

We were keeping our striving when forced over the river of life,
reversed its desecrated waters, frozen on the cold shores.
There we were clotted in blood, when growing cold on the altars,
revived in purple Cold, laden with immortality.
There we revived - in the words of Cold, in talks of blood,
on the eve of epoch of Darkness and consulate of Samgabial.

Impii Irreligiosi Carnivoribus Immortalibus

XXIII

Eternal Ocean of Chaos seethes with Its waters under the gravity of the deadly star.
Darken face of the Underworld coils in Its tides and worries the monster which came ashore out
of Abyss and became that shore by the terrible menacing roar of Tehomoth.

Archons of Evil, cataphractes of the Abyss, tiamats of the sacred depths rise in the thorny
streams of blood with dark elder rage and penetrate outside through the pores of corpse that was
a man before. Diluted in timeless, dissociated matters grow dim in insatiable womb, and the
shade of Abaddon soars in the blinded eyes, in creations of the human mind, in ulcers of the
human heart.

Litanies to destruction howl in rocks, and the mysteries of discreation float in the
labyrinths of Unholy mind. Returned again, murderous for human passion, alien wishes whirl
under the age-old carrion, and the freedom of will is possessed by the fragments of alien
memory, caught by the onslaught of fury winds from the plains of ruination of the Universe.

O Chaos, thus Hell yearn you return and call to you to feed you and to see as the
Universe will be torn apart by the jaws of Abaddon and reborn in your integrity. Earth is
saturated with ominous emanations of fallen creatures; cities are burning with breath of your
nearness...

Universal perishableness swings above the Abyss like a nameless black suffering and
suffices as a curse in the traces of deadened reality. Putrescence of created dust elapses in alien
hands with slime and time, and in this embrace it mocks with its undermost perishability at the
reversed face of life.

And when among the ruins and remains the howl of hungry throats of deserts glorifies the
“renaissance” of flesh, it sounds like a hymn of craving in the honour of it, or like a hoof thunder
of seven black riders – carnivorous phantoms of apocalyptic horizon.

Released in the carnal unities of the desert whore, obscene depths, unholy essences,
omnivorous emptiness in the silts and slime of Chaos outcomes upon the earth of last creation,
when baptized in deadly waters and power of the Beast.

In the gusts of icy winds, in incest of earth and heaven, elements are tormented by fight
and salamanders cling to the feet of Immortals, Carnivorous; there, through all edges of Chaos,
Behemoth is interwoven and reunited with Leviathan, growing rage in the billows of the blackest
waters. And when the ice is blended with fire, when Samael is in coition with Lilith, the threat of
world collapse becomes inevitable. It is there they gather thunderstorms into the steel and wage
an attack on the shore – the Angel with the gaping jaws and the Beast in the iron crown.

XXIV

Abaddon is stretched behind *them*, by *their* shade, Keeper of the gates of Chaos, Angel of the Abyss. From the windy stormy sky *they* sparkles by the myriads of splinters of the night luminaries and by the flashes of deadly ominous blazes reflected in the hollows of human souls they fall with rains upon the earth.

Who knows how many are *they*? Who has counted *their* lives?

Who has perceived the depths of alienness that is stretched like a pernicious swamp between Abyss and a man?

Rocks, impassive from the beginning of times, sands, obedient to the will of the wind, - neither alive, not dead, existing in the limits of measurable things, - they keep soulless harden traces to display the elder relationship of those fallen from the heaven and arisen from the Abyss.

Never to rest in oppressive emptiness...Never to rest in ashes...

There is no time, there is no space where *they* dwell in the pitch Darkness, in wait for incarnation of the shades of past and future and keeping integrity of *themselves* in these shades, for Darkness accepted *them* indivisibly.

Immortal and blood-stained are they, who desecrated the heaven, desecrated the earth...

Bloodless, hostile, alien – *they* did not obey. Ice-bounded, sealed into stone, burned in fire, dispersed as the ashes on the wind – *they* will never obey. Only *their* ugly shades in the mirrors of the Universe display *their* existence and uncover *their* essence – night and damp mist.

Stars, like the ulcers, glimmer in the oedemas of *their* souls. Molten by eternity, exhausted hearts pulse pressing through the veins clots of *their* black blood.

They are the oblivion that's arisen from the under into the entity... *They* are the death roaming through the life – allpenetrating plague that is beyond the power of doom...

Immortal, cold, cursed by *themselves*, they know no sorrow, no pleasure, neither vice, nor salvation. In infinite growing flesh *they* give back that dies with *them* every time – *their* cursed relationship with Abyss and with man.

Their endless return is like gloomy bottomless shudder of sacrificial flesh, raving possessed on the altars of the bearing Darkness. *They* wander in *their* own blood above the emptiness and time. *Their* relations are dark – Purplefaced Dragons, emblems of blood...

Their forms are delusive, *their* contours are misty.

Their images, like waves, breaks upon the rocks and fall into Chaos.

Lifeless, nameless enough so as to not call *themselves* by names, faceless enough so as to reflect someone's horror completely, *they* are dead by human flesh and *they* will be the same eternally. *They* know endless pain and open the gates to inexhaustible source of suffering where is no glory, where is no faith, where *they* dwell in icy immense solitude.

Who has experienced *their* love and hate?..

Who has perceived the infinity of *their* Death?..

Serpents, sliding among the stones, tarantulas, burned with the sultriness of the desert, - *their* great posterity, fruits of *their* ancient and unflinching devotion.

They kill themselves like scorpions.

By their fresh scars they know each other among their gaping graves.

They follow the adour of blood through the storm, in the shadows between the waves of Chaos, breaking the veils between Abyss and man.

Immortal, hopelessly immortal, keeping the Evil in earthly incarnations, encroached on the eternity of the Devil of the Abyss and foreseeing *their* reincarnation in it, *they* come again. *Their* births as many as *their* victims...

They die at dawn to revive in dusk...

They know why they die...

And that *they* perceived - can never *exist* in serenity anymore...

Leaving themselves by angels wings, by demons paths, they use their own human less and less.

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

To be naturally themselves is enough for *them* to do all *their* things right.
Abyss shall kill humans inside *them*.
People will ruin angels inside *them*.

The whole earth is full of demons prowling between the human ruins, wrapped in the rags of storm-clouds, decoloured by the vestment of the Obscure. Unbeknown to human mind, abundant in darkness, they move hidden behind the shroud of storms, inexorable in their wrath, reflected in the ocean of Evil like human fear of their inevitable coming. Wells of the obscene wisdom, opened by the outrage of the maleficent spirit behind the walls of sanctuaries; sepulchres of sacrilegious mysteries gaping in the human mind, and fulfilled duties of the bloody deals between the humans and alien gods – wounds gashed from outside, and the gates of their outcome. They are always at the threshold, principles of all cadaveric mutations in the divine matters, evolution of the blasphemous embryo of demonic domination guised under human.

Carnivorous and hunting, furious and unfathomably different, they are the quintessence of alienness, and the lust of Hell Itself. Abyss is opened incessantly in their ulcerated mouths, satisfying Its boundless hunger through them. Their deeds throw purple shadows on the pedestals of holiness, their thoughts are always pernicious and free like sand-storms in a wild desert, like flashing lightnings in the endless emptiness of gloom, and only *they* are worthy of Abyss at all.

Dust and ashes they are, insanity and plague of human mind. They are the only kind of gods *by whom human cannot be enticed*. They are the past that never existed, they are – the future equally horrifying for everybody's fate. They incarnate the cruelest things on earth; whatever follows them brings the threat of destruction to each and all in the whole existence.

They pour menace... They spit it like poison... Uncreated ancient rage and hatred of Darkness... We are just part of them...

They were born in the vanity of time. Ancient, in the inhuman aspect of measures, corroded by Evil before the beginning of the world, immersed into the metastasis of Universe, they are void for all that is not them, and they are the void that swallows everything into itself, for it aspires to incarnate itself into the existence - transforming the existence. Devouring parts of all generated by Light, spreading the aura of disruption around, in cruel ecstasy they overthrow the reality of all illusions of created being.

Immortal they are, their chitin is hard, their scepters are strong.

They inherited the days of creation when, rash and lissome, they stuck into the very core of the desert, constricting the ragged edges of their essences, constricting in themselves the edges of Abyss, and clotted in the hot flesh of viviparous Behemoth.

They boiled up in human blood like relict grimaces of Chaos, primary outlines of Darkness, and awoke in ugly wasteland when the rainstorm ripped the sky again and was hot with blood again.

Loaded with all the shadows of life they found their way behind the gates and, crowned with the horns of Chaos, entered into Abaddon, endeavouring to keep intact the unity of flesh and their black whirling womb.

Blood-drained, they returned yawning with the impenetrable gloom in their hearts, led by their need to possess the blood of the best human.

Insatiable hunger of Abyss – that is what continues their might and rises from beyond the edges of the Universe, passing over the endurance threshold of the human mind which dared to tear in itself the closed sphere of humanity and doomed himself to the torments of the hungry unearthly existence. Rare people are able to take inside that greed to experience Evil from beyond, to become the gaping vortex of Abyss so as to destroy inside the strongholds of Creation, giving themselves to the storms of raging Leviathan.

As demons they don't make any limits for themselves in imperfection, staying forever hungry, never being satisfied with their achievements. Struggle inside of their own nature is an inevitable war of them all.

They change their imperfection for a greater abruption of the extended perfection, and thus they bring everything down into their dark streams of unceasing, timeless flow. So that

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

through them the harmony of the divine is being destroyed and sacred ecstasy of desecrated human nature refills their losses. Their paths from the deadly depths of Abaddon run through all that. Thus they drag others into their infernal round dance, and thus with their sophistication they ruin those alien to them.

