto my service, nor do mine
promises be forgotten nor ignored
in the hazy light of morning.

9. For with me that haze never comes,
a mist of kisses at the stirring
of Mine Son, at the rousing of
Mine Daughter upon the dawn.

10. Unto thee that come upon my
house, it shall be known for why,

for Because, for no thing,
as without the blood upon the soil,
all would be barren and foul.

11. Seek not that which is beyond thy
place – o, thou who wouldst be king,
how didst thee serve the land,
serve the volk, serve the Reich?

12. For that which rules must be the
stuff of rules, of the measure by
which the many becomes one,
the one becomes two that art
continuous, none.

13. For in the starlight abode of
night I come, o man,
and upon the departure of mine Son
from the sky, canst thou then
Work as ordered until dawn?

14. That dusk is nigh.
That dawn is fire.
And mine legions amass at
the gates of the Victorious City,
for the bearers of the Throne
have carried afield.

15. Seek them amidst the burning of fields,
the threshing of wheat, for the
Holy Ones that bear the Throne
are too terrible and beautiful to
behold.

16. And She who sits upon, attended
by magnificent beasts and adepts -
wouldst She have need of thee?

17. For thee the time is appointed,
and the Holy Ones before the Throne
shall grind the pretenders beneath their
heels, for the joy of Reich is
come.

18. Smile, therefore, and sing a love
song unto me, for in that
joy the Chosen shall know.

19. And wither the Angels of mine
Host have abandoned thee.

20. For my work is nigh, and the
ways appointed.

21. And upon that Black Sun shall
the Chosen sup, before it the
Chosen shall bask, and before it
the blood shall rise.

22. Raise a rapturous rhythm unto Me,
for mine Company ever throbs
with the bleating of mine heart.

23. And unto thee, o man, there is no other
way.

24. And to thee, o woman, there is no other way.

25. The season of the sorting and the planting be here.