

The lunar current within the earth  
It curls around the ashen, uninstructed mortals  
Damn them, damn them who pity!  
They shall be smitten and fed to celestial fire  
Quoth the crowned and conquering one  
The fiery joy, seated as a great lost god.

The eagle spake!

Fragrant steam sent up by offerings  
As the night weaves her unpenetrable veil  
The infinite aether of austere skies  
To be airborne is to be lost to the earth  
Evoked as an eagle yet swifter and deadlier  
Accursed opponent twitching on the talons of eager violence

"The best blood is of the moon, monthly;  
Then the fresh blood of a child or dropping  
from the host of heaven; Then of enemies;  
Then of the priest or the worshippers; Last of  
some beast, no matter what."

- LIBER AL vel LEGIS

OL SONF VORSAG VABZIR CAMLIAX  
CASARMAN VPAAHI TOH VONPH