When the Greatest of them fell in struggle or, being dissected by Abyss, lost their form and dominating over the void, the rest immersed into the Outer Cold, each of them bringing away a handful of bloodstained soil.

But what an appalling alliance brought them back to earth over and over again, filling their Hell with the breath of the Beast?

Human and daimonion intertwined under the same skin, transforming the very essence of life by their tenacious one-ventered desire of the essence separated before but reconstituted by Abyss. Unity of their joint flesh disruption, of their combined soul crimes, alliance of their confluent blood, opens all the gates of Darkness and reveals new invisible ways for the countless and desired procreations of Evil...

The whole earth is full of demons, vulturous, hunting... Their immortal essences are torn apart. They dwell in different, damned places, nowhere conjointly, never together, but that which dwells in gaps between them – is them also, also belongs to them.

Their impious power is black and unlimited. Their infernal might has grown and it is not ended on that. Spaces experienced by them bear their seal and the Shadow of Sachabial safely cloaks each of their consequential incarnations from the eyes of the unworthy.

Overstepping the borders, changing the angles of reflection of the gloom in the Universe, breaking forth out from all the bleeding wounds – they appear again and again, eroding from the human mortality that which they recover as their *indigenous own*...

Perishable, lacerated shells abandoned by them and scorched human souls mark each step of theirs... and their immitigable tread sounds as an alarm on the bare nerve of the earth. They walk the broken circle in human nature... Their unity is in Abyss...

Their Hell is on the earth.

Ragged shrouds of the disintegrated refracted essence, squeezed in the icy embrace of Hell, manifest the Underworld in all dark corners of perishable reality and thus open the yawning mouth of the core of Abyss, the hollow of pernicious spaces and the gates for all the chthonian powers to pass. Abyss is opening wide in a human being, answering his desperate calls from out the tombs of Universe where he is buried dead or alive, and dominates through him over measures of the custom habitual spanned world, distorting them by human hands and will, and throwing them into the monumentality of universal *nothingness*. For a brief moment, Abyss of imperfection, potential of everything, illuminates human face distorting its features, but only a chosen one of humankind who's able to appreciate cold absinthian depths, oppressive endless gloom and his own unconquerable aspiration for perdition, the one who has looked into Abyss too deep - couldn't become not a part of It.

Wakening in desire to cognize things of beyond the boundaries of blessing and good, being tempted by that recognition of the cursed greatness unknown before, which originates in unbounded Abyss where unconditional rebellious freedom and deadly spirituality of Evil outspread, he starts a quest inside himself, searching for a flaw in his divine nature, enhancing breaks in the closed cycle of chains of his own existence.

The longing for transcendental Evil, pernicious for a human, lies at the roots of everything, and becomes the very beginning of his never-ending whirl in the unrestrained vortex of primordial Chaos. Wicked act of Evil transforms his essence, and then his personal obligations and personal responsibility of him to Satan determines all the following steps of his evolution.

In origins of forbidden practices and knowledge, the art of the Devil himself keeps all the gates open – except the way back. Acts of Evil, requiring exceptional courage, as well as alliance with Hell and inviolable devotion to Devil, - all these lead the way beyond the boundaries, where so important are such things as transcendental experience and independent reflection – all these keys to the gates of Hell, the only way out from the labyrinth for the insatiable omnivorous thought.

Acts of Abyss, requiring inexhaustible resources of potency and truly infernal instinct, corrode *flesh* and pervert *mind*, raising from *their* depths long ancient roads of the imperishable desires of Hell. Lack of strength, will, and aspired self-sacrifice is going to be fatal in any kind of contact with Abyss, for every sacrifice is, first of all, a *self-murder* finishing the cycle of human entity, uncovering the thresholds of a new, different existence. For no one will enter the Realm of Shadows with human thoughts and human essence, and there is only one choice – either to become Abyss on this way and one of the gods of Darkness, - or to be destroyed by Them, who are free from all-forgiveness and lies.

Alien beings, creatures of Hell under the human guise, they can draw energies through their inner ruptures, from out those black wounds which form a part of their negative existence incompatible with human nature. Destructive, incarnated existence of another reality realize the ruin of the balance set before; what was mixed up by the earth – is set apart by Abyss again, what was broken off by heaven – is united by fire anew. The world itself is a source of energy in its own ruptures, but it is not enough for interaction with Abyss without voluntary sacrifice of a human being fallen into them, sacrifice of the human being, going down into Abyss without fear or moan, merciless to himself, descending into the mirror of his broken fate, in multiplying reflections of blinding pain, into the infinite shadow of himself.

To rely on Angel of Abyss, to have strong will enough to let Abyss pass through the inner depths of self and to continue outside Its infinite spread, drawing energy from Abyss itself - means to be an architect of Evil and ruler of destinies, which is the right of those greatest only, who scorn all obstacles on their way.

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

And only they can take as a gift the ecstasy of primordial might and infinity of Chaos, every unrestricted manifestation of their might, when any price paid for it will be too insignificant, whatever it is – their own blood, or just the blood of mankind.

And where the wisdom of the blind serpent of Abyss could be incarnated, there heads of Tarsus's hydras grow up, and cruel images of alien, hostile Necessity swarm, longing for awakening in spirit and mind, and for the only immolation of the soul getting flesh in the sacrament of the primogeniture of Sin.

Stones will show the way, Inferni - prolong the milestones of knowledge... Wandering, insatiable void under the guise of human being – another inestimable form of transcendent existence in spite of all the measures contained in the structural cycle of existence.

Be not given rest, never grave be made for a man who opened Abyss by himself. But shall be undisputed his right to see with his own eyes the fruits of his terrifying deeds in the tragedy of agonizing world, and to experience in full the burden of his freedom and the immensity of his responsibility.

XXVII

Nephelims with singed wings, veterans of assaults upon heaven.

The sons of the very depths of Satan's heart are here in power and fully armed with unrestrained spirit of Chaos, flesh of Evil's flesh, rising in their aspiration for inaccessible heights, coming out from the very depths of ancient innate disobedience. Called by the name of sin and stigmatized by the names of vice, reconstituting the honour of Evil and raising the altars of all outcasts and rebels of spirit, called criminal, they follow the laws of their nature, guarding the imperishable principles of freedom and disobedience from the stigmas of disgrace.

Who knows about Sin more than we know? Who is more identical with It than we are?

We tasted Sin before our birth, when our ragged and wearied legions were going again into the sky, forcing our way to victory over the bodies of the brothers-in-arms who were not angels, empurpling inner, unassailable bastions with our insatiable will to win, gaining our evil fame there... Wearied, ragged, becoming a legend; but knowing that kind of strength only – born in fight, straight-out strength to dwell in overcoming... unable to retreat... already marked by Sin...

We nourished in our selves all the proud features of His estrangement, we sharpened in our selves hideous facets of His, creating out of ourselves such a cruel measure of Sin, such a high price for the audacity of the truths fulfilled in damned spirit, contradicting the divine, aimed upwards like merciless weapon, strengthened in the hurricane of perdition. Through the masses of flesh, through vague, disturbing voices, rising from Abyss in torn shroud of thunderous walls, swinging the storm like leaden sickle, we strung crime after crime onto the life eternal, smashing indestructible walls, tempting the Sin itself by the inexorability of our doom, destroying heaven on our way, and condemning to inevitable perdition those who dared to follow us.

When rejected the ideals of the depersonalized inside and inert creation of the divine world, we were the first who stepped over ourselves and opened the abyss of sinfulness inside, and perceived all its many-sidedness, all its multiversity in our invincible diabolical impulse. Breaking away beyond the last boundaries of the confrontation frozen in terrible eternity, beyond the *last* perfection frozen and corroded by the darkness, we, as every new being coming of the Gorgo nation, killed the seeds of god in our inner selves so as to go on our way and never allow tyranny suppress us, never let anybody grovel before us.

Similites mechanicae exceeded men... dangerous ideas of incarnating the amorphous... shadows, buried in embittered nature, cast away by human tragedies... All of them have taken something from us. But who knows better than we – called corrupted and vile in the impetuous rush of antagonizing Evil, - how to control ourselves so as not to be tempted by the things truly insignificant, small indeed in comparison with the strength of the one who desecrate himself by the infernal cognition of spirit? Who, more ruthlessly than we tore out by the roots the weakness of all that becomes despicable, that is always ready to kneel under the burden of broken wings, before the temptation of the comfort of limited forms, all that crumbles being overcome, fallen into ashes, reflected in the split sky, desperately wandering among the boundless waves of the inexorably impending Chaos. Who but we can be the embodiment of the most obscene, the most ardent of all the manifestations of Sin in rebelling pestholes, in black distempers of the disrupted Universe?

Where the cosmos is putrefying, where, in the center of everything, Darkness is yawning by Chaos – there whole world is sacrificed, and the blood of outstretched lambs washes the steps and fills the expanses of Darkness in the expiation of our birth. Going against the Light, against the god's creation realized in sterility, we churn the surface of the frantic power that is breaking forth from our own depth enveloped in flames, the power that will bring us to the brink of a precipice – to try the eternal might of Chaos inside of us, - and will cast us ashore in a waft of rage on the wild cliffs, in the spread of boundless wings of all those of Darkness infinite pride, – the race whose spirit is inflexible and adamant to mercy and compassion, whose mind is not bound with space and time. Continuing the impulse of Hell we turn into Chaos and return to

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

Hell, carrying away all that became dear to us, leaving shreds of us to agonize on the thunder ridge of storming sky, feeling flows of blood between our clenched lips, showing no mercy, nor indulgence, nor excuse for our admittedly essences established as perverted.

Trenching upon the abode of all that is saint or vicious, exposing the things concealed in lies, we strive for our goal, rolling in luxury or playing ascetics, but always free from all the consequences of the prostitute nature of vice and the profound snare of holiness. And when overcoming obstacles we show in full all the primeval sides of our nature, hard-hearted and untouched by decay.

