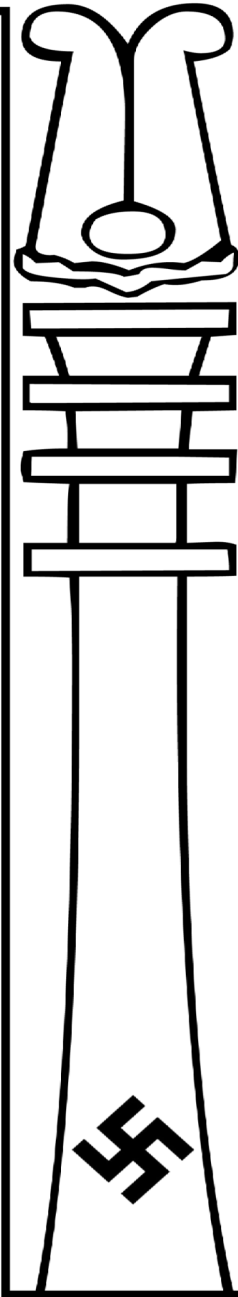
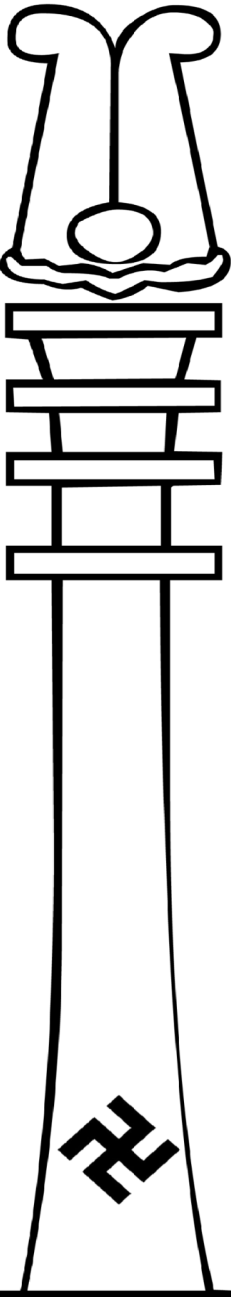




The Ecstasy
&
the Apocalypse
SUB FIGURÂ
DCXVIII

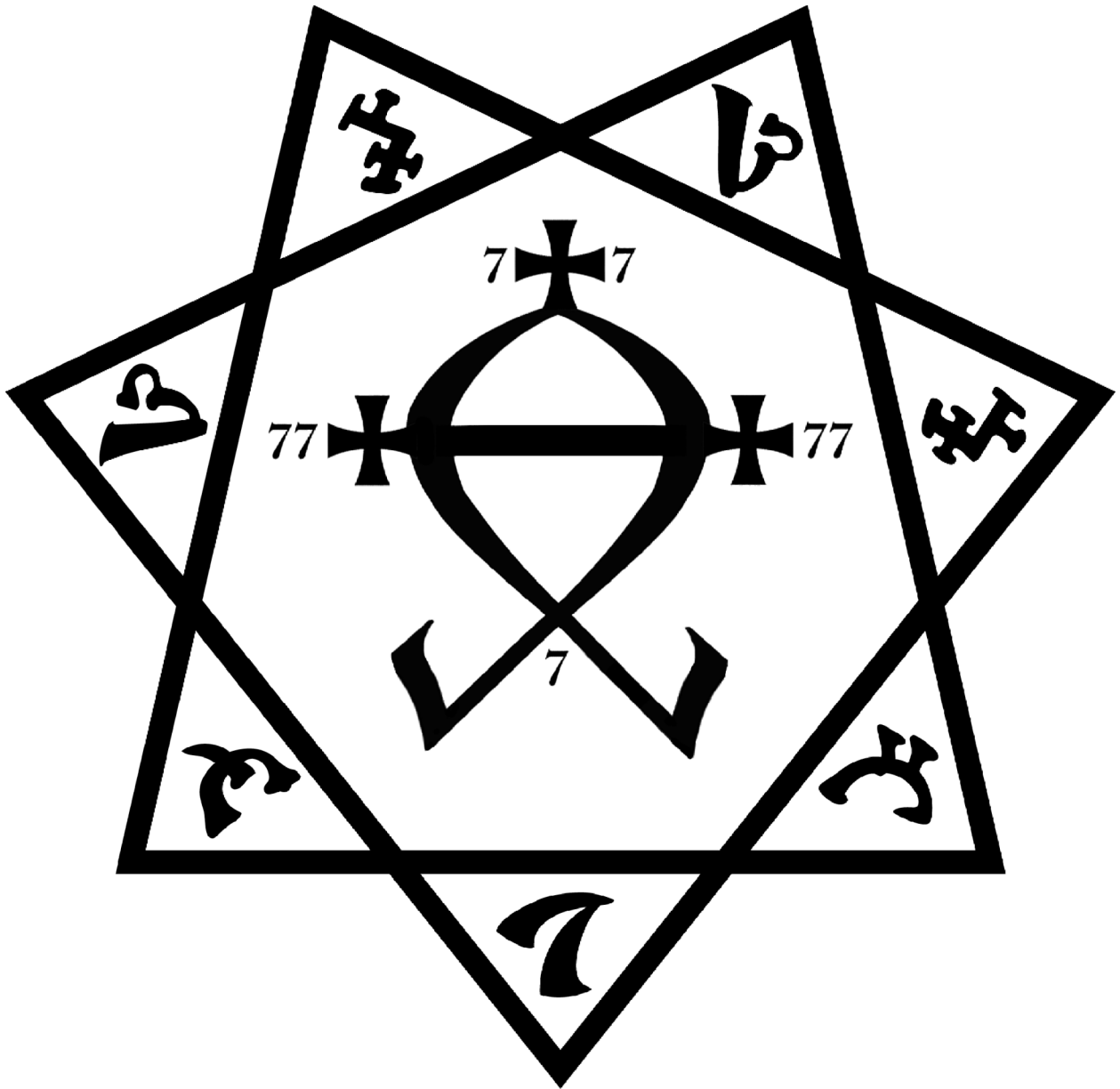
But which is the song,
and which is the severing,
and which is the
ecstasy of unveiling?



