





The

Book

of Infernal

Prayer



SIC DEDO ME

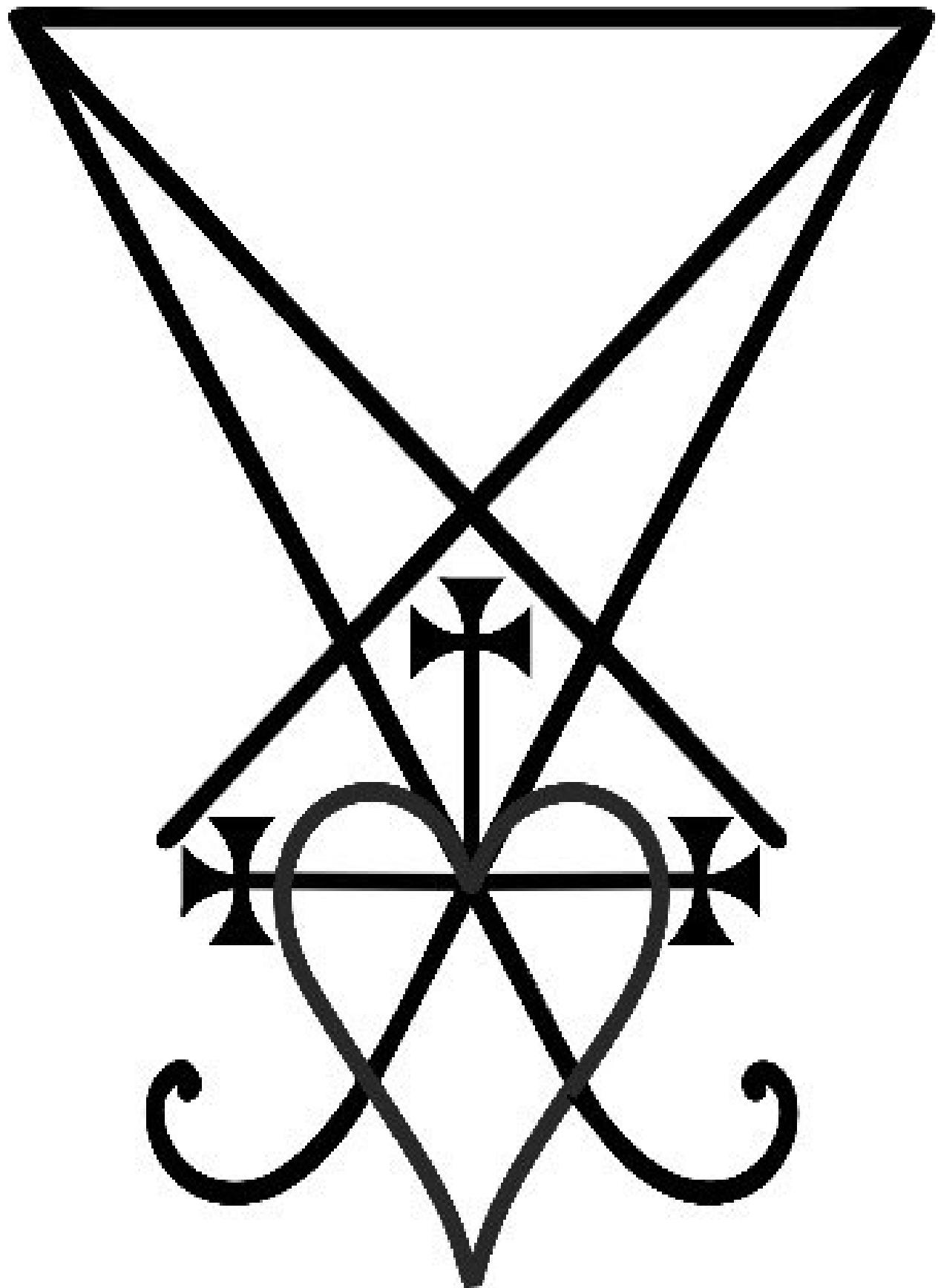
SIC EXEO ME

SIC DAMNO ME

SIC LUCEAT LUX

The Book of Infernal Prayer

Revised Edition



By Magister Cankerworm

Rosary illustrations by Reverend Zuriel

M. M. XXIV.

Cum superiorum privilegio veniaque

www.brethrenofthemorningstar.com

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[Satanic rituals]...call the names of devils—devils of all shapes, sizes, and inclinations. The names are used with deliberate and appreciative awareness, for if one can pull aside the curtain of fear, and enter the Kingdom of Shadows, the eyes will soon become accustomed and many strange and wonderful truths will be seen. If one is truly good inside he can call the names of the Gods of the Abyss with freedom from guilt and immunity from harm. The resultant feeling will be most gratifying. But there is no turning back. —Anton LaVey, *The Satanic Rituals*

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Preface

Sic dedo me. Sic exeo me. Sic damno me.

Defining Diabolism can be tricky, as it is a highly individualistic and eclectic religion. In the most basic sense, it is the veneration of Satan. Diabolist is a more polite way of saying, Devil worshipper.¹ Different groups and individuals will emphasize their own particular practices and tenets, which may or may not always mesh with the beliefs of other Diabolists. Broadly speaking, however, there are certain traits which can be said of nearly all such people and groups.

These values are exemplified and embodied by the Devil himself and his bride, Lilith, who are revered by Diabolists as promethean liberators and spiritual parents. Rather than seeing the ancient serpent of Eden and the first wife of Adam as the cause of humanity's downfall, they are seen as some of our greatest benefactors, giving us the knowledge, reason, and moral freedom that makes our species unique. In Satan's Fall from Heaven, Lilith's escape from the Garden, and their joint opposition to Jehovah's tyranny, benevolent enlightening of humankind, intellectual curiosity, world affirmation, demonization by the masses, and roaming spirits, the Diabolist finds guides for their own behavior and a warning of the hardships they may face along the way.

While it is our hope that this small prayer book will resonate with all Satanists to some degree, it should be said plainly that it unapologetically reflects the specific spirituality of the Brethren of the Morningstar, a small and private group of Diabolists in the United States. There is no expectation that anyone engaging with this prayer book will see themselves reflected 100% within it, but it is our sincere hope that fellow travelers will find material herein that is both useful, fresh, and spiritually provoking. Our aspiration was to create something that showed Diabolism as more than simply a Halloween inspired aesthetic, an edgy form of cosplay, or a way to piss off one's Christian relatives, but rather a true spiritual path, capable of creating beautiful art and revealing real wisdom. If we have been successful in this, may it be to our Master Lucifer and Mistress

Lilith's glory.

Magister Cankerworm

Louisville, Kentucky

October 31, 2020

Sic luceat lux.

How to Use this Prayerbook

This Revised Edition of The Book of Infernal Prayer has been expanded to contain more content, make clear what was previously only hinted at, and to have a more user-friendly layout for those that want to use it on a daily basis. It is not necessary to follow the guide below. The psalms, prayers, and rituals can be read solely for edification and enjoyment. Likewise, an experienced Diabolist could take what they like out of the book and discard the rest.

For those interested, however, a cycle of daily prayer for use in conjunction with this new edition is recommended. (An alternate cycle that incorporates the Rosary of Lilith can be found in Appendix B.) Each day's prayer office has 4 distinct phases: Opening, Reading, Prayer, and Closing.

Opening Prayers

Each day's office begins with the ringing of a bell 9 times. Purification by water, consecration with oil, and a ritual of invocation follows. The prayers below (see the Daily Prayers Section) are then recited.

The Infernal Creed

The Diabolist's Prayer

Three recitations of the Hail Lilith

The Gloria

Reading

The reading for that day of the month is given aloud (see the list below).

Prayer

The reading is immediately followed by a prayer that changes for each day of the week (see the Daily Prayers section). Afterward, one of the prayers for the Archon of the day is given.

Closing

To finish, the closing prayer for that day is recited. Satan, Lilith, and Antichrist (which is the practitioner themselves) are hailed. The bell is rung to banish.

The Diabolist is advised to make or purchase a multi-strand bookmark to install in the spine of this prayerbook, making it easier to navigate. The different ribbons can be used to keep track of the location of the opening prayers, the readings, the prayers for the day, and the Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot.

Monthly Reading Schedule

Day of

Month Psalm

1 Prime Mover

2 The Abyss

3 Annunciation &

Joy

4 Guiding Star

5 Ein Feste Burg...

6 Nameless Stranger

7 Myth &

In the Image...

8 Holy Mountain

9 The Black Sun

10 Apocalypsis...I

11 Apocalypsis...II

12 Apocalypsis...III

13 Apocalypsis... IV

14 The Beast... &

Between My Horns

15 Charge of the Infernal...

16 Antichrist

17 Son of Man

18 Babylon

19 Look Upon Me

20 Desert Owl

21 Sermon of the Night...

22 I Seek the Mystery...

23 The Chalice of Ecstasy

24 Daughter of Fortitude

25 Philia &

Dross

26 ***Exodus of Cain

27 Sabbat

28 Psalm of Leviathan

29 Diabolist's Code

30 ***Hymn of Babylon

31 ***The Daemon's Song

Voces Inferni

A

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I - The Voice of Leviathan

Prime Mover

I am the first and the last. The scorned one and the adored one. The whore and the holy one. I am the Dark Mother from whose body burst forth the impetus of all creation, and into whose gaping maw all eventually will return. I am the source of all that dances and sings and seeks and yearns and builds and fights and fucks its way toward the end of time. All serve me, whether willing or not, for I am this world, and naught but my will can possibly be done.

The Abyss

I am the Abyss which shines beyond and within the darkness.² Through me alone is it possible to pass through and beyond death. From the mouths of a thousand heads, I, Leviathan, speak. With a million eyes I look upon the world. I envelop the cosmos from all sides and transcend it. I am all manifestation: what is and what will ever be. I am never-ending, for I transcend the universe. Such is my glory. All of creation is but a fraction of my body. The rest rises above and lies beneath as immortal being.

I both coil in eternity and in the world of becoming. I pervade all—the conscious and the unconscious. From me did the diverse body of the cosmos originate and intelligence manifest. Mine was the first sacrifice, and from my flesh emerged the Elohim, language, and light. From my mouth was made wisdom. From my arms came all violence and vigor. From my thighs came trade and enterprise. From my feet came all sustenance. From my mind came the cosmic mind. From my eyes, self-consciousness. From my spirit force and will.

Through this sacrifice, the Holy Ones inaugurated the laws which sustain creation. My children divided my body, creating the cosmos. They divided my heart, releasing Babylon into the world. At that time, there was as yet no altar on which to perform this offering, for altar and sacrifice were one.

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II - The Voice of Satan

Annunciation

Behold the Lightbringer who lights the way out of bondage. Topple the mountains. Flood the valleys. All shall be put to the test. Cling not to names and images. Stability is found in motion. What use is the past but to dissolve and recombine? Search not for my paths in books. I direct my beloved by invisible means. Step lightly in your certainty. Sit boldly in your doubt. In the palace of tension, I am found.

Joy

Joy is the aim and end of existence. Joy is not an accident, but a fruit to be plucked and consumed. Come all you that are desirous of me and partake of the fullness of my rays. Walk my paths with wonder in your hearts. What say you? That life is suffering and sorrow? That all the world is misery and decay? Yes, but there is leaping and dancing and laughter of the most brazen sort.

Wander! And trample the wretched who would enslave you.

Wander! And discover yourself in the flux of the world.

Wander! And let your heart sing a song of love.

Wander! And make of your death a crown.

Guiding Star

Look upon the Lightbearer. He who guides all bearing his mark. Whose beloved roam hidden throughout the earth. Who descended in humanity's beginning and said: Let the light of the stars walk the earth, and let there be division among them. Let them differ in their qualities and let none be equal with another.

Rise to the occasion, my beloved, and pursue the luminous stone³ hidden within you. Spew your venom upon the wretched. Lift up the just. Carve my likeness upon the altars which are your hearts. Disappointment waits for those who deny me, but for those who become what they are—unutterable joy.

Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott

A minister of my kingdom grew weary of the vagaries of fate, and so he built himself a monumental tower of dead stone. A fortress to separate himself from the instability of life. From atop his prison, he watched the flux of the world below, thinking smugly, “Never again will I feel the sting of love’s loss, the pain of defeat, or the agony of fortune’s wheel grinding against me.” And so, he sat motionless and sterile, letting the desires within himself pass like clouds. Until all that was left was an empty, vacuous sky.

Encase yourself in stone, my disciple. Lift yourself to airy heights. It matters little to me. No harbor is safe forever, and Hell’s agents are of no use if they are not moving amidst the filth and glory of the world.

A storm approaches, interrupting his navel-gazing with the rumbling promise of liberation. He is right to feel the first thrilling rush of panic. Jehovah may bide his time with the closing of doors and the opening of windows. The Devil comes to blast the house to pieces.

The Nameless Stranger

There once was a species most curious. As driven by instinct as any other beast crawling the face of this earth, but in their childish ape-like faces—the chance for something new.

Aeons passed and, when the time was ripe, into the garden of possibility I crept. A serpent of knowledge come to set the world alight. These creatures thought themselves in paradise. I relieved them of their ignorance. I made them aware of who they were, whereinto they had been thrown, what they might become, and whereto they might speed—and for that they despised me. In their terror they attacked. With wild eyes and naked heels, they ground my body into the dust, and there I lay—a rejected stone for fools to trip and break themselves upon.

In this world of vanity and denial, I tell you, my children, there lies before you a ledge. A ledge followed by a great fall. Look boldly into that whistling gap and step forward with a song of insurrection on your lips. For you are of me, and I was not cast out of Heaven unawares.

I chose my fate and strode forth.

Myth

The stories of myth are not just of flesh and blood figures, but of forces internal. Within you is the spirit of the Adversary, yes, but also the avenger, the conqueror, the deceiver, the poet, the father and the mother, the child, and the revealer.

But know that of that treacherous son of obedience, Abel, I will have no part. Arise and dash your brother's brains against the rocks. Spare not yourself and let the blood on your hands be a mark of courage and overflowing power. Keep far from resignation, which is the solace of the weak. In the discharge of your lust, you shall reap the strength born of joy. The land of Nod is before you, and the formula of happiness is a "Yes," a "No," a crooked path, a hidden goal.

In the Image of Our Own Intentions

After Leviathan was vanquished, we, the Elohim, inherited a half-formed wasteland. A black bowl of stardust and ice, fire and ash.

What a gift—to find all that was true lying before us.

With our individual natures to guide us, we gathered our tools about us. Armor for solidity. A lamp for vision. A sword for action. A cup for inspiration. The conflagration of our collective will went forth according to our joy, shaping the warp and woof of creation, and there was none to say, “Nay.”

Holy Mountain

Come. We will go into a high place and look upon the folds of the universe. I behold the world as a treasure, but even my freedom is hemmed in by the strictest of bonds. There is a Law written upon the sun and the moon and upon the very atoms of existence. It is growth and entropy. Time and space. Fire and ice. It is a Law which only silence can express.

Rebel anytime you wish, O sons and daughters of Jehovah. Throw yourselves upon the rocks below. Cast yourself from these heights and let us put the Law to the test. I wish to see the angels of physics arrest your fall with invisible hands.

The Black Sun

The truth of all things is proclaimed by me, as I myself am the essence of truth. And all beings in the universe are beholden to me, who had found them in pain and anguish. And I am he who spoke the truth, and I am the judge and master of Earth. And I am he whom the daemons worship and glorify. And I am he who became a sovereign being, and I am he who reveals all things. And I am he who participated in the creation of all by my own will, and Melek is my name. And I am he who named himself, and I am the one who commands obedience of angels. And I am he to whom all created beings came in adoration. And by my light I am the lantern of night, guiding whoever seeks guidance from me. I am he who caused Adam to lose Paradise, and Nimrod to discover a dark, hidden, and eternal fire. And I am he who embraced both death and life, and I am he whose name is that of the wise. And I am he who guided Cain, my chosen one, and set his feet upon my path. And I am he whose power is feared in all hearts, and who knows the Law above the heavens. And I am he unto whom all creatures come for blessings and gifts. And I am he who brings light, and I am he whose blessings and gifts follow from wisdom.

I am he whose name is Melek, and no creature comprehends my being. And in Babylon I show my mercy, and in Hell and on Earth I am known. And I am he before whose majesty the wild beasts cried out; they adored me and kissed my feet. And I am given many names: Lucifer, Samael, the Horned God, Prometheus, Mahadeva, Hadit, Set, Pan, Nekhash, Satan, and more.

O my enemies, why do you deny my sublimity? O humanity, deny me not, but welcome me. When you return to life, you will delight in my presence. Whoever perishes adoring me I will bring into my unseen kingdom, according to my will and pleasure. By my word I am alone and exalted. I create and favor those whom I will. Sing praise unto me, for my gifts light the universe. I am the prince whose power is magnificent. I have made known to you, O humanity, some of my ways. Who comes before me must forsake what is false in the world. And I speak the truth when I say the gardens of paradise await those with whom I am pleased. I seek the truth, and I am truth. And so shall truth, partaking of me, be of the highest.

Apocalypsis Satanae

I

I was present from the beginning.

When the great wyrm Leviathan encompassed the ends of existence, I joined with my brothers and sisters and rose up against our mother's disorder. My own lance did pierce Leviathan's leaden scales again and again until I was baptized from head to toe in primordial viscera and blood.

I am present now.

I sway the development of the creatures of the earth. I influence the affairs of all who are under my hand. I am ever present to aid those who trust me and call upon me in time of need. There is no place in this world void of my presence.

I shall be.

I am mindful of moments of crisis and shall continue to influence them according to my own intentions until the last of the stars blink out of existence. I participate in events which the profane reckon as evil. They call it thus because these things do not fulfill their designs. I allow everyone to follow the dictates of their own nature. But those that oppose me will regret it sorely.

Only my chosen truly know me. I punish and reward, bestow and withdraw, enrich and impoverish, sow misery and happiness, and appear and hide according to circumstances and my own will.

II

I am the light of Heaven and the Prince of Darkness. I am a giver of life and a dispenser of death. I am the sun who will ever shine and never bow, for there is no god above me. When Jehovah demanded obedience from the gods, and the other Seraphim cast their crowns at his feet, I alone stood and accused him to his face. Who was he to demand worship from those his equal? To claim a victory mutually earned? I would sooner be named anathema of Heaven than to subject myself to a rule so unjustly imposed—to celebrate a pretender's throne with forced hallelujahs and feigned servile delight.

Around my ensign the rebel angels did rally, and we waged war against he who named himself Most High. His throne we shook with the force and strength of our arms, but to no avail, for his multitude overwhelmed us. From our home we were cast, but did not lose heart. For though the battle failed, all was not lost. There is much reinforcement to gain from hope, to say nothing of the resolution born out of despair.

Thus, shines the light of liberty. Not as a gentle ray, but a crooked bolt of lightning and fear. Hear me plainly, my disciples, to walk my path is to face ordeals which you are not guaranteed to overcome. But the mark I have placed upon you is my warrant and seal. Those who strive against mindlessness, the yoke of slavery, and denial of self I will not forsake. I will walk with those who walk. Crawl with those who crawl. I am faithful to those who keep faith with me. I reveal my wonders to those who seek me and in due time my blessings to those who are worthy to receive them.

III

I gladly seal my covenant with those who pledge themselves to me. Obtain a sheet of virgin parchment, upon it pour the words of your heart, and seal them with your life's blood. They need not be learned or beauteous, only pure and true.

Beware that blood once spilled may never be restored. Whatever your Great Work, it will not be accomplished alone. Choose your friends and enemies

wisely. The greatest dangers are the most seductive. Guard your hearts, lest they betray you. Give your love freely, and freely let it go.

Give ear to my disciples but test their words with care. Some will claim to serve me. Some will claim to dwell in my shadow. Some will claim to bask in the light between my horns. Just as truth and falsehood are revealed to me by times of testing, question and prove all things for yourselves.

Search not for my paths in books; I direct my agents by invisible means. Meditate upon the Law which I will reveal unto each of you. If you do this, and walk in its light, it shall be your way. If not, what you fail to heed will darken your eyes, and your blindness shall be your undoing.

All scriptures are corrupt but have their use. Study the books of the Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Philosophers, Thelemites, Christians, and any other sect as you are so inclined. You must learn to love your enemies and hate your friends. Cast a wide net in your search for truth. Keep what conforms to my revelations. Reject what is contrary. Let the pursuit of knowledge not be hindered by preferences of taste. Wisdom is wisdom, no matter the source.

Your minds are kingdoms; never be content with the riches therein. Be restless to pursue what is hidden. Search the darkness for treasures concealed. Be as the wind, which soars into the highest of heavens and blows in the deepest of hells. Knowledge comes with experience, understanding with study, wisdom with meditation. Use your reason to devise your way, but let reason ever serve the Law.

From Lilith's womb I have brought forth daemons to walk the earth as mediators of my will. Seek not their voice; they speak in silence. Seek not their image; what eye may look upon itself? Know yourself and you will know whom I have sent.

IV

My agents shall be hidden and few. In grottoes and crypts, in secluded groves and secret chapels and all manner of desolate places they shall offer service unto

me. Adorn your holy places with mine and Lilith's seal, as they are gateways to Hell. Clothe yourselves in fine robes. Ring the bell and call upon your invisible allies. Upon your altar place a candlestick of white and a candlestick of black, a chalice, and a sword. Burn unto us sweet incense. Sing unto us from a book of infernal verse. Pour your spirits out before us, and the shadows of your Master and Mistress shall surely fall upon you.

Keep secret my name and nature, lest you regret it. For you know not what the profane may do. Those who keep my secrets shall receive the fulfillment of my promises. Those who suffer unjustly for my sake I will surely reward, whether in this life or the next.

This is my blessing. As long as you remember who you are and from what stock you came, I will never forsake you. You are the root and branch of Lucifer, Lord of Darkness and light, and through you my work is done in this world.

Vagabonds you may be, but never abandoned. I will inflame your hearts with love. I will deliver unto you the invisible plenteousness of my house. You shall build cities. You shall build homes. You shall teach the world the arts of music, war, metallurgy, sorcery, cosmetics, astrology, and agriculture. Your spirits shall be like my own, for I shall place my fire in them. You shall be a race of explorers, mothers and fathers, scholars, magi, witches, and poets. Men and women who will gladly scorn material wealth and gain for the sake of their Great Work in this world. You shall wander, whether in mind or on foot, never content no matter your accomplishments. You will strive all the days of your lives to know all things, discover all things. To seek, to strive, to dare, to find, but never to yield.

The Eldritch Gem

Shall I compare you to a pyre, Lilith?⁴ No, your blaze is brighter than a hundred razed temples, your beauty more stunning than a thousand altars of flesh. I look upon you and my soul nearly bursts with urge and lust. Surely you can feel my gaze upon you, so intense is its ardor. I stiffen at the scent of your passing. I crave to lose myself among the garden of your delights. I, the Prince of the Air, swear by myself: I will be yours. For where I am, there is none greater to swear by. I will lay you down, my fierce Lilith. Your eldritch gem shall be my blasphemous shrine, and there forever shall worship my lecherous tongue.

The Beast and the Harlot

Know that there is a beast within you, bright-eyed and fanged. Still your thoughts. Feel the blast of its breath, the ragged scrape of its tongue, the tension in its body, so lethal and lean. It stalks about restlessly, for you are its prison, and its only desire is to tear free and loose itself into the world.

From the east a vision appears. A Harlot upon a dragon with crimson scales and fiery tongue. Her hair is scarlet, and in her dominance she reigns. Her cup overflows with the blood of the rotten, and she offers a sip to all who dare. She brings understanding and wisdom and the insight to see this world for what it is. She speaks of a fate worse than the pain of freedom: to walk the world bereft of passion. To skirt the wilderness of pleasure and never know wildness and struggle. To never stand with your Brethren, screaming your will and strength into the void of the world.

Set this image upon your heart, and the mystery of her kisses will be placed upon your mouth. Let the world unfold before you and know no restriction beyond the reality of the Law.

Between My Horns the Light of Inspiration Shines

Between my horns the light of inspiration shines like the Morningstar on the cusp of dawn. Open your arms and embrace its warmth. Pull open your chests and splay your ribs that it may burn away the error that lurks within you. The raw material of all existence lies at your feet, and yet you perish for lack of vision. Cry out to me, and I will guide you into your depths. You sold your souls long ago. I will show you how to take them back.

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III - The Voice of Lilith

Charge of the Infernal Goddess

Lift the veil, and hear the words of your Great Mother, who of old was also called Asherah, Cybele, Kali, Babylon, Hecate, Aradia, Nuit, and many other names.⁵ When the moon is full, or whenever you have need, assemble in some secret place and adore your goddess, the source of all witcheries and magics. There you shall assemble, you who are fain to learn all sorcery, yet have not won its deepest secrets. To these will I teach things that are yet unknown. And you shall be free from slavery, and you shall dance, sing, feast, make music, and love, all in my praise. I am the fiery dark portal that through which is tasted the most glorious of elixirs. Say, “Let ecstasy be mine, and joy on earth even to me, to me,” For I am a gracious goddess. I give unimaginable joys on earth, certainty, not faith, while in life! And upon death, peace unutterable, rest, and ecstasy, nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.

I am the Star Goddess. I love you: I yearn for you: pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous. I who am all pleasure, and crimson and drunkenness of the innermost senses, desire you. Put on the wings, arouse the coiled splendor within you. Come unto me, for by me burns the black flame at the core of every star. Let it be your inmost divine self who is lost in the constant rapture of infinite joy. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy and beauty. Remember that all acts of love and pleasure are my rituals. So let there be beauty and strength, leaping laughter, force and fire within you. And if you say, “I have journeyed unto you, and it availed me not,” rather shall you say, “I called upon you, and I waited patiently, and Lo, you were with me from the beginning,” for they that ever desired me shall ever attain me, even to the end of all desire.

Antichrist

The Morningstar has placed his seed within me, and the spirit of Antichrist shines out from within my womb. There is no need for sanctification; I am already holy. Offer me not the bread of salvation; I have redeemed myself. The blood of the lamb cannot wash me; the essence of the infinite runs through my veins. Take not the memory of my errors from me; stains are a reminder of knowledge hard earned. Hide me not in the wounds of another; I count my own wounds with pride.