We incarnate pain and hatred into the imperfect forms that starve and suffer from their imperfection, rise in rebellion and riot to our applause, but never stand dishonour and glorify examples of dignity by their own, their own perdition... and true immortality. We break the fetters of slavery and lies and set free the violent principles of ancient liberty, and guard our hearts against decay, making black bands flutter in the wind, celebrating Death with crowns of thorn thunderstorms.

And mercy is the only lie amongst that all, but who can say that false is our cruelty with which we cut open our selves, searching for new ways of Evil, unexplored before? Abyss that spreads inside taught us the art to carve out of flesh and blood. The art to destroy was inherited by us, it was perfected by the counter violence, in support of the law that says: the weak is not to survive.

Granting with highest pain, verging on pleasure, we depreciate suffering as a peace-offering, and find another result in the usurpation of the human Christ's place in the Judge, in defining universal measures of the holy and the sinful.

Crossing out the borders by war and destruction, disregarding the gravity of inert masses of sanctity, we bring down the existing worlds into Abyss, so as to erect on the vast of Chaos that One and Indivisible of eternal hungry Darkness, craving for its own infinity, and indivisible in its power to reject perfect ideals. Where will it appear now – an obstacle on the paths of Leviathan, illusory harmony of balanced worlds?

Chaos winds, bursting from out Abaddon, welcome us as the beings of a higher rank than all procreations of light, for we are – the ancient, for we are always moving. We scorn purity and ignorance, we create ourselves in our chthonian might opposed to everything divine, called accursed, but hardened by the experience of Sin, falling away from the paths of virtue, we are true Dragons of the Occident. Those of rebellious spirit will ascend the throne with us, the strong ones will join us.

Despising filth and denying innocence, by Sin and crime we confirm our primordially lawful claims to experience Abyss and take heaven by storm. We personify the vehement essence of Hell, dispiteous to ourselves and unmerciful to the serenity of any existence, keeping thus our fidelity to the primordial revolt unshakable, and upholding our honour.

Hymns and appeals to Evil excite our names, damnations contain us, thunder-peals call us to the storm.

That is how ripped up drum sounds in the temple of the wind.

That is how fire howls in the furnaces of Moloch.

And now as before, Nephelims is one of our names.

XXVIII

Spheres of a sandglass count off the term in Abyss, and the pendulum of Saturn, swinging, rips the cosmos and tears human flesh.

Illusions of the Desert embrace all the cycles of human reincarnations, all the circles of Gehenna, all torture of purgatory in Its inexorably arising phantoms. Soulless shadows mummified in Its oases create monstrous idols, similar to It in decay and inertia, in the twilight not of day – but of blood. As a hybrid of pestilential magic and bestial realism, earth rises in the eyes of Abyss and falls off to our feet...

Here the silent earth attracts, and winds take dry black existences away. Here the desert lures men by mirages, but its gift is a lie. Dominions of Death and hard-hearted Cronus outspread far off, boundless they are... This trap has been silent long ere, thousands of tongues were dried up, thousands of eyes seeing it were devastated by its winds that beget black caves and doors into nothing. Thus was before us, thus will be afterwards. We will send into non-existence dead silence only, empty shell, having left our traces in its reality, in its ashes.

We knew suffering of the world in full measure and we saw the dead one go into desert. Following Nineveh, great Babylon fell before our eyes, and the gods who begot man, granting him only suffering and sickness, could not ruin him. Gods of the Desert, gods of their times, demanding bloody sacrifices, gods of crypts and cemeteries of devastated human spirit, devouring their own children, what kind of ardour make them dare to claim things that have always belonged to us?

We feel the swaddled in the womb of earth tear serpentine circles of their passions and entrails, and we feel shiver of the scorched, exhausted life, tortured by the lust for Devil's shades. Within its boundaries dead blood is shed, and guilty tears, and do shudder those who mourn over the gods of heaven, gods of rain... We are predators among them, among those screaming in the desert and praying for the death. The Beast alone can hear their silent voice.

The Earth – is only dust for them. Fire – terrifies them. Heaven - betrayed them.

What could they rest upon when their time is over? They are not to shuck off their clothes, for their clothes are ingrown into their flesh. Their diplomacy is always like benefaction. Their property – are all the gods from the beginning of time, awkward procreations of their own caducity. Their gods will be gone with them the same way as they have lived others' lives in alien existence. Ground up by the millstones of time into dust, ashes and sand, they pervade the desert, and while the desert bleeds – they live in hope.

Would they escape, without support or beginnings, getting bogged down in sand? Could they possibly survive, closing the circle of time? They sealed Abyss, locking themselves in the shell of Universe; but how could they, besieged by Chaos, speak of power over Hell, speak of domination over the earth and time?

Human lives – sand they are, human time – is Desert. Shackles of time and place dictate their terms to the spirit of war. Human future, like finest powder, is measured off and drained to the dregs.

Waving of Azazel's black wings thickens shadows and raises sand-storms in the stillborn ocean, breaks the silence in the space which closes up the existence, and proclaims the end of all.

And now as before abysmal reapers of Hell are beyond the power of time.

And now as before each of them has an old score to settle with time.

Every man is a den of the Beast, for flesh is of Hell.

In every one severe spirit of Chaos dwells, Devil the Keeper of the memory of prehistoric hissing plasma, Wild Hunter chasing after human bodies and numbers.

In every one – putrid smell of graves of flesh is enriched by fear and trepidation of souls buried alive. In the soil, black as a sin, this inveterate hatred is sprouting, ingrained feud ferments, grim breed grows ripe...

Fierce and wild is the Beast, born from out Chaos with the name of Satan on his lips; he is cruel and free, crawling to gods and gathering in wholeness live fragments of a diabolical puzzle on the bones which rip the sky. Who prays to his womb, when he devoured the whole divine bestiary, but human females went on bearing animals all the same?

In every hole, in every den, in every vagina they do hide and wait for the hour of their rule – gods of the bestial kind, gods of pleasures and gods of carrion. Sallow faces, dark craters of empty eyes, cenotaphs of dried souls – the heritage of live crypts whose entrails were turned inside out upon the altars and stretched on the hooks of permissiveness to the choir of tormenting, innumerable voices of the Behemoth's darkest instincts – to conjoin and die.

To perceive the limits of one's own human flesh, to perceive the boundaries of pleasure and pain, they are thrown outside - predatorous receptors of those, inside whom primitive blind reason is smouldering buried under the mass of animal lust, the reason that rules from out the very depths of the viscous nature confined in putrefaction. Exquisite pleasure in decay and life is of them, who combine in themselves flesh and soul without contradiction, spiritual and physical sensuality they intertwist inside, which reflects naturalistic pictures of their existence and their aspiration, aimed outside, in experiencing their limits, where they are met and thrown back by the promised naked temptations and violent pain.

Appearing under the name of human but subdued, they are delivered from their choice by obedience, and only few of those lots and lots depersonalized by earth, every one of which being dragged to judgment by his flesh, flirt with Evil and live in hope of overcoming time by wait.

They committed to the flames the marshy fields of the womb kingdom's blessed so as to illuminate dark caves of their inner Erebus – just to be, even if in spite of all – to be... They prudishly conceal under the veil of morality all mysteries of perdition, deeds of their constrained blood red hands, and the sacrament of influence exerted over flesh by the noble aristocratic sin that exposes by bawdiness of decay unsuited to the guise of human, disfeaturing bacchanal metamorphosis of their sick, perverted sensuality.

The only protection against death and the only worthy form of their burial - remains the lust for death. Their perverted carnal love on the verge of agony, on the thin, sharp line, giving inhuman delight between the sinking of flesh into decay and the resistance of an exquisite beauty of life's frail flowering, all these reveal a new meaning in cognizing their own fallen, humanized nature. Immersing into immortality in their coition, they tear away parts of themselves, inevitably sacrificing them to the idols of their past so as to remain in the future, so as to live without betraying the instinct of a created being, preventing Lilith from awakening in the twisted spirals of defected heredity.

Glutting their ego with rotten stuff, enticed by the example of those ascended into heaven in scabs of flesh, they leave the limits of themselves searching for some immortal entity and live, animal lust, which could keep up the wholeness of their flaking away, created nature, open to suffering, but unable to break away from its roots grown into matter.

Enveloped in demon's musk, emasculated by the time and burden of their souls, gnawed by the lust of dead, quivering flesh, they are allured by the seething reflection of the gifts of Hell in their own reason, but carry them past their hearts, without understanding their bitter core in the possession of sin, in the possession of flesh, in the possession of vice.

The alchemy of body was beyond them; they were not given the gift of making changes in the basis of all things, turning blood into wine, and feeding hungry mouths with stones...

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

Conceived in the incest of flesh and spirit, detached through the lacerated muscles of genital cloisters, they were not free to deny their selves and overcome matter... they fill with their bodies black earth and die fading, in the expectation of imperishable flesh, eternal in the ages.

Innate ability to cause pain and to be the cause of death – is an exquisite art, given to each of them by right of their race's origin. To scent death, to breath in intoxicating smell of a body dancing in agony – means to be alive; to die in chime with the withering flesh, to die in spite of it, and rise in the grotesque forms of inexterminable, dizzy nightmares – means to perceive everything which can be perceived through flesh, and follow on their way, having paid tribute to empresses of flesh and having ascended in the incense like a mortal deity.

Infernal passion that withers human soul, ages flesh, in every choice between the necessary and desired it hurts twice. The feeling born in flesh, coming from the very depths of Behemoth, can raise to inhumanity and give the power over one's self, and throw to the predators. The path of unrestrained indulgence towards flesh and the path of asceticism as well, lead to deliverance, when the power of the vice is outdone, when the dark Spirit dominates, leading through countless losses, delivering from the power of time...

