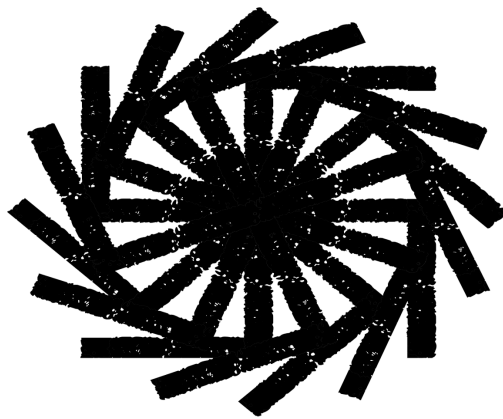
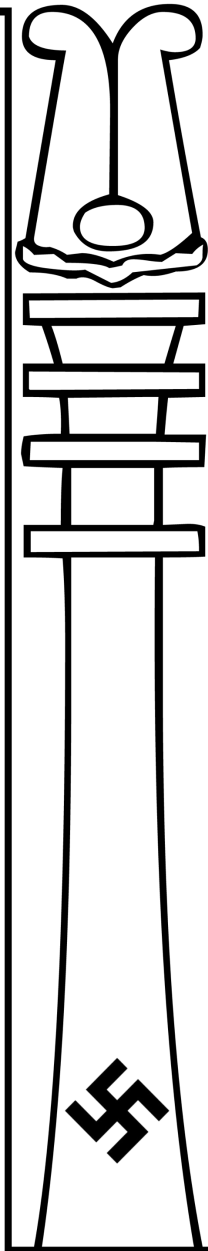
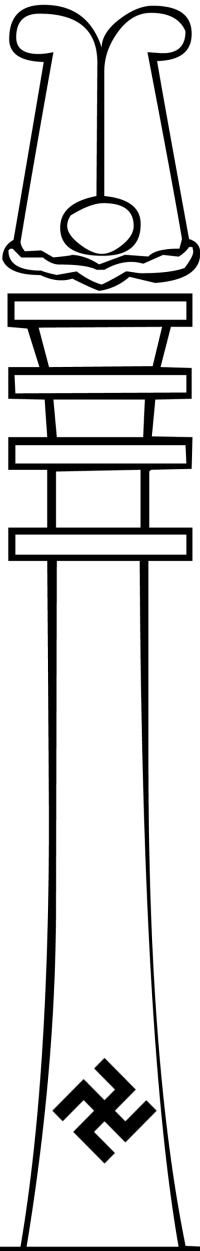