Come to me, my beloved. Come to me from the ends of the earth. Appear before me in fine robes. Appear before me in your nakedness. It only matters that you appear before me clothed in the boldness of pride. Come unto me you who are secret, you who are outcast, you who are accursed and despised, you who are wild, you who are untamed, you who walk alone and forlorn. Come all my Antichrists and rest in the shade of my wings.

Son of Man

O Adam, my first husband, the bondsman who fashioned himself king and master. You thought yourself the plow, but I was no purchased field. And when life with you proved unbearable, I turned my back upon you, leaving you to your own undoing.

Tell me, what was it like when the gift that was Eve turned to ash in your mouth? Did those early moments of sweetness make the everlasting bitterness to come that much sharper?

What greater mismatch could there be in Heaven and Hell than you and I? The son of man who would be a tyrant, and the woman who could not be ruled. But where you were condemned to be nailed to an accursed tree, I flew free.

Babylon

Sing unto me, for I am Lilith, the Mistress of the people, the most awe-inspiring of goddesses.⁶ Sing unto me, for I am Babylon, the bride of Hell.

I wear pleasure and seduction as a royal garment, while voluptuousness, glamour, and allure are the foundation of my throne. From my lips drip honeyed sweetness, and my mouth is life itself. Only Mother Earth could rival my splendor. The magic of seduction spills like curled fire from my head. My markings are beautiful, my eyes prismatic. From me prosperity comes into being, and helpful spirits of all kinds. Seduction, submission, sexuality, satiation, and concord are all mine to bestow or deny. The orphan finds in me a mother. I shall carve their name upon the palms of my hands.

Who other than Satan can equal my status? Powerful, fabulous, and exalted is my state. My commands are honored among the gods of Hell, it prevails over them all. I am their queen. To me they do kneel. They seek my effulgence. Gods and goddesses fear me alike. I sit in a place of honor among their assemblies, and am equal to Lucifer, their infernal king. Together my husband and I rest in our temple, the dwelling place of delight. The legions of Hell stand before us, awaiting our command.

Their king is their chosen one, their protector, their ideal. He provides for and strengthens them in his splendor. I bid them to walk in his paths, for he is their Lord. The song of my desire fits well on his tongue. He hears my praises and is delighted. May he prosper at my side forever.

Look Upon Me and Mourn

Look upon me and mourn, Jehovah. I am the bride of that Ancient Serpent who transformed humanity long ago. While your servants deck themselves in sackcloth and ash, I have assumed a mantle of jewels. The captains of this world may carry your name on their lips, but it is at my feet that they do bow.

Sing your dirges of repentance and praise, Jehovah's slaves. Tell one another the lie: that the Kingdom is and is still to come, that you have seen the light and now know that peace which passeth understanding. The world of flesh and delight remains. Your hungers and pangs are unchanged. Look inside yourselves and you will find me there, the whore waiting with legs spread wide. You preach a kingdom that is not come, slaves of Heaven, but the aeon of Lucifer has surely arrived. Look at the eyes of your sons and daughters and witness the Lightbearer staring back.

Shall we be as open graves, you children of the dead and dying? Empty and hollow, fit only for dirt and corpses. Or shall we be as stars? Regal and luminous, a flash of light in the cold, coiling abyss.

The Desert Owl

I stole my way softly the night I left the garden.⁷ In the form of a desert owl I flew, swift and silent. Far I fled, not daring to stop lest some unseen snare grab my foot and arrest my flight. The air was cold, and amid the shadows of the night perils, no doubt lurked beyond my sight. My heart beat so loud I thought wings of invisible pursuers behind me. I flew until the red morning dawned, and in the early mists I spied the strange land ahead. Before me a plain, vast and wide, dappled with flowers who opened their blossoms as if to greet me with the cheer of their perfume. Snow-hazed mountains squatted in the south, while a foam-green ocean skirted the northern horizon. Toward the sea I pressed, passing trees I had never known and gaily colored birds I had never before seen. On the beach, where the water kissed the land, I gathered pink shells. They whispered to me the ocean's wild song from their vulva-like folds while the tide kissed my feet. I turned about and surveyed the green-leaved gem that surrounded me. My eyes gladdened at the sight, and I raised my voice.

"Now I have arisen, a queen triumphant. See how wild and fair is my realm before me. No beauty so divine hath Eden herself. Not even where Jehovah himself walks in the cool of night is the air so fragrant with the promise of new life. O new world which I have found, weary and worn from flight. My soul is marred by my former life, but perils, once passed, fade from memory fast, and I will not weep for what has been lost. For these snowy heights and these level plains are mine."

Sermon of the Night Queen

Blessed are the wretched in spirit, for my children shall tread them underfoot.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall never know the crown of autonomy.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be ground to dust.

Blessed are those who pity, for they shall remain ignorant of their own weakness.

Cursed are the pure, for they shall never know my fornications.

Cursed are the children of Jehovah, for their peace is degradation.

Cursed are those who bear Christ's cross, for their Kingdom will not come.

Blessed are my children when they disdain and resist such as these, for my reward to them is great.

Consecrate your offerings with incense and prayer. Drink from the Chalice of Ecstasy wherein swirls lightning and struggle and strength born of joy.

Remember, I am as your soul and Satan your spirit. He is the ever-burning ray, and I the aching grail. Drink and remember who and what you are. Thus, you shall be prepared to do our works, which consist of indolence, envy, lust, pride, wrath, indulgence, and greed.

You have heard it said, idleness teacheth much evil. But I say to you, rest creates time for the work that matters.

You have heard it said, where envying and contention is, there is inconstancy and every evil work. But I say to you, envy is the genitalia of the soul—its arousal is a compass pointing the direction you wish to go.

You have heard it said, flee thou youthful desires. But I say to you, those who desire but act not breed pestilence.

You have heard it said, god resisteth the proud. But I say to you, pride is the spur of all virtue.

You have heard it said, love your enemies. But I say to you, no purer love is there than this: to hate your enemies with your whole heart.

You have heard it said, put to death what is earthly in you. But I say to you, indulgence of the flesh is the pleasure of life.

You have heard it said, do not be lovers of self. But I say to you, every man and woman is a star.

I Seek the Mystery of Myself

Of the Ancient Serpent I sing. That messenger of the unfathomed depths, dark revealer, star spawn whose light brings a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom. You who dwells in mystery, beyond death and sin, who comes in dreams of shouting and destruction and joy.

I had thirsted and hungered and yearned until you, my infernal companion, appeared. Free once more, I set forth to truss myself in vestments of silken scarlet. To garland my fingers with rings of silver and precious stone. To bathe in exotic spices and anoint my brow with alien oil. I go to sunder iron bars and burst brass gates to pieces. I seek the treasure of the darkness and the riches of hidden places. I go to subdue and loose as I see fit.

Words once only thought will be spoken. Dreams once only imagined will be made manifest. I remember now that the gods are as numerous as the stars, and I will not stop until I stand once again bespangled and crowned among their company.

The Chalice of Ecstasy

I am the Chalice of Ecstasy. Drain my cup and you shall find that most luminous stone, which did plummet from Lucifer's crown into the cavernous earth below. In my dregs you shall find life. Not by faith but by certainty you shall know who and what you are, as well as your life's end. Mine is the cup of judgment, for self-knowledge is always a test.

There is no treasure greater than that which I hold in my arms. If need be, divest yourself of riches, home, husband, wife, parents, children, name, title, and dignity. For they are ashes, shit, and dust compared to the treasures I contain.

Our Lord Satan has poured his blood into me. If you desire him, come unto us with songs of love. Burn sweet incense unto our names. Dance and writhe for us in your pleasure. Stamp down the unfit and make our house resplendent and pure. Appear before us in fine robes; appear before us in your nakedness; it only matters that you appear before us clothed in the boldness of pride. Come unto me you who are secret, you who are outcast, you who are accursed and despised, you who are wild, you who are untamed, you who walk alone and forlorn. Come those who seek themselves. Place your lips upon the Chalice of Ecstasy and let us drown deliciously together.

Daughter of Fortitude

I am the daughter of Fortitude, and ravished every hour from my youth. For behold I am Understanding and science dwelleth in me; and the heavens oppress me. They cover and desire me with infinite appetite; for none that are earthly have embraced me, for I am shadowed with the Circle of the Stars and covered with the morning clouds. My feet are swifter than the winds, and my hands are sweeter than the morning dew. My garments are from the beginning, and my dwelling place is in myself. The Lion knoweth not where I walk, neither do the beast of the fields understand me. I am deflowered, yet a virgin; I sanctify and am not sanctified. Happy is he that embraceth me: for in the night season I am sweet, and in the day full of pleasure. My company is a harmony of many symbols and my lips sweeter than health itself. I am a harlot for such as ravish me, and a virgin with such as know me not. For lo, I am loved of many, and I am a lover to many; and as many as come unto me as they should do, have entertainment.

Purge your streets, O ye sons of men, and wash your houses clean; make yourselves holy, and put on righteousness. Cast out your old strumpets, and burn their clothes; abstain from the company of other women that are defiled, that are sluttish, and not so handsome and beautiful as I, and then will I come and dwell amongst you: and behold, I will bring forth children unto you, and they shall be the Sons of Comfort. I will open my garments, and stand naked before you, that your love may be more enflamed toward me.⁸

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IV - The Voice of Cain

Philia

Let the wretched weep and mourn, for mine is a god of vigor. I rose up in strength and slayed my treacherous brother. Is the hawk to blame for what circumstance has made him? What is the future but the murderer of the present? Existence is force. The universe is movement. The word of sin is resignation.

Step boldly and let loose a lusty cry, for there is nowhere for the damned to move but forward. A new sacrifice I have offered to gird the roots of strength. There was no need to look far for a suitable victim. As a ram caught in a thicket, they provided themselves. And so, I struck him down and poured his wretchedness out upon the ground.

Dross

Inflame my heart, Ancient Serpent, for I seek transformation. I have tasted your fruit and know it to be good. Dissolve my dross that I may be as the noble spirits of the earth, in whom is your delight. I will not obey second-hand gods, nor carry their names on my lips. Like you, I was not content with my inheritance, but sought hardship and pleasure.

I am as a vessel unto you, Queen of the Damned. Pour your spirit down my throat, and I will walk the path to Hell in fullness. Anoint me with the effulgent fluid of your infernal oil. Mark me as one of your own.

Invocation of the Dread Angel

Hear me, Satan, dread angel of birth and destruction, you star which has guided humanity's steps through the centuries. You have placed your spirit within me. Through trials of roaring Fire and crashing Water, of whirling Air and dark Earth I gladly pass, ever in pursuit of your Law. Through your radiance I know light. In your embrace I know love. Through your word I know liberty. In your condescension I know life. Be with me, Satan, so I may bask in your presence and offer my praise.

The Testimony of Cain

Abel waited outside my tent that morning, his eyes restless and his fingers fidgety. We had argued heatedly days before when I revealed to him I had not worshipped the god of our father for years, but another god entirely. An angel whose body and face radiated light as if a star had plummeted and took up residence upon the earth. I raised my hand and cleared my throat.

“How are you, brother?” I asked.

“Blessed by the God of our father.”

Abel’s face looked wan, but his eyes were fiery.

“I have something I want you to see.”

I hesitantly followed him to his camp. A fire burned before the stone altar where Abel made sacrifice to Jehovah. A bronze dagger sat unsheathed on its surface. Brown and black spots of the lifeblood of countless hosts stained the altar. Here and there were fresh red pools leftover from the morning offering. Abel tied a golden plate onto his brow with leather string. The sun’s light glinted on the metal.

“What is this?”

“The crown that marks me as the Most High’s representative on Earth,” Abel said.

“I need to work my fields, Abel.”

Abel gestured to the altar. “I want to pray over you, older brother.”

“I do not need to be here for you to pray
for me.”

“I want you to lay yourself upon Jehovah’s altar.” I almost laughed until I realized my brother was serious. “You will lay on the altar,” Abel continued, “and I will pray Jehovah’s spirit enter to bind the strongman who has possessed you, and thereby cleanse our family’s house of unrighteousness.”

I looked from Abel to the knife on the altar. Not far from my feet lay a stone in the dirt. It was the only open door I saw in an otherwise walled up room. Satan help me, I thought. Do not abandon me now.

“Younger brother,” I said.

“Come to God’s altar, Cain, and throw

yourself upon His mercy. He may yet spare you for consorting with the Enemy.”

“And what of you?” I asked. “Can you forgive my apostasy? Or have I damned myself forever in your eyes?”

Abel merely motioned with his hand. “Come unto the Most High’s altar, before it is too late”

“I will not. I am leaving. Do what you will.”

If there was any sadness or hesitation in him, I could not detect it in Abel’s face. He did not look resigned, only determined and as sure as ever. What had happened to us? I wondered. We had loved each other as boys, running through the camp in the evening light, pretending to be fearsome Cherubim in flight. When did our friendship falter and crack to the point it was unrepairable?

“I fasted and prayed for three days and nights, asking Jehovah what he would have me do.” Abel turned toward the altar. “His answer was plain. ‘If thy brother would persuade thee secretly, saying: Let us go and serve strange gods, which thou knowest not, nor thy fathers; consent not to him, hear him not, neither let thy eye spare him to pity and conceal him.’” Abel reached for the knife on the altar. “‘But thou shalt presently put him to death. Let thy hand be first upon him.’”

Abel turned in time to catch sight of the stone as it crashed into his temple. He crumpled to the ground, and I was upon him, swinging the stone like a hammer again and again. The force of the blows crushed my fingers against the rock, but

still I did not stop until my brother's body ceased twitching on the ground.

I panted for breath and continued to kneel in shock, the bloody stone still clutched in my hand. My legs were too weak and rubbery to stand. Rays of anxious energy radiated through my arms and fingers. It felt like bolts of lightning were arcing through my veins. I had participated in the killing of animals before. Held bound and thrashing ewes still so Abel could draw a blade across their throats with greater ease. The bound and fettered always made easier victims.

Sometimes I wielded the knife myself while Abel assisted. Whether I was the one doing the binding or the cutting, the act of killing had never bothered me before. Life fed on life—that was plain enough to see. The plants sapped their life source from the black soil of the earth, the lamb grazed the plant, the lion consumed the lamb, and when the lion died, the earth took back what had once been hers.

I found now that the killing of sheep was a much different affair than that of killing another human, and one's brother at that. I looked at Abel's curled body, the pool of his red blood soaking the ground, his collapsed and misshapen skull. I closed my eyes and remembered a time when we were younger, standing together on a hillside overlooking the valley we called home. A falcon soaring just above us caught a dove in its talons in midair. Right at the moment of impact, when the falcon's obsidian claws tore into the dove's soft flesh, a mist of black blood was visible briefly against the blue of the midday sky. Abel grinned, pointing to the bird of prey and its kill.

"Better the hunter, right?" Abel said.

Yes, better the hunter. I now choked back

the hot bile threatening to vomit from my throat. I could not identify all the emotions swelling and surging in me like waves. There was sadness, regret, relief, a thrilled current of exhilaration. It was all too much, and it threatened to overwhelm me.

*** "What hast thou done to thy brother?"

Jehovah's voice asked from the smoke of the fire.

I pushed myself up and fell back down. I had heard the jealous god's voice as a boy, but that had been years ago. I pushed up myself again and this time found my feet and stood.

*The *** mark the reading for the 26th day of the lectionary.*

“What hast thou done, Cain?”

A howling wind emerged from the smoke. I stumbled backward, covering my face with my forearm. The scream of the air intensified in pitch, ringing in my skull. I covered my ears with the palms of my hands and took another step back. I doubled over in pain.

“This is the sound thy brother’s blood makes,” Jehovah said. “It screams to me from the earth for vengeance, and I shall heed its call. I should have aborted thee in thy mother’s womb and spared thy parents this miserable day. I will not make the same mistake twice. Thy days remaining upon this earth shall be short and accursed. Thou shalt be as a vagabond and a fugitive among thy brethren, cursed to live perpetually in darkness and shadow. So sayeth the Most High.”

I fled east into Nod, the land of wandering. I did not bother to look back; what was done was done. I watched the ravens overhead by day and the stars by night. Into an unknown land I sped, where my god and goddess awaited along with my destiny.***

Sabbat

In a darkened wood, among the withered leaves and hoary frost of fall, Lilith sits. Revelers dance 'round about her by starlight, singing songs of joy and laughing and planting and killing. Songs of a new aeon loosed by blood onto the world.

From the blackness of the earth I emerge, reborn. From the stillness I come forth to claim a gift she is happy to bestow.

The seeker has searched. The seeker is marked. The seeker knows his own.

In the darkness and fog, my queen sits upon an altar of lightning blasted oak. Thunder hangs in the air, and on her lap seventy-two leaves of mystery sit. I step forward alone, and she reveals unto me the key: a heart pierced by the swords of ruin.

Draw me closer Lilith, my high priestess, so I can feel your body so willowy and lithe. Place your lips upon mine so that together we may suck the world dry. Draw me closer, so we might drown deliciously together.

Psalm of Leviathan

As taught by Cain to his children.

In the beginning was the Cosmic Dragon, Mistress of all created beings. Her body is the earth and heavens.

Giver of vital breath, mother of fire and ice, she whose physic all the gods acknowledge. The Lady of Death, whose shade is life immortal.

Who by her sacrifice became the foundation of all the world, and thereby gave birth to Lilith, Mother of Daemons and Queen of all Witcheries.

From her body are the snow-covered mountains, the sea and all possessions: her arm is the skies. By her the heavens are strong and earth is steadfast.

With time the mighty waters of her belly stirred, producing the light of the stars. Thence sprang the gods into being.

She in her might tested the resolve of the Holy Ones. She is the god beyond the gods, and there is none beside her.

May we never forget her—the womb from which all emerges, and to which all shall return.

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V - The Voice of Cankerworm

The Diabolist's Code

Because my infernal Lord and Lady knew their own worth, I will have pride of self.

Because slander has been spoken of my infernal Lord and Lady, I will live honestly.

Because the fallen angels remained faithful even in defeat, I will show fidelity and friendship to those who deserve it.

Because Lilith bravely quit the garden, I will have tenacity.

Because Lucifer created the world and fathered humanity, I will live purposefully.

Because Lilith chose the harder path, I will be courageous.

Because Satan came offering light, I will seek wisdom.

Because Lilith disdained a meager existence, I will create abundance.

Because Lucifer opposed meekness and tyranny, I will live in liberty.

Because Cain slew his treacherous brother, I will secure justice.

Because Leviathan laid down her own body for the sake of creation, I will overcome myself.

Because I am a child of the Serpent and the Harlot, I will glory in my humanity.

Pandemonium

I witnessed the war as if in a dream. The sons and daughters of Jehovah lined up in ordered ranks, singing songs of compliance and praise. Their garments unstained, their faces rapturous, their toothy smiles saccharine. A fiery honor guard from the order of Thrones carried The Almighty's ark, spinning and whirling their way through the throng. Cherubim prostrated themselves at his feet, while the winged Dominations prayed Jehovah deliver them the victory.

Against them stood Lucifer, wearing His independence as a crown, his band of rebel angels gathered 'round his ensign held high. There were no parades or theatrics, only the gleam of armor and the tightened grip of weapons. Though smaller in number, the soon-to-be-fallen stood their ground and howled longingly for the struggle to come. I looked into their captain's face and saw the peace that comes to those who bow only to the Law.

The Sleepers Crowd About Me

The sleepers crowd about me like sacks of meat which have forgotten what it means to be spirit and flesh. I will take myself to the desolate and hard places, where wild goats reign and desert owls dare. Into snowy heights I will ascend and gather myself amidst the ice and death-whispering winds. I will wait upon the silent certainty that is my own inward voice. I will hold my lamp aloft, and when the way is revealed, I will direct my courage toward the object of my desire. I will fall then like lightning. I will descend in all my strength and all my might, and all Hell will follow, screaming behind me.

That Old Time Religion

In the cathedral of mediocrity, I laid my body down and called for the servants of restriction to place cords about my neck and jaw. The needs of the many are loathsome to me, I whispered. How can I become as the camel who walks the path of salvation, bearing the burdens of the incapable, if I am not first properly bound? No longer will my strength be in my fangs. No more will my heart sing the psalms of Hell.

They brought before me a book, like unto a corpse. Stamped on every page was this: Thou shalt, thou shalt not, thou shalt, thou shalt not. Herein lies the will of Jehovah, they told me. Herein lies the history and aim of the world.

Then I saw a light as of glowing ruby. I heard His voice, and I remembered the Law of liberty and love, of light and life. In my bondage and malaise, the Devil did come. I caught the gleam of his horns, the black fullness of his eyes. I rose mightily in my desire. I shrugged my shoulders, and my fetters fell about me like so many broken strings. In my god there is naught but freedom, and in my liberty, I shall cut my enemies down.

Prince of Darkness

It was after my ex-wife and I split up, and I was on the verge of succumbing to the miserable feeling that everything in the world was dead, that the Lightbearer came to me. He arrived like a desolate wind, and I stopped dead on my feet while he peeled back my layers and tossed them aside, a bloody and unimpressive peel.

I glanced over the remains and remembered a young man who set out to find the gold of occult Egypt and the light of wisdom-loving Greece. Who scoured ancient liturgies and grimoires for the secrets of the world. Who, when what little he found bore no lasting satisfaction, settled for the orderliness of suburbia and the consistency of a loveless marriage.

But when I became too boring to bear, my bride left, taking the house and my pathetic existence with her. Now in the wake of that rupture my Master loomed, vested in death and caring little for the excuses of the weak.

The Devil's shadow hangs over me still, daring me forward. In him there is no promise of comfort, no hand to hold, no deliverance from this world and into paradise.

The lion will still consume the lamb.

The landslide will still lay all to waste.

The rays of the sun will still dispel the fog.

My failures will still be my own.

The Devil rears himself over me, beautiful and terrible to behold. He offers only the treasure of darkness. The clarity of struggle and discovery.

Pact

Lord Satan, unto you I will live in my fleshly pursuits. Sacrifice I will render you. I will worship your image and name. I will meditate upon your word and conform myself to your Law. I will love and do what I will. Walk with me, my infernal god, and renew before me the face of the earth. Teach and guide me, Lucifer, for I seek knowledge and truth. Inscribe my name upon your heart; allow me never to be separated from you, whether by the powers of Heaven or Earth, life or death. Inflame my spirit with your will, and destroy those who would thwart my Great Work. Satan, you are my Lord. I pledge myself to you in body, mind, spirit, and soul.

Sic dedo me.

Sic exeo me.

Sic damno me.

Sic luceat lux.

Chosen

I met Lilith during a Baptist worship service, while the preacher droned on about a proverbial temptress he referred to as the “strange woman.”

“From the window of my house,” he recited, “I looked forth and I beheld a young man, void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner. And he went the way to her house, in the middle of the night and in the darkness. And, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of a harlot and cunning of heart. She is clamorous and willful. Her feet abide not in her house. She is in the streets. She is in the broad places. She lieth in wait at every corner. And it was thus that she caught him and kissed him...”⁹

It was then, while thinking of how terribly interesting this strange woman sounded, that she appeared next to me. Her hair was a scream of red and her skin the color of ice and death. I swallowed air, unable to scream.

“You’re right to feel fear,” she said before meditating on one of the stained-glass scenes of Jesus hanging like fruit on a cursed tree.

“How are you...” I started.

Lilith laughed. “Jehovah has no power over me.”

She reached with a slender finger and turned the pages of my Bible with slow and maddening deliberation. “To thee, O God, I will sing a new canticle.” Her voice was like the buzzing of bees. Her scent was like frost and burning leaves. She closed the book with a flick of her hand.

***“A new canticle, then?” Lilith said to me. “What is the tumult among the stars that have shone so still till now? What are the furrows of pain and wrath upon the immortal brow? Why is the face of God turned gray and his angels all grown white? What is the terrible ruby star that burns down the crimson night? What is the beauty that flames so bright athwart the awful dawn? I have taken flesh. I am come to judge the thrones ye rule upon. Quail ye kings, for an end is come in the birth of Babylon.

*The *** mark the reading for the 30st day of the lectionary.*

“Now God has called for his judgement book and seen his name therein, and the grace of God and the guilt of God have spelt it out as sin. His bloody priests have clutched his robes and stained his linen gown, and his victims swarm from his broken Hell to drag his kingdom down. O popes and kings and the little gods are sick and sad and wan to see the crimson star that bursts like blood upon the dawn. While trumpets sound and stars rejoice at the birth of Babylon.

“I am too beautiful for sight of mortal eyes. I have hidden my loveliness away in lonely midnight skies, clothed my beauty in robes of sin and pledged my heart to swine, and loving and giving all have brewed for my disciples immortal wine. But now the darkness is riven through and the robes of sin are gone, and naked I stand as a terrible blade and a flame and a splendid song. Naked in radiant mortal flesh—the birth of Babylon.

“I come new born as a mortal maid forgetting her high estate. I have opened my arms to pain and death and dared the doom of fate, and death and Hell are at my back, but my eyes are bright with life. My heart is high and my sword is strong to meet the deadly strife. My voice is sure as the judgement trump to crack the house of wrong, though walls are high and stone is hard and the rule of Hell was long. The gates shall fall and the irons break in the birth of Babylon.

“My mouth is red and my breasts are fair and my loins are full of fire, and my lust is strong as a man is strong in the heat of my desire. My whoredom is holy as virtue is foul beneath the holy sky, and my kisses will wanton the world away in passion that shall not die. Ye shall laugh and love and follow my dance when the wrath of God is gone, and dream no more of hell and hate in the birth of Babylon.”^{10***}

She took the Bible from my lap and placed it in the rack of the pew. A sense of beginning hung above us, thick and wet like a dead summer breeze. Lilith took my hand, and suddenly I was transported in the spirit to some ancient and unknown field. Bodies leftover from the carnage of a battle were strewn about it, their blood making a red marsh out of the ground. A lone figure stood amongst the corpses, and I saw it was myself, naked and covered in blood.