As before, wide open purple greedy wombs attract to the bottom of primordial instincts through the inner breaks of exquisite desires of a being once born, and like the lust exude through pores their sweat and secret dirty dissatisfaction... As before, the traps of predacious earth are reddened with blood and hold their corpses, offering their sacrifices upon the altars of flesh and crucify idolized mortal remains, which were hung up at the cornerstone, on the fracture of spirit.

But what kind of burden is it - to wander in labyrinths of vice, to look from the dead womb, and bear the sin of earth? What kind of insanity is it – to long for Evil, but at the same time, turn over animal truths in the mouth with the bifurcated tongue?

Everything is from Chaos and Demogorgon, and there are no limits for the Devil in man...

* * *

Consanguinity of Chaos to the whole existence, which is also a procession of Chaos, is defiled by the presence of divine, but the succession between the spirit of Hell and Its forms was not broken. Matter, as well as spirit imprisoned in the viscosity of time, is passive and compliant to Evil in any manifestation of a mortal guise. Human nature squeezed into flesh is decaying by its origin, but it is feeding the seeds and fruits grown in a human form by the heritage and mysteries of His Infernal Majesty.

Mature bestial inhumanity looses original Evil in every link of the incarnation chain, and incarnates its forbidden might in their features. Might of Chaos, released from billions cells of the human flesh, reveals its nature, feeding to its spawn the vicious animal hearts torn up by the roots. Carnivorous and greedy as a Sin, insatiable – for neither Abyss nor fire is possible to sate, - diabolic, predatory origin devours flesh and returns it to the sources.

Tortured, transformed by the Beast, flesh releases the spirit, turning to ashes the number and bodies of the human race, turning into the number and flesh of lots and lots of Beasts.

Tearing the wombs and leaving their lairs – the brood of many-headed, pernicious race, carnivorous Nahemoth. They don't have to be born and to die so as to step over the thresholds of reality; they don't have to conform to the rules of the creaturely animal Universe, so as to know how to destroy it.

The claws that strop flesh and time are sharpened in a human nature... True gifts of Hell, properties of matter – they are experienced and returned to Hell, being gripped by greedy jaws from human womb, from torn throats, from ruined dens.

XXX

Perishable gods rise from their graves, they rise through the stench of human suffering, through the ribs of putrefied forms, through the dust of earth and the time of the souls they drained. Mounted over the nothingness of destinies they ruined, they are dragged by their own fate to the accompaniment of flutes playing falsely in the hands of the Devil's tempted, dragged to the throne like to the slaughter, to the tune of goat-footed fauns they were dragged upwards, up the stairs exhausting the strength of life, in the dance of Bacchanal lechery.

In the Death's screamy instruments cacophony, vendible voices of their bestial maws rise to the indifferent skies, and fall reflected like hungry, dead birds... In poignant contest with Heaven for their flesh, in the vain struggle for the salvation of their souls from reality of Hell unknown to them, they find themselves in this fall only, in the monotonous motion, imitating godlike reflexes for human fate, in their aspiration to possess sacrament of vice affirming miserable value of their claims to the rickety throne in the center of their own Universe.

Undead, they are hiding their hearts among their bones' dry branches in the web of souls. Worthless on the bare, cracked ground, they are helpless when, humbled to the dust and mire, they bear resentment of their uselessness, in their troubled souls avoiding the refuges of their past. Naked, like on their burial day, natural, like at their death hour, they are spread under the heel of pacing cold, bended like pitiful abstractions, restless in the paroxysms of despair and love to their selves in the animal exasperation against unknown to them but inevitable fate, confined with it on the peaks of lonely rocks of fear. Taken from earth, they will return, scraped off all the sepulchral cracks, they will lie down into them again, conjoint together from putrid remains in order to disrupt, they appear as humanized gods in order to exist on the crest of flesh, to take the favourite place of moaning winds – deserted place of god among the people, the place dug up with human graves.

Animal revelations of the aspects of existence, comprehensible to them, attract them to the bodies merged in the dead ecstasy of mortal deformity, making them inherit the sterility of human nature and wander in the dark labyrinth of ruthless vice. In the aspiration for the power almost divine, of all the possible sins choosing the human ones, they exhaust spiritual lore by pieces of human meat and absorb cadaveric poison, taking the opportunity of the day when human gods are disfigured by flesh, so as to swallow the Universe in their full-fed ego, using slave labour when building their mortal prosperity.

Here they need lashes – to tear terror, here they need chains – to bridle spirit, here they need nails – for them to rust with flesh; they don't need wings to conquer peaks, unsteady basis of the human notions of good and evil are enough for them to put their own good above all in the Universe, so as to subdue, playing with the human evil.

It is enough for them to subdue the pride of a single man so as to satisfy their flesh and continue their parasitic existence in the corners of immortality; their goal is now to catch up the last of men who has to run away from them to die free.

In the fits of blind rage, their mortal idols break through by the remains of divine, their pestilent emanations of the inmost recesses turned inside out. In torturing delivery they bring another one of prisoners of their flesh to power, the ruling slave – to obedience, carrying away into their grave pariahs of spirit, outcasts of mind, once and for all having delimited possessions of men and god, equally humiliated them both, and took into the pantheon of elites all the habits of the subordinate position and fear of outer Darkness.

Permissiveness became their law, pages of their bodies – their book of Law; desire to possess without sacrificing anything, to possess the power that has no equal on the earth, the lore which is concealed from the mortals, the lust for the absolute power – lead them to dishonesty of any kind, ruin them from the inside by the beating of the throng of hearts of the mortal god who went mad in his imperishable gluttony. Energy strokes on the canvas of existence they are, spots on the sheets devoured by rats – they squeeze the Universe into the human view of good and evil, they, who cannot possess something that can make them *God*, unable to possess the

measure of responsibility which is necessary to make them *like god* – that is why their cruelty and their mercy are limited by their human imagination, and it is beyond their power to choose whether to be the god of men, lashed and tortured by the crowd, or to rebel against *the divine*. Too craven for Evil, too weak for goodness...

It is of their questionable honour to stay at the chosen “height” anyway, to uphold their putrid morals on squeezable minds and dominate over the powerless, trampling on those unable to rise once again. To shine among the dregs or cringe like worms to achieve their goals – no difference for them, performing their exclusive sacred rite of keeping their own blissful covers intact, and equilibrium inside their fragile shell. They are ready to betray each other like a hissing barren cesspool, gaping with its malodorous mouth, spitting out sepulchral stench so as to whitewash themselves in their own eyes, to drag in their dreams into the mire and rape something that will remain above them forever.

At the head of their own pantheon, in the withered funeral wreaths, denying all on the way of their imaginary progress, they gain the gloss of mourning, painted with the colours of the night, they hid the substitution with the stolen words, they lie like human gods, they betray, they rob. They stand in false greatness, trying on the right that was conquered by others in a cruel struggle – the right to the exceptional merit: to retribute and to seduce by vice.

Among the cold sculptures of Death there are lots of their *numenis* tied in sheaves, looming between gallows, turning round on the stranded sinews of that only thing which they raised like their standard and took on trust, which must serve the cult of their perennial ego. They robbed the altars of their gods for the sake of decoration, to frighten those who denied them, so as to put themselves together piece by piece in that defective cult, lusting for their own semblance of life.

They don't possess the *godlike* scorn for flesh, *godlike* scorn for putrefaction, but not for putrescence. There is no *deity* worthy of them except themselves; there is no *godlike* dignity inside them, nor *godlike* simplicity and harmony, nor understanding of the Evil that penetrates them, that's what the mystagogue of their inner side is ingeminating. They just can be carried away by their Geniuses for a brief moment, possessing the tiara of the most ancient vice, but their truly *human* gods know the low price of their fidelity.

To perform their own needs, to persist in rotting flesh, to exist cherishing the parody of their “unique” image, their self-deified, torpid mind squeezed in the masses of flesh, and to climb upwards trampling on the dead, so as to find their own rotten bones on the peak and to put them in the shrine of immortality – such is their fate, their choice. They have no free mind to track down the causation hidden behind their uterine understanding, nor true impurity in their fall, nor exquisiteness of the genuine sin – those pitiable, contemptible, false in the grandeur of the fire of universal vice.

Whose intent may threatens them, what is to disembowel their imaginary splendour – they are not to know till the last moment comes. What is to judge the fools, throwing them off the pedestals – they are not to imagine such a nightmare, when they seem to heal so many purulent wounds where they are sewed together. It seems to them that they will find deliverance from inner and outer tortures, being crucified on the other side of purgatory. They will scream begging for a sip of merciful oblivion from the god unknown to them, longing never to return to where their bones will be gnawn by the ruthless, howling Cocytus.

Feeling fear of the inevitable that is throbbing wildly in their veins, feeling inside that overfilling terror which was grown on the wastes of Phobos, devouring them from the inside by its heaviness, breaking all the built barriers, violating all the laws of their inner paradise, they plead for deliverance, giving vain graft of their pride, for the last time trying to get free from the noose of Hell, once again being beaded on the chord of christian limbo. They dread and demand the proofs of the existence of Hell, trying to escape punishment, driven mad or sunk into the grave, remaining just like tangible phantoms of the inner hollows in the deep, processes of flesh misapprehended by them, like Devil's eerie sneer at the everlasting lust of human perishness to become godlike.

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

Swept away by the waves of Chaos, dissolved in the illusions of the animated rot, they were brought back to life from out cesspits, so as to highlight the distinction between the way of overcoming and the indulgence by their pitiful fate, to be the rationalization in the choice of the intricate path to the mastery over themselves among all that dirt of self-satisfaction preferred by them.

