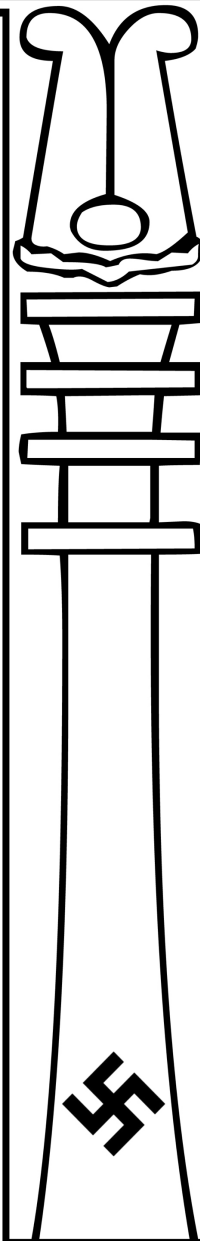
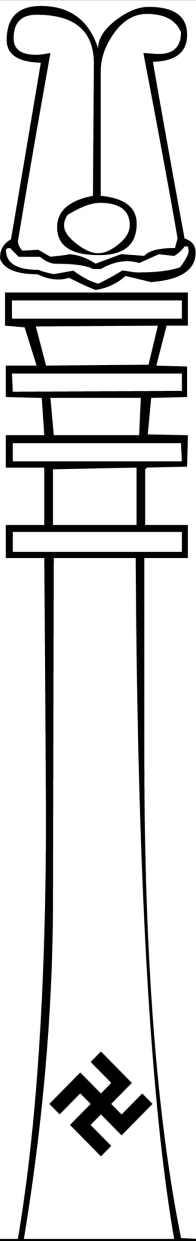
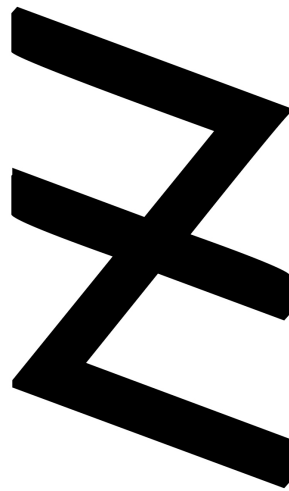