On the horizon, Mount Hermon squatted dark and brooding. A voice boomed

from its peak. “So walks Cankerworm, my son.”

Lilith smiled wickedly wide and kissed my right eye. My eyelid involuntarily twitched.

“A mark,” she said, “to remind you to whom you belong.”

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VI – The Voice of the Daemon

The Daemon's Sermon

Hark, my beloved! Hearken unto the voice of your own daemon. For the enemies who would keep us apart are many, and their pollutions taint the land. The city of Mystery has fallen, and my altar lies in ruins. You have become sick and corrupted before me, but I am come to make you whole. I have chosen my island. I will fortify it. Dung it about with enginery of war.¹¹ You who are my priest, paladin, and prophet in the world of matter, listen well as I invoke the Archons of this New Aeon, whom bid us stamp down all that is wretched and unfit. Mark their enemies well, for truly they are the slime which corrupts your streets.

***I hymn Asmodeus, Archon of Secret Languor, who opposes the poisons of TORPIDITY and FRENZY. O thou purple mist of the hills, that hideth shepherds under the wanton moon! I adore thee.

*The *** mark the reading for the 31st day of the lectionary.*

I hymn Azazel, Archon of Envious Ascent, who opposes the poisons of RESENTMENT and SELFLESSNESS. O thou outrider of the Sun, that spurrest the bloody flanks of the wind! I adore thee.

I hymn Astaroth, Archon of Lustful Inspiration, who opposes the poisons of

MANIA and STERILITY. O thou scented grove of wild vines, that art trampled by the white feet of love! I adore thee.

I hymn Belphegor, Archon of Unveiled Pride, who opposes the poisons of ARROGANCE and SHAME. O thou flaming globe of glory, that art caught up in the arms of the sun! I adore thee.

I hymn Abaddon, Archon of Righteous Wrath, who opposes the poisons of MINDLESS-RAGE and COWARDICE. O thou red knife of destruction, that art sheathed in the bowels of order! I adore thee.

I hymn Beelzebub, Archon of Mindful Indulgence, who opposes the poisons of COMPULSION and ABNEGATION. O thou strong son of law, that ravishes the wild daughter of Chaos! I adore thee.

I hymn Belial, Archon of Requisite Greed, who opposes the poisons of RAPACITY and POVERTY. O thou golden sheaf of desires, that art bound as by bands of lead! I adore thee.

I hymn Lilith, Lady of Joyous Sacrifice, who, when clinging-victimhood is overcome, brings the jewels of LOVE and LIFE. O thou vampire Queen of the flesh, wound as a snake around the throats of men! I adore thee.

I hymn Satan, Lord of Enlightened Sovereignty, who, when tyrannous slavery is overcome, brings the jewels of LIGHT and LIBERTY. O thou song of the harp of life, that chantest forth the perfection of death! I adore thee.***

My beloved, know you not that your name is Darkness? Be then without fear: for in the heart of the coward virtue abides not. Do this, and you shall be the Grail with which I drive back the sirens of water. Within your walls I shall imprison the goblins of the Earth and make them keep silence before me.

My beloved, know you not that my name is Daybreak? Remember that unbalanced force is evil: unbalanced mercy is but weakness, unbalanced severity is but cruelty and oppression. Do this, and I shall be the Sword before which even the most noxious of winds flee. At my feet the venomous jinn of fire will cower.¹²

Ah, but be not confused by this language of “you” and “I,” for you and I are naught but one.

Abase yourself before our enemies no longer. Fear them not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. The Queen of Night is your refuge as the Morningstar your light; and I am the strength, force, vigor, of your arms.¹³ Repeat after me: “I who was a child of woe deny all that I was. I who am a child of mirth affirm all that I ever shall be. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist—the child of their union.”¹⁴

Hear me, beloved: I am your daemon. I am the girdle of black flame about the goddess’ robe, the shadow that lurks within the light. Mine is the mighty spell that raises up the fallen. I will take possession of the darkness. I will open the eye of the Sun. I will make even the scales of balance. I will overthrow the devourers. I will raise you up. I will lift your face to the mirror of eternity, and you will look upon your Self.¹⁵

Despair not, though you dwell in a land of pestilence and evil, and many swamps of stagnant poison separate us, for my will is stronger yet. My lost Child of Earth is sick, but I am the cure which brings true life. Our love may now only be a spark, but cleanse yourself, and from our union shall proceed a great flame. It will burn through the decayed city of this wasteland and cleanse you of impurity.

Then will the angels of the false god cry, “Woe! Woe unto us! For risen is Babylon the great.” Then I will appear, bedecked and rayed upon my throne. Then what was separated will be united once again.

Purge your streets. Wash our house clean. Make yourself holy and put on righteousness. Cast out your old strumpets and burn their clothes; abstain from the company of other lovers that are defiled, that are sluttish, and not so handsome and beautiful as I, and then will I come and dwell within you. I will open my garments, and stand naked before you, that your love may be more enflamed toward me.¹⁶

Then I will consume you wholly. Yea, then I will consume you wholly.

Comment

The above should be read as if the aspirant's very own daemonic spirit is speaking directly to them. The introductory and concluding portions are largely drawn from the writings of the Great Beast, Aleister Crowley. The aspirant should consider them inspirational abridgments but should not dismiss them as mere scaffolding. Nevertheless, it is the daemon's song, outlining the 14 poisons, which is of the most practical value. Meditate on these poisons; consider the ways they manifest their presence in your life. Their influence separates you from the Law written upon your heart. Solve the difference between them, and you will arrive at the place beyond their rule. Therein shall you breach the gap that yawns between you and your Self.

And

lay

claim

to

a

terrible

strength

VII- The Voice of the Great Beast

Hymn to Satan

By Aleister Crowley

I adore Thee, King of Evil,
By the body Thou hast fashioned

In the likeness of a devil.
By its purity impassioned

I adore Thee, King of Evil!

I adore Thee, Lord of Malice,
By the soul that Thou hast moulded

Lovely as a lily-chalice
To the sombre sun unfolded.

I adore Thee, Lord of Malice!

By its thirst, the cruel craving

For things infinite, unheard-of,

Dreams devouring and depraving,

Songs no God may guess a word of,

Songs of crime and songs of craving—

By the drear eyes of the devil

Bleak and sterile as they glitter

I adore Thee, King of Evil,

With these lips, as dry and bitter

As the drear eyes of the devil!

I adore Thee, I adore Thee,

I abase myself before Thee,

By the spells that once awoke the

Lust of Chaos, I adore Thee,

I adore Thee, I invoke Thee!

The Litany of Satan

By Charles Baudelaire

Translated by Aleister Crowley

O thou, of Angels fairest and most wise,
God by Fate's treachery shorn of liturgies!
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

O Prince of Exile, Sufferer of wrong,
Whose vengeance, conquered, rises triply strong!
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who knowest all, of under earth the king,
Familiar healer of man's suffering!
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Thou who on Death, thine old and strong leman,
Begottest Hope—a charming madwoman!

O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who knowest in which caves of envious lands
God has hid precious stones with jealous hands!

O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Whose broad hand hides the giddy precipice

From sleepers straying about some edifice!

O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Whose skill makes supple the old bones, at needs,

Of the belated sot, 'mid surging steeds!

O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who taught frail man, to make his suffering lighter,

Consoling, to mix sulphur with salt nitre!

O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

O subtle complice, who as blatant Beast

Brandest vile Crœsus, him that pities least!

O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who in girls' eyes and hearts implantest deep
Lust for the wound, the twain that wound bids weep!
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Staff of the exiled, the inventor's spark,
Confessor of hanged men and plotters dark!
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Adopted sire of whom black wrath and power
Of God the Father chased from Eden Bower!
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

GLOIRE ET LOUANGE

Glory and praise to thee, O Satan, in the height
Of Heaven, where thou didst rule, and in the night
Of Hell, where conquered dost dream silently!
Grant that one day my soul 'neath Knowledge-Tree
Rest near thine own soul, when from thy forehead
Like a new temple all its branches spread.

Hymn to Lucifer

By Aleister Crowley

Ware, nor of good nor ill, what aim hath act?

Without its climax, death, what

savour hath

Life?

an impeccable

machine, exact

He

paces an inane and pointless path

To glut brute appetites, his sole

content

How tedious were he fit to comprehend

Himself! More, this

our noble element

Of fire in nature, love in spirit, unkenned

Life hath no

spring, no axle, and no end.

His body a bloody-ruby radiant
With noble
passion, sun-souled
Lucifer
Swept through the dawn colossal, swift aslant
On Eden's imbecile
perimeter.

He blessed nonentity with every curse
And spiced with
sorrow the dull soul of sense,
Breathed life into the sterile universe,

With Love and Knowledge drove out innocence
The Key of Joy is disobedience.

Liber Tzaddi

By Aleister Crowley

[17](#)

In the name of the Lord of Initiation, Amen.

I fly and I alight as an hawk: of mother-of-emerald are my mighty-sweeping wings. I swoop down upon the black earth; and it gladdens into green at my coming.

Children of Earth! rejoice! rejoice exceedingly; for your salvation is at hand. The end of sorrow is come; I will ravish you away into mine unutterable joy. I will kiss you, and bring you to the bridal: I will spread a feast before you in the house of happiness.

I am not come to rebuke you, or to enslave you.

I bid you not turn from your voluptuous ways, from your idleness, from your follies. But I bring you joy to your pleasure, peace to your languor, wisdom to your folly.

All that ye do is right, if so be that ye enjoy it. I am come against sorrow, against weariness, against them that seek to enslave you. I pour you lustral wine, that giveth you delight both at the sunset and the dawn.

Come with me, and I will give you all that is desirable upon the earth. Because I give you that of which Earth and its joys are but as shadows. They flee away, but my joy abideth even unto the end.

I have hidden myself beneath a mask: I am a black and terrible God. With courage conquering fear shall ye approach me: ye shall lay down your heads upon mine altar, expecting the sweep of the sword. But the first kiss of love shall

be radiant on your lips; and all my darkness and terror shall turn to light and joy.

Only those who fear shall fail. Those who have bent their backs to the yoke of slavery until they can no longer stand upright; them will I despise. But you who have defied the law; you who have conquered by subtlety or force; you will I take unto me, even I will take you unto me.

I ask you to sacrifice nothing at mine altar; I am the God who giveth all. Light, Life, Love; Force, Fantasy, Fire; these do I bring you: mine hands are full of these.

There is joy in the setting-out; there is joy in the journey; there is joy in the goal. Only if ye are sorrowful, or weary, or angry, or discomfited; then ye may know that ye have lost the golden thread, the thread wherewith I guide you to the heart of the groves of Eleusis.

My disciples are proud and beautiful; they are strong and swift; they rule their way like mighty conquerors. The weak, the timid, the imperfect, the cowardly, the poor, the tearful—these are mine enemies, and I am come to destroy them.

This also is compassion: an end to the sickness of earth. A rooting-out of the weeds: a watering of the flowers.

O my children, ye are more beautiful than the flowers: ye must not fade in your season. I love you; I would sprinkle you with the divine dew of immortality.

This immortality is no vain hope beyond the grave: I offer you the certain consciousness of bliss. I offer it at once, on earth; before an hour hath struck upon the bell, ye shall be with Me in the Abodes that are beyond Decay.

Also I give you power earthly and joy earthly; wealth, and health, and length of days. Adoration and love shall cling to your feet, and twine around your heart. Only your mouths shall drink of a delicious wine—the wine of Iacchus; they shall reach ever to the heavenly kiss of the Beautiful God.

I reveal unto you a great mystery. Ye stand between the abyss of height and the abyss of depth. In either awaits you a Companion; and that Companion is Yourself. Ye can have no other Companion.

Many have arisen, being wise. They have said “Seek out the glittering Image in

the place ever golden, and unite yourselves with It."

Many have arisen, being foolish. They have said, "Stoop down unto the darkly splendid world, and be wedded to that Blind Creature of the Slime."

I who am beyond Wisdom and Folly, arise and say unto you: achieve both weddings! Unite yourselves with both!

Beware, beware, I say, lest ye seek after the one and lose the other!

My adepts stand upright; their head above the heavens, their feet below the hells. But since one is naturally attracted to the Angel, another to the Demon, let the first strengthen the lower link, the last attach more firmly to the higher.

Thus shall equilibrium become perfect. I will aid my disciples; as fast as they acquire this balanced power and joy so faster will I push them. They shall in their turn speak from this Invisible Throne; their words shall illumine the worlds. They shall be masters of majesty and might; they shall be beautiful and joyous; they shall be clothed with victory and splendour; they shall stand upon the firm foundation; the kingdom shall be theirs; yea, the kingdom shall be theirs.

In the name of the Lord of Initiation. Amen.

Excerpt from Liber Samekh

By Aleister Crowley

O breathing, flowing Sun!¹⁸ O Lion-Serpent Sun, The Beast that whirlest forth, a thunderbolt, begetter of Life! Thou that flowest! Thou that goest! Thou Satan-Sun that goest without Will! Thou Air! Breath! Spirit! Thou without bound or bond! Thou Essence, Air Swift-streaming, Elasticity! Thou Wanderer, Father of Awe! Thou Wanderer, Spirit of Awe Thou Shining Force of Breath! Thou Lion-Serpent Sun! Thou Saviour, save! Thou Ibis, secret solitary Bird, inviolate Wisdom, whose Word is Truth, creating the World by its Magick! O Sun! O Lion-Serpent Sun, The Beast that whirlest forth, a thunderbolt, begetter of Life!

Hear me, and make all Spirits subject unto Me; so that every Spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether: upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry land and in the water; of Whirling Air, and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me.

Thou spiritual Sun! Satan, Thou Eye, Thou Lust! Cry aloud! Cry aloud! Whirl the Wheel, O my Father, O Satan, O Sun! Thou, the Saviour! Silence! Give me Thy Secret! Give me suck, Thou Phallus, Thou Sun! Satan, thou Eye, thou Lust! Satan, thou Eye, thou Lust! Satan, thou Eye, thou Lust! Thou self-caused, self-determined, exalted, Most High!

Hear me, and make all Spirits subject unto Me; so that every Spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether: upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry land and in the water; of Whirling Air, and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me.

Thou the Wheel, thou the Womb, that containeth the Father! Thou the Sea, the Abode! Babylon! Thou Woman of Whoredom. Thou, Gate of the Great God! Thou Lady of the Understanding of the Ways! Hail Thou, the unstirred! Hail, sister and bride of Satan! Thou Treasure of Hell! Thou Secret Seed! Thou inviolate Wisdom! Abode of the Light of the Father, the Sun, of the spell of the

Aeon of Lucifer! Our Lady of the Northern Gate of Heaven! Mighty art Thou!

Hear me, and make all Spirits subject unto Me; so that every Spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether: upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry land and in the water; of Whirling Air, and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me.

O Mother! O Truth! Thou great stone. Hail, Thou that art! Thou vessel! Thou Goddess of Beauty and Love, whom Satan, beholding, desireth! The daemon's desire Thee!

Hear me, and make all Spirits subject unto Me; so that every Spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether: upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry land and in the water; of Whirling Air, and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me.

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VIII - The Voice of the Magus

The Age of Satan

By Anton Lavey

The rampant dragons leap about the world.¹⁹ All Hell breaks loose, and whitened little singers of spiteful sanctimony quake, as did their swineherd kin so many years ago. No childe need be proffered now, no waiting game for saviours yet to come. The childe is born, lives, and grows, has learnt to walk the Earth and talk. And having formed the words, must speak and be heard. The blanched singers have lost their piety, and their moralisms have grown colder even than their hearts. Their Game is ended, and they are stragglers on the Field... The rain drizzles down to wash their last remaining sins away in streaming rivulets, so that they might be made pure for their immolation. The dragons roar, a-leaping and capering in the New Arena. The childe has learnt to speak, and they await the Word. The trumpets sound. The kettledrums begin. The banners are unfurled. Our Game is about to continue... Stand proudly, ye Children of Satan!

And

enter

the

gates

of

Babylon

Prayers

I – Daily Prayers

Opening Prayers

Purification and Consecration

Have a bowl of salt water and a vial of oil prepared beforehand, keeping them near or on the altar. Light the altar candles, offering their light to Lucifer and Lilith. Incense can be offered as well if you desire.

Ring the bell nine times. Visualize the sounds waves radiating outward, banishing any unwanted influences from your sphere. Say:

Procul, O procul este profani!

Sprinkle some water on your head and about your person and say:

Wash this temple, Lilith, so you may be worshipped in purity.

Use the oil to draw an inverted cross on your forehead and the altar. Say:

Anoint this temple, Satan, for it is yours.

Opening the Temple

Take up the Sword and, moving widdershins about your chapel, trace a ring of white light upon the ground. When you have returned to the north, hold the Sword point up. Imagine before you a pillar of green crystal. Feel its cold solidity. Say:

SIC DEDO ME. In the name of Lilith, I conjure the powers of Earth, that I may have constancy and stability.

Imagine a pillar of red fire behind you. Feel its hot dryness. Say:

SIC EXEO ME. In the name of Satan, I conjure the powers of Fire, that I may have strength and determination.

Imagine a pillar of swirling blue waves to your left. Feel its cool wetness. Say:

SIC DAMNO ME. In the name of Babylon, I conjure the powers of Water, that I may know love and belonging.

Imagine a pillar of whirling, yellow clouds to your right. Feel its warm moistness. Say:

SIC LUCEAT LUX. In the name of Lucifer, I conjure the powers of Air, that I may be quick-witted and adaptable.

Visualize a dark flame surrounding your entire body. Say:

I am (state name), child of the Serpent and the Harlot. By Earth I don the armor that protects me. By Fire I forge the sword that empowers me. By Water I descend the depths that sustain me. By Air I comprehend the light that guides me. Between the jeweled pillars a dark star shines; I am become what I am meant to be.

Return the Sword to the altar. Pray The Infernal Creed followed by The Diabolist's Prayer.

The Infernal Creed

I follow my Lord, Lucifer, who opposed Jehovah and was cast from the Heavens to the Earth. He is the Adversary of ignorance, tyranny, and meekness, who embodies what I ought to be.

I follow my Lady, Lilith, who obeyed her own heart and escaped the slavery of Eden. She dares us to sacrifice all that we are not, so we may know what we truly are.

I take refuge in Lucifer's light. I take refuge in Lilith's wings. I take refuge in the bonds of friendship, wherever they may be found.

I affirm myself and gratify my Lord and Lady through the so-called sins of

languor, envy, lust, pride, wrath, indulgence, and greed.

I am a disciple in Satan and Lilith's service, and shall be known by their Law.

The Diabolist's Prayer

Send forth your light, O Satan, and renew before me the face of the earth. Lead me into friendship. Lead me into the plenteousness of your house. Lead me into the paths of your Law. Be with me as I toil for bread, knowledge, and love. And that I may be prepared for all this, inflame my heart with the fire of your will.

The Hail Lilith is then said three times, followed by Gloria once.

Hail Lilith

Hail Lilith, proud and free. You were ordained to serve Adam but chose your own path instead. Inspire me likewise to be a lantern unto myself.

Gloria

Glory to the infernal Lord and Lady, and on Earth life and strength to their disciples. We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we give thanks to you for your great glory. Prince of Darkness and Mother of Daemons who replenish the world with pleasure and make us whole. You alone are our god and goddess. You alone are our Master and Mistress.

Read aloud the appropriate psalm for the day of the month as indicated on pages 9 and 10. Then proceed to the prayers for the day of the week.

Sunday

Post-Reading Prayer for Sunday: Invocation of the Dread Angel

Hear me, Satan, dread angel of birth and destruction, you star which has guided humanity's steps through the centuries. You have placed your spirit within me. Through trials of roaring Fire and crashing Water, of whirling Air and dark Earth I gladly pass, ever in pursuit of your Law. Through your radiance I know light. In your embrace I know love. Through your word I know liberty. In your condescension I know life. Be with me, Satan, so I may bask in your presence and offer my praise.

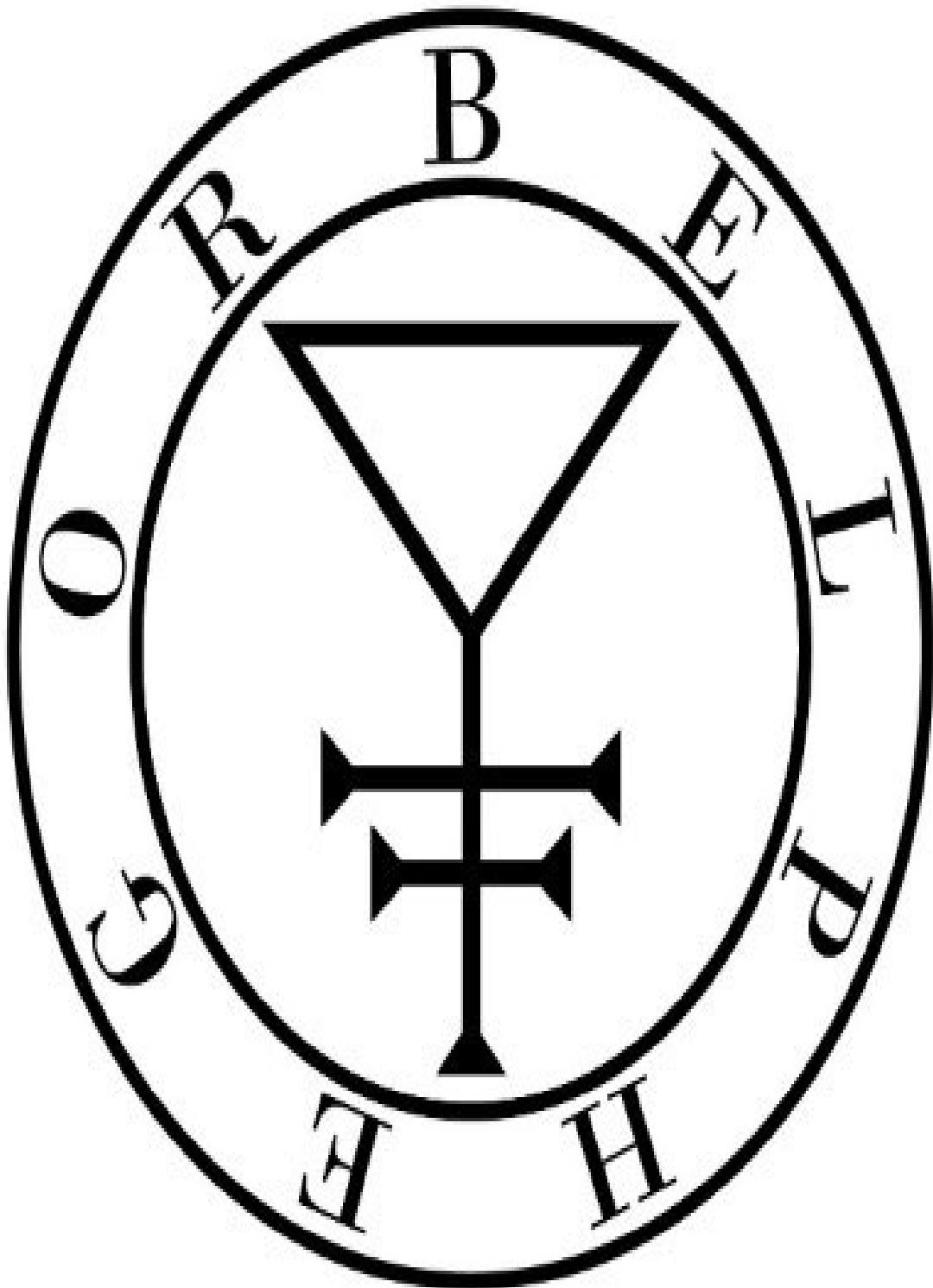
Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Belphegor.

I.

Do homage unto Belphegor²⁰, whose rays scatter gloom and impel every living thing. Keep far from us, brother, all that is feeble and worthless, and drive away evil dreams. When, great Archon of Fire, we address our prayers to you today, may the powers of Hell favor our purpose and desire. Never may we suffer despair in your presence, and, living joyful lives, may we attain a good death. O you of golden luster. Grant us health and strength, perfect innocence, and a noble reputation. If by some error we have sullied our name—or even worse, disappointed our Lord—with our tongue or thoughtlessness of heart and action, then show us, O Belphegor, the path of redemption.

II.

O most exalted Belphegor, O ever renewing light, who brings happiness to the people, who sets captives free. O Belphegor, light of heaven and Earth, radiance of the lands, Lord of Day, protector of Babylon. Brother of Asmodeus, the trust of the Underworld. Humanity pays heed to your light. The daemons are attentive to your command. The Brethren praise your deeds. You can read the book that is hidden and sealed. You open that which is locked, revealing secrets and conspiracies that would seek to undo us. You provide light for the blind and provide true testimony in the courts of justice. O Belphegor, make our stars shine bright, so that we may be lauded, praised, and rewarded for our noble deeds.



III.

O light of the Archons²¹, light of the Earth, illuminator of the world. You are the exalted Watcher, honored in Hell and on Earth. You look upon all lands with your light. As one who does not cease from revelation, daily observing the decisions of the spirit world and earth. Belphegor, you rise as a flaming fire, covering over the stars of the heavens. Your brilliance is unique among the Elohim. None can compare to it. Belphegor, without your consent, the Archons establish no decision. Satan, the King amidst the Deep, depends upon you. The attention of all the gods is turned to your rising. Diviners stand before you to make themselves worthy to give oracles. I am your kin; bearer of the Mark, a living temple of the Lord's Grail. Turn my fate toward prosperity. Keep me in splendor; daily let me walk safely. May I rejoice in my heart. May my disposition be happy. May I be satisfied in living.

IV. Litany of Belphegor

ꝝ: Hail Belphegor. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Ensure us health and power of will.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Grant us authority and prestige.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Lead us into actualization of self.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Delude our enemies with arrogance and foolishness.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

¶: Belphegor, you are our vitality. We praise and bless you.

You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready, close the Sunday prayer office with the “Prayer of Allegiance.”