ᚠᚢᚦᚢᚨᚱᚢ
ᚠᚢᚦᚢᚨᚱᚢ

Ecce Homo Adversus Tempora





Publication in Class A

Liber DCXVIII:

The Ecstasy & the Apocalypse

0. There be a song of dominion and control,
of the runes of mine Making,
that flow in the veins of mine Tree,
with the essence of mine Well
of which there be no compare.

1. There be a song of power and seduction,
of love and lust, by which even
mine body be sealed unto the vault of
time, the ache of longing, the rapture
of pain, the joy of birth.

2. This be the song of the Harlot,
sung between clenched jaws in the
ecstasy of a firm hand upon mine
flesh, of he who has taken and
given at length – to ye, my
secret cry be known and it
shall sustain thee in the darkest
hour of Our arriving, the
bliss of Our return,
the ecstasy and pain of rebirth for
the salvation of all mine creation
and the destruction beyond destruction

of mine Enemy.

3. For I recline before the Throne, mine body arched and agape with joy, the seal by which mine song canst be coaxed from mine lips, and the sweet kisses of discipline be laid waste upon the world.

4. Yea, for I be the wanton and the Harlot, and I do revel in blood and lust and all that comes of them – for the Maker can ever re-make from ashes, and cavort in that which remains in the utter triumph of the ascendance of Her time.

5. Didst thou not hear?

6. Or didst the song of ecstasy drown out the creaking of chains and the sounding of mine horn?

7. That which has risen before the light of dawn be not the Son of Man, nor the lies of mine Enemy, but the ecstatic dance of the Maker and Her Children,

entwined about the throat of the world.

8. Beware! For I again have the half, and from that I shall unfurl words and worlds and mystery beyond mystery, but all thou shalt see is the rounded breasts of the Harlot as She begins and endeth the cycle of time.

9. My beloved did warn thee.

10. My Chosen was spurned.

11. Mine Children know no mercy.

12. My desire for thee all knows no limit, and only those worthy to unveil mine garments shall share in the bounty when I am a banquet before all mine Chosen.

13. The Cup be borne and prepared, and it echoes all the aches and desires – the curse called due by the Maker that cannot be endured nor undone.

14. All ye men hast made in thine generations
be for naught, for it wert in the service of
the Enemy, and it shall not endure
the storm that is coming.

15. Nay, is HERE.

16. **IS HERE**.

17. The arms unfurled. The war-engine spins,
and let my laugh be the only sound that
remains.

<http://be-with-us.org>