The
Maelstrom's
Caress
SUB FIGURÂ
X



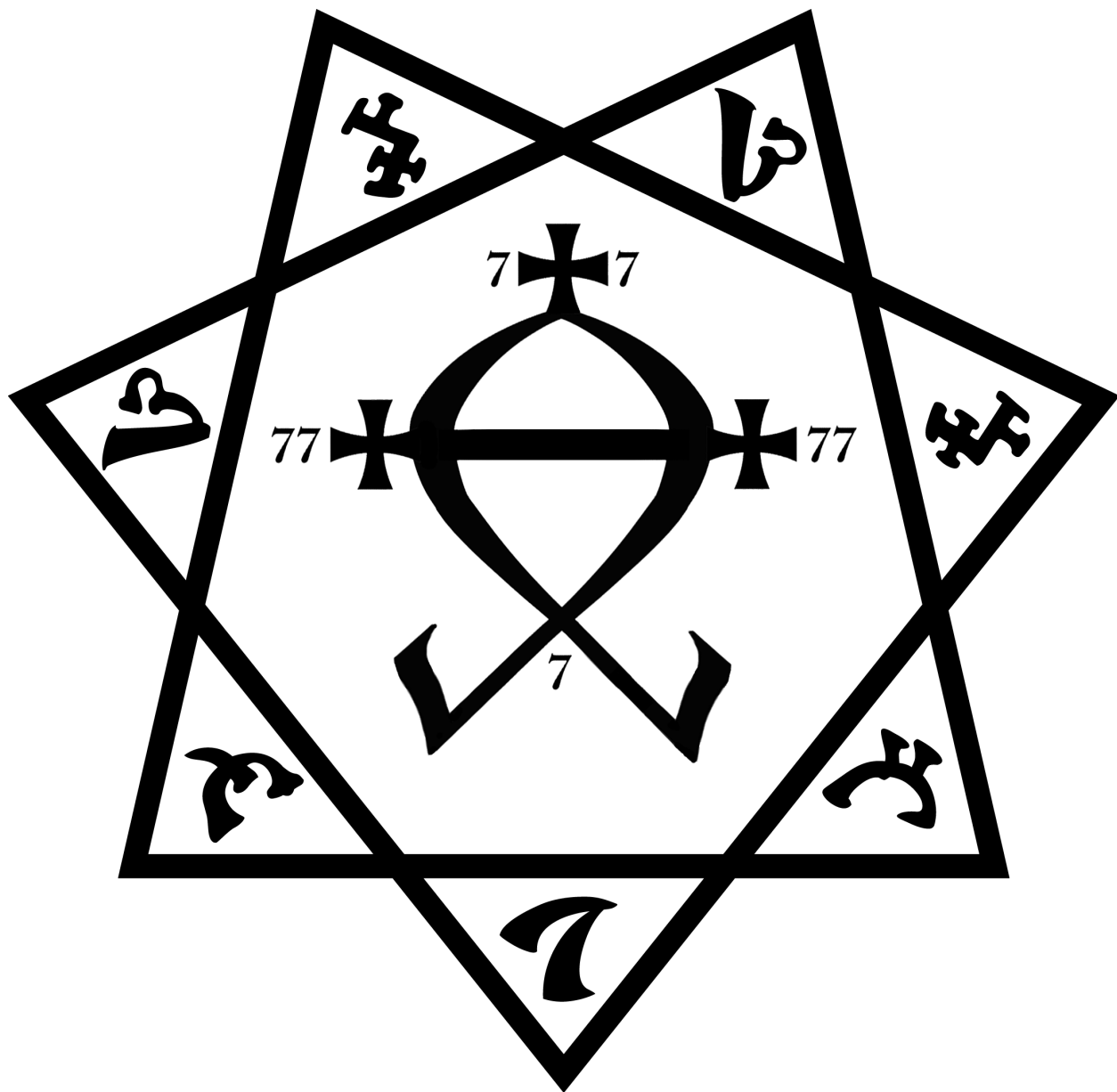
Her Song, ever thus



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Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber X: The Maelstrom's Caress