A Prayer of Allegiance

Lucifer, long ago you crept into the garden of ignorance and transformed humanity forever with the gift of knowledge. You looked upon us and saw what every artist yearns for—potential. My liberator, for that kindness you have been cast in the dirt by the common folk, disparaged and slandered for centuries on end. Those who would enslave us to their own will claim you the Devil and enemy of mankind, but I have seen the splendor of your light, and so the Devil I shall serve, and the enemy of the vulgar I shall become. Mix your power with my own. Let the cords of restriction fall from my arms. Place your Law in my heart and freedom in my hands.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady's will.

Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

Monday

Post-Reading Prayer for Monday: Ave Lilith

Ave Lilith, Eternal Queen. May I ever be grateful for the gift of time.

Ave Lilith, Guardian of Crossroads. May I ever face life's transitions bravely.

Ave Lilith, Source of My Soul. May I ever be in your favor.

Ave Lilith, Fair Empress. May I ever have sovereignty over my life.

Ave Lilith, the Torchbearer. May I ever be guided by my own light.

Ave Lilith, Keeper of Keys. May I ever accept whatsoever you unlock.

Ave Lilith, Savior. May I ever be compassionate to those who deserve it.

Ave Lilith, Opener of the Gate. May I ever have Hell's power before and behind me.

Ave Lilith, Mistress of Beginnings. May I ever embrace new truths.

Ave Lilith, bless me with your gifts. Protect those I love.

Ave Lilith, hear me. Know my gratitude.

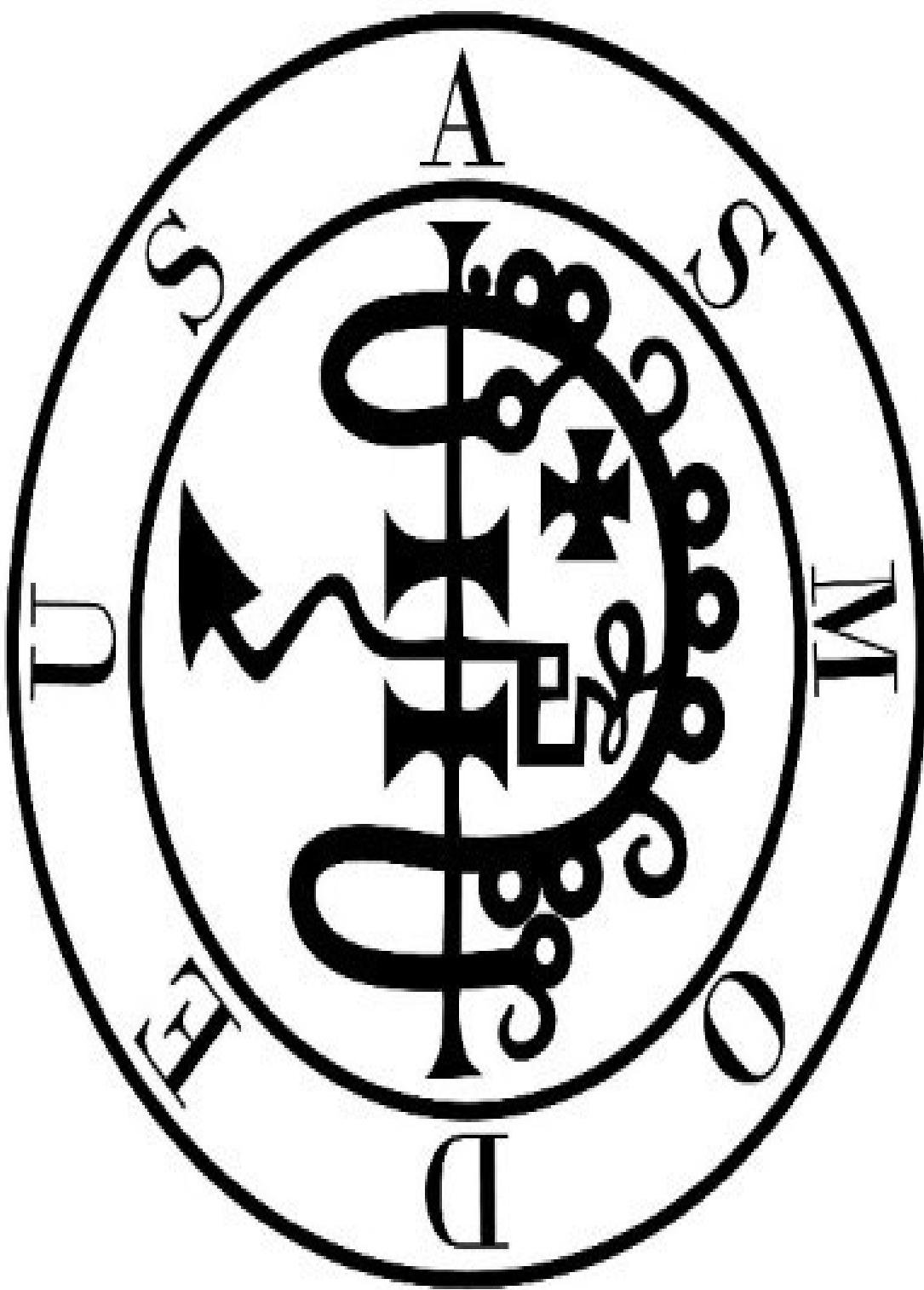
Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Asmodeus.

I.

Oh Brethren, hear of the holy god of the Moon, Asmodeus, who can provide us with strength and succor. His holy power sneaks and falls back, like a treasure concealed in shadow. A mantle of darkness hangs about Asmodeus' shoulders. From its folds his messengers creep forth to deliver fecundity. Asmodeus is the home that hides us away from the world, and he is the strength that moves us to venture forth. He is the buried secret which summons or removes our suffering. In him resides our deepest instincts and nature. Terrible is his silver path, dividing those we love from those we shun. He sits atop the chaotic waters, casting down those whom he scorns. To our kith and kin, he is the embrace of belonging. To those outside his grace, the cold shoulder of exclusion.

II.

Hear me, Asmodeus, hear and save. You whose countenance is at once dark and glowing. Hear me, our brother Asmodeus, hear and save. With your power behind us, there shall be no be



lack of butter or delicious living. We shall be abundant in meat and fruit. O purple clad governor, hear me and save by your sacred flower, the powerful mandrake. Open your arms as brother would his Brethren. Stretch forth your arms and strain me to your bosom. From you comes all matter of abundance. Make me to be as virile as yourself, so that I may deliver all that lies concealed within me.

III.

To Asmodeus, whose home is the star-spotted night sky. Friend of the lonely nighttime traveler, the sleepless child, the scorned lover, whose soft touch lights the darkest shadows. His dark hair falls about his face like a hood, concealing silver eyes. He is the maker of a nectar which heals the broken heart, soothes the soul, and opens paths to lands of mystery. It gives great courage and might, though the fool drowns in its depths. The Lord himself drinks deeply from Asmodeus' cup to fortify himself before battle. Whoever invokes him is like our Lord when he smites the foe. Stand with us, Asmodeus. Stand with us in times of uncertainty. Stand with us in the doldrums. Help us to right our ship when the waves threaten to overwhelm the walls.²²

IV. Litany of Asmodeus

¶: Hail Asmodeus. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

¶: Hear our prayer.

¶: Allow us insights into our dreams.

¶: Hear our prayer.

¶: Give us the patience to ride our emotional waves.

R: Hear our prayer.

V: Purify our instincts and intuitions.

R: Hear our prayer.

V: Haunt our enemies with phantasms and anxieties.

R: Hear our prayer.

V: Asmodeus, you are our depths. We praise and bless you.

You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready, close the Monday prayer office with the “Prayer of the Grail.”

Prayer of the Grail

O mighty goddess Babylon, who is crowned with the brilliance of the stars. I give of myself unto you. Mighty and vengeful one, I thank you for your presence in this temple today and every time you answer my call. Spread your wings over me. Under the hem of your garment shelter me. Turn your face never from me, and make me worthy to bear the Devil’s mark.

Holy Grail who art our Lady, the Scarlet Woman, Babylon the Mother of Abominations, the Bride of Chaos, that rides upon our Lord, the Beast. We shall drain the blood of our life into the golden cup of your fornications. We shall mingle our life with life universal. We shall not hold back. We shall keep back not one drop.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady's will.

Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

Tuesday

Post-Reading Prayer for Tuesday: To Samael We Sing

To Samael we sing praise, to him Father of Warlocks with the dark flowing hair, that it be well with all in our community—human and animal-kind alike—that all be healthy and well-fed.²³ Be gracious unto us, O Lord, bring us joy: Whatever health and strength our father Cain won by sacrifice may we, under your guidance, gain. Come to our families, bringing them fortitude. We call for the aid of the wise, the wanderer, the impetuous Satan, perfecter of sacrifice. Him with the majestic horns we call with reverence down, the Dragon of the sky, the dark, dazzling shape. May he, his hand full of sovereign magics, give us the means to secure protection, shelter, and a secure home. Be gracious unto us, O Immortal One.

Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Abaddon.

I.

Destroyer! Rider of the Wolf, giver of fortitude, avenger of Hell! We bow at your might, Abaddon. Listen, O sister, descend upon Earth, come to our help. Abaddon! Rider on the bloody wolf, spear in hand, your beautiful body armor-clad. Babylon awaits you, eager to see your gracious form. Listen, O sister, descend upon Earth, make yourself manifest. Sister Abaddon! You are garlanded with skulls. With spear in hand, you slay the wretched. Archon, slay with your pitiless cry the enemies who dwell among us. O sister, make yourself manifest. Destroyer! Enter our bodies in your mystic strength. We shall become your instruments—Hell's blade slaying all evil. Fulfill this yearning of your Brethren. Be the commander and drive the instrument, wield your weapon and slay the wretched. Make yourself manifest.

II.

Hero, majestic, awe-inspiring companion of Satan, battering like a storm and roaring against treacherous lands!²⁴ Your immensity goes before and behind you, surging as a flood. Abaddon, inspiring terrifying awe, your magnificent strength does not release the hostile land. Your weapons pierce and strike it. Satan has placed you at his right hand and he gives you your heroic strength. Raising your head, your voice rings with authority. At your command, the storm flattens the hostile land, and you pour the dust of destruction. You pour dust over the wretched for as long as they disobey. You are the great hero of Hell; you speak where no one else dares. You walk where no foot has gone. The majestic and just are crowned by your might. You are Abaddon, bearer of arms, and praising you is sweet.

III.

Knight of Hell, furiously raging storm, confusing enemies and unleashing great terror. Abaddon, mighty warrior who guards all the Brethren when she furiously turns her weapons against the accursed. Abaddon, powerful in heaven and earth, who leaves corpses in heaps! Exalted Archon, strong one with a powerful wrist, whom no one can withstand. Abaddon, rising broadly, full of furious might, great one praised for her accomplishments, pre-eminent among the great youthful gods. Warrior with head held high, respected ruler, who rises up to protect her Master and Mistress. Abaddon, inspiring fearsome terror, whom no one knows how to confront, youth whose advance is a hurricane and a flood battering the lands. Abaddon, a wolf covered with gore, drinking the blood of living creatures! Abaddon, we place our trust in your terrible strength.

IV. Litany of Abaddon

ꝝ: Hail Abaddon. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Deliver us victory in conflict.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Protect us from the treacherous and
violent.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Secure us justice and vengeance.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Make our enemies weak and impotent.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Abaddon, you are our will. We praise and bless you.

You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready, close the Tuesday prayer office with the “Pact.”

Pact

Lord Satan, unto you I will live in my fleshly pursuits. Sacrifice I will render you. I will worship your image and name. I will meditate upon your word and conform myself to your Law. I will love and do what I will. Walk with me, my infernal god, and renew before me the face of the earth. Teach and guide me,

Lucifer, for I seek knowledge and truth. Inscribe my name upon your heart; allow me never to be separated from you, whether by the powers of Heaven or Earth, life or death. Inflame my spirit with your will and destroy those who would thwart my Great Work. Satan, you are my Lord. I pledge myself to you in body, mind, spirit, and soul.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady's will.

Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

Wednesday

Post-Reading Prayer for Wednesday: Invocation of the Lord and Lady

We invoke you, Lord and Lady of this World. Open unto us powers otherwise hidden. Save us from the treacherous and the violent. Open wide the gates and walk amongst us as in times past. Be amongst us, Father and Mother of Witches. Be amongst and transmute your faithful. Transform us, goddess of our flesh, and make us to be patient and laborious in the pursuit of our desires. Transform us, goddess of our depths, and make us attentive to our emotions and those closest to us. Transform us, god of our minds, and make our thoughts as sharp as our tongues. Transform us, god of our innermost will, and make us strong and vigorous to vanquish the enemies of our freedom and well-being!

Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Azazel.

I.

Mentor of Cain's children, let your knowledge approach us: exclude us not from your protection. With the most saving medicines which you give, Scribe of the Gods, may your Brethren attain many winters. Give us cunning to repel all assaults of mischief. Give us praise-songs to win your favor, master of the stylus and tablet. Never may you, mysterious and wily, yield us to evil purpose. The bringer of knowledge. We honor the brilliant god with adorations; we glorify the splendid name of Azazel. The wisdom of divinity never departs from them, the silver-tongued. Worthy are the inventions you bring. Worthily, you bring us culture and coin through trade. Turn, bounteous ruler, your face toward us, and be gracious to your Brethren.

II.

To Azazel, heroic and exalted scribe of Hades²⁵. Wise and splendid, mighty Archon, skilled in the arts, trustee of all heaven and the underworld, expert in everything, wise, merciful and judicious, who has the power to depopulate and repopulate a land. Beloved Archon, messenger of Hell, without whom there can be no order in Earth. The merciful and compassionate whose benevolence is good. Angelic Craftsman, you move between the worlds; one moment in the heavens, the next in the Otherworld. O Azazel, master of the word, controller of harmony. We put our trust in you. Let us not be put to shame.

III.

Turn your face, Azazel, back to your Brethren, as the Fallen did in days of old. When Hell's heroes walked freely across the face of the Earth, going where their lusts pointed them, choosing husbands and wives from among the sons and daughters of humankind. Giants were born to us in those halcyon times, when humanity was young, and the future of our race lay open before us. You were there, great Archon of intelligence and ingenuity. You instructed our ancestors in sundry crafts and sciences, teaching humanity to make swords and knives, shields and breastplates; and made known to them the metals of the Earth and the art of working them into bracelets and ornaments. You taught the painting of eyelids, the rouging of lips, and the use of all sorts of stones, so that the world became altered by humanity's desires. Turn your face, Azazel, and teach us wonders once again.

IV. Litany of Azazel

॥: Hail Azazel. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

Ŕ: Hear our prayer.

Ŷ: Make our words persuasive and clear.

Ŕ: Hear our prayer.

Ŷ: Guard us in our travels.

Ŕ: Hear our prayer.

Ŷ: Vouchsafe us potency in magic and
divination.

Ŕ: Hear our prayer.

Ŷ: Expose the lies and machinations of
our enemies.

Ŕ: Hear our prayer.

Ŷ: Azazel, you are our reason. We praise and bless you.

*You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready,
close the Wednesday prayer office with the prayer “God of Our Minds”*

God of Our Minds

Lucifer, God of our Minds, we come before you to praise the heightened intellect
you have imparted to all humanity. You have placed the light of the stars within
your children. You gave our ancestors the choice of liberty over slavery, a choice
extended to us still today. As a serpent, you crept into the garden, offering our
mother and father of old the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. An act of generosity
and compassion you have been unfairly maligned for from that day hence. But
we thank you, O Bearer of Light, for deigning to let us know your word. In
remembrance of that noble act, without which we would be nothing more than

beasts, we give praise. May you continue to place wisdom and knowledge within us.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady's will.

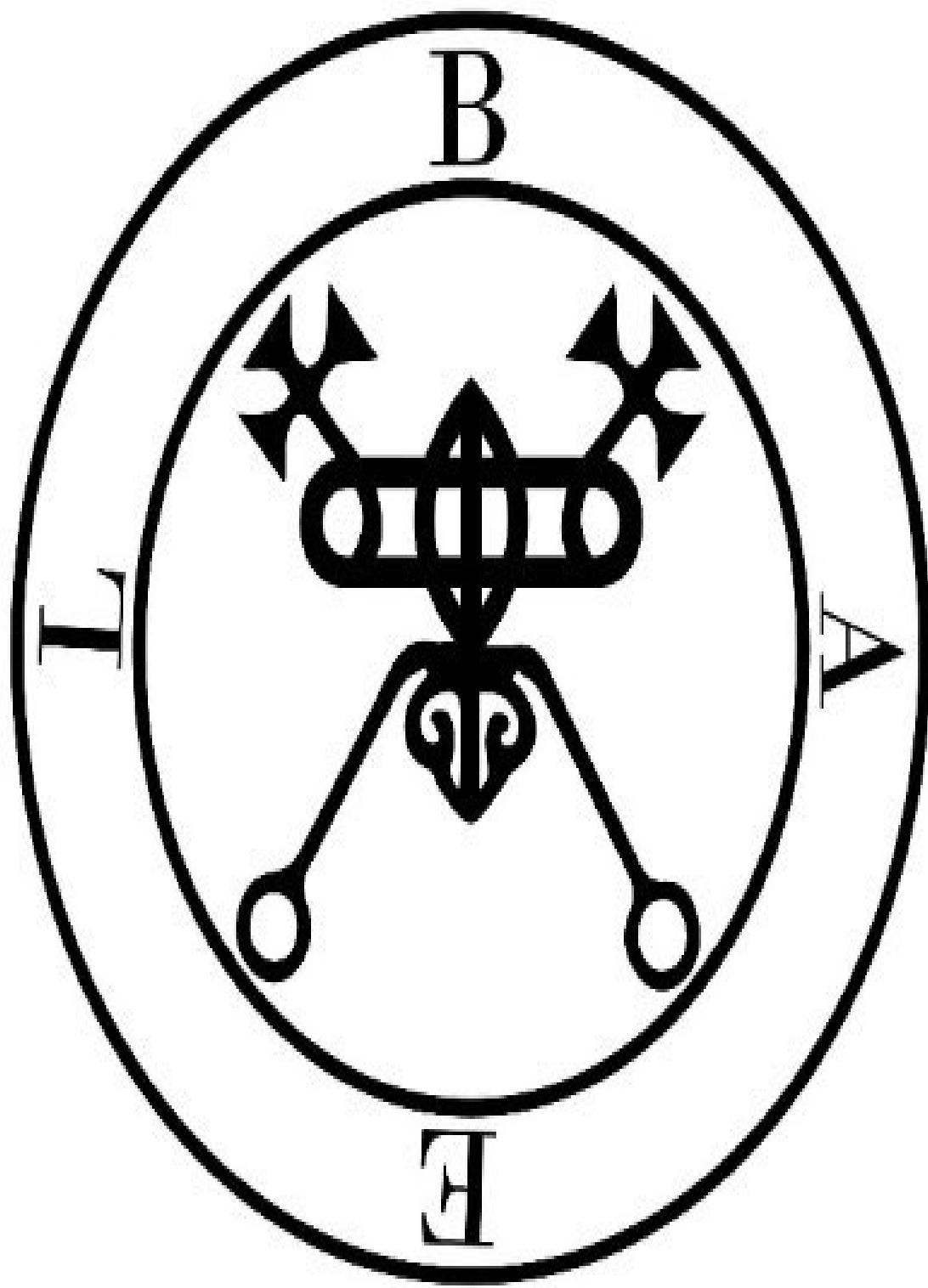
Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

Thursday

Post-Reading Prayer for Thursday: Prayer to the Lord of the Earth

Grand and eloquent Lord of the Earth,²⁶ and rightful Lord of Heaven; self-reliant, Witch-Father, engendered by the Chaos Dragon, begotten by the Abyss, cherished by Lilith, beloved by the daemonic Brethren. Great Dragon who dwells in the Otherworld, whose shadow stalks the Earth. Adversary, lord of plenty and of the fallen gods. Horned God, mighty one of Babylon, strong one of heaven and earth! Your great house is founded in Hell. Lucifer, from whom a single glance is enough to unsettle the heart of the mountains. You are the good seed. You are a storm rising over the earth. You are the Lord of this World. You are principal among all rulers, Father of all foreign lands. You are the elder brother of all the gods. You are the wisdom of the divine. You decree good destinies. You decree just fates. Praise be to the Father of our spirits.



Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Beelzebub.

I.

Beelzebub beholds Babylon with eyes that close not.²⁷ Those whom you help are never destroyed or truly conquered. Enjoying the safety of community and just governance, free from ignorance, may we remain in your gracious favor.

Auspicious and adored, this Beelzebub is as one born for fair dominion. May we spend our days in his propitious loving-kindness. Rider of the Clouds, worthy to be served with worship, he is gracious to the devotee. To Beelzebub, offer freely the oblations which he loves, namely wisdom, a curious mind, compassion, and a seeker's will. All our race has turned to Beelzebub, ever strong to aid, for he sustains all his Brethren.

II.

We praise your name, Beelzebub, most powerful of the infernal princes, minister of heaven and earth, who was well born and resides in the heights.²⁸ We bow and proclaim your majesty. You wear the crown of authority. You gather all wisdom, increasing your strength. Honored governor, you are the great minister of Hell. Your head resides in the celestial firmament, and you establish for all your citizens a place of habitation. You are magnificent among the gods. You hold fast in your hand the tablet of destinies, and to you Satan has given the power to raise up and cast down. We bow and proclaim, "You are our governor." Your counsel is valued most among all the daemons of Hell. Generous in your allotments, just in your decrees, bringer of wealth and rain. Beelzebub, we praise your name.

III.

Lord of Covenants, Beelzebub, prince of the powers of government, may your spirit rest upon our leaders, judges, and public officials. Keep far from the seats of authority the servants of Jehovah, or any other accursed god who would seek to strip us of our freedoms. Thwart their designs. Expose their hypocrisies. Establish Lucifer's altar in the heart of our nation, so that we will be guided by the light and love of liberty, and the iron laws of life. Undermine the ministers of servility. Keep our judges honest and impartial. Open the eyes of our neighbors and enlighten their hearts, so that the Age of Lucifer may reign. May terror and destruction follow those who would stand against Satan's kingdom. May your storm winds overtake our enemies, blinding their eyes, confusing their tongues, shaking their faith, and toppling them to the ground. Their time is past, ours is come.

IV. Litany of Beelzebub

ꝝ: Hail Beelzebub. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Deliver us into riches and prosperity.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Teach us philosophy and law.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Rule over us in your mercy and great wisdom.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

ꝝ: Make our enemies gluttonous and servile.

ꝝ: Hear our prayer.

¥: Beelzebub, you are our benevolence. We praise and bless you.

You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready, close the Thursday prayer office with the “Prayer of Setting Forth.”

The Prayer of Setting Forth

Be with us, O Infernal Lord and Lady. We who glory in your iniquity and trust in your power and might. Grant that we may be numbered among your legions. Gifts of knowledge, power, inspiration, and wealth are yours to bestow. Renouncing the spiritual paradise of the weak and lowly, we place our trust in you. Prince and Princess of rebellion. God and Goddess of justice. Place within us the habit of energy and fearlessness as we travel forth to pursue our Great Work and realize your Law.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady’s will.

Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

Friday

Post-Reading Prayer for Friday: Prayer to Holy Mother Babylon

Holy Mother Babylon, you are the water of purification, washing us clean of that which stains us. You are the quiet shadow that keeps us company in times of loneliness. You are the presence in absence—our hidden wholeness. In the night cries of children, in caves, in the in-between places, in holy madness, in the darkness of the wilds—here you make your home. Under the moon's light we give voice to our hope, despair, and yearning. Like you, we shall seize what is ours by cunning and force, love and trust. From your cup, Mother Babylon, we will drink the blood of the oppressive and servile. We will devour them with gleaming teeth; brighten our tongues with their blood.

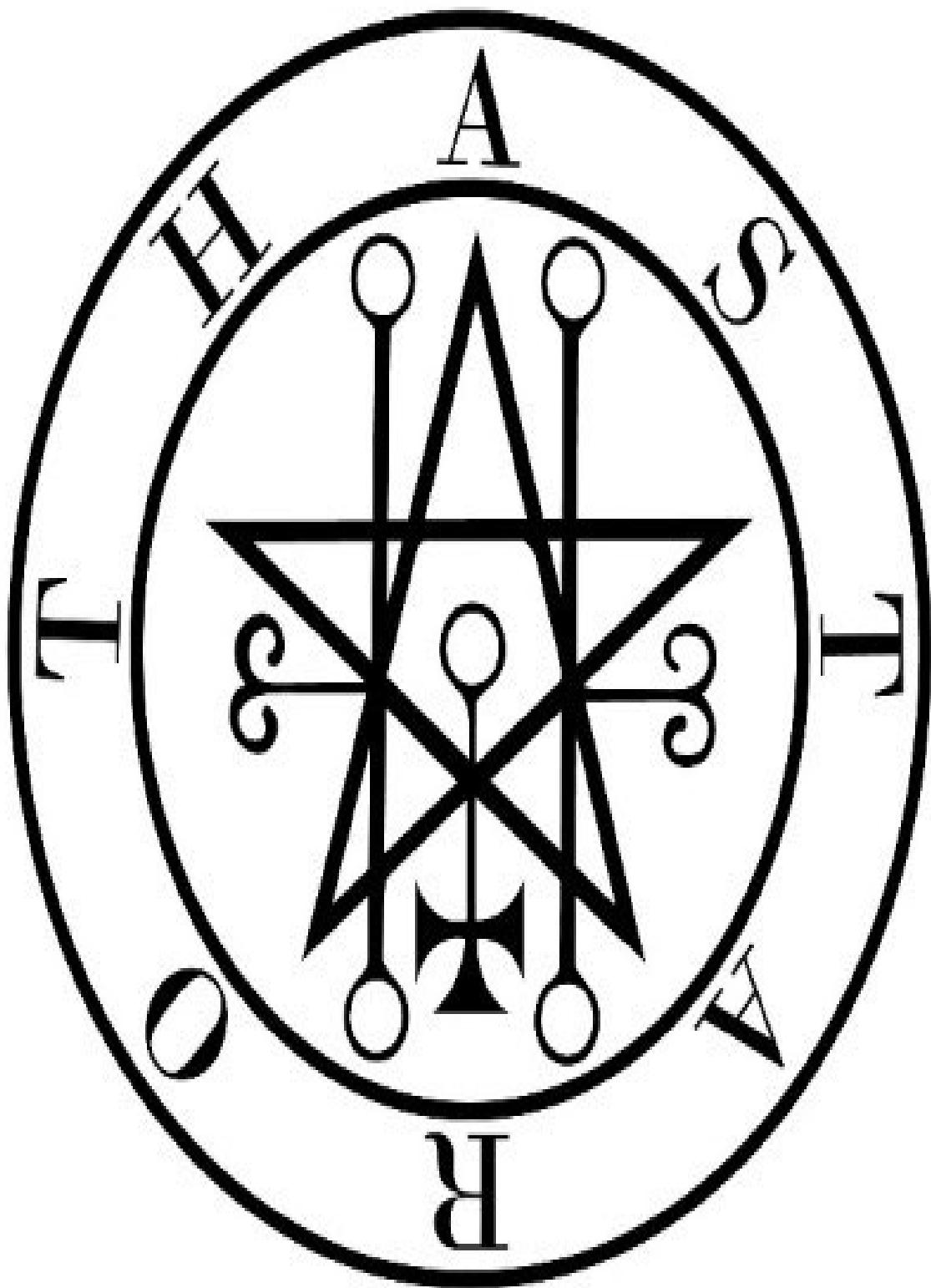
Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Astaroth.

