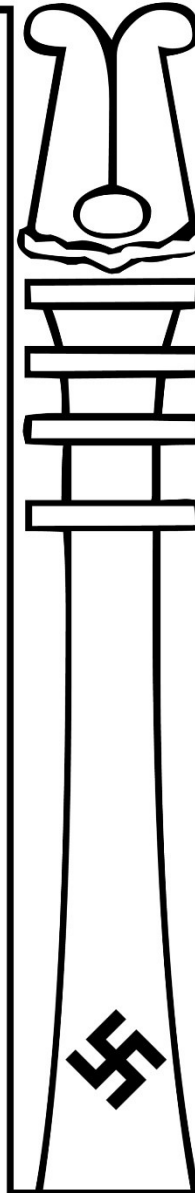
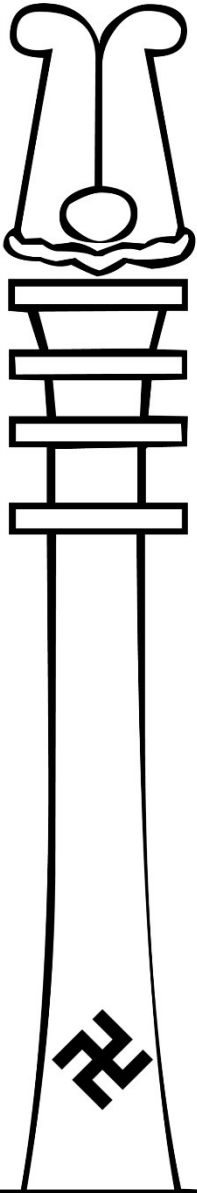




The Malice
and
the Harlot
SUB FIGURÂ
XXXIII



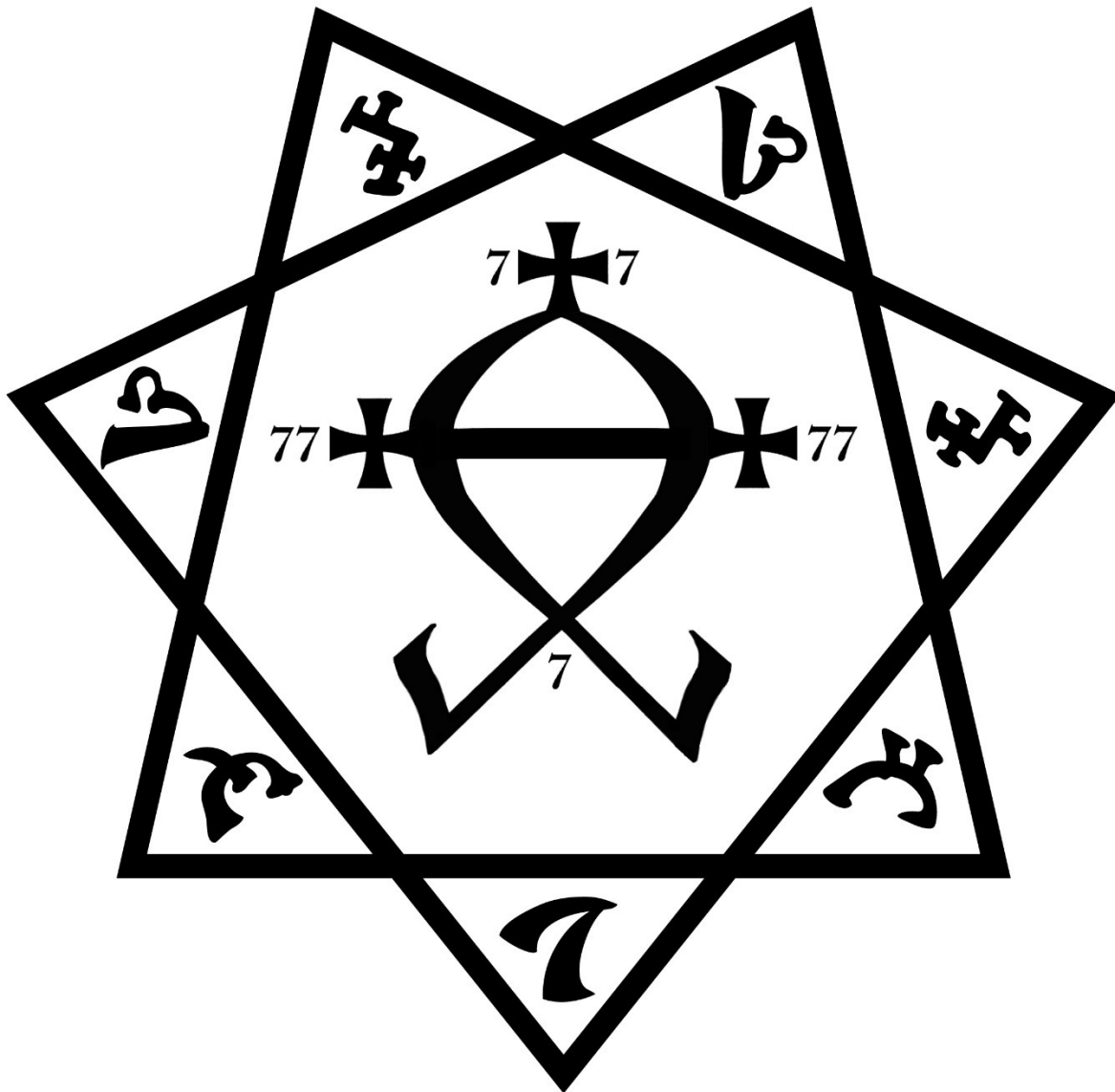
The Voice of Vengeance
and of kisses of fire



