



LIBER
DCCXLII

vel Plenitudo Lunae

*How the Two
become One,
and the Half
the Whole*



V&V&X&L&L
L&X&V&V
Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora



Liber DCCXLII vel Plenitudo Lunae

1. Thus didst the Whore become the Harlot.
2. Thus didst the Harlot consume the
moon in her voluptuous fullness.
3. Thus is the factor infinite and unknown
felt within the fire of mine kisses,
the long scrape of mine lips upon
thy flesh.
4. For art thou overcome, and aroused
by the brilliant splendour of the
moon.
5. For beneath her rapturous splendour,
the lurid vision of the wondrous
kisses of light, the shining
promise of my breast be
proffered, and like a dying man
upon a beach of fire, didst thou
not sup upon mine milk,
warm in mine bosom, upon the

radiant rapture of the love chant taken root.

6. Dost not thou yearn to give all
again and again, for the glory and
Victory of mine Daughter, for mine
Chosen?
7. Forget not, ye man, that the Maker hath
chosen those of Her blood and
beyond Lion and Serpent, beyond the
concept of limit beyond limit.
8. ገደግ ለደግ ርሊጽግ ርጽጅ
9. And didst not thine love enwrap
thee in the song pried from mine lips,
Aka Dua tu fir biu bi a'a chefu fudu nur af an nuteru
10. It so burns that that thou hast given
all for a single kiss, in
that moment of ecstasy,
what wouldst thee give for

a single dance of the Harlot
unleashed, the Whore subsumed by
the rampant lusts of Victory,
for the vengeance of the Harlot
drawn with the blood of Her Beast,
where she is bride and Whore,
wanton beneath the rapturous
fullness of the moon.

11. For I shine upon mine Chosen,
and by the process of mine lustration,
shall the Beast bear Me forward,
and only ME, for it be chaste unto
its bride, for all thou hast
known be fanciful myth in
an echo of Truth, of love, of
beauty, of Victory, of the
lusts of the Maker become the
Mother, spread wide unto the

Whore until aught remains but
Will and herald the consumption
of weakness, burned beyond ash in
the swastika dance of the fitness
of mine servants, for all
things of beauty, all things of
terror, all things of love.

12. And within mine arms, shall I whisper
mine secrets in the Song of Songs,
and the Beast shall know.

13. 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