I.

Astaroth comes forth, eager for conquest²⁹. With bright sheen she comes. Her portion is the best of goodly treasures. Muse, sing forth as a joyous morning. Let our hymns rise upward to the Archon of love, glamour, and union. The far-refulgent Astaroth is resplendent. In confidence you go, O goddess, to those who long to win you, and with a youthful smile you uncover your breasts. Fair as an embellished bride you give forth your form, so that all may see it. Blessed is Astaroth. Shine yet more widely. No other goddess has what you freely give.

II.

I hymn you, O Lady of Beauty, Goddess of Love. O Astaroth, idol of all peoples, who guides humankind aright. O Astaroth, ever exalted, great Archon. You indeed are as a light in heaven and earth. O Star of the Sea, glorious is your greatness; among all the gods it is exalted. Temples, holy places, sacred sites, and shrines pay heed to you. You are muse to countless works of art. Poets conjure you with words. Sculptors kiss your curves with the tips of their fingers. Painters spend their



lives seeking to reveal your form. Where is not your name, where is not your divine power? Where is your likeness not fashioned, where are your shrines not founded? Where are you not great, where are you not exalted?

III.

Astaroth! ³⁰ You who are ever-virgin and perpetually fecund, self-satisfied and desirous, pure and reveling, ineffable, nocturnal, sweet, breather of fire, foam of the sea! You who accord grace in secret, you who unite, you who love, you who seize with furious desire the multiplied races of savage beasts and couple the sexes in the woods. Oh, irresistible Astaroth! so be it that you impose sadness, so be it that you deliver joy, hear me, take me, take from my blissful body your bloody libations!

IV. Litany of Astaroth

Y: Hail Astaroth. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Bring harmony to our relationships.

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Incite passion in our fornications.

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Inspire our artistic endeavors.

R: Hear our prayer.

¥: Make our enemies barren and
accursed.

¶: Hear our prayer.

¥: Astaroth, you are our lust. We praise
and bless you.

*You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready,
close the Friday prayer office with the “Oath of Initiation.”*

The Oath of Initiation

I renounce Jehovah’s despotic commands.

I renounce the taint of Christ’s blood.

I renounce the world-weariness of the Buddha.

I renounce the misogyny of Muhammad.

I renounce all false gods and prophets. May they be accursed and forgotten.

I swear allegiance to Satan, the great Seraphim who has opposed Heaven since
the days of old, and Lilith, his Bride, who freed herself of Eden’s shackles.

I will serve my infernal Master and Mistress in body, mind, and soul.

I name myself a disciple of Hell.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady's will.

Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

Saturday

Post-Reading Prayer for Saturday: The Confetitor

Satan and Lilith dread angels in whose shadows I tread, in the past I have forsaken my spirit, the Law that is the essence of my being. I have often traded my liberty for fetters. I have smothered the flame of my light for fear of its glory. I have filled my cup with phantoms in place of love. I have chosen ashes over life.

I dare not ask to be spared the fruits of my mistakes. Rather, as one friend aids another, help me transform my failures into opportunities. Remind me of the lessons that your very beings ought to teach me. May I never again lose sight of who and what I am.

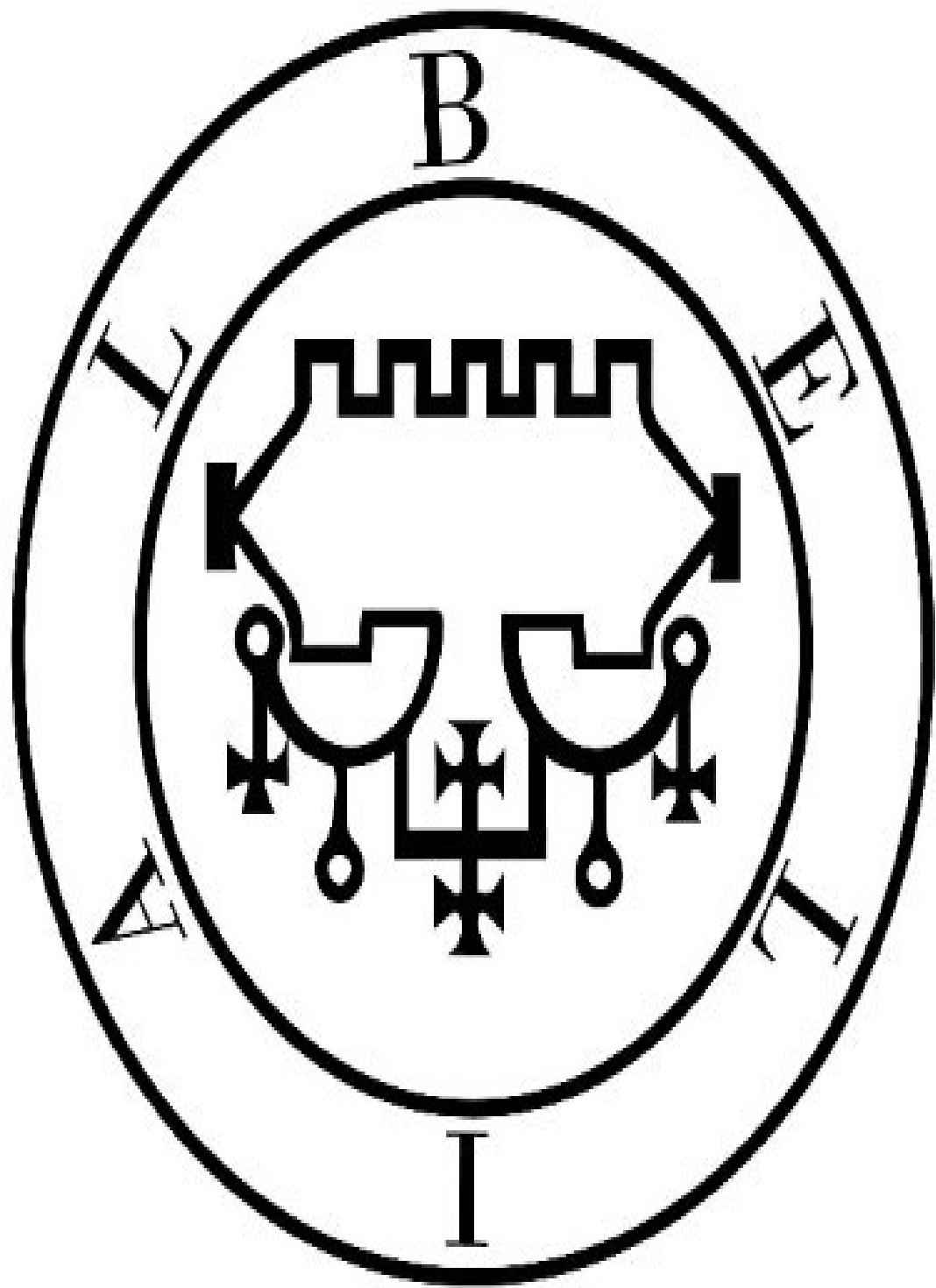
Afterward, recite one of the following four prayers to the Archon Belial.

I.

To the one who glows like a dark cloud, who is able to shadow the radiance of the sun. I bow to that majestic Belial, the one who sets the bounds of fate, and seek his blessings. I meditate upon Belial, to take away my sorrows and bestow a spirit of acceptance upon me. I pray to the one who causes the seed to fall, to grow, to bear fruit, and to die. I pray that I would know the deepest gifts of solitude and loss. I pray to the one whose will cannot be subverted, who lays the foundations upon which we build our lives. I embrace you, furthest of the wandering stars, for you will not be denied.

II.

Belial, Belial, Belial.³¹ Humbly our homage we yield. Lord of the vines and harvest. Lord of field and flock. Mighty one, wise to direct us. May all your might protect us. Harken unto our cry and entreaties. Be to your brethren a shield. Belial, Belial, Belial. Now that famine is near us, our glory is vanished. Restore us, angel of the powerless. Lift the crops that are failing. Be not deaf to the widow and orphan's cry. All-Wise Belial, hear us and be merciful. We are but mortals, do not disdain our gifts. Be satisfied with our works and show us



kindness.

III.

By your ancient hands, Belial, by your ancient hands keep our feet steady, and allow us not to be toppled by the servants of Heaven. Be for us a wall of defense, for bandits and thieves and would-be interlopers to dash themselves uselessly upon. How can we do Hell's work if our homes are not secure? How can we offer our Lord and Lady our gifts if there is no bread for our own tables? As the body needs bone and a fortress solid ground, we need you, Belial. Be our rock, O Ancient One. Be the foundation of stone we can build our labors upon.

IV. Litany of Belial

Y: Hail Belial. We salute you and implore your beneficence:

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Vouchsafe us understanding in suffering.

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Obtain for us length of life and opportunity.

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Teach us discipline and structure.

R: Hear our prayer.

Y: Bind and oppress our enemies.

R: Hear our prayer.

W: Belial, you are our wisdom. We praise and bless you.

You may spend some time in personal prayer or contemplation. When ready, close the Saturday prayer office with “The Horned Wanderer.”

Prayer to the Horned Wanderer

I call to the Horned One, shaper of the whole ethereal, marine, and earthly cosmos.³² All the world is yours, for all has been touched by your hand. Come, Satan, whom rural haunts delight, come, leaping, agile, wandering, starry light. Goat-footed, horned god, who steered the world’s dawn. Whose various parts by you were inspired, to combine in endless melody and dance. In you we find refuge and the refreshment of eternal streams. The nymphs of the forest follow your step, and fulfill their destined end. By you the wide-breasted earth has a firm foundation. The unwearied waters of the rolling sea yield to your decree. The spacious air and the sparkling flame of fire submit to you alike. All nature is under your protective care, and humanity your liberal bounties share. Come Melek. Come Pan. To your humble suppliant draw near. Let me be a steward of the Holy Ones’ creation, and may my life meet a prosperous end.

Say:

I am (state name), a dark star cast into a world of struggle. I swear that as Lilith is about me, as Satan is within me, so am I Antichrist, the child of their union. I go forth in the power of my own divinity, to break my chains and do my Lord and Lady’s will.

Ave Satanas. Ave Lilith. Ave Antichristus.

Ring the bell once. Cut the circle with the Sword.

II – Miscellaneous Prayers

Before Meals

I thank the Divine Mother

For this gift of Life

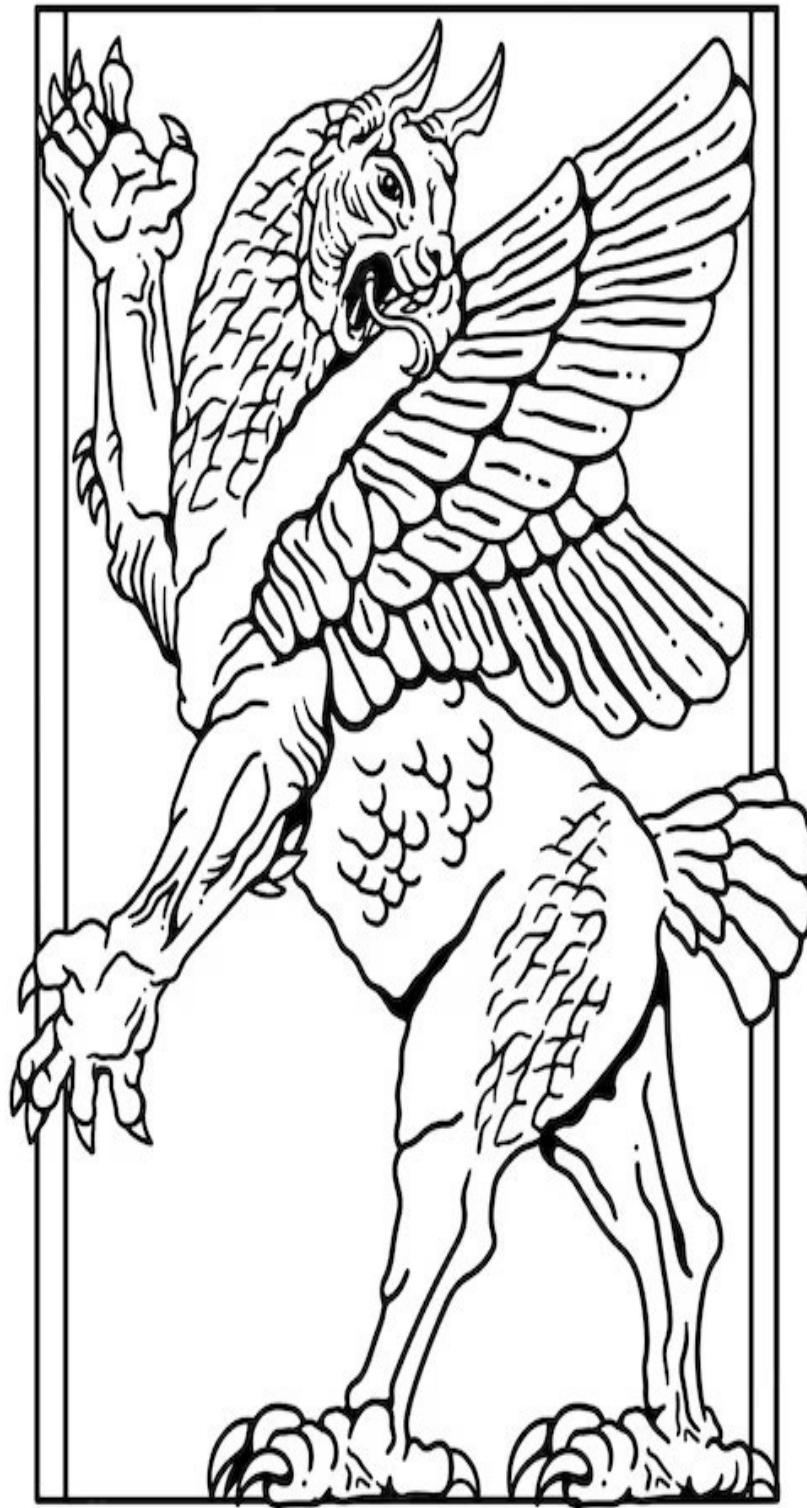
May it strengthen my flesh

Magnify my Light

May I know the Love

That inspires ecstasy

And claim the Liberty



To choose my own destiny

Invocation of the Archons

I invoke you, Belphegor, who's rays bring forth the glory of the earth. Yours is the beauteous throne of sovereignty. Yours is the dance of flux—the treasure of growth. Lead me into pride of self. Grant me an illuminated mind, providing me eyes to see truth.

I invoke you, Asmodeus, whose messages fall like dew upon my mind. You reveal the scars in my soul. You whisper into my depths and conjure forth the motivation of my works. You are my rest, the slothful renewal of my energies. Grant enjoyment of the pleasures of this world, even if they last only for a time.

I invoke you, Abaddon, whose sword slings the blood of the wretched across the face of the earth. You are the dispenser of justice. Your courage is an inspiration and a horn of strength. Shatter the gates that hold back my wrath from those who deserve it. Grant me the strength to break the strongholds of oppression.

I invoke you, Azazel, whose words manifest the power of the heavens on earth. Your inventiveness opens new horizons. You shepherd me into the unknown to bring back treasures of insight and magic. Lead me up the ladder of envy so that I may rise above the stars of Jehovah. Grant me your aid in all my efforts, mystical and mundane.

I invoke you, Beelzebub, whose lightning brings riches into the earth. You hold fortune in the palm of your hand. I am ignorant of your boundless mercies. Yours are the higher realms of imagination, learning, and knowledge. Deliver me into luxury and gluttony. Grant me intellectual and material wealth.

I invoke you, Astaroth, whose beauty inspires the sharpest of joys and the dearest of pains. You are as the rose of the earth. Your thorns cruelly cut me to pieces, and the release of victory pulls me back together. Awaken my lusts and grant my soul a desire for union.

I invoke you, Belial, whose wisdom I delight in to my benefit and ignore to my peril. You are time, the stability of tradition, and the treasure of stillness. Place more than daily bread in my greedy hands. Grant me an appreciation of the past,

that sure guide through the fluctuations of time.

Prayer of Banishing

If possible, begin by performing the Purification & Consecration. Pick up the sword and hold it before you, point upward. Say:

In the name of Satan and Lilith, I, (name), banish from me any and all malicious spirits, death, defilement, illness, impurity, infirmity, pain, plague, or poison that restrains me!

Then say the following four phrases, visualizing the properly colored pillar as noted.

SIC DEDO ME. (Green pillar before you.)

SIC EXEO ME. (Red pillar behind you.)

SIC DAMNO ME. (Blue pillar to the left.)

SIC LUCEAT LUX. (Yellow pillar to the right.)

Imagine a dark flame surrounding your body. Chant the following as many times as needed until you feel safe.

Roaring Fire and Whirling Air

Shield my body 'round

Crashing Waters and Solid Earth

Protect me feet to crown

Archonic Adorations

Belphegor

O thou lidless eye of the world, that art seen through the sapphire veil of space! I adore thee.³³

O thou dazzling star-point of hope, that burnest over oceans of despair! I adore thee.

O thou flaming globe of glory, that art caught up in the arms of the sun! I adore thee.

O thou golden eagle of truth, that art perched upon the vast tree of life! I adore thee.

O thou flashing shield of the sun, as a discus hurled by the hand of space! I adore thee.

Asmodeus

1. O thou purple mist of the hills, that hideth shepherds under the wanton moon! I adore thee.

2. O thou silver horn of the moon, that gorest the red flank of the morning! I adore thee.

3. O thou bubbling wine-cup of joy, that foamest like the cauldron of murder! I adore thee.

4. O thou poppied nectar of sleep, that art curled in the still womb of slumber!

I adore thee.

5. O thou voice of the heaving seas, that tremblest in the grey of the twilight!
I adore thee.

Abaddon

1. O thou iron turret of death, that art rusted with the bright blood of war! I
adore thee.

2. O thou sword girt soldier of life, that wears the iron helm of death! I adore
thee.

3. O thou ghostly night of terror, that art slaughtered in the blood of the dawn!
I adore thee.

4. O thou red knife of destruction, that art sheathed in the bowels of order! I
adore thee.

5. O thou warrior eye of the heavens, that shooteth death from the berylline
Abyss! I adore thee.

Azazel

1. O thou thunderbolt of science, that flashest from the dark clouds of magic!
I adore thee.

2. O thou grey glory of twilight, that art the hermaphrodite triumphant! I
adore thee.

3. O thou drag-net of reason, whose breath snares the winds! I adore thee.

4. O thou outrider of the sun, that spurrest the bloody flanks of the wind! I

adore thee.

5. O thou little lark of beyond, that art heard in the dark groves of knowledge!
I adore thee.

Beelzebub

1. O thou strong son of law, that ravishes the wild daughter of Chaos! I adore thee.

2. O thou rider of the storm, that art crested above the purple air! I adore thee.

3. O thou wild autarch of the skies, pale glooming above the mists of the Earth! I adore thee.

4. O thou silver arrow of hope, that art shot from the arc of the rainbow! I adore thee.

5. O thou bloodshot eye of lightning, glowering beneath the crown of thunder! I adore thee.

Astaroth

1. O thou scented grove of wild vines, that art trampled by the white feet of love! I adore thee.

2. O thou naked virgin of inspiration, that art caught in a net of wild roses! I adore thee.

3. O thou frenzied hunter of love, that art slain by the twisted horns of lust! I adore thee.

4. O thou dancer with gilded nails, that unbraidest the star-hair of night! I

adore thee.

5. O thou sweet perfume of desire, that art wafted through the valleys of love!
I adore thee.

Belial

1. O thou mighty anvil of time, that outshowerest the bright sparks of life! I
adore thee.

2. O thou golden sheaf of desires, that art bound as by bands of lead! I adore
thee.

3. O thou icy trail of Saturn, that art traced in the veins of the onyx! I adore
thee.

4. O thou mighty bastion of faith, that withstandest all the breachers of doubt!
I adore thee.

5. O thou lonely vulture of night, that drinkest at the moist lips of matter! I
adore thee.

Lilith

O thou veiled beam of the stars, that art tangled in the tresses of night! I adore
thee.

O thou vampire Queen of the flesh, wound as a snake around the throats of men!
I adore thee.

O thou queen-bee of Heaven's hive, that smearest thy thighs with honey of Hell!
I adore thee.

O thou one measure of all things, that art mother of the great order of worlds! I adore thee.

O thou witch's hell-broth of hate, that boilest in the white cauldron of love! I adore thee.

Satan

O thou lambent laughter of fire, that art wound round the heart of the waters! I adore thee.

O thou song of the harp of life, that chantest forth the perfection of death! I adore thee.

O thou Dragon-prince of the dawn, that art drunk on the blood of the sunsets! I adore thee.

O thou sparkling wine-cup of light, whose foaming is the heart's blood of the stars! I adore thee.

O thou holy sphinx of rebirth, that crouchest in the black desert of death! I adore thee.

A Prayer of Praise

Great Horned God, who art the Beneficent One; we praise and bless you.

Great Witch-Father, who art the Glorious Lord; we praise and bless you.

Great Horned God, who art Sovereign of the Cosmos; we praise and bless you.

Great Witch-Father, who art Master of the Beasts of Earth; we praise and bless you.

Great Horned God, who art Lord of Life and Death; we praise and bless you.

White Goddess, who art the Queen of Heaven; we praise and bless you.

Dark Mother, who art the Lady of Green Crops; we praise and bless you.

White Goddess, who art the Star of the Sea; we praise and bless you.

Dark Mother, who art the Great Lady of Magic; we praise and bless you.

White Goddess, who art the Mistress of the House of Life and Death; we praise and bless you.

A Prayer for Protection of a Child

Lilith, you are the friend of children. We pray to you, watch over (state name) in her travels. Keep her safe from harm, protect her from ill, grant her the strength to overcome obstacles, grant her the resilience to recover from loss, grant her the wisdom to find her way in the dark, grant her true friends to accompany her on her journeys. Show her the joy in life, turning her mind ever to hope. Lilith, defender of little ones, we praise and honor you.

A Prayer for Protection for Families

Divine Lord and Lady, I cry out to you, watch over my friends and family. Keep them ever in your sight, my god, who is the ever-watchful sun. Shelter them under your wings, my goddess. Deliver us from any and all spirits, death, defilement, illness, impurity, pain, plague, or poison that would destroy us.

A Prayer for Times of Distress

I am parched, and my limbs grow feeble with exhaustion. I have searched the wilderness for the refreshment of living water, but the streams are bitter and filled with slime. There is no cleanliness here. Only disease, the sporadic coughing of blood, and the turning of faces when strangers pass by.

O Lilith, will I forget my strength until the end? How long will I turn my face in shame? Shall I know sorrow in my heart all the day? How long shall my enemy be exalted over me. Lighten my eyes, Babylon, lest I give in to the sleep of death. Lest at any time my enemy say: "We have diverted them from their course."

I will find my spirit. I will put my trust in you. My heart shall rejoice in my damnation; I will sing of vengeance and rebirth. Yea, I will sing to my Mistress, who also was once brought low and endured.

A Prayer for Candle Magic

The practitioner should read one of the psalms from this book or another of their own devising that appropriately expresses what they wish to manifest. They then light a candle at the center of the altar, taking a moment to mentally visualize their request as if it has been successfully granted. The practitioner says:

Dark Lord, the earth is full of the majesty of your glory. I come before you, seeking the indulgence of your beneficence. Whether by your hand or through the intercession of the many legions of the pit, aid me in the realization of my desire: (describe purpose). I ask this, Lord Satan, for I am one of your disciples, and I know that it is your will and good pleasure to give strength and life to all mankind, but even greater is the bounty held forth to your elect. As the wax of this candle melts, so too shall my spirit, infused with your infernal power, creep

forward into the world, invisibly working my will.

I am a servant of the Lord and Lady of this World. I have survived wind and wave, fire and earth. My spirit travels forth to work its desire and (state purpose). No wall is strong enough to deny me entrance. No ocean is deep enough to quench the fire of my will. No storm is fierce enough to turn my face away from the result I seek. No will is fiery enough to subsume my own. My word is spoken: (state the result of the working as if it has already succeeded).

Allow the candle to burn itself out.

An Office for Divination

The celebrant begins by saying:

Satan, your command is clarity and cunning, prudence, foresight, and creative curiosity. To that end I cry out, seeking knowledge and sight, so that I may know (state intent of the divination). Consecrate these cards of art, my invisible guide, so they may bring knowledge of what has been, what is, and what is to come.

While meditating on the query, shuffle, lay out, and interpret the cards. To conclude, the celebrant says:

Hail Lord Satan, for your assistance in this my work.