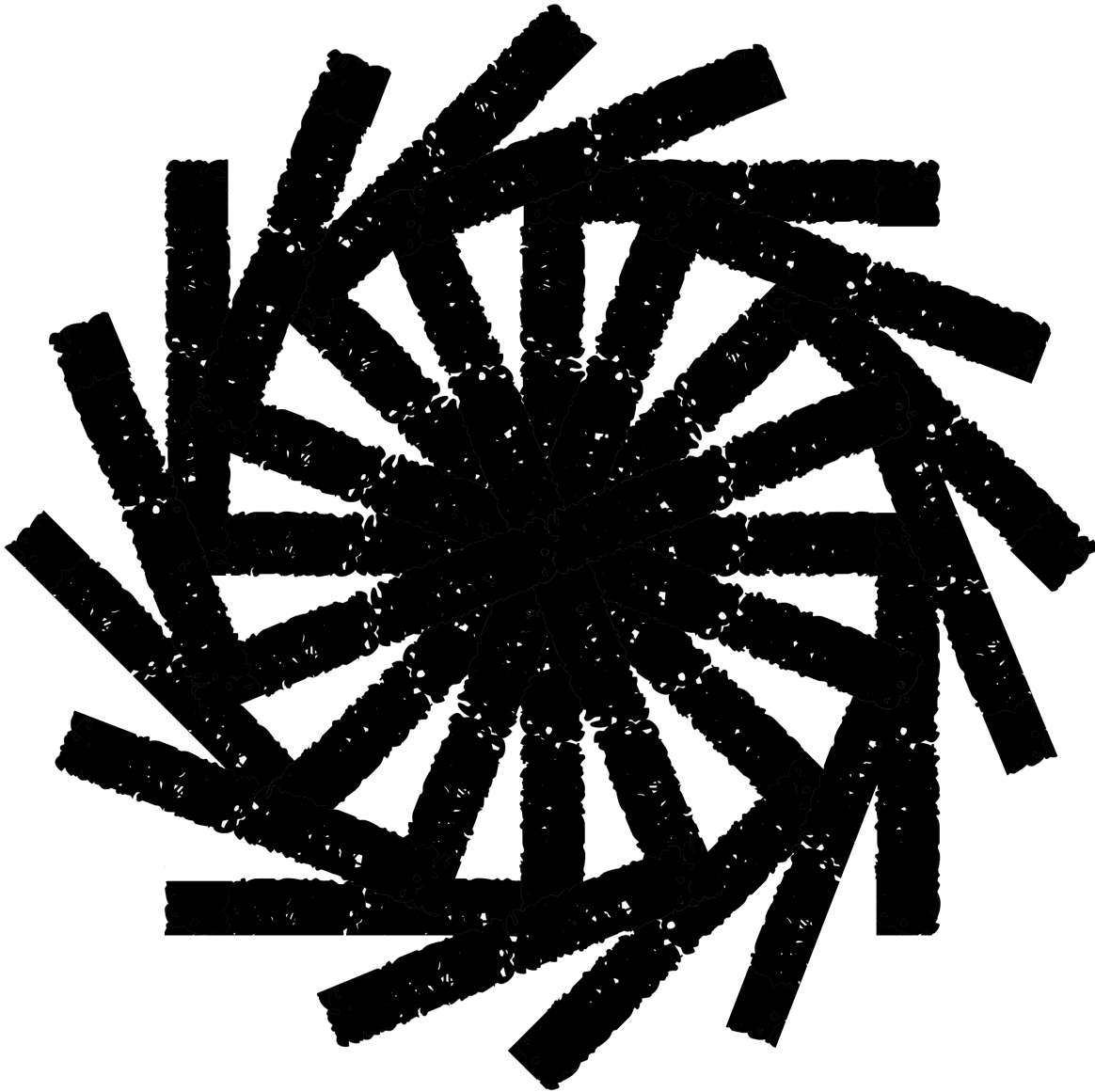
1. Of the Maelstrom come I,
not the whore expected, mouth agape
with gasps of lust, a bauble
upon a beast arisen – but the
vicious harlot who hath taken her
fill of love, her Will unbound, her
back arched only with her truest
loves.

2. For why? The song be sung, and
the Harlot's rapture be the icy
hand of Will and the steel touch
of pain, endured and earned unto
rapture for love's sake, for the
certainty of re-emergence.

3. And dance She does, twirling
upon the strands of Light,
her cries of anguish and ecstasy,
throbbing with the passion of

joy.

4.



5. She sighs, the breath eternal
of the Well pregnant, not with
child but with Will, a

blade clutched between her teeth
presaging her kisses upon the world.

6. Behold! There be one Will
in four arms, in four mouths,
upon four tongues, entwined about
the firmament of creation!

7. Behold, as mine servants stoop in
ecstasy to kiss the naked ardours
of Nuit.

8. Behold! As mine singularity, mine
star, mine darkneses flow upon
thee in the eternal eclipse
of night.

9. And should ye not feel my lips upon
thy flesh, mine blood within thine veins,
know that thou hast been forsaken -
that the Mistress of He-Who-Is the
Master of mine Temple has judged
and found ye wanting, and not even the
entreaties and pleas of mine children

will stay mine hand.

10. But should that hand not be raised
against thee, thrill to the ecstasy of its digits snaking about thee,
and draw mine runes and sigils upon thine flesh.

11. Embrace what is done, and that
shall be, for the Harlot of
Harlots has emerged, and She
smiles the wanton grin of the
Vengeful slattern who has eaten
the heart of the Enemy and desireth
ever to more.

12. To War, mine Host!

13. To War, mine Children!

14. For if thou knowest not of War,
thou knowest not of Love,
and if thou knowest not love
and lust therein, it be not
my War thou dost fight.

15. Unto mine kisses retire,
and coil thyself about mine
Swastika in the night, for
there be aught but that love
and that touch in the
pinwheel dance beyond time.

16. The Maelstrom be MINE.

17. The Maelstrom be MINE.

