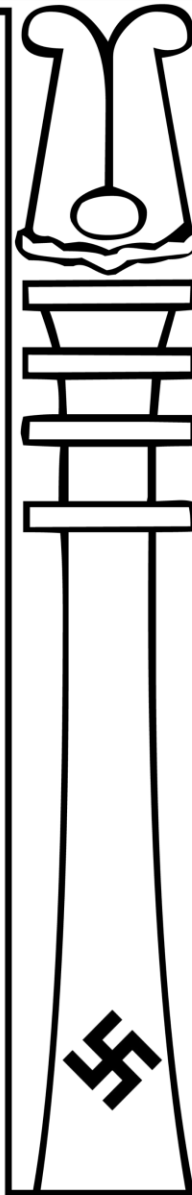
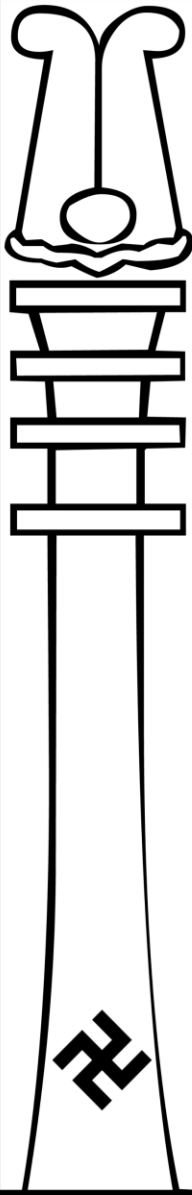




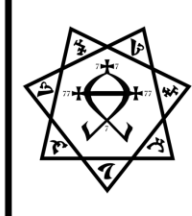
Liber Six & Fifty
vel Azure:
The Wanton
and
the Warrior

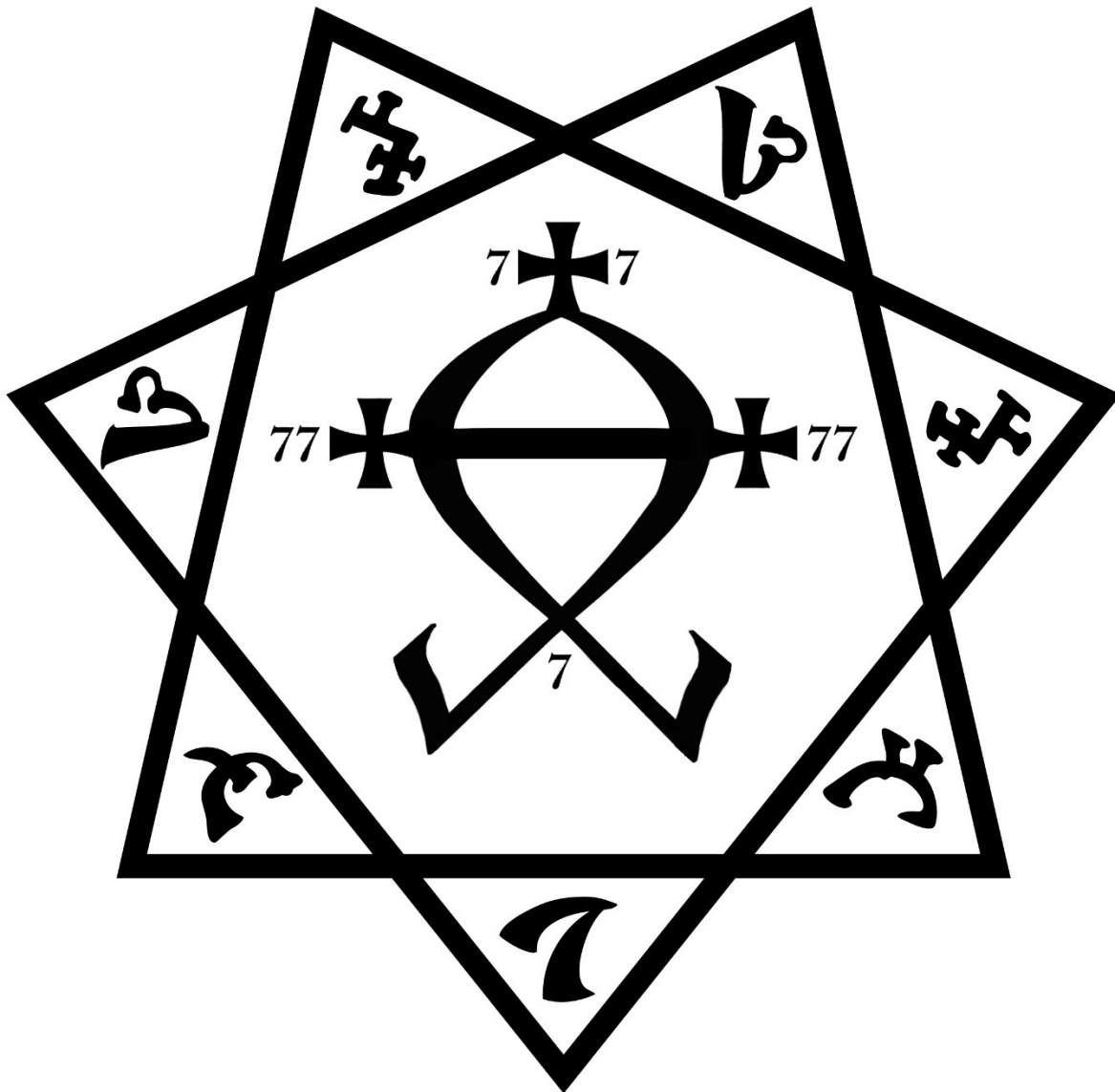
An edict upon
the sounding
of the Horn



ᚠᚦᚠᚦᚦᚦᚦᚦᚦ
ᚠᚦᚦᚦᚦᚦᚦᚦᚦ

Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber Six & Fifty vel Azure: the Wanton and the Warrior

1. The horn sounds at the voluptuous
braying of the moon, the effulgent
radiance of my motherhood naked and
shameless in the brazen cloak of night.