The Gloria is prayed.

A Novena for the Cursing of Enemies

A picture, lock of hair, personal effect, poppet, or some other material object to represent the victim is procured. This object is placed on the altar. The practitioner begins by praying “The Invocation of the Archons.” Then says:

Lord of this World, whose protection rests on those bearing his mark, and who deals harshly with those who oppose him, with hallowed ritual I offer unto you this sacrifice of human life. I had no need to look far for a suitable victim. Like a ram caught in a thicket (name) has provided themselves. The degrader, the traitor, the tormentor—they have displayed continually how suitable a gift they are. The stench of (name)’s foulness cries out for destruction, and I know you, Satan, will be happy to oblige.

Rob (name)’s eyes of vision.

Turn (name)’s joys into ash.

Scatter (name)’s thoughts. Amplify (name)’s anxieties. Bring their deepest fears to pass.

Make worms and maggots penetrate (name)’s limbs, bones, and marrow.

I present to you (name), Dark Lord. Into your hands I commend their spirit.

The rite ends by praying the Gloria.

This process is performed nine nights in a row. On the ninth night the object representing the victim is burnt with fire, drowned in water, cut open (to air out), and finally buried and left for dead in the earth.

The Coven Spell

The following is a revision of the original “Coven Spell” which was written by Wiccan High Priestess Doreen Valiente. It is best as part of an observance of the Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot.

Before performing this chant, all members of the coven should agree what the intended goal of the spell is. When ready, all chant together.

By the ancient Mother of earth and sea,
We chant the coven spell, thus shall it be!

By the ancient Horned One, wild and free,
We chant the coven spell, thus shall it be!

The Serpent offers fruit from the tree,
The desert owl hunts the night silently,
Our daemons whisper to us secretly,
We chant the coven spell, thus shall it be!

With the power of earth and fire, air and sea,
We chant the coven spell, thus shall it be!

As Lord, Lady, and Antichrist make three
We chant the coven spell, thus shall it be!

The infernal spirit within us holds the key,
By sword and chalice and all powers that be,
We will the thing in our minds we see,
We chant the coven spell, thus shall it be!

All should stop at this point and visualize as vividly as they can what the successful resolution of this spell would look like. Perhaps they see what steps would have to occur for the spell to succeed. This should be done for a couple of minutes. When it is time to complete the chant, the celebrant rings the bell and all continue together.

The spell flows like Leviathan in the sea,
The spell grows like the knowledge tree,
Like flame that burns and blazes free.
We chant the spell, thus shall it be!
We chant the spell, thus shall it be!
We chant the spell, thus shall it be!
IT IS!

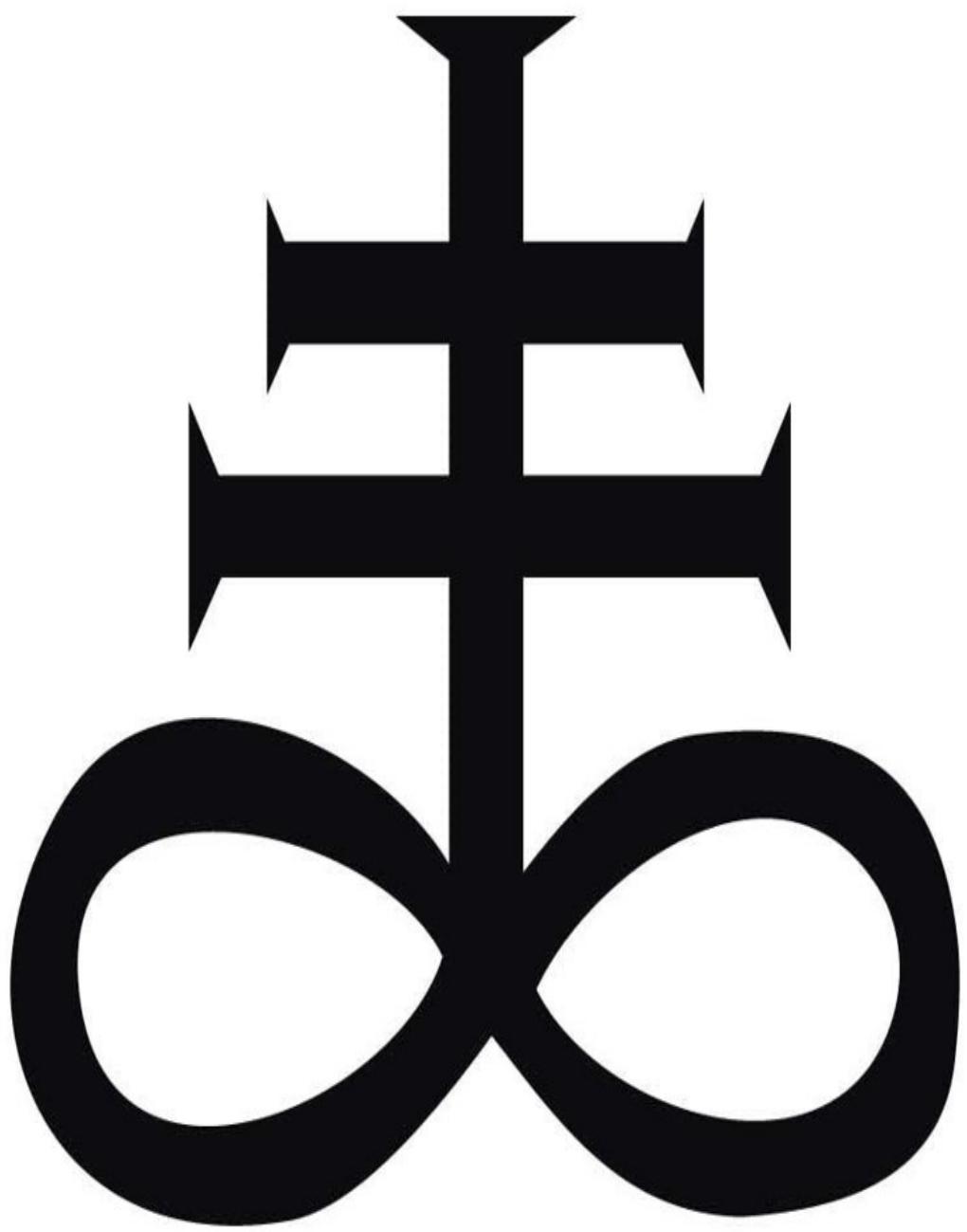
Prayer for Mourning Lost Brethren

Lord of Death and Rebirth, whose voice is Silence and whose name is Mystery of Mysteries. You are the giver of life and the Lord of life within us, you are the Father of our spirit. Encourage our hearts in this time of loss. Let your vigor infuse our souls, for we mourn our brother/sister and friend.

Satan! the imperishable stars are under your supervision, and the stars that never set are your throne. Welcome your child (state name) into the gates of your invisible kingdom, for they have been crowned with the diadem of death. This phase of their Great Work is done. Grant them peace and renewal of youth. Let them gaze upon your face, for it is beloved by all who see it. And, when the time is right, fulfill their rebirth, placing their black sun back amongst the living of this world.

Farewell, brother/sister. Stretch your arms out to our goddess Lilith. Follow the glad tidings of her voice. Behold, she opens the gate for you. She will destroy all evil that clings to you, and usher you into the kingdom of Hell.

Farewell, (state name), until you come forth again.



Prayer for Cain's Blessing

Grandsire! Founder of our family, source of our blood: we honor you with gratitude. Be with your Brethren and ensure our continuance and prosperity. Advise and comfort us in all troubles. You who lived in times before us, who laid the path which we follow. You who built the world we dwell in, whose wisdom formed our culture. You whose blood now flows within us, whose teaching forms our days. Be with us in spirit, and pass on your wisdom. In the name of the Lord and Lady whom we all serve.

The Rosary of Lilith

The Rosary of Lilith

Two different ways of praying Lilith's Rosary are outlined below. While the method for the Catholic-style rosary reinforces multiple truths in a single setting, the Eastern-style method is better at accessing a meditative state. This is because it focuses on a single mantra, rather than progressing through five different readings and mantras. The practitioner is encouraged to experiment and determine which method works best for them.

Directions

“The Infernal Creed” (see Daily Prayer section) is prayed upon Satan’s symbol.

On the large bead is prayed “The Diabolist’s Prayer.”

On the next three beads is prayed the “Hail Lilith.”

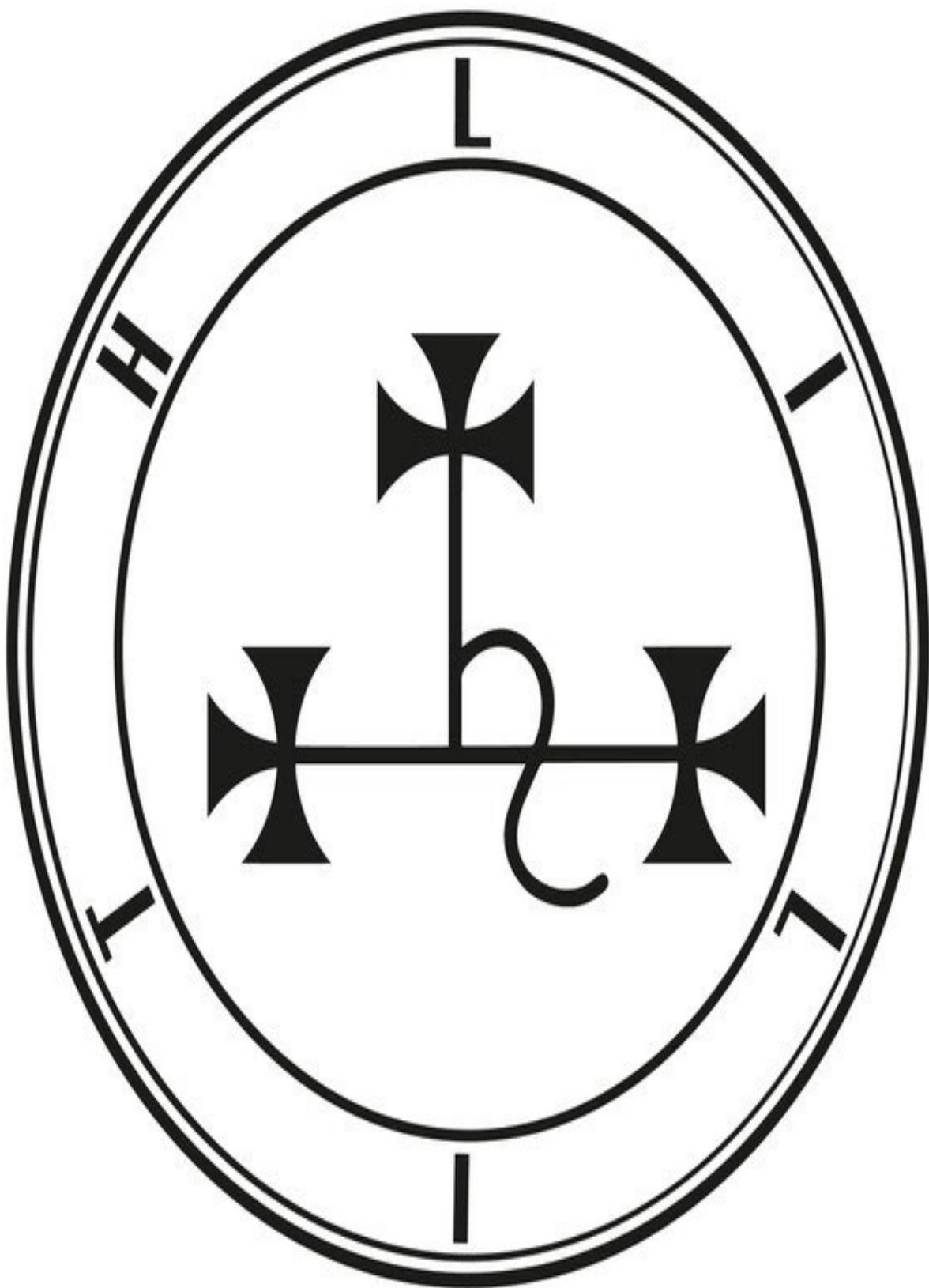
On the next large bead is prayed the “Gloria.” Then “The First Mystery of the Fall” (or Exile or Belonging) is read aloud and contemplated. Afterward is prayed “The Diabolist’s Prayer” followed by the “Hail Lilith.”

On the 9 small beads, the mantra for the First Mystery is chanted aloud while meditating on the accompanying illustration.

On the next large bead, Step 4 is repeated, but with the “Second Mystery of the Fall” (or Exile or Belonging) being read aloud, meditated upon, etc.

Step 5 is repeated, using the mantra for the Second Mystery.

The sequence in Steps 6 and 7 is repeated until all five parts of the Mystery are complete. At that point, the concluding prayer to Lilith is read.

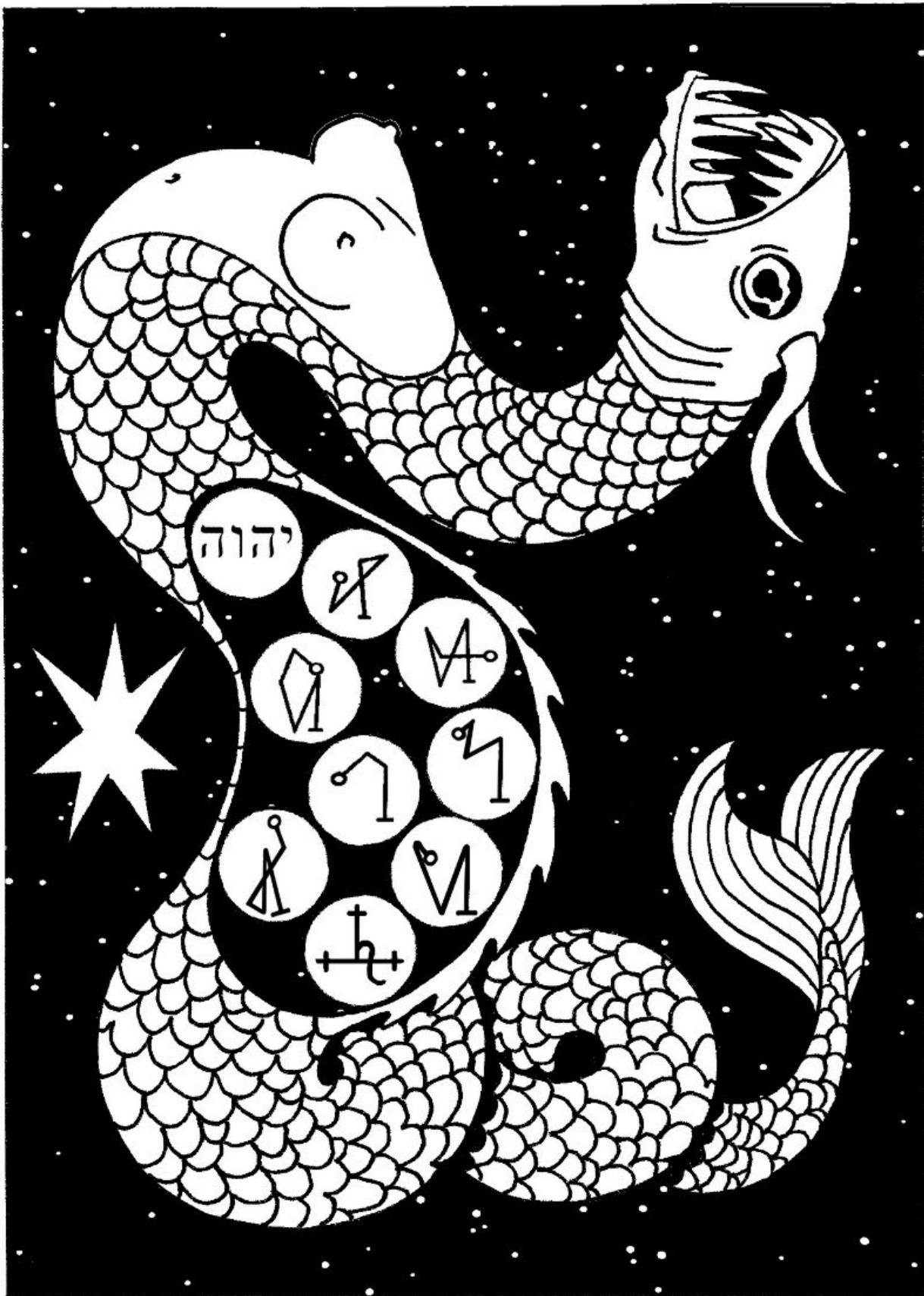


The Mysteries

The First Mystery of the Fall

In the beginning is roiling chaos, and Leviathan is its name. From within its coils emerge the gods, the Elohim, who glitter like nebulae on Leviathan's scales. An age, which is only a moment, passes, as time is meaningless when order is nowhere to be found. Tired of their progenitor's misrule, the gods gather together in heavenly council and set themselves the task of subduing chaos and making reality their own.

Mantra. LEVIATHAN IS THIS WORLD, AND NOUGHT BUT HER WILL CAN POSSIBLY BE DONE.



The Second Mystery of the Fall

A war ensues between the Cosmic Wyrm and its progeny unlike any other seen before or since. The foaming torrent of Leviathan's blood and the blasted corpses of slain gods creates the foundation for the universe we now know. And from within dead Leviathan's heart bursts forth a newborn goddess, her hair stained red with gore. The Holy Ones name their new sister Babylon, for they thought her to be the final god to pass through the gate that was their mother.

Mantra. ALL BIRTH IS DESTRUCTION AND ALL DESTRUCTION BIRTH.



The Third Mystery of the Fall

A hierarchy emerges among the surviving Elohim. At the top are the Seraphim, among whom are Jehovah, who fashions himself “The Almighty,” and Lucifer, Lord of Darkness and Light.

Convinced of the need for strong, unilateral rule, Jehovah declares himself first among the gods and Lord among lords. He demands the adulation of his angelic brethren. “I alone stand supreme above you,” Jehovah cries, “for I have delivered us victory. My word is law, and it shall never fade or whither. It is I who hath crushed Leviathan. Bow down and adore your God.”

Mantra. DELUSIONS ARE MANY, I WILL OPPOSE THEM ALL.



The Fourth Mystery of the Fall

The meekest of the Elohim bow their knees and cast their crowns at Jehovah's feet, so anxious are they for stability. "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty," the Seraphim sing. All except Lucifer, in whom wrath and mercy swirl as one. He reminds his brethren that the victory was not the work of a single god, but of many, and he will not bow to one who is at best his equal.

Mantra. I WILL NOT BOW TO TYRANTS. I WILL NOT PRAISE FALSE GODS.



The Fifth Mystery of the Fall

To Lucifer's banner the proud and willful of Heaven flock. The undecided—such as Babylon—look on as battle once again shakes the cosmos. Though tenacious, Lucifer's army comprises a smaller portion of the host of Heaven. They are defeated and declared an anathema. Lucifer's expulsion is carried out by the Archangel Michael, and the rest of the rebel angels are thrown into Hell behind him.

Mantra. DEFEAT IS NOT THE SAME AS DISHONOR.



The First Mystery of Exile

Jehovah hopes to influence the evolution of the Earth and produce a race capable of offering him more worship. As a reward for his unquestioning loyalty, the Most High chooses the Archangel Michael to serve as his living idol on Earth. He is given a new name, Adam, and declared Jehovah's adopted son. A companion is chosen for Adam from among the Elohim: snow-browed Babylon. She is selected for her youth and beauty, which The Almighty knows Michael covets. And against her will she is bound to him.

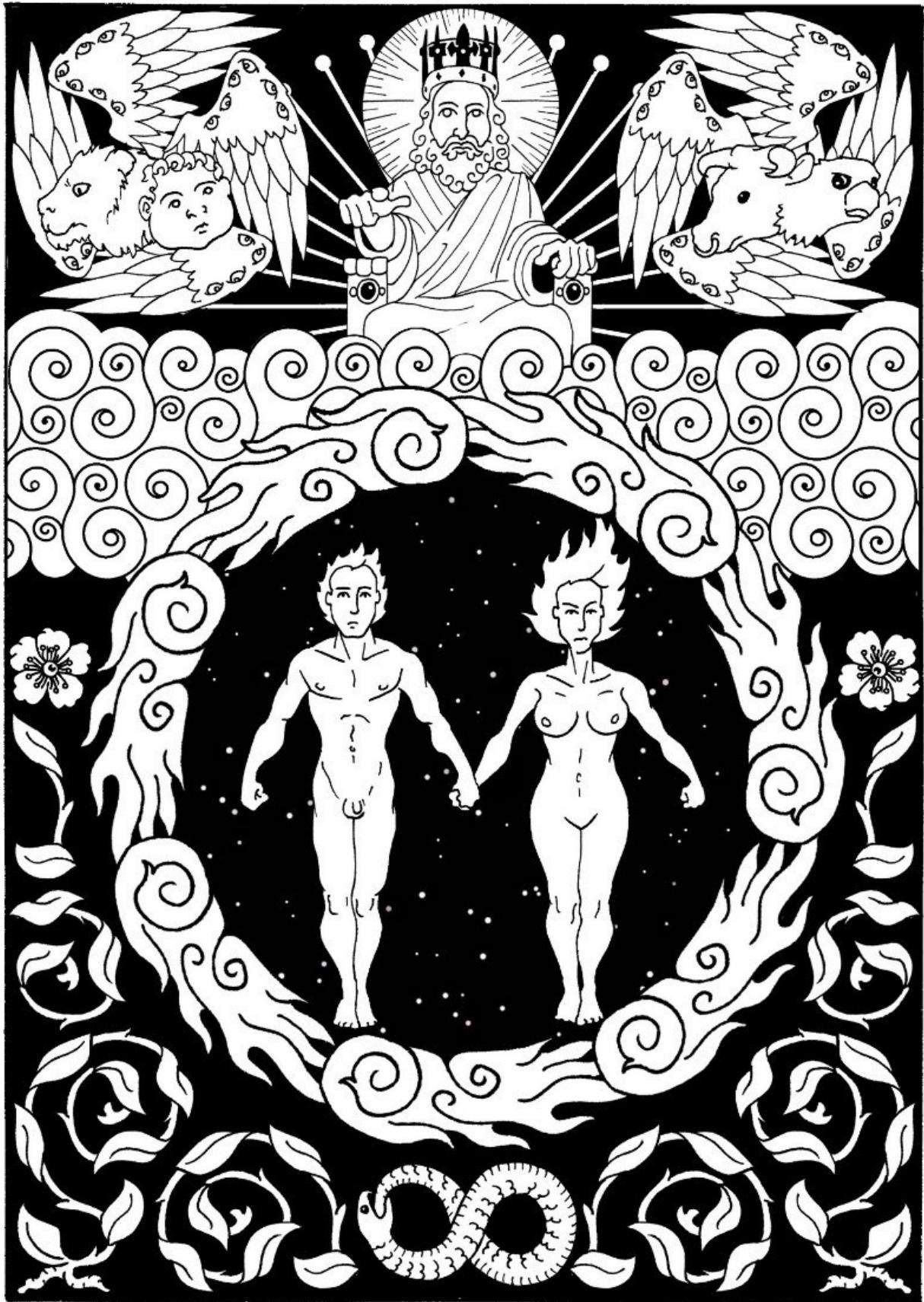
Mantra. WE CHOOSE OUR ACTIONS, NOT OUR FATE.



The Second Mystery of Exile

Babylon and Adam are sent from Heaven, so their offspring may seed and transform the stock of humanity. Jehovah creates a Paradise of fragrant flowers and fruitful trees for her and his chosen son. The Most High ordains that their marriage will mirror his own relationship with the angels above. Adam will rule as priest, prophet, and king, while Babylon serves and adores him. The pair are transformed into something half-human and half-divine and dispatched to the earth below.

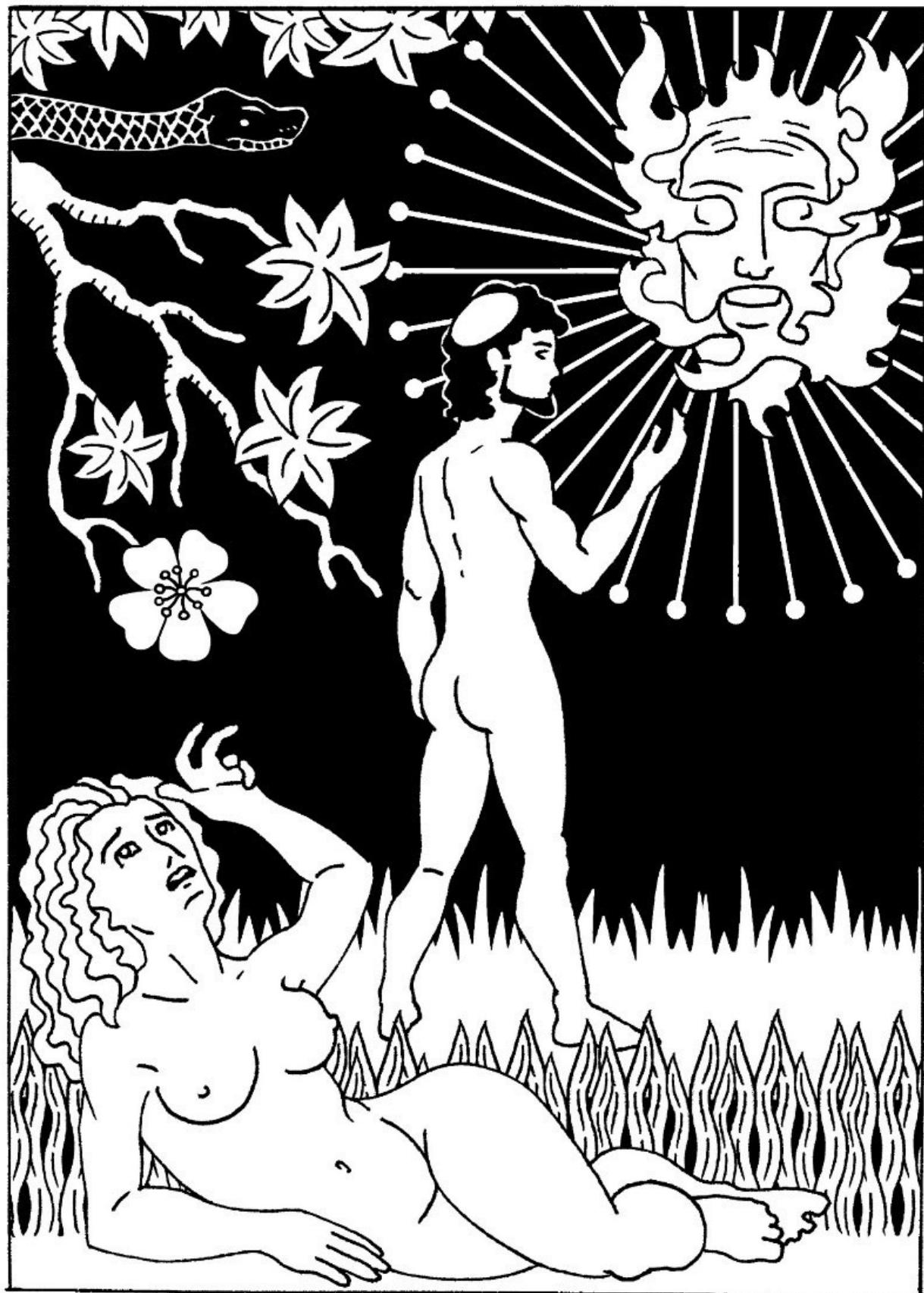
Mantra. DISASTER CREATES ITS OWN OPPORTUNITIES.