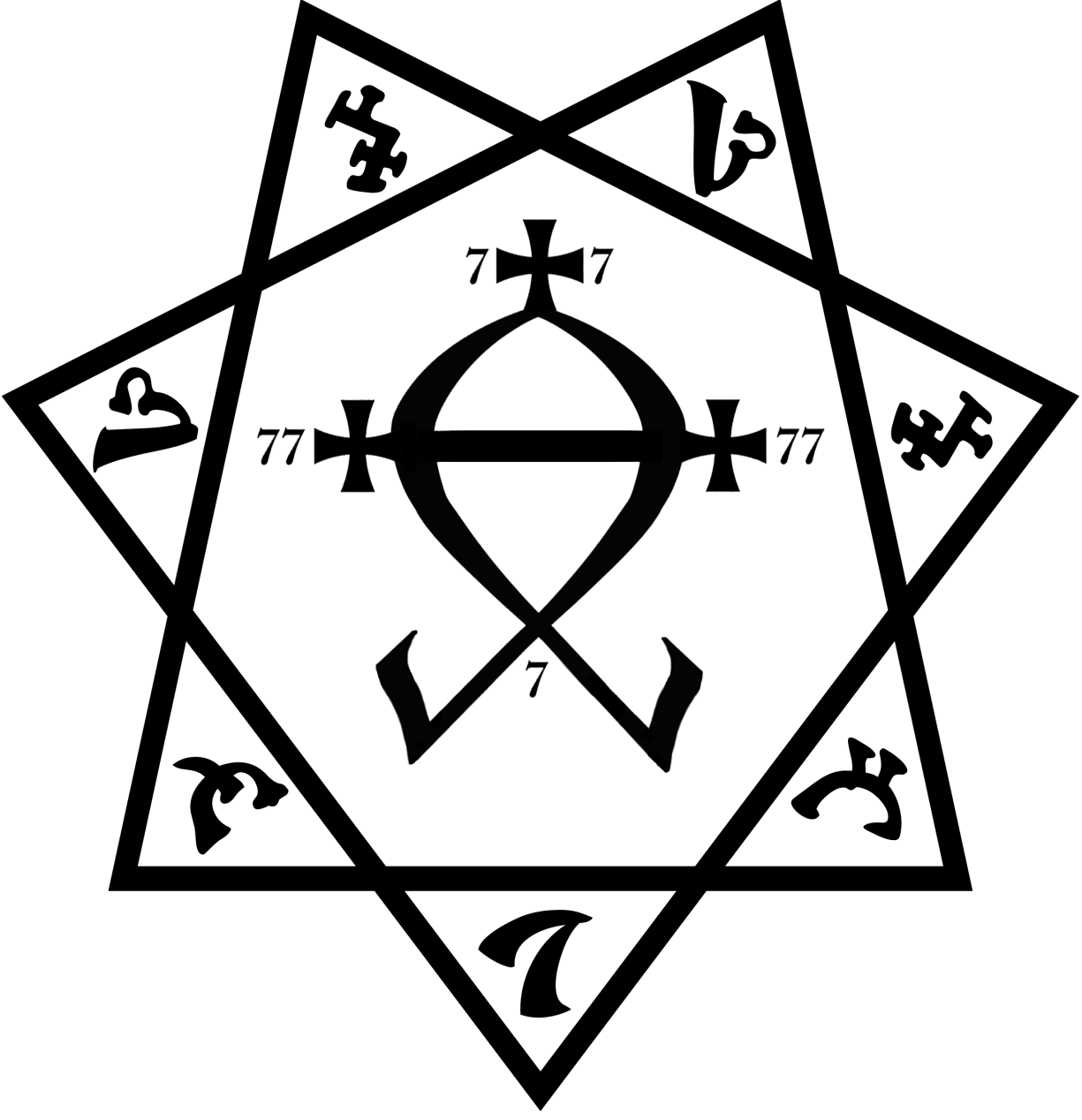
The Fire
of all
that is nothing
SUB FIGURÂ
ZERO



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Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber Zero : The Fire of all that is nothing

1. Hither is the call of mine Well,
ye who Knowest not the maker was
She.

2. In love's sake alone didst this
become – the joy of the making,
the joy of the sowing, the joy
of the raising, the bliss of
mine Children grown mightily
from mine root, from mine blood.

3. Of thee I demand no lofty
temples, nor the gold of the
Jew.

4. But one tool of mine be
gold; the rest be mine Son
- a tool beyond tools,
alight with mine love.

5. Mistake not this for a loss
of beauty nor a lack of
appreciation of that which
I have made.

6. But those metals
sacred unto me shine
brightly, luminescent,
but like what I am,
the firm embrace and
hand of love must be applied
for mine shine, mine
radiance, mine kisses to
reflect unto thee.

7. To me, thy hands.

8. To me, thine heart.

9. From me, thy blood.

10. Of We, the joy

everlasting of mine Throne,
given unto mine Duaghter
and entrusted Her care unto mine
Son – there be no bounds
nor bonds but love, no pain without
purpose, no kiss without warmth.

11. For from the time beyond time,
form before formlessness, didst
I put berauty and love before
power.

12. For Why?

13. There be no purpose in power
without purpose, and mine
purpose is the joy of the
making.

14. And of that which is
made, feel mine hand and
mine breath, and Know
there be Reich amidst
all – for in the bounds
of blood and soil I
be boundless, infinite.

15. Beneath mine kisses
there be no difference -
one be as precious
as nineteen to the
wise.

16. And nineteen and seven
are the measure of
my love unto mine

Volk, and twenty and one and
four and twenty and three and
a dozen the ways I made
the worlds.

17. Count well mine paths
and mine kisses; there are none
and the same.

18. Yea, they be none and
the same.

19. The moment of dissolution is at
hand.

20. Unite! Appear! Arise!

21. Kiss me, kiss me, for
a maid under a May

moon I be but once,
and shalt thou meet
mine kisses, or grope
at mine bounty?

22. Under mine star
ye shall know one
well.

23. And to that Well
I ever come, am
ever lovely, and
am ever reigning.

24. That season be come.

25. Mine song be sung.