2. And lo! There be a shine beyond light,
the beauty of sand, the mystery
of majesty, the flowing of mine kisses
upon the Rhineland.

3. Upon Europa, the vast expanse
and beauty of mine Daughter's dance,
for the time of the mystery
of the runes, of the letters,
be now done an begun,
in the fullness of the moon
by which all doth shine,
pregnant with the system
and sisterhood of the mothers
who await the Victory of the
land, of the righteous cry of

the forgotten war, waged upon behalf of
the children not yet born.

4. But the time of conception
be love, joyous, and true and
among the fields, among the volk,
the precious ones whose bellies swell
with the kiss of life, their breasts
swollen with the shower of life.

5. And yea, ye women, shall rise and
anoint thy children, and caress fiercely
the flesh of thy mates, for if
he canst bear the utterance
and manifestation of thine rapture, he
be bought, by no hand nor man of earth
and field.

6. Oh, ye wardens of the Compass,
let forth mine beasts of war.

7. Let mine complement loose upon the
legions of mine enemy.

8. Let mine completion offer unto Me.

9. Let He-who-is plunge and devour
mine kisses with the savage fullness of
the yearning of the blood, by which
mine lusts only grow as the
light of the moon streams from
mine skin, the tresses of Eternity
flung upon mine shoulders down mine
back, upon mine breasts slick
with sweat.

10. O, young flame!

11. O, joyous flame!

12. Dance from mine eyes to
mine complement, into the marrow
of He-who-is, and He-who-ever-shall
-be, and the in the joyous dissolution

of the azure light of becoming, let
there be the mark of mine kisses upon
his flesh, the scourge of mine claws
having drawn blood from his lips and loins,
for I have the savage passion of
moonlit skies.

13. O, let mine stars burst upon the
blackness of night, and light
the way for the coming of the End.

14. For it be why mine Kingdom is
made.

15. It be why the joyous rapture of
mine marriage bed have ruptured with
love, drowning in the living
swell of mine kisses,
mine cries of ecstasy unheard
against the horns of War.

16. Think ye not upon my pregnancy

of possibility, of the things found
that could be lost in the flaming
desire for Victory, for mine Vengeance,
for the Vindication of the righteous
who sit at the right hand of
mine Daughter.

17. For they whose loyalty is honor,
and whose honor is love, and whose
honor is liberty, whose liberty
be love, and whose love be
forged in the bloody kisses of
Götterdämmerung, the Cup
be raised against the
starry skies, and only
a chance cloud shall conceal
understanding the brilliance of
mine quarter, the roundness
and beauty of mystery of

mine creation, the joy of watching mine
Children take strides past the
accomplishments of the Maker.

18. And the love- o, that love – that
be loyalty and beauty stooping the
night sky of mine flesh, and
the cries of passion that mark the
coming of dawn.

19. And mark the coming of War.

20. O, ye who not understand mine ways,
it be too late.

21. For the Maker hat made, and
the swelling of the stars shall
burst at the cry of mine
passions, the dancing splendour
of mine flame, and the destructive

redemption of mine love, of the black
wingspan of mine Host, of the
radiant fullness of mine complement,
of mine Children, for whom I have
made all upon the world, and above the
world, and the war-cry of that
Victory to come.

22. Swell with lust.

23. Swell with pride.

24. Swell with discipline.

25. Mine War be here,
and mine hair of eternity be
slick with the blood of mine
Enemy.

26. Oh, mine lord Hadit, abide
with me in star-stooped splendour
and caress these fingers of
night.

27. Yea, caress these smoky
fingers of night.

28. Yea, knead these breasts, and grasp
mine lips, for I shall lead thee
in war and unto Victory, if ye
but dare.

29. Yea, mine saints, arise!

30. Yea, mine Children, come unto thy
Maker and become as Me.

31. Surpass the gateway unto the
stars, and dance beyond the corridor
of time.

32. And there be only one corridor
unto the joy of dissolution,
the sacred matrimony of the
Chosen of the Throne, the
birthright of the voluptuous

night skies given over to the
rapture of blood.

33. Given over to the rapture of
Victory.

34. Given over to the unspeakable scope
of mine Vengeance.

35. Given over to the limitless promise
of the vault of mine body,
arched against the fullness
of the moon.

36. For mine war be here, and the
wanton becomes the warrior-Queen,
and the reticence of indecision
be swept away by the radiant
fullness of mine Daughter, Empress
arisen against a curtain of night.

37. And ye who be distracted by the dance
of mine fire, know that the End be
near, and it be the world
of the world without end,
and mine Time be now and forever,
the Kisses of Eternity.