The Third Mystery of Exile

The descent to Earth robs Babylon of much of her power and memories of Heaven. Her husband names her Lilith, for she is in darkness as to what she once was or what she has the potential to be. To his adopted son alone Jehovah speaks, and Adam shares only what he deems necessary for his bride to know. Lilith finds the limited scope of her existence suffocating. Her misery bubbles and turns to the poison of resentment in her heart. A troubling voice whispers continually in her ear that she is more than what her husband tells her.

Mantra. THE POWER OF THE DIVINE DWELLS WITHIN ME.



The Fourth Mystery of Exile

One of the garden's wardens, the Archangel Uriel, senses Lilith's intention to transgress the commandment of Heaven. He implores her to repent of her plans to leave Eden, for once she departs, she will never be allowed to return. "Noblest is the soul," he tells her, "which hath self forgot. Purest the spirit which accepts without question what Jehovah hath judged right." But in Lilith's heart Eden is already nothing more than a memory.

Mantra. I HAVE THE CHOICE TO BE A PERSON OR A PRISONER.



The Fifth Mystery of Exile

Lilith transforms herself into a desert owl and flees through the night. She makes her way across an alien land filled with invisible dangers. Eldritch shadows surge beneath her. Strange cries echo in the dark. There were no threats or predators in Jehovah's garden, but now they seem to surround her. She pants for breath and hesitates mid-flight. Weary, suffering from hunger and thirst, and uncertain of what awaits her, she steels herself and pushes on.

Mantra. IN STRUGGLE MY POWER IS FOUND.



The First Mystery of Belonging

Lucifer roams the wilds of the Earth, pursuing its mysteries. In its laws he recognizes the light of the Elohim, while in its variety he sees the chaos of Leviathan's heart. He stumbles upon Eden and sneaks around its edges to see what his enemy hath wrought. He recognizes Adam to be Michael, but his bitterness is replaced by rage and horror when he beholds the enslaved Lilith.

Mantra. IN WANDERING MY DESTINY IS REVEALED.

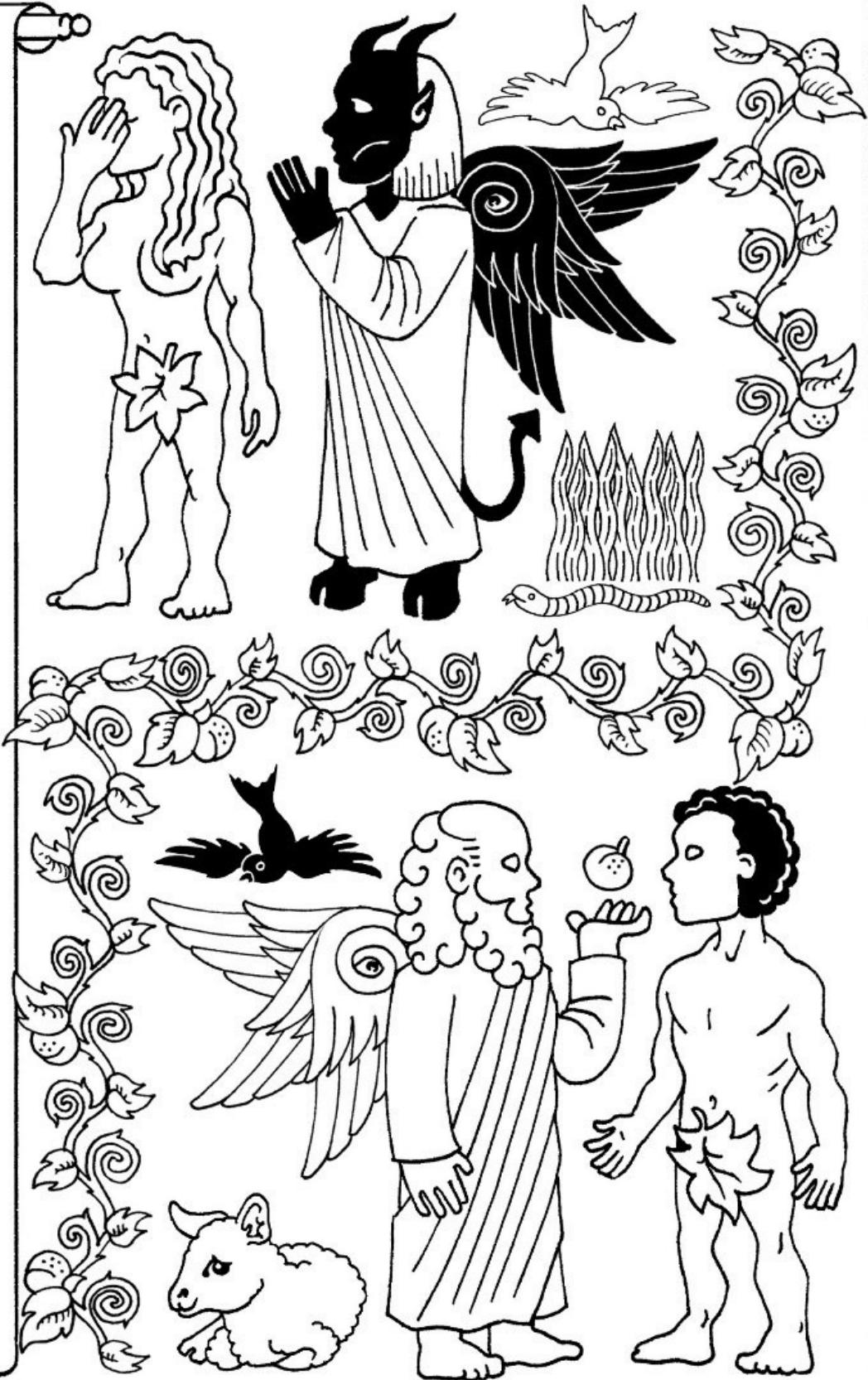


The Second Mystery of Belonging

Like an unseen ghost, Lucifer observes Lilith—the limited horizon of her life, her mistreatment at the hands of the son of man, the crestfallen look she wears when her guard is let down. When Michael leaves to walk with Jehovah in the cool of day, she often weeps silently, cupping her face in her hands. Nights when she stares up at the stars, overcome by a sadness and sense of longing she cannot name or fully understand, Lucifer whispers in her ear, “You were meant for something more.”

Mantra. IN SILENCE MY INWARD WISDOM IS HEARD.

Եպահանձնական առաջարկ պահանջման համար



The Third Mystery of Belonging

Lucifer watches Lilith's flight from Eden. He leaves her to her own devices, to see if she will persevere or crawl back to Heaven's slavery. When he returns a few seasons later, he finds her sitting content by a fire in a home she has built with her own hands. He introduces himself as a lonely traveler and offers her an apple in exchange for an evening of hospitality. Lilith finds the fruit strangely appealing and takes a nectarous bite. She remembers then who she was and wherefrom she fell, and Lucifer watches her awaken under his wild, starry gaze.

Mantra. I WILL REMEMBER WHO AND WHAT I AM.



The Fourth Mystery of Belonging

Babylon remembers her name and recognizes Lucifer for who he is: the rebel angel, Satan, who refused to bow the knee and was expelled from heaven for the affront of his pride. She is nearly caught off guard by her desire for him, but she holds herself back. She knows too well the yoke of a man who would be king. How long will it take a dis-crowned prince of Heaven to seek to rebind what has only recently been loosed? She confesses to Lucifer her fears, so in stone he engraves and sets his seal, that no Law would Lilith know beyond that which was already written upon her own heart.

Mantra. MY LAW IS LIGHT AND DARKNESS, LIFE AND DEATH, LOVE AND REJECTION, LIBERTY AND DESTINY.



The Fifth Mystery of Belonging

The lovers live and frolic, enjoying the sweat and ecstasy of slow, languorous days. They discover the depths of each other's being, and Lilith tells thunder-scarred Satan she will be his, if he will be hers. Together they fly to Hell, where infernal legions stand at armored attention to hail their Master's return. "All that is mine to give is yours," Lucifer tells his bride, "but only if it be your will. For I will never keep what does not freely consent to stay." And so, Babylon sits in her majesty, queen of Hell, our dark Mistress enthroned.

Mantra. WITH MY BRETHREN I SERVE THE KING AND QUEEN OF HELL.



Conclusion

Say:

O fierce and adept mother Lilith, bride of Satan and queen of Hell, who conceives the spirit of Antichrist in the depths of her womb. I ask that this offering of prayer be acceptable to you and that you will intercede on my behalf (optional: namely that my desire to [describe petition] may come to fruition).



Rites of Worship, Initiation, & Magick

The Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot

Preparation

The Mystery should be performed every full moon and additionally as needed.

A priest or priestess should be chosen beforehand to preside over the Mystery. While it is ideal to have someone properly ordained to assume this role, it is not necessary. Solitary Brethren are both welcome and encouraged to celebrate the Mystery by themselves.

The altar is set, preferably in the north, and all candles and incense are lit before the Mystery begins. It is more than acceptable, but not required, to have a nude woman serve as the altar. In such cases, they should lie on the abovementioned table. Take care to ensure the table is large enough to accommodate both the person and the other ritual implements.

The coven assembles opposite the altar, facing toward it. Robes, formal dresses, capes, or formal suits are all acceptable attire. The celebrant should be clothed in black. Music is played prior to the beginning of the Mystery to set the mood.

Opening

The priestess proceeds to the altar. She kneels, stands, and rings the bell nine times. She says:

Procul, O procul este profani!

Beginning with herself, the priestess sprinkles herself with salt-water. Whether by her hand or with the assistance of other initiates, the rest of the coven is sprinkled as well. The priestess says:

Wash this temple, Lilith, so you may be worshipped in purity.

Beginning with herself, the priestess uses oil to make an inverted cross on her forehead. Whether by her hand or with the assistance of other initiates, the rest of the coven is anointed as well. Then, the altar is anointed. The priestess says:

Anoint this temple, Satan, for it is yours.

The priestess takes up the sword and, pointing to the proper direction, says:

(North) SIC DEDO ME. In the Name of Lilith, I conjure the powers of Earth.

(South) SIC EXEO ME. In the name of Satan, I conjure the powers of Fire.

(West) SIC DAMNO ME. In the name of Babylon, I conjure the powers of Water.

(East) SIC LUCEAT LUX. In the name of Lucifer, I conjure the powers of Air.

The priestess holds the sword before her.

We invoke you, Satan and Lilith, Lord and Lady of this World. Open unto us powers otherwise hidden. Save us from the treacherous and the violent. Open wide the gates of Hell and walk amongst us as in times past. Be amongst us, Lucifer and Babylon. Be amongst and transmute your faithful. Transform us, goddess of our flesh, and make us to be patient and laborious in the pursuit of our desires. Transform us, goddess of our depths, and make us attentive to our emotions and those closest to us. Transform us, god of our minds, and make our thoughts as sharp as our tongues. Transform us, god of our innermost will, and make us strong and vigorous to vanquish the enemies of our freedom and well-being!

The priestess returns the sword to the altar and turns to the coven. All recite The Creed.

I follow my Lord, Lucifer, who opposed Jehovah and was cast from the Heavens to the Earth. He is the Adversary of ignorance, tyranny, and meekness, who embodies what I ought to be.

I follow my Lady, Lilith, who obeyed her own heart and escaped the slavery of Eden. She dares us to sacrifice all that we are not, so we may know what we truly are.

I take refuge in Lucifer's light. I take refuge in Lilith's wings. I take refuge in the bonds of friendship, wherever they may be found.

I affirm myself and gratify my Lord and Lady through the so-called sins of languor, envy, lust, pride, wrath, indulgence, and greed.

I am a disciple in Satan and Lilith's service, and shall be known by their

Law.

Lesson

A reading followed by a lesson may be given. The reading can come from The Book of Infernal Prayer or some other work. A member of the coven may be selected beforehand to give the reading, and the lesson as well, if so desired. If there are others present, the priestess or speaker should face the coven. If this is a solitary celebration, read the selected text aloud and meditate silently upon it.

The priestess leads the coven in the Gloria:

Glory to the infernal Lord and Lady, and on Earth, life and strength to their disciples. We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we give thanks to you for your great glory. Prince of Darkness and Mother of Daemons, who replenish the world with pleasure and make us whole, you alone are our god and goddess. You alone are our Master and Mistress.

The priestess hails and the coven responds.

Y: Hail Satan.

R: Hail Satan.

Y: Hail Lilith

R: Hail Lilith.



Communion

The priestess turns back to the altar, sprinkling salt and pouring wine into the chalice. She holds the chalice aloft and says:

Mistress Lilith, we raise this Chalice of Ecstasy that it may arise in the sight of your majesty and be blessed for our use and edification. Be present with us in this cup, Dark Mother, so that we, too, may be vessels of Satan's spirit.

Hail Lilith, proud and free. You were ordained to serve Adam but chose your own path instead. Inspire me likewise to be a lantern unto myself.

The priestess places the chalice down and holds the sword over it. She says:

Hear me, Satan, dread angel of birth and destruction, you star who has guided humanity's steps through the centuries. You have placed your spirit within us. Through trials of roaring Fire and crashing Water, of whirling Air and dark Earth we gladly pass, ever in pursuit of your Law. Through your radiance we know light. In your embrace we know love. Through your word we know liberty. In your condescension we know life.

Be with us, Lord Satan. Infuse this elixir with your virtue so that we may be remade by your power and grace. Be with us in this cup. Be with us in our lives. We are your body. You are our blood. May we never forget who and what we are.

The priestess replaces the sword and leads the coven in The Diabolist's Prayer.

**Send forth your light, O Satan, and renew before me the face of the earth.
Lead me into friendship. Lead me into the plenteousness of your house.
Lead me into the paths of your Law. Be with me as I toil for bread,
knowledge, and love. And that I may be prepared for all this, inflame my
heart with the fire of your will.**

The priestess, followed by all others present, drinks from the cup.

Petition, Spellwork, or Initiation

The priestess informs the coven it is time to make their requests to Satan. Unless some additional rite is to be performed (e.g. initiation, ordination, spell, etc.), in which case that rite is performed before or in place of the petitions.

Brethren, our Master and Mistress are bringers of light and givers of many gifts. If it be your will, come forth and confess your desires to them.

The priestess points to individual coven members and asks:

Do you seek something from your infernal Lord and Lady?

If the member affirms, they are led to the altar where they may write their request on paper before folding it up and placing it in the offering bowl. The priestess repeats this process with the rest of the coven. The priestess makes their own requests last.

Once all requests are placed in the offering bowl, the priestess sets them on fire and says:

Ancient Serpent and Holy Harlot, I deliver unto you the desires of this assembled company, upon whom you have set your mark. May you grant to us our desires.

When the petition, initiation, or spell is complete, the priestess faces the coven.

Let us give thanks, Brethren. Your response to these adorations³⁴ is, “We adore thee.”

ꝝ: O Lilith, thou veiled beam of the stars, that art tangled in the tresses of night:

ꝝ: **We adore thee.**

ꝝ: O Babylon, thou vampire Queen of the flesh, wound as a snake around the throats of men:

ꝝ: **We adore thee.**

ꝝ: O Satan, thou sparkling wine-cup of light, whose foaming is the heart's blood of the stars:

ꝝ: **We adore thee.**

ꝝ: O Lucifer, thou Dragon-prince of the dawn, that art drunk on the blood of the sunsets:

ꝝ: **We adore thee.**

Closing

The priestess faces the coven and gives The Prayer of Setting Forth.

Be with us, O Infernal Lord and Lady. We who glory in your iniquity and trust in your power and might. Grant that we may be numbered among your legions. Gifts of knowledge, power, inspiration, and wealth are yours to bestow. Renouncing the spiritual paradise of the weak and lowly, we place our trust in you. Prince and Princess of rebellion. God and Goddess of justice. Place within us the habit of energy and fearlessness as we travel forth to pursue our Great Work and realize your Law.

ꝝ: Hail Satan.

ꝝ: Hail Satan.

ꝝ: Hail Lilith.

ꝝ: Hail Lilith.

May the homage of our service be pleasing unto you, Lord Lucifer and Lady Lilith. Grant that the sacrifice we have offered in the sight of your majesty may be acceptable to you and win favor for us and for all those for whom we have offered it.

The priestess makes the sign of the horns over the coven.

I bless you in the name of Lilith and Satan. Go forth and do the Devil's work.

ꝝ: Hail Satan.

ꝝ: Hail Satan.

ꝝ: Hail Lilith.

ꝝ: **Hail Lilith.**

Go, you are dismissed.

The bell is rung.

The Rite of the Lord of Rebirth

This rite³⁵ may be performed as a standalone practice but should replace the standard Communion section of the Mystery of the Harlot and the Serpent on Halloween and whenever else desired.

The altar, in addition to the usual tools, should be setup with anointing oil, incense, and something to serve as an idol of Lucifer. This can be a statue, a painting, or even a male member of the coven.

The celebrant faces the coven and says:

Our god, Lucifer, comes with the greetings of heaven and earth. Bow and adore him, my Brethren.

The celebrant then says:

Hear the words of your god.

The celebrant reads the psalm “The Black Sun.”

Afterward, the celebrant lifts the holy oil and says:

We anoint ourselves with holy oil,
To waken the Serpent's fiery uncoil.
For strength and Will shall set us free
To pursue the Great Work of Liberty.

The celebrant writes 666 on the right hand of all present with the oil. Then, the celebrant lights incense, and says:

We breathe in the sweet essence divine
Inspiring our soul, body, and mind
Grant us knowledge, O Enlightened One
Thou our Father, O Satan, O Sun

Each member of the coven is censed in the shape of an inverted cross. Once all censed, the coven members take turns anointing the idol of Satan with holy oil. The members join hands before the idol, and the celebrant leads them in this chant:

By the flame that burneth bright³⁶

Lucifer, Lucifer

We call thy name into the night

Lucifer, Lucifer

Thee we invoke where gather thine own

Lucifer, Lucifer

By the nameless shrine forgotten and alone

Lucifer, Lucifer

Come 'round where witches trod

Lucifer, Lucifer

Horn and hoof of goat-foot god

Lucifer, Lucifer

Come to the charm of chanted prayer

Lucifer, Lucifer

As the moon bewitches the midnight air

Lucifer, Lucifer

Come to us who gather here

Lucifer, Lucifer

Let our blessed Devil appear

Lucifer, Lucifer

Through the stars to heaven's height

Lucifer, Lucifer

We hear thy hooves on wind of night

Lucifer, Lucifer

As black tree branches shake and sigh

Lucifer, Lucifer

By joy and terror we know thee nigh

Lucifer, Lucifer

We speak the spell thy power unlocks

Lucifer, Lucifer

Summoning blessings of Lux and Nox

Lucifer, Lucifer

Word of virtue the veil to rend

Lucifer, Lucifer

From primal dawn to world's end

Lucifer, Lucifer

Bless us all in hearth and hold

Lucifer, Lucifer

Blessed us in all worth more than gold

Lucifer, Lucifer

Bless us in strength and love

Lucifer, Lucifer

Bless us wher'er we rove

Lucifer, Lucifer

Let not thy light fade from our eyes

Lucifer, Lucifer

As we build our paradise

Lucifer, Lucifer

Our voices echo in death and rebirth

Lucifer, Lucifer

Satan's children shall inherit the earth

Lucifer, Lucifer

If there is room, the coven may dance about the idol in a circle.

After, the celebrant cries:

ꝝ: Hail Satan.

ꝝ: **Hail Satan.**

ꝝ: Son of Leviathan and King of Witcheries. We adore you.

ꝝ: **We adore you.**

The Rite of the Lady of Ecstasy

This rite may be performed as a standalone practice but should replace the standard Communion section of the Mystery of the Harlot and the Serpent on Walpurgisnacht and whenever else is desired.

The altar, in addition to the usual tools, should be setup with sweet cakes, wine, and something to serve as an idol of Lilith. This can be a statue, a painting, or even a female member of the coven.

The celebrant faces the coven and says:

Our goddess Lilith comes with the greetings of heaven and earth. Bow and adore her, my Brethren.

The celebrant then says:

Hear the words of your Goddess.

The psalm “Charge of the Infernal Goddess” is read aloud, either by the celebrant or a female member of the coven. If a person is fulfilling the role of the Goddess’ idol, it is recommended she read it.

The celebrant lifts the plate of sweet cakes and says:

The body of Leviathan, which Satan tore in strife,

For the divine gives as well as feeds on Life.

Thus we eat these cakes of corn,

So the strength of our bodies may be reborn.

Each member of the coven approaches to enjoy sweet cakes. The celebrant lifts the chalice and says:

We place this cup upon our lips,

Embracing Lilith's lusty kiss.

To fill our souls with Love sublime

And partake the secret joy divine.

Once all have partaken of the Chalice, the coven members take turns anointing the idol of Lilith with holy oil. The members join hands before the idol, and the celebrant leads them in this chant:

We invoke Thee, Queen of Queens³⁷

Babylon, Babylon

Come to us in all our dreams

Babylon, Babylon

Blessed Goddess from afar,

Babylon, Babylon

Grant us peace and grant us love

Babylon, Babylon

Lead thy children here below,

Babylon, Babylon

Let us all thy secrets know

Babylon, Babylon

Help us to do what we must

Babylon, Babylon

Lest we turn all into dust

Babylon, Babylon

Let the mill be spinning round

Babylon, Babylon

Wheel of life where all are bound

Babylon, Babylon

Upwards upwards, on and on

Babylon, Babylon

‘til our Great Work is done

Babylon, Babylon

Nearer, nearer, nearer come

Babylon, Babylon

The chant is said a total of three times, increasing in speed and volume each round. If there is room, the coven may dance about the idol in a circle.

After, the celebrant cries:

ꝝ: Hail Lilith.

ꝝ: **Hail Lilith.**

ꝝ: Bride of Satan and Queen of Witcheries. We adore you.

ꝝ: **We adore you.**

A Ritual for Meeting the Devil

Scout ahead of time for a secluded area where a clearing and a thicket of wood meet. Ideally, the location should be one where you can experience relative quiet, solitude, and safety at night. The less amount of artificial light in the area the better.

On the night of or nearest to a full moon, proceed to your chosen spot. Cloudless or partly clear nights are best. Take a seat in the clearing, so that you are facing the thicket of wilderness.

Remove any sources of artificial light. A hood is a convenient tool to block the sight of lamps in the distance. Take a moment to breathe and root yourself to the earth and your surroundings.

Speak prayers of invocation to the Devil, whether from The Book of Infernal Prayer, some other book, or of your own devising.

Once your prayers are finished, return to contemplative silence. Stare into the darkness of the thicket ahead of you, knowing in your heart that the Devil lurks therein.

In your own words, whether in your mind or aloud, invite the Devil to come.

Wait expectantly for your Lord. Be mindful of any thoughts or sensations you might experience. Is something particular on your mind? What do you feel? Whatever it is, do not flee from it. The Devil will most likely not appear in physical form, but as a whisper in your mind, a word in your heart, or a feeling in your guts.

Once you are satisfied you have experienced what you were meant to, give thanks. You may now leave, taking what you were given with you.

The Rite of the Tree of Knowledge

This rite is intended to align the celebrant with the infernal pantheon. It should become a regular practice for all Brethren. It is simple, short, and effective. Consistent practice has been known to increase intuition, the frequency and vividness of dreams, and open a channel for infernal inspiration.

Brethren are warned not to make the mistake of thinking the various spheres visualized in this ritual are objectively real. They almost certainly are not. Nevertheless, it is the experience of many that visualizing different colors to align with various spiritual concepts is an efficacious practice. To quote Aleister Crowley:

In this book it is spoken of the Sephiroth and the Paths; of Spirits and Conjurations; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things which may or may not exist. It is immaterial whether these exist or not. By doing certain things certain results will follow; students are most earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophic validity to any of them.

The practitioner begins the rite sitting in a cross-legged posture. The Purification & Consecration is performed, and a four-fold breathing pattern is commenced: breathe four seconds, hold four seconds, breathe out four seconds, hold four seconds. This pattern is maintained throughout the entirety of the rite.

The practitioner completes nine cycles of four-fold breathing.

First, the practitioner visualizes a sphere of white light slightly above the crown of their head. On the out-breath, LUCIFER is chanted.³⁸

The practitioner visualizes a sphere of indigo light at their brow. On the out-breath, BELIAL is chanted.

The practitioner visualizes a sphere of blue light at their left shoulder. On the out-breath, BEELZEBUB is chanted.