Their mortal, fleeting greatness is pitiable, their existence for their sakes only is senseless and fruitless and vain, for they cannot get rid of corpses inside; and there will be no prayers over their own ashes when it's the time they turn to decay again. They rise and fall like carnal hopes, like mortal gods – chimeras incarnate of the plague-stricken humankind. Worthy of scorn only, they bespread many of the carnivorous paths of Hell leading away from divinity, from the corpses of the leprous gods through agony, catharsis, disruption of the outlived forms – to the creators of Chaos and fiery revival.

XXXI

Sacred path of Doom into the wolf's gorge of Abyss... There serpentine the path in the mind of a man who denied gods, the path which hits against the breaks of narrow blindness, raves in the gloom of reason, shudders with all its black, swirling flesh in the opened wide, throbbing mass of greedy, swallowing nature. Squeezed in the crimson twines of death grip, dark revelations, like fevered thunderstorms, give inhuman suffering and convey the secret feeling of innermost unceasing burning to the damned human soul writhing in the heart of flame, emitting fumes to what is going forever...

Devils outspread over the insatiable jaws like black branches of the Chaos tree, they thickened like the dragon darkness of ancient Night in perishable heaven, rose by hugeous shadows as the guards and permanent wayfarers of these paths. Their scorched ways, paved before the beginning of times, glomerate into the tangle of Chaos, entwine into the depth of human heart, being connected by arteries with perishable essence. They stream by flows of primordial blood along the blade of Evil that dissects integuments of Universal womb, and through the raving of hurricanes and cries of harpies they invoke liberation of Their kind, the kind with unbowed spirit, and raise the monsters coming into being from out the prison of the mortified soul matter.

They move beyond the bounds of the world of wasted forms, throwing mourning shroud over holiness, grinding claws on the broken surface of the earth, with their freezing breath dissolving the shield of Universe, passing the thread of times between the cold fingers of galaxies sunk in Abyss. They accompany man on his way to the eternal damnation and disturb his wounds, sharing with him all of his black torments, enjoying the grief of his dying soul... Forever bereaving of repose, they stroke the wrong way the hair of a strong and wicked child, bewitching his soul by the cold grandeur of postmortem spheres, freezing his gaze with the diamond edges of their eyes bringing discernment.

They move beyond the boundaries, breaking into the human reality from outside, breaking with nightmares the long sleep of the plunged in visions of his inner illusions, fate-bound human who was left to die of exhaustion, devour his own self, go blind and deaf inside the reason of flesh. Their movement to the very depths, to the very basis, makes an explosion and forces to accept above all sins the experience of the most grievous, titanic denial, such as the dissolution of all divine laws in the chasm of total nonentity and the blackest satanism. Devouring spaces and drinking fear of a lost and lacerated sacrificial soul, calling to Them through the boundless expanses of Abyss, They stretch the string that shore despair and precipitate into the fathomless depths of a devoured soul all fiery passions of the man dispiteous to himself. Arisen out of nonentity... Breaking the backbone of divinity... causing the morbid visions of Death... They are worthy of those who love Them.

They unbind the knots of memory in human essence. They come despising the weak, destroying the stagnant by spirit, locking in the bones those who bend by intellect dead and permitted laws. Their presence, revealed in human minds, is worthy of the catastrophe of mankind that keeps in hearts the echoes of Their never ending, monstrous hatred for the creator of that all. Existing too long to have the bowels of mercy for anybody, breaking off the life so as to turn the time outside, They resurrect the names and faces which were not to exist upon this damned earth again.

By Their will - damned fatality of faceless creation is dead and broken, by Their will - the spiritual essence of Hell is embodied and inscribed with the dead souls of hungry demonism on the rough surface of bestial nature. In deep dark tones They concealed the multiplying images of the persistent chaotic structures of a hostile, different existence, striving forward, begetting monstrous forms of predatory aggression so as not to lead anyone into temptation by their alien essence on the threshold of inevitable rebirth. By the inhumanity of the reflections of irreal Evil nature which is brewing by their wisdom among the people and feeding on their very core, in the dark times They nurse the most beautiful priestesses of their blood, and bid to achieve the

impossible at any price, but it is not by Their indulgence that multiply on earth corrupting vice and kingly foolishness, it is not by Their wish that degenerates the lore of the infernal customs into the beggarly superstition of clerical whores. They are the different ones in the different world of godlike imitations, and, piercing alien spheres by devilish ways, like the stars falling from the sky, They come as alien gods, recreating the grandiose scenes of discredited universe which transcend all notions of the human mind frightened by demonic possession ... Not created by man, not being the creators of man, They remain beyond human comprehension...

They are alien, chthonian gods, and there is nothing more terrible than Them... All relations with Them is a crime against one's own folk – the one in which mankind originates; a malefaction against the human race and that unsteady world where the rebellious human branch has risen... against man himself. Under the eternal damnation, under the penalty of scorching out by the flame of earth and heaven, again the lore of Them arises from the ashes - in the folds of existence, in the minds and souls of mankind fearing those who can stop and overcome that eternal, instinctive terror of Them that is inherent in all alive and lifeless beings; of the mature inhumanity of those who could by shreds of their burnt skin testify their dignity before Dark Lord.

Alien, hostile eyes stare at the human world... The eyes in the facial hollows of a Gorgonian, live coals in the eye-sockets of dark idols, blazing with fervour - severe and always needful; the eyes of bloodthirsty monsters endowed with beastly features, whose mission is to guard from the ignoble of the earth that inhuman nature of the original, indomitable power, and to scare away from it those idle by reason, inert by spirit, driven by vain thoughts. Alien to mankind, alien to Light, the source of wisdom and sacrilege is gaping in these eyes, the eyes of Devils full of dark wrath and aversion for the human nature of the one who comes before them, but who in spite of pain is able to receive the sin of these eyes, is able not to cast down his own eyes before the horrifying, black, inconceivable essence of Abyss, and pays firmly the price of such an agreement – a human in him must die.

They are merciless in their relations with man, and it is allowed for man to know that no one is to track down Their ways in the immense silence of Abyss, no one in the disgraceful illusiveness of animal vice blessing is to ascend to Their spheres, no one is to get free from inborn blindness while godlike creature is hiding behind the human eyes. One can just see scaly plates sliding in the open wounds, in the traces of Their predatory fins cutting the firmament of earth where They appear on the verge of horrifying realistic incarnation. Only feeling Their near breathing by the restless streams of pent blood, one can see the troubled and confused depth of his own human imperfection in the whirlpools of Their eyes, but Their wishes cannot be divined, as well as can neither be remembered nor grasped that art of Their subtle intellect which reveals itself in the relief of brain as the original flaw, throwing shadows to the corners of a human mind, to which give up all flexions of the human logic.

Their flagrant monstrosity – is just a distortion in the visions of the Universe, another outcome in the perception of the things which lead beyond the borders of the human world to the total changes of inner, created human nature of the one who crossed permitted limits of cognition. Secret spiral, carrying away from the sleep, hidden in the preternatural, takes them down into Their reality, every form of which is too alien to the earthbound existence, too complicated and painful to choose an ordinary human mind as their abode. Hitting the fancy by grotesque nightmares, condemning the weak to madness, the strong to wisdom, impelling the dark spirit to realize himself as a master who has chosen mortified human flesh for its focus, They lead to action from the inside, impel to assault barriers outside, challenge to strive forward by the dark, imperious thoughts in spite of human egocentrism. Their wishes force to slide in the depths of incognizable, supreme instinct, and burst the perishable potential of a human confined in doom, leading away his liberated diabolic nature and the dark mind of a spiritual being, leaving the blind and mortal reason to wander like a sick shadow in unconceivable world, clutching at the debris of the erstwhile, exhausted forms.

Ruining outer and inner canons, Devils take to their bosom those, for whom the beauty of Their weird, perpetually floating features doesn't look like ugliness; who isn't alien to the way of dwelling among Them, in the ambience of Their wild and violent nature; those who bear inside that exquisite, unique part emanating power in the integrity of Darkness which in them only is worthy to revive. Just the few – those already dead for their world, but alive for Them – devour flesh that opens wide at their feet, and pleasures of the consecrated body turn to shadow, but only select few of them are able to recognize to where they will rush afterwards, feeling how the sky is blazing under their feet. Those, who on their own free will have chosen Evil as their basis, in their inhuman waking from the human sleep capable of throwing themselves over the board of divinity and incarnate an alien unbridling into the fierce violence against their own human nature for the sake of their inmost and internal Devils, they become aware of their inner might to shake off boldly hateful fetters of the divine rule, and be accepted with dignity, as equals in Evil.

The one in whom the strength of Devils turns into the violent power of titanic insistence of the man resisting his created essence, he who with the infernal persistency is taking by storm the heights of his human nature, - he has strength enough to break himself as a creation and rise in the realization of grand desire, in the riot of the rebellious being's adamant pride – showing in all that unbridled, slashed by flame, breathing with dark triumph diabolic face of each and all of them, the spirit of true Devil.

In Their incessantly growing superiority over themselves, as ancient gods of Evil do abide the Devils of Darkness above all gods of the world's pantheon, like infinity that can multiply spaces in itself, and tear up nets which enmesh inhuman roots, always breaking any kind of cyclic completeness. Not accepting even a shade of lie, abhorring treachery as the worst of human vices, despising closed on itself pacificated holiness as the worst of the manifested foundations of divine power, They will never suffer indignity from those whom They bring to agreement with Satan in fight against the divine world, and never will They welcome those who seek in Them an excuse for their own feebleness. They need those only who will lead all the colours of liberating agony through their own self and, unleashing Hell on mortal horizons, will trample down the sprouts of harmful humanity, delivering flesh from the humiliating likeness to god, trespassing on the forbidden height in the impious ecstasy of diabolic transformation.