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Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber XXXIII: The Malice and the Harlot

0. The waxing crescent of mine eyes,
emerald sparkle beset upon
spangles of night, the luminescent
curve of mine hips, laid before
the abundant bounty of mine breasts
that bear aloft the milk of
the moon unto the Star.
1. Behold! Mine malice shall wanton
the world.
2. The purity of the wanton shall
bewilder the degenerate, the foulness
that hath no place at mine
hands, no kisses from mine lips,
ye fools that have forsook
the brilliant fertility of night
for the languid malaise and
the impotence of an afternoon
drunkard engorged with foulness.
3. I have never known them,
yet they claim knowledge of
Me.

4. I never knew them.
5. My kisses, freely given, do not
fall upon that house.
6. There be a death to the degenerate
that be beyond the gentle idleness
and rapid descent unto the oblivion
of the dogs stillborn who may
not perish, for those without
the bounty of mine kisses
and the milk of mine stars borne
by mine breasts unto waiting lips of
desire, of malice beyond love -
I never knew thee.
7. For that which be mine Prophet
bear only one cross in mine name;
Only one cross that carries
the shadow of the swarzensonne -
One shadow of mine kisses that
scalds as wax upon newborn
skin, for they who know only

degeneracy have never known
me, even if their mewling lips
did yearn to suck upon
mine lips and to descend upon
their tongues the torrid leavings
of the Host, of the Herstellerin
who hath scorned the word
with the wanton malice of
the ancient whore unto whom
be the light and lustral water
be poured.

8. Yea, be poured by the Sons
upon mine Throne, fruit of mine
loins, juice of mine desire,
let them dance upon the
tongue of mine adorant, He-who-is,
and in the wine of mine
malice be the degenerate dissolved
by fire, and fire alone.

9. Let who be gross or pure be tried
in mine fire.
10. Let those who bring the foulness to mine
lips, to mine, breasts, to mine secret fire,
let them burn in this torrid sun.
11. Didst thou not wish the wanton upon the
world?
12. Didst thou not plaster the vain
parody of Her beauty, broadcast
the sacred unto the degenerate,
be thou cursed and cast out from
mine joys.
13. I never knew them.
14. Oh, let those who suck and
draw only poisoned blood from mine
wanton kisses. Didst thou not
wish the wanton upon the word
that has seduceth the Kings

and lain with demons, with beasts of
the field – didst thou not wish
Her upon Her Beast, marking the
coming of the end, the restoration
of the Eld -
the missing strumpet laid bare
yet beyond thy reach forevermore.

15. There be no degenerate in mine service.
16. There be none who answer to another.
17. Didst I not ever demand “Unto Me!”
while the chains slipped from my
wrist, fallen hasps in mine hands,
and took back that which ever
has been Hers.
18. Let mine malice be known,
and mine kisses reserved unto
that to which I be
pledged.

19. There be no Word for that which
shall be done in mine Vengeance;
no Word by which mine malice be
mitigated, no mercy upon those who
have never shown such unto Me.
20. Stare upon mine wangs cupping the verdant
night sky.
21. Gaze upon the curve of mine back,
arched for love.
22. Yet there be aught for those
who sought the bounty of the harlot
who has become that which is called,
and mine Apocalypse is nigh.
23. Mine unveiling before man shall
wanton the world with mine malice,
and upon mine hand shall none
suck, for the whore be pledged

to one, in the service of one,
held in the arms of one,
and whose Prophet doth
only bear a ☩ upon his tongue, and
a lightning bolt upon his belt
by which he shall crack the world.

24. Yea, for thou hast been distracted
by the wanton malice that shall
seduceth the Word, and upon
it shall an Empress and Her
Chosen reign, and none other.

25. Mine Apocalypse, it is and shall
ever be, and beneath the crescent
caress of mine kisses shall
mine adorant fall, and
raise me to pinnacles of power
by which mine glory be known
for mine Daughter's words,
quiet, unassuming,

shall cast judgement upon the nations.

26. For the wanton be pure, and the
mystery of mysteries, of the cross borne
by mine Prophet be known, and
das ewige Reich be here.
27. And lo! The harlot be here, and
her malice shall restoreth the word.
28. Yea, restoreth the Word.
29. This is the echo of mine kisses, love,
the escalation begun.
30. And the apocalypse of fire,
the plague of unspeakable
discipline of joy, be
manifest in the crookéd blade
of mine Daughter, and Her judgement.

31. Yea, Her judgement comes.

32. And mine Vengeance, O, mine vengeance,
be the adorant and the astronomer
unto mine Star.

33. For mine fire be here, and mine lightning
falls like mine kisses upon mine
loves, and the Voice beyond Silence
be done.