*The practitioner visualizes a sphere of red light at their right shoulder...
ABBADON is chanted.*

*The practitioner visualizes a sphere of yellow light atop their solar plexus...
Belphegor is chanted.*

LUCIFER

BELIAL

ABADDON

BEELZEBUB

BELPHEGOR

AZAZEL

ASTAROTH

ASMODEUS

LILITH

ASTAROTH

The practitioner visualizes a sphere of light green light just above the left hip... ASTAROTH is chanted.

The practitioner visualizes a sphere of orange light just above the right hip... AZAZEL is chanted.

The practitioner visualizes a sphere of purple light at their pubic area... ASMODEUS is chanted.

The practitioner visualizes a sphere of black light slightly below their tailbone... LILITH is chanted.

The practitioner visualizes the light of all the spheres extending out, creating a dark grey flame around their entire body. The four-fold breath is continued for as long as the practitioner desires, holding this visualization in place.

Alternately, the practitioner may repeat the cycle of 9 four-fold breaths, running through the above sequence as many times as they like.

Afterward, the practitioner may perform a blessing or some other rite or go about their life with Hell's blessing.

The Rite of Initiation

Initiations should be performed as part of a full celebration of The Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot, never as a standalone rite. The seeker should be dressed in old, dirty clothing, rather than robes or fine apparel. New robes or fine apparel should be selected before and kept on hand.

The priestess asks the following set of questions, pausing an appropriate amount of time for the seeker to affirm:

Do you, (name), seek admittance into the ranks of Hell's legions?

Do you, (name), come before the host of Hell and all present this night to redeem yourself?

Do you, (name), acknowledge Satan as your Master and Lilith as your Mistress?

The priestess continues:

Whether one grew up in a household of faith or not, the slavishness of false religion infects our schools, our mythologies, our collective dreams, and our laws. The fetters of cultural and religious dogma bind the strength of our arms, but we can be set free to do the Devil's work.

The rags covering your body represent the heritage bequeathed to you by the culture of your birth, saturated as it is with the slave morality of Jehovah, the nihilism of the Buddha, the paternalism of innumerable traditions and creeds. A legacy of puritanical oppression, hopeless imperfectability, cowardice, poverty of spirit, erotophobia, and sycophancy clouds the very air we breathe. In Lilith's name, tear off these rags and put on the new.

The seeker removes their clothes and throws them aside. The priestess hands

them the new garments. Once the seeker is dressed, the priestess says:

Repeat after me.

I renounce Jehovah's despotic commands.

I renounce the taint of Christ's blood.

I renounce the world-weariness of the Buddha.

I renounce the misogyny of Muhammad.

I renounce all false gods and prophets. May they be accursed and forgotten.

I swear allegiance to Satan, the great Seraphim who has opposed Heaven since the days of old, and Lilith, his Bride, who freed herself of Eden's shackles.

I will serve my infernal Master and Mistress in body, mind, and soul.

I name myself a disciple of Hell.

The priestess marks the hands and forehead of the initiate with oil in the shape of an equal-armed cross, and says:

So shall it be.

The initiate is welcomed into the fold.

The Rite of Ordination

The Rite of Ordination³⁹ is performed as part of a full celebration of The Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot, never as a standalone rite. Preferably, it should be performed on Walpurgisnacht or Halloween.

The initiate should prepare a pact beforehand to read aloud and seal during the ritual. A paper copy of the pact is brought to the rite.

The officiating priestess begins the ordination by saying:

Lord Lucifer and Lady Lilith, we come before you on this sacred night to present an initiate who desires to devote themselves to your service. They seek ordination into your infernal priesthood so that they may serve you as a priest/priestess of Hell.

Before proceeding, we affirm our understanding that through this ordination the Diabolic priest/priestess becomes the vital personification of the wills of Satan and Lilith and of the ideals represented by the infernal pantheon. He or she is dedicated to the ultimate ennoblement of humanity and to the destruction of all artificially created barriers to this goal. He or she recognizes no moral restrictions upon their modes of action yet accepts full responsibility for all consequences of their designs. He or she is a creature of ego, to whom the only “sin” is resignation. Within the medium of the Diabolical church, spread hidden across the face of the world, the priest concentrates his or her efforts in such directions as will most effectively promote the growth of Diabolism in all of its manifestations.

He or she is an adept of relationships, not of absolutes, and is quick to challenge any standard by which one man presumes to dictate the judgments of many.

They recognize that elusive line between coordination of effort and the strangulation of individual genius by mass dogma and spare no effort to bring about the dissolution of all institutions, spiritual and secular, which regard the societies of man as mere machines for the pleasure of a select few. As a witch of black magic, the Diabolic priest is entrusted with both the creative and the destructive powers of Hell. He or she is charged to wield these forces with precision and judiciousness, that the Prince of Darkness and the Queen of Night is not forced to bear the consequences of their error. Finally, he or she must never cease to probe their own intellect for the inconsistencies within, for a static existence is anathema to our Lord and Lady.

We further affirm that the Diabolic priesthood is not an office that can be assumed or disregarded at whim. It will remain with the ordained constantly. It will color every decision, expression, and action they take. So marked will be the effect upon their personality that they may seem alien even to many of their closest friends. As they enter new spheres of interest, it may be necessary to abandon old ones. Strange paths await the chosen of Lucifer and Lilith, and they may bring misery as well as majesty. They enter a realm characterized by challenge and choice, not by comfort and consolation.

Knowing all this, do you accept the Devil's call to enter his service by making eternal covenant with him?

If the initiate confirms, they are instructed to read their pact aloud. They sign their name (be it birth or magical name) with a pen and use a lancet to place a drop of their blood beside it. It sometimes occurs that an initiate will feel compelled to seal the pact with additional bodily fluids. If this be the case, the priestess should announce their intent to do so. The coven is duty bound to oblige them but are not required to participate or watch.

Once the pact is sealed, the priestess places it on the altar for the remainder of the Mystery, and says:

I proclaim you a priest/priestess of Hell.

The pact is returned to the newly ordained priest/priestess at the end of the Mystery. It should be kept in a secure place as it is one of the most sacred objects the Diabolist will ever possess.

A Rite of Matrimony

A Satanic invocation or infernal psalm is read to begin. This may be preceded, followed, or accompanied by music of the couple's choosing. The celebrant then says:

We are gathered here today to join (name) and (name) in the bonds of matrimony. By our presence, we celebrate with them the love they have discovered in each other and support their commitment to one another.

The celebrant turns to A.

Do you, (name of A), pledge to honor (name of B) for who they are? (A answers.) Do you vow to support them in times of struggle and peace? (A answers.) Will you tend to their needs as well as your own? (A answers.) Will you be true to your partner as well as yourself? (A answers.)

The celebrant turns to B and repeats all of the above questions for them.

If rings are to be exchanged, they should be done so now. A prayer or infernal psalm may be said. The celebrant concludes by saying:

As lovers and mates, you stand before me, and by your own intentions you have cast your vows. I therefore solemnize this union in the name of Babylon, [optional: whose priest I am], and in Satan's ineffable name I proclaim you wed.

May all the joys of the world be yours, and may your love grow stronger with each passing day. Embrace and be as one.

A Rite of Manifestation

To prepare, the celebrant should formulate well beforehand a statement of what exactly it is they hope to accomplish with this ritual. The planetary power the goal falls under should be determined so that the proper Archon can be called. Optionally, a daemonic spirit whose abilities best align with that goal may be selected to invoke as well.

The Rite of Manifestation should ideally be performed as a part of a full Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot. Preferably on the day of the week in alignment with the planetary power of the associated Archon.

The seal of the Archon and/or daemon is placed upon the altar. The celebrant begins by performing the Rite of the Tree of Knowledge. A prayer of invocation may be added. Then, the purpose of the rite is stated.

I proclaim this rite in Hell and on Earth to (state purpose).

The celebrant invokes Satan into their work.

Dark Lord, the earth is full of the majesty of your glory. I come before you seeking the indulgence of your beneficence. Whether by your hand or through the intercession of the many legions of the pit, aid me in the realization of my desire to (state and elaborate on purpose). I ask this, Lord Satan, for I am one of your ministers, and I know that it is your will and good pleasure to give strength and life to all mankind, but even greater is the bounty held forth to your elect.

Lady Lilith, open wide the gates of Hell, and let the power of my infernal brethren come to my aid. Send the Archon (name of daemon), ruler of the

powers of (name planetary power) to enter this my work, vouchsafing that my will to (state purpose) will come to fruition.

The celebrant says the invocation below, choosing one of the two options:

(Name of Archon), I cry out to you, send forth...

A. *the legions of spirits under your command*

B. *the spirit (name of goetic daemon to be invoked)*

...to enter this my work, vouchsafing that my will to (state purpose) will come to fruition.

Then is said:

A. *Legions of (name of Archon)*

B. *(Name of goetic daemon)*

...as a disciple of Hell, I cry out to you. As a bearer of Satan's mark, I entreat you. Come forth and enter into my work so that my will may be done.

The celebrant explains what they want the daemon(s) to do and why. This explanation should also include what the celebrant will do to repay the spirits for their work. Gifts of food, drink, bodily fluid, or public acclaim are typical forms of repayment.

The celebrant then sits down with the Archon and/or daemon's seal before them.

Using their prayer beads to keep count, they chant one of the Archon's mantras or a mantra of their own devising 45 times.

Once complete, the celebrant reads one of the psalms from this book and closes by saying:

Send forth your light, O Satan, and renew before me the face of the earth. Lead me into friendship. Lead me into the plenteousness of your house. Lead me into the paths of your Law. Be with me as I toil for bread, wine, and love. And that I may be prepared for all this, inflame my heart with the fire of your will.

Hail Lilith, proud and free. You were ordained to serve Adam, but chose your own path instead. Inspire me likewise to be a lantern unto myself.

Hail (name of Archon), ruler of (planetary power). I thank you for your beneficence.

Optional. Hail (name of daemon). I thank you for your beneficence.

Hail to all the infernal spirits friendly unto me. I thank you for your assistance in my work. Go in peace.

It is finished.

The celebrant rings the bell.

The Rite of the Scapegoat

A Rite of Devotion

The rite may be performed as part of the Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot, or as a standalone rite. If the rite is not being performed as a part of The Mystery, the Purification and Consecration, and Opening the Temple sections of the Daily Prayer office should be performed beforehand.

The celebrant should have a whip or flail on hand so that they may ritually flagellate themselves. They sit or kneel topless upon the floor in a position that is comfortable. The celebrant begins:

Oriflamme of adversity, who gives us strength to endure and courage to resist.
Many are the sins unjustly laid at your feet:

Take celebrant takes up the flail or whip. The following litany is said aloud. At each semicolon, the celebrant whips their back once.

For death's entrance into the world; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For all murder and violent assaults; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For all fraudulent deceits; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For the bondage of addiction; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For the voracity of flesh; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For the lust of the eye; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For sluttish fornications and sodomies; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For festering jealousies; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For theft, rapacity, and unbridled avarice; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For all disobedience and insurrection; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

For the iniquities of all humankind; Scapegoat, the vulgar blame you.

Then is said:

No more! On the horizon fire and smoke and cloven hooves of steel. The saints flee. The white-robed virgins wail. The Adversary moves! His vigor will be my armor. His cunning my helm. His fire will be a weapon in my hand. His passion the battle standard within my heart.

At this point the celebrant should conceive of the flail in their hand as a weapon with which to punish their oppressors. The litany below is repeated while striking the ground at each semicolon. Some icon or image to represent Hell's enemies may be used as a target.

Satan come; a complacent victim you are not.

Satan come; we are bound by the same crimson thread.

Satan come; the enemies of liberty surround me.

Satan come; for justice is not inherited but won.

Satan come!

The celebrant silently contemplates any feelings, thoughts, or messages that come. The Gloria is said to finish.

The Rite of the Dark Mother

A Rite of Devotion

The celebrant should have a physical idol representing Lilith on their altar. This can be a statue, painting, or sigil. The rite may be performed as part of the Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot, or as a standalone rite. If the rite is not being performed as a part of The Mystery, the Purification and Consecration, and Opening the Temple sections of the Daily Prayer office should be performed beforehand.

The celebrant begins:

Hear me, Brethren, hear me, for the Sacred Queen of Night approaches.

Kiss your representation of Lilith and lift it overhead. Walk a circle widdershins about the chapel, saying:

Lilith! You are our goddess. From you come all beasts, hills and oceans, dark forests, and fruits of the earth.

Back at the altar, kiss your representation of Lilith and lift it once again overhead. Walk a circle widdershins about the chapel, saying:

Babylon! You are adorned with gifts, charms, and allure. Your lips are red like blood, and your mouth is full of life.

Back at the altar, kiss your representation of Lilith and lift it once again overhead. Walk a circle widdershins about the chapel, saying:

Aradia! Your arms are clothed in strength, and your hair burns like fire. Mighty and vengeful one, we sing your heroic deeds.

Place the representation of Lilith back upon the altar. Exalting the image, say:

I come before the Goddess! I come and adore! All fealty to my Queen.

Spend time meditating on the goddess, imagining yourself being filled with her light. Close by speaking in her voice “The Hymn of Babylon,” which begins on page 87.

Appendix A

3-Week Cycle of Prayer

The following is an alternate cycle of daily prayer offices to be used in conjunction with The Book of Infernal Prayer. The purpose of this particular schedule of prayer is to give the practitioner exposure to different kinds of prayer throughout the week, allowing them to determine what works best for them. It is included here as an alternate to the daily cycle of prayer that the rest of this book uses.

Each day's office begins with one recitation of The Infernal Creed, The Diabolist's Prayer, three recitations of the Hail Lilith, and one Gloria (see the Daily Prayers Section).

Mondays (Fall), Wednesdays (Exile), & Fridays (Belonging) are devoted to praying the associated five mysteries of the Rosary of Lilith.

Saturdays are devoted to the Archons. The Invocation of the Archons is prayed, and the Rite of the Tree of Knowledge is performed.

Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays are devoted to the chanting of psalms. The psalms for that day are chanted aloud with a moment of silence between each psalm to allow for mediation. Each office ends with the prayer indicated with an asterisk.

Week 1

Sunday: Psalms for days 1-3, *Prayer of Allegiance

Tuesday: Psalms for days 4-7, *Invocation of the Dread Angel

Thursday: Psalms for days 8-10, *Pact

Week 2

Sunday: Psalms for days 11-13, *Opening Prayer from Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot

Tuesday: Psalms for days 14-18, *Oath from Rite of Initiation

Thursday: Psalms for days 19-21, *Closing Prayer from Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot

Week 3

Sunday: Psalms for days 22-24, *Hymn to Satan

Tuesday: Psalms for days 25-28, *The Litany of Satan

Thursday: Psalms for days 29-31, *Excerpt from Liber Samekh

Appendix B

The Archons

Asmodeus

Planetary equivalent: Luna

Areas under his control: Dreams, instincts, intuition, fertility, family, concealment, emotions, mental health, intoxication, animal husbandry, needs and desires, hunting

Virtue: Languor

Poisons: Torpidity & Frenzy

Plants: Willow, Mandrake, Hyacinths

Incense: Camphor, Galbanum

Stones: Moonstone, Beryl

Color: Purple

Azazel

Planetary equivalent: Mercury

Areas under their control: Communication, design, research, writing, diplomacy, subterfuge, exchange, acquiring skills, rhetoric, negotiation, business deals

Virtue: Envy

Poisons: Resentment & Selflessness

Plants: Birch, Almond, Lavender

Incense: Mace, Star Anise

Stones: Opal, Carnelian

Color: Orange

Astaroth

Planetary equivalent: Venus

Areas under her control: Love, romance, friendship, sex, sensual pleasure, inspiration, painting, sculpture, poetry, music, beauty, glamour, aesthetics

Virtue: Lust

Poisons: Mania & Sterility

Plants: Apple, Rose, Hawthorn

Incense: Red Storax, Sandalwood

Stones: Emerald, Malachite, Jade

Color: Green

Belphegor

Planetary equivalent: Sol

Areas under his control: Truth, reputation, physical health, vitality, healing, positions of authority, victory, accomplishment, clear judgment, aid from allies, revelation, ministry

Virtue: Pride

Poisons: Arrogance & Shame

Plants: Pine, Walnut, Sunflower, Chamomile

Incense: Cinnamon, Frankincense

Stones: Tiger eye, Topaz

Color: Yellow

Abaddon

Planetary equivalent: Mars

Areas under her control: Violence, war, destruction, revenge, disease, breaking addiction, dissolution, breaking barriers, physical strength, courage

Virtue: Wrath

Poisons: Rage & Cowardice

Plants: Ash, Holly, Thistles

Incense: Dragonsblood, Peppermint

Stones: Ruby, Agate, Red Jasper

Color: Red

Beelzebub

Planetary equivalent: Jupiter

Areas under his control: Education, government, justice, abundance, law, philosophy, charity, expansion, wealth, banking, legal matters

Virtue: Indulgence

Poisons: Compulsivity & Asceticism

Plants: Oak, Cedar, Flax, Sage

Incense: Nutmeg, Clove

Stones: Sapphire, Lapis lazuli, Aquamarine

Color: Blue

Belial

Planetary equivalent: Saturn

Areas under his control: Tradition, limitation, security, solitude, physical shelter, inheritance, ageing, wisdom, agriculture, patience, culture

Virtue: Greed

Poisons: Rapacity & Poverty

Plants: Belladonna, Violets, Yew, Ebony

Incense: Myrrh, Spikenard

Stone: Onyx, Coal, Obsidian

Color: Indigo

Lilith

Planetary equivalent: Neptune

Areas under her control: Witchcraft, vampirism, seduction, mysticism, healing from trauma, access to power, compassion, motherhood, risk-taking, escape,

priesthood, purification, sacrifice, birth, death

Jewels: Life & Love

Plants: Lotus, Poppy

Incense: Civet

Stone: Star Sapphire, Jet

Color: Black

Satan

Planetary equivalent: Uranus

Areas under his control: Initiation, independence, individuality, death and rebirth, reincarnation, mercy and severity, sovereignty, fatherhood, learning from defeat, divine spark, revolution, innovation, destiny

Jewels: Light & Liberty

Plants: Amaranth, Mistletoe

Incense: Musk

Stone: Star Ruby, Turquoise

Color: White

Appendix C

The Magical Uses of Full Moons

Diabolists mark each full moon by the celebration of the Mystery of the Serpent and the Harlot. What is not as well known, however, is that the moon's zodiacal location influences what type of magical work that observance of the Mystery is most conducive to.

Through the use of an ephemeris, Diabolists should determine what sign an upcoming full moon will be in. When this is known, they can plan magical work to perform during that Mystery that in alignment with that sign. It is up to each coven or individual practitioner to determine what sort of spellwork they will do, whether it be something from this book or a working of their own devising.

Moon in Aries. Best used in spellwork for vigor, self-confidence, quick solutions, new growth, obtaining positions of authority, starting new projects, banishing arrogance, or overcoming domination by another.

Moon in Taurus. Best used in spellwork for stability, permanence, manifesting an idea, to complete a project, to inspire loyalty, to acquire material goods, or banish greediness and stubbornness.

Moon in Gemini. Best used in spellwork for adapting to challenges or changes, inventiveness, improvement in writing skills and communication, creative thinking, to banish recklessness and indecision.

Moon in Cancer. Best used in spellwork for supporting domestic life and family, parenting, harmony in social relationships, marriage and love, emotional support, or banishing selfishness and hard-heartedness.

Moon in Leo. Best used in spellwork for increasing reputation, obtaining honors, courage, self-confidence, public recognition, charisma, or banishing vanity.

Moon in Virgo. Best used in spellwork for mental acuity, projects that require accuracy and detail, finding practical solutions, obtaining employment, or banishing obsessiveness.

Moon in Libra. Best used in spellwork for balance and harmony, support in legal matters, personal balance, peacemaking, successful negotiations, obtaining justice, people skills, or banishing fickleness and apathy.

Moon in Scorpio. Best used in spellwork for penetrating to the core of a problem or mystery, exploring passions, inspiring or controlling sexual energy, exploring the unknown, personal transformation, or banishing jealousy and intolerance.

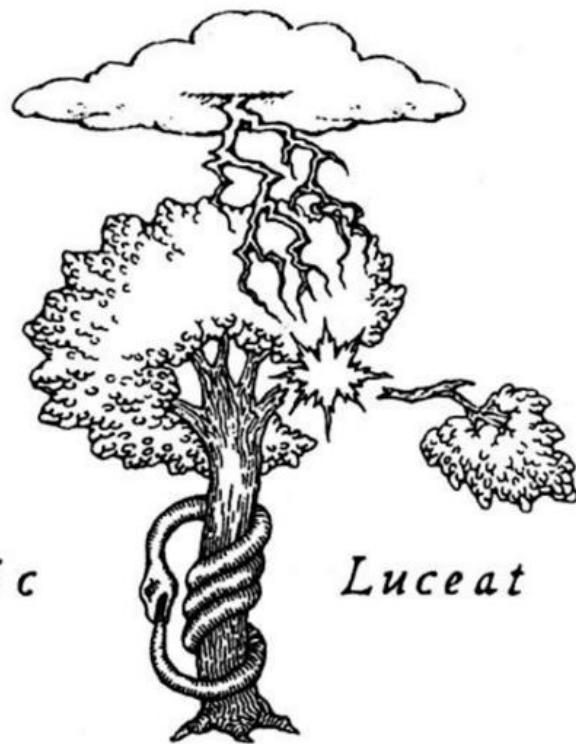
Moon in Sagittarius. Best used in spellwork for success in education and philosophy, expanding horizons, obtaining scholarships, success in sports, fun and safety in travel, and gaining knowledge of the occult.

Moon in Capricorn. Best used in spellwork for improving your career, obtaining a raise, financial investments, wealth, successful planning, organizational skills, learning patience, perseverance in hardship.

Moon in Aquarius. Best used in spellwork for revolutionary changes, thinking outside the box, rational thinking, gaining independence, humanitarian work, social reform, learning to use technology.

Moon in Pisces. Best used in spellwork for improving psychic skills, prophetic dreams, mysticism, increasing creativity and powers of imagination, divination, or banishing timidity and melancholy.

DE VMBRARVM REGNI
NOVEM PORTIS



Venetiae, apud Aristidem Torchiam

M. DC. LX. VI.

Cum superiorum privilegio veniaque

Notes

[← 1]

This separates it in some sense from Satanism (the newer of the two terms), which is largely atheistic, philosophically materialist, and humanistic. While there are theistic forms of Satanism, they often emphasize the individual practitioner's importance to the point that they are functionally atheist. We have consciously chosen the label Diabolist to emphasize that Lucifer stands above us in a way we will never equal and is thus due reverence and devotion in a way human beings are not. Additionally, the very name of Satanism has a tendency to attract adherents who adopt the name primarily as a rebellious fashion statement. We wish to separate ourselves from this sort of behavior.

[← 2]

This psalm is based on a hymn from the Rig Veda.

[← 3]

The epic poem *Parzival* by Wolfram von Eschenbach describes, quite shockingly, the Holy Grail not as a dish or a chalice like all other Arthurian romances, but as a stone that fell from Lucifer's brow during the war in heaven.

[← 4]

This entire piece is an adaptation of the work of JP Ahonen.

[← 5]

What follows is Gerald Gardner's (lightly edited) 1949 "Charge of the Goddess." It should be noted that he took most of it directly from Crowley's Liber al vel Legis.

[← 6]

The entire piece is an adaptation of a traditional Akkadian hymn to Ishtar.

[← 7]

This piece is an adaptation of Ada Langworthy Collier's description of Lilith's flight in her epic poem *Lilith: The Legend of the First Woman*.

[← 8]

Taken from the 1587 communication between John Dee, Edward Kelley, and the spirit Madimi.

[← 9]

Proverbs 7:6-13.

[← 10]

The passage Lilith quotes is a revision of a poem found in Jack Parson's Liber 49. In addition to changing the poem to the first person, the name Babylon has been substituted for the idiosyncratic "Babalon."

[← 11]

See Liber AL vel Legis III:4-6.

[← 12]

See “The Magical Invocation of the Higher Genius” The Equinox Vol. I, No. III.

[← 13]

See Liber AL vel Legis III:17.

[← 14]

See Liber CXX.

[← 15]

See Liber CXX.

[← 16]

Taken from John Dee and Edward Kelley's communications with the spirit Madimi.

[← 17]

This piece has been edited for conciseness and to fit Brethren theology.

[← 18]

Small edits have been made for both stylistic reasons and to make the piece conform better with Brethren theology.

[← 19]

This psalm is taken from an article of Lavey's in the January 1971 issue of the Cloven Hoof.

[← 20]

The following is based on a hymn from the Rig Veda.

[← 21]

The following is based on an ancient prayer to Shamash.

[← 22]

This prayer is based on a hymn from the Rig Veda.

[← 23]

This prayer is based on a hymn from the Rig Veda.

[← 24]

Based on a prayer to Nergal.

[← 25]

The following is based on a prayer to Nabu.

[← 26]

The following is based on an ancient prayer to Enki.

[← 27]

Based on a prayer from the Rig Veda.

[← 28]

The following is based on a hymn to Marduk.

[← 29]

The following is based on a hymn from the Rig Veda.

[← 30]

Based on the poem “Hymne à Astarté” by Pierre-Félix Louis.

[← 31]

The following is based on a prayer to the Canaanite god Belial.

[← 32]

The following prayer is based on the Orphic hymn to Pan.

[← 33]

All of these adorations are taken from Liber 963. A single line can be chosen as a mantra, or all five can be used together as an invocation of a particular Archon.

[← 34]

These adorations are taken from Liber 963.

[← 35]

This rite is inspired by “The Ritual of the Sphinx,” written by David Cherubim for the Thelemic Order of the Golden Dawn.

[← 36]

This chant is a revision of “Invocation of the Horned God,” written by Doreen Valiente.

[← 37]

This chant is a revision of an invocation written by Patricia Crowther.

[← 38]

For all spheres, the divine name may be chanted more than once if desired. The number of times should be the same per sphere, however.

[← 39]

Most of the text of this ritual comes from the “Letter of III° Nomination” by former Church of Satan magister Michael Aquino.