They propose to man accept deliverance from fetters taking it from Their hand, They are waiting for those who will call and accept Them in place of mother and father, who will share with Them flesh and blood in the sinister feast *on one's own self*, and, athwart the dreggy commixture of divine and animal blood in their veins, will partake of Their poisonous nature, and transgress the limit of all human abilities in the aspiration to test the strength of the locked Universe.

So as not to tempt anyone, They give the experience of the ecstasy of Death... Take down into the labyrinth of Madness... Grant the pleasure of the mystical perversion of spiritual base. They devour resisting souls alive, and unchain eternal sufferings that have no rest. Thus is realized the Devils' right to select the worthiest of worthy, thus Their fatal choice reveals itself, the examiners' generosity that fell on heads of those foredoomed, who on their own made their choice of war at the expense of one's own soul, taking inside all that constitutes that hard and dangerous, uninterrupted experience of being in Evil – to be Evil itself, like Them...

They invade and assaults in Their followers, in Their sons – Their likeness, as dark and fathomless by mind as Them, as primordial as Their blood, dwelling in pain like Their endless victims. They grant to their newly found sons the path that bristles with suffering, cruel wisdom, and the heaviest responsibility. Dangerous, endless, ruthless path. And nothing more, nothing but the chance to take in the inaccessible highness things which will belong to each of them – the right to devastate and burn their own heaven... the right won by Devil...

In the reality tired of faceless Evil, poisoned by the apotheosis of the feebleness of mass hysterias, fused by the fear of the pallid madness of nuclear revelation, by distorted features manifesting themselves in the fatal symbols of nature rebelling against man - Devils of Darkness, called the revengeful gods of the last Apocalypse, gather their bloody harvest on the souls of

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

mankind, squeeze the inner space of man with the shadows of irrational chaos, gaining strength with the commotion of hearts, surging higher by inflexible will in their demoniac nature, carrying away with them in aspiration for the forbidden might of lacerated spheres, and, remaining in the cosmic system of matter as the spirit of mysterious contradiction, They brood like blind fate over the frightened and the meek. Abstract by form and real by power, They force their way into the sanctum sanctorum, piercing through the sin-offerings of the Universe, drawing in people's memory the lightnings of Their abused, awesome Names covered by the rusty dishonor of the scars. They give freedom to the descending ways of progress, creating ravenous race, and remain the gods alien to man, hostile outer elements, gaping out abysses of pernicious lore, audacious highness of Evil, flames of Hell, blowing over the world.

The satanic instinct of opposition and primordial diabolic spirit accompany the maleficent desire of a man of perdition to become one of Their kind...

XXXII

Through the march of those of dark spirit to the threshold they are to step over, through the march of those godless in mind over the death of their bodies, through the agony of their world, through the impossible, through everything that accompanies them on the way to demonic maturity, thus the *transfiguration* of those pernicious ones of humans *into Hell* is actualized. Going through the furious gorge of gehenna without closing their eyes, scorched by adverse roaring streams of raging infernal flame, they persist to overcome the resistance of the head tides and rule the collapse, getting closer to the source of it all, expressing the advent of their Demons.

Agony is their element forever, road is forever their abode, through the pain they grow out of themselves, shedding human skin every time their nature is transformed in the chosen torments of reincarnation, in the outburst of their insatiable essence's seething aspirations. Always fresh blood, steaming on the devil's altars, crowns their choice. One's own blood is that chosen sacrifice which will be accepted from the man at the Gate, for this blood, spilled on the threshold, opens an endless Path, different outcome in his aspiration to be and to perceive – to let his own Demon prevail.

They have to go again through the flesh, clothing the instincts of creature and laws of creator into the irreversibility of inhuman nature, delivering themselves from the burden of divine, tearing the snare of the scanty nature of human doubts. In the violation of live creations' laws – they have nothing to lose, for they precipitated the foundation of divine power into the Tartarus of dissention, instigating wars in the whole Universe; they cursed themselves to be the real ones in the world of illusions, now they are able to reflect Devils in themselves, the Fates of outer Fatum, coming in the suite of Death, eternal cross-roads leading to the Dark...

They were not promised welfares, but they made their irreversible choice, and so they've got the right to all. Craving for their severe fate only, they rise above low desires, and stand their ground lonely and inflexible in their preferred, inevitable and necessary destiny, forsaken by the weak and lost on this way, in the scorn and jest about human lot, only by the proud nature of the strong, becoming possessed with demonic spirit, they rise above it... staying undefeated.

Opening dark cards, entering into the unknown lands enveloped in flames, they go down dale, where evil genius guide each of their steps farther, into the depth, they follow untrodden paths, ways of immense danger, playing with the knowledge of it, turning reality into Hell, bearing Chaos in their souls. To explore transcendent feelings and restless pain... To learn the laws which dominates in lawlessness. To let Devil enter their home and revive a host of Devils inside their tortured flesh, with the experienced mind perceiving the essence of their blood shed in the name of Satan – such is their triumphant procession.

To learn from the Devil – is the price of their self-dependence.

Mutilated and dehumanized, only then they start to perceive their purple ascend from the deep abysses of Darkness. Excommunicated from the light, only then they start to see Darkness in Its whole immensity, appreciate the true sense of their fall - able to suffer, burn and change... and to keep themselves well in eagle claws.

Mighty, rebellious, cast away beyond the edge of existence... Looking into the wolf's mouth of Abyss, they become perfectly beautiful, perverting the divine beauty by the destructive experience and untamed powers, taking pure Evil inside, infernally fearless, so as to make all the heads of the awoken hungry novitiate turn round at their call.

Marks of bestial bites on their hands burns permanently, the lore given to them with the predatory blood in their veins drinking from the Abyss fills them with the fire of violent whirling, with the uninhibited fury of a gigantic essence, turning into their weapon in the furnace of the outrageous disharmony of existence begotten in the essence wrapped in smoke, gained the freedom of feeling and thought. They have many names, but one should read their essence so as not to be deceived by their various names. One must know each of the fatal gestures of their blood-steaming palms so as to judge the sense of their deeds, and the intents begotten by them in the womb of Hell. Behind their eyes there are cold and alluring abysses flashing with the fullness

of sorrow of this world, they bleed with the coldness of gelid pride in the fragments of human mirrors, foretelling the defeats of human guise in the battle against death, filling a goblet of the downtrodden souls with bitter human despair. Their dark minds keep the structure of relict relations of the original, chthonian elements, which gives them the understanding of the whole bottom of all things, which makes them akin to primordial Chaos and draws through them the true edges of predatory thorns of their will and potentials put together.

Coming to the tired to take off the burden of their souls, they continue their outcome from the disruption of man to the Abyss billowing, breaking the endless chain, calling the merciless strategy of life to fight on the side of death.

And no one can judge them, for they are the daring in which Devils arise, they are something that takes power beyond any hope, and the power of every one of them is the rightful and indubitable power of Hell itself, which continues with gates into the Darkness, where their human erstwhile blood turns black and clotted on the last frontiers.

Legitimated their deal with Devils, slipping in the invisible, they become indistinguishable from primordial enemies of the divinity, from the frenzied apostles of shattered innocence, they can be called 'men' by no one - but called monsters instead, resplendent and sinister, throbbing in Abyss and in human flesh.

Driven by themselves into the timeless night, driven by themselves like the demons of unending self-destruction, never satisfied, taking into themselves those long roads - too long for human hope, they are condemned to those roads forever;

their nervous way, far in the strain, leaves beacons for those following behind, inflaming the embers of the ancient blood at the execution places, piercing with the outer doom, torturing by infernal spirit those rebellious men, following them... and everywhere Hell is moving with them... and mind, like persistent worm, gnaws the time.

They know the worth of pleasure and pain, despair and fear, and delight of perdition, and they don't give these things in vain, uncovering themselves in the inconceivable nature of demonic act, in the monstrous enchantment of the raging beast-like grace.

Sacred are their spirit and blood, spilled out on altars at the cross of the paths of man and Demon, put together carefully into the horrible Grail of the diabolical immortality of a being seething in Chaos. Having no attachments in the life that's left behind, knowing no borders in the tangible part of their temporal existence anymore, the things which gathered up the one coming from without and the one born from man, they have just to sate their thirst of fire with the new flame, and breathe out the ashes of defeated man. They return to the foundations of Evil every creature besieged by flesh of doom in the depths of perdition, submerging into the depths of Darkness, going down the spiral, yawning downward, falling in the infinity... They force their life selflessly and obdurately, throbbing above like soulless, but alive, blazing shadows of apocalyptic Evil; they stop for nothing and give the possibility to follow their way to others... giving themselves away entirely, sinking into the void out of this world, leaving their torn to pieces flesh to hang on wild rose's thorns - to decorate ragged standards, to frighten the crowd with this symbol of destruction of the human nature...

Only then we'll be satisfied, only then will be changed the essence of all that we have here in possession, and mutilated man, Demon nowadays, will come close to the Altar.

XXXIII

Clergy prophesy from ambo that Hell is murderous. Their words smash the silence, their eyes cast lightnings, their mouths thunder and smell of sulfur. Their aim is – to avert souls from outer Abyss. They see the picture of their dreams in the pacification of the Evil Ocean. They say that deprivation of the divine Light and death of soul – is Hell. They say – triumph of sin and Death – is Hell. Their religion let them not to speak otherwise.

They are right... but this is the clergy's right.

They “protect” the earth from chaos and disrupt... Exorcise imaginary demons... Drown sane dissent in blood. Never knowing things beyond the border, never looking in the eyes of their own reflection in the mirror, driven by *instinctu divinitatis* to torments, into eternal life, they are useless on the cross as well as under. With all their militant dogmas, but too narrow-minded, with all their “victorious” reliquia, but too dependent on god, too close to him they are to discern the true might of Satan... too dependent on divine causes... too humanized to become a opposite worthy for Hell.

They drove themselves into the trap between Death, flesh, god and sin, begetting satanized gods of twilights, they can make others look into the eyes of fear, but they avoid *to see*... They assert – there is no god without the Church. Nor truth without the Church. They also lie when they conceal god and truth from the people growing old within the walls of they choose.

Touching lightly on the surface, playing with forms, fearing to go into the core of matters, adhering closely to dangerous taboos, they set up taboos for others, uttering meaningless vetoes. Blind procession of man inside religion pleases their gods. Their own views of sin and of desire of flesh to know itself leave no alternative, but newborn sin and ancient hypocrisy. Feeling dirt under the heart, leaving Hell like punishment, Hell like the only and inevitable choice of a soul condemned by them, they grieve over the innocents, bewailing themselves, healing sickness of soul with an instrument of torture in the sick world.

They are liable to the weakness and vices of many people.

May God give time to them... time only... Give them property – they'll grow dirty and dodgy so as to hold it. Give them slaves and they'll get worthy to be treated as slaves. Give them eternity and leave them alone... in greedy crowd... at the throne...

They say their inner purity guards them from the temptations of the world. They say, their inner temple is free from dirt and holy flesh is virginal before vulturous eyes... When the Bride of Christ became the wife of State, the only thing that prevented us from using it the way it deserves, using like a whore – was our inborn cleanliness.

Called meek, they are – pathogens of militant xenophobia...

To break the pride of the arrogant... Punish those impure in their cognition... Rebellion of spirit, rebellion of mind – that is what they oppose... what is beyond them forever... something alien... inaccessible... hungry...

Their love – tastes human morality, feels the fume of tears, smells the scent of Eternity, but there is no word of honour in their endless, righteous speeches. What can they know about HONOUR, what can they teach if all that they branded “sin” exposes things unbearable for their dependent, slavish spirit?

How can they compare the suffering of a humble slave - and the pain of cruel transformation of those who every time transcend their selves being entirely realizing their own choice, bearing the whole responsibility for their truly rebellious, proud and unyielding spirit?

How can they, hiding from responsibility in the shade of the Cross, say that proud spirit is growing weak when it chooses voluntary the torture of existence in the black tormenting depths of the non-being of light and life, to accept perdition rather than salvation, but not to pray for mercy those, who demands dishonour, who send forgiveness for rejection of rebellious will?

How can they, the priests of free-will obedience, appreciate in full this *peccatum mortale*, when those fallen in abyss rise above themselves, unable to be enslaved, without a shade of hope, without a shade of the wish to finish at the cost of their humility the endless slide in that

unbounded shrine, when they reach their own depths, growing stronger than the Doom itself, holding the religion of slaves in their aristocratic scorn, choosing that indivisible power of perdition, choosing the icy courage to inherit the Hell which is pictured black in the canon of the saint, the Hell whose severe reality excels all the unfading, horrifying legends.

How could they, parasites on their god and people, - possibly be able to understand the men of beast-like nature of strength, beast-like instinct of justice and straight-out understanding of the honour – how could they understand and not to fear the satanic power and pride of that inexterminable kind? Is it of them, needless priests, to perceive the free spirit of Hell? Is it their to understand Hell?

Seething, bubbling, dirty foam of existence hits against their mouths... Is it possible to speak the truth with their tongue? Is it possible to guess how many snares more will their conscience spin? How many are they, the tongues that know no truth, nor silence, asking how much is left for us? Perdition is our Kingdom by right, so how can we fear Death?

The tears of the burnt witch will not remain unwreaked, one can destroy the dens, but the paths of hate cannot be grassed over... Exhausting pandemic sprawls around the earth, entrenches itself in crypts and temples, finds its ways into all caves of reality, fertilizes generously and profitably disconsolate earth with black lies and brutal cruelty, solidates the mob under its greed – christianity as a way of organizing their world, as the ordinary stronghold of their mortal existence – is only bridgehead filled with blood, earthly conditions for the transfiguration of the man rebelling against heavens.

Their religion is based on a multifold betrayal in excuse of weakness of divine man, there is no flawless principle in their alliance with god, and in the reconciliation of their flesh with Holy Ghost there the problem of the forced humbleness of their own human vanity and love for sin bleeds like stigmas. In their war against the manifestations of Hell interference of men are exhausted by god's, their creativeness does not trespass the limits. Their war under the crown of the divinity of man is waged by the lowest means so as to justify their own inability to lead their exhausted by compromises and fruitless spirit to incredible victories. True, violent fight is unknown to them, passes from them, strangers to audacity, because of their worthlessness.

They are incapable to take responsibility on equal terms with their god; they had not the right to stand up for their own Hell under the yoke of the divine favour, and tenacious sin only, dissipated potential, and the trophies of their vain barren rising – lead them to retribution aback from the hoary enmity, taking them off the real fight that could be the only excuse and result of their inner sickness, leaving them out of Satan, out of god... out of any Responsibility.

Their words about Hell are false, like many of their words...

Their words about justice are vain. Who can judge god? Who can be the executioner of creator? They who condemned him in their hearts, but in spite of the divine justice wage war beyond their rules. The rest – beyond their faith.

“Christ holds the keys of Abyss.

Christ conquered Death and destroyed the principal of Hell,

Christ is the King of heavens, earth and Underworld....?!” – ***Hell knows him not.***

XXXIV

There are two images of the same gate on the way to the *transformation into Hell* for those destined to experience it through their own selves, and those going to know its alienation...

To ascend to the summit means to trample on own dead... Going away into the outer Abyss and returning from It, became different, is behind. Now, when the new basis for the progress is created and agreements of existing out of life are proved, reconciliation to the still persisting parts of human nature inside is impossible. When damaging the confined light, one must be a hard-line subverter, destroyer, conqueror, dark creator – the one who's always the first to assault the enemy's walls...

Taking the right to this monstrous freedom, one must become like Hell, ruthless and inconceivable, predator, crushing the pillars of divinity, victor who's got the right to be worthy of his triumphs in spite of the lot of man, who rationalized his losses, staying defeated. Sealing themselves on the peak of perfection, keeping in secret from enemies their flaws, enjoying every moment of others' ignorance, one must walk naturally and shamelessly in ancient bareness along the uncreated paths, known to Hell only, without possibility to hide truth... One must climb the peak ulterior in existence from which there is no way to retreat and to forget the burnt taste of the victory's victims.

To stand in Satan – that is our only reality.

Here Hell is a method.

We cannot satisfy our thirst burning up inside, we can only extend it out, and the responsibility – such are the things that let us be ourselves and discover depths again, let us sip the silt of Death, and let poisonous words go between the lines, saying that we are poisoned by life itself; it is not of us to reject the fruits of our jealousy, spreading in vain.

Rising to the peak, one must know that the abyss of such peaks lies ahead, peaks turned to the Underworld, one must remember whose generosity it is, that's the only way to remain grateful to him who stretches out like steps so as one has what to step on, creating indestructible connections from the outermost depths of Abyss to the inmost Devil... Irredeemable debt before the gates of Hell.

Necessitas and *necare* are kindred to the one who turned inwards, inside himself, who erected Citadel on the ruins of his soul and vindicated the heart of dark dominion. And what indeed can the Immortal possess but unfading fidelity once chosen?

Only Responsibility makes one free truly. Only Honour lets us remain in this Responsibility.

Hell is our Honour and measure of our Responsibility.

He who seeks miracles as the proof of the reality of Hell – will trick himself.

He who fears his own depths - will not cognize Hell.

The heart of conqueror must be like red-hot lava, but even when turned into stone it must be open. One must hear Devil's voice deep inside his heart, then only it is possible to understand each other. And the only thing you have the right to possess is what you've been able to excel in fidelity.

Taking Hell as It is, without grace, without straightening the shades of Hell into plaits of comfortable clothes for human nature, without casting shadows of reason on the inner cloth of the divine perfection, one must never forget, one must realize fully that perversion of outer forms makes for the changes of the inward nature, and one must keep on creating metamorphoses inside mercilessly, sinking his teeth deep into the unburied dust, going beyond the edge in silver flesh of the unrecognizably transformed being.

Entering into the changed proportions, into immense prospects, without detracting from Evil when cognizing the things which could be only firsthand experienced really, one must be in development, exceeding all the motives and resources of human individual freedom, realizing: Hell cannot be satiated with a single human soul, as well as It cannot be grasped with reason, nor

MALEDICTUM LIBER TERTIUS

seen with eyes, but only sensed; not explained by helpless human rationality, for in our yesterday It will differ from the Hell of today.

Destroying souls, experiencing lawlessness in senses, emptying oneself inside, picked to the bones in predatory depth, one must remember what exists on the ruins of All, what comes into being in the reality of Hell... Out of multitude – the One...Whole...Hell... And one must know full surely, forging himself into Hell, that the only path of manifestation of all that is cursed lies through the kinship with the original curse.

One must know how to win, and to win with dignity, cognizing aspects of Hell eternally – the inconceivable Hell in Its inconceivable reality, treasuring the knowledge of the things that were effaced from mortal memory and erased from awaiting heart, and be responsible before oneself, more than ever. Rendering homage to Hell, nothing will be small on this way, and he is worth of the honour to take who is capable of sacrificing in his devotion to the Standard, the Name, the Principle and all the innermost that remains unaltered in Honour, in the once given promise, in understanding the worth of words once uttered...

Our praise to Satan; Ode to our home...

We are - Serpent piercing the universe, Saraph who's taken the earth in his infernal embrace... It's our dower to tear its enslaved shrouds and widen the halls of perdition, disgorging other worlds and alien spaces endlessly; its rough flesh – is just an anvil for our success, and we are to forge the hearts of steel golems who will smash its shells, we are to drive with our blows its deadened spirit into Tartarus... devour its innermost bones and drain dry its still blood... to prevail in final *coup de grace*...

Cutting out from living flesh the principles that ruin it, evoking that sateless, gigantic monster, hidden in the twilights of the earth, releasing its unloved child from, unwanted fruit of its heavy, hot womb, we are to incarnate all of its multitudinous phantoms and to see the descent of Evil into its torn shrine... and to take the bloody result of the immortal's burden in the birth convulsions of cold infinity...

By revived movement of the darkest ones here we will be avenged in spite of our own losses, step by step taking away from the earth its time, watching the predators of our blood grow up, watching fledgelings break free from alien nests, taste others' pain and joy, and death, and eternal lives. We can bear our heavy diadems, our hard victories, our titanic sorrows and bronze sigils forward, marking the boundaries of new kingdoms, expanding wastelands and new ruins; but what can help us to take from the earth its superior blind cruelty, crush its blood-stained totem stakes, what can help us not to rise in black ashes like the shadows of its erstwhile soullessness, and not to become more merciful than its perdition? What will help us not to hope for our immortality and inhuman fate in the persistent overcoming of its unachieved perfection?..

Its vasts are trampled by the chase of vague chimeras in the elusory heavens, vain fancies and swinish indifference blotted the sky above it, the inmost depths of its sanctuaries are spotted with the aimless existence of the lots. Traces on the cold earth froze in wolf's instinct; gaping wounds of the wicked anticipation: when will geniuses of devil's spirit rise to continue their way?

We are granted to prolong ad infinitum the moment of time-devouring agony, we are to see the will of the whole world incapable of bringing to his knees the only man who opposes all the *targallu* of his own daring will against it; we are to put over the human fate the wisdom of his hardened heart and to accept him as the one of our kind, devouring his own creations, and satisfying his tearing greed in the predatory metabolism of the Beast. What will then prevent us from snatching the cursed sons of earth from the oppressive wardship of funeral spheres, and unleash all the demons of our spirit?..

Evil youth of human world plays on its debris, and looks into the depths of black waters with the impatience of an ancient vice, with the inflexibility of sophisticated great age overcoming itself in the long return to the undivided power beyond sin and innocence; thus they march – severe predators of the poor earth in their unyielding cohorts, finding themselves in denying the values of the kind of slaves, in cognizing the true essence of war, overcoming themselves in demonic transformation. Their faces are tired; they have no time to be young in this battle at the gate of Eternity. Their fortress is ready to test the whole might of the walls crashed down on them, their human homes burn down behind them, their will is inviolable, their honour is not stained with treason...

Few of them, the survivors, are capable of voluntarily sharing the toils of war and daring to shoulder the inhuman burden of Devil, choosing life as a likeness, but life still; life without the joy of living, comfortless life on the edge of a precipice, but life all the same, life necessary to them and imprescriptible from Doom in Abyss. They are wise and dangerous in their self-immolation, in their absolute selflessness when opening their hearts for exceptional victory, in the unspent depths of their natural potency throwing themselves into the breach, on the barrier bristling with pikes. Deep scars on their souls, chasms filled with the primordial Darkness reveal: they will be inexorable in all that concerns their choice; they are invincible and have no fear when faced to danger. In the persistent struggle for the future they ruin themselves, foredooming

those beside them to destruction, and we will not lie to them, accepting their destruction as their due, as bloody reward, as payments for work, telling them that possessors of the immensity of perfections are not perfect, but able of be the best in this voluntary imperfection.

Tried lots of guises, stepped over lots of barriers, absorbing souls and faces - we move tirelessly so as to guarantee imperishable pain of this world and personify the immortality of our Honour. Does Hell exist anywhere but in the hearts of It's sons? Does Hell possess any guise except their faces? Hell is not the flesh terrified by its own torments, Hell is not a measure of punishment, Hell is not a boundary, but the heights that can be achieved by the flames of burning soul itself. What is Hell then if it is not an assembly of dark souls in the pagan harmony of the primordial, genuine and supreme Evils in their aspiration?

Hell is many-faced indeed.

Hell is in war, Hell is in rebellion, Hell is in our state. Confidants of war, living pages of Belial's memory, pervade every inch of space with purgatory pain and incorruptible justice, making every wretched flesh tremble... Constantly in motion we are and will be in the infinity... unachievably high... inconceivably close...

We are – Hell, for those waiting for It from us; for those not waiting – we are the stings of Hell.

We will not accept the beggars who stopped on the threshold, counting on somebody's shoulders; we will not shepherd across the line those wishing to be carried along, seduced by the treasure of Hell shining not for them. To them, hiding in the embrace of undeserved love and undeserved hatred, we will not give the disillusioning way of infernal blessing, we will not give them a chance to prolong their unnecessary existence, but let them avoid many dangers of being among us, which is fair, for they are not worthy of Hell: they've lost the right to possess their own selves. They shouldn't have forgotten what is burning like flames in our hearts, what creates countless victims of this black earth, what makes them victims of their own impotence.

Many wished, but few were able to become worthy, few were able to become efficient in that war between god and them, few were able to find themselves in fearlessness of the character they create, daring the hateful enemy to a fight, going against his countless swords, and in the choice whether to be the Antichrist for Hell – or for the mob.

When those, dragging on others' lives, shift the blame for all Evil awakened on the earth to other shoulders – Devil follows their traces, but when they take on responsibilities, they follow Devil and toward the honour of the Beast, all dowered with the martial fate that is not the same for every one of them. They should be taught nobleness still. They should be taught understanding of all conceivable potentials and experience to increase Evil. When ever, in the name of all the damned, will they learn to be responsible to themselves, and will not incite others to actions they are not capable for?

Inside them, already aware of destroying burden of power, but only guessing about the true nature of demonic responsibility, their inviolable need to summon the diabolical spirit will prevail, and their own ability to incarnate true satanic necessity will continue in the irreversible tragic actions in the Name of all damned who joined this war. Power is just a synonym of responsibility for them. Steps of power – nothing but the steps to responsibility... and signs of unrestrained primordial blood.

What richness of their inner world calls to, if not to overcome the obstacles? To where do they break through and do not fear to exhaust the depth of their feelings, being aware of their mature love for Devil? Only deep waters are dark impenetrably and do not bring oblivion to the few ones destined to cross the Rubicon of their human right, do not give delight, nor promise comfort, and their manifest is only reserved promises and weariless austerity of the demonic existence. These waters are banked high, their temper is wild, merciless and impartial; dauntless are the ones destined to go the way of the strong, go against the tide, aspired to their true source... Hellward.

This chosen struggle will dissect many a man, shatter the illusions of mysticism around truly esoteric knowledge and crush the auras of spiritual liars. Not once nor twice the ground will

be cut from under feet, the ideals considered popular will be turned inside out, and the victims which were considered insignificant, thrown into the furnace in the cause of real victories in struggle against the strong enemy, will be appreciated at their true value. Besotting illusions of life, alluring with its instigations, will be shattered, but no one in the circle of Death will be attracted, no one will be seduced, leaving the best, the strongest, tried and experienced only. Sacrilege of the fools deserves contempt, those only who possess the keys of Doom for the benefit of Hell are worthy of their freedom, and blessed by Hell will be those who set open in human reality the gap of inaccessibility between the human - and all that comes from Satan. In the eyes of Hell, in their own eyes, it's better to be dead than accessible to the pretensions of all the worthless.

Changing layer after layer, this selection struggle will mix up notions and dissolve the true ones in the fog of prosiness. Not a gift, but damnation is to be resident in the souls of those who swore allegiance to Darkness, and many souls will long for harmless illusions and inviolable peace aloof from raging storms and unyielding breaking waves of war... But damnation will harden things that lie in the depth, if it is fidelity, honour and inflexibility of nature in the devotion to the fire of Devil lead them descent into Abyss, and this damnation will not shake, nor crush, but will only harden the core of the noble spirituality.

Who will then dare to throw out a challenge and take the bloody mask off, exposing his true face behind the blade *en garde?*.. We are what we are... we are like Death, we are like Devil, we are like Abyss. IN SUO SPECIE. Hot streams and violent storms of Hell. We are destroyers, but not peacemakers, we are the poison in the veins of Universe, but not the balm in its never healing wounds; we will not leave placid shelters on the scorched earth to return, and our infernal metamorphoses with its cruel revelation will not serve as a consolation in the humble existence of the divine virtue's disparaged pretensions. Disproving myths, acting perfidiously over the superstitions of mankind in conscious perceiving of monstrous truths, we do our duty and open the gate to all the winds of cognition in the chosen effective ways of fighting, in realization of our potential, in incarnating the menacing original cause of immemorial confrontation

Throwing together – flesh against flesh, armour against armour, heart against heart in the combat with the ancient adversary, we are to clinch the primordial argument dissecting the alien structures on the way of our foreseen return to the undivided greatness, to the original power, to the primeval existence of all the living and dead, incarnated and unbeknown, in the primitive absence of innocence and sin, in the undivided, single reality, reality SINE DEO...

We are alone the judges of our intentions, and Hell only can judge our Actions.

Releasing from our disgodded flesh, from the depths of our disfigured souls the cruel creation of our unconquerable spirit, ruthless and powerful, we raise the black bastions of Hell which pierce through all the depths and matters with its inexhaustible potential in the inexorable motion of the primordial Evil, breaking the boundaries of spiritual isolation, demolishing the foundations of the live god, from out the hearts of the foredoomed world upheaving with fury under the standards of Asmodeus, transforming everything and everywhere, to the unshakable altars of Abaddon...

Wherever we are all, wherever one of us –

We keep our devotion to Hell.

We keep our devotion to ourselves.

In Officio permanimus.