

INVOKATION OV NUIT



MADE IN DARKNESS

We are made in darkness

we are made in darkness

We parade

we parade

We are

we parade

Made

in darkness

We are made in darkness

in darkness (x3)

Mark out the circle

Scarlet and black

Leave offerings behind

Names you cannot say

Climb to the summit

Eyes of sapphire

Of the darkest mountain you can find

Turn away!

Break open thee petals

Ov thee rosy cross

Fall on your knees

Turn away!

Take off your clothes

Robe yourself in thee sky

Turn away!

Babalon, Nuit, Horus, Hadit

Lady Babalon

We are made in darkness

We parade in darkness

For we are made in darkness

We are all

Break open the petals

Babalon (x8)

Ov the rosy cross

Awaken the kundalini

Come goddess (x3)

Break open the seals

Cast the chains down

Raise your head

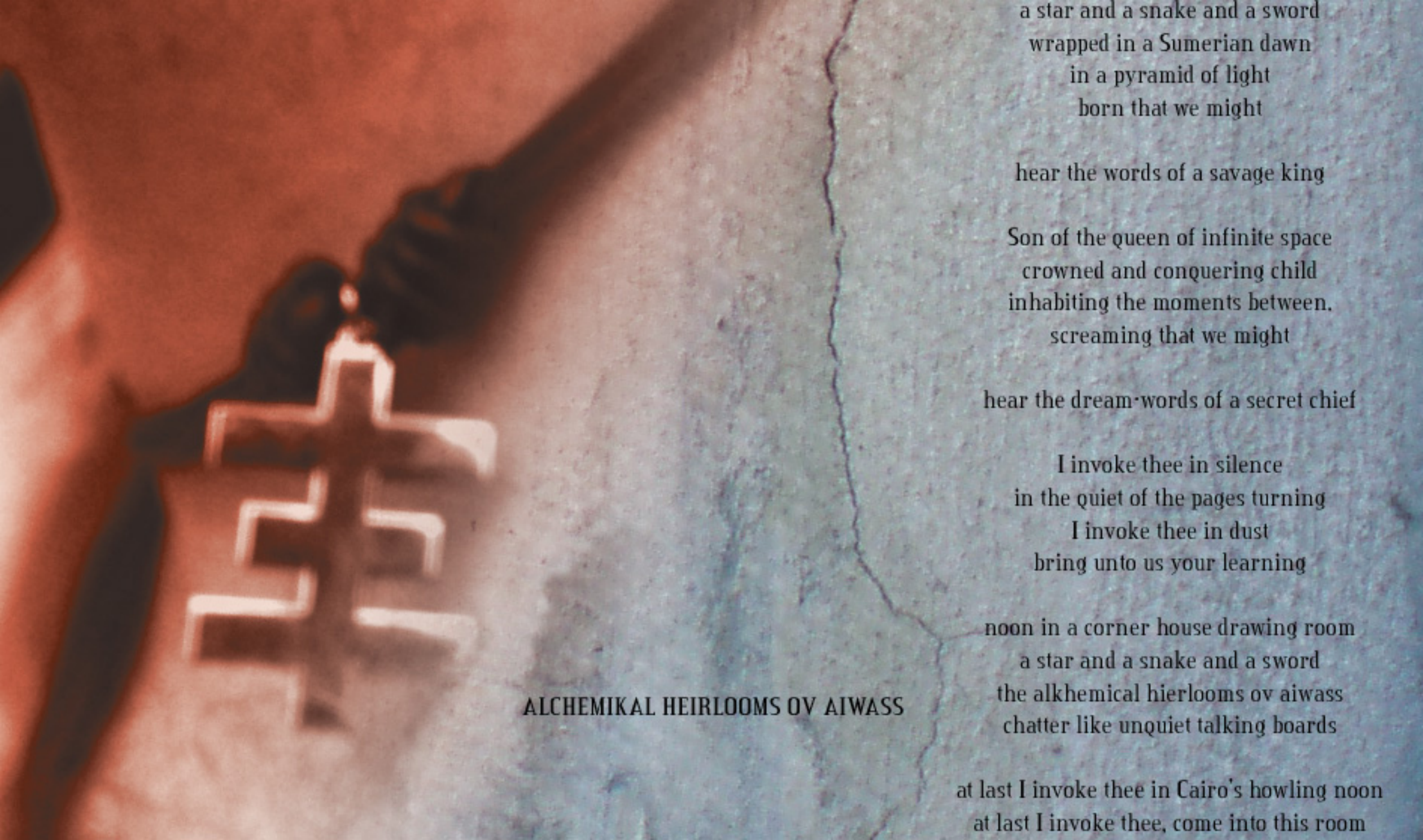
We are made

We are made (x3)

We are made in darkness

Babalon (x5)

Awaken the kundalini



a star and a snake and a sword  
wrapped in a Sumerian dawn  
in a pyramid of light  
born that we might

hear the words of a savage king

Son of the queen of infinite space  
crowned and conquering child  
inhabiting the moments between,  
screaming that we might


hear the dream-words of a secret chief

I invoke thee in silence  
in the quiet of the pages turning  
I invoke thee in dust  
bring unto us your learning

noon in a corner house drawing room  
a star and a snake and a sword  
the alchemical heirlooms of Aiwass  
chatter like unquiet talking boards

ALCHEMIKAL HEIRLOOMS OV AIWASS

at last I invoke thee in Cairo's howling noon  
at last I invoke thee, come into this room



ALEISTER'S AMAZING BOOKCASE

Anubis feeds me ankhs as I float  
pours silver feathers down my throat

I'm getting richer every day  
I'm emptying the pitcher of decay

I walk round and round templar road  
I walk round the stations of the ritual toad

in this supernatural life spirits brush my skin  
veil so thin I begin to touch my soul's twin

Thoth carries my name under the dark roof  
writing my new life in sparkling cartouche

## TEMPLAR ROAD

I walk round and round the templar road  
widdershins till all is hallowed

Nuit covers me in stars as I float  
Arches above my flickering ghost

I walk round and round templar road  
marking time till another body is borrowed



BARDO BECOMING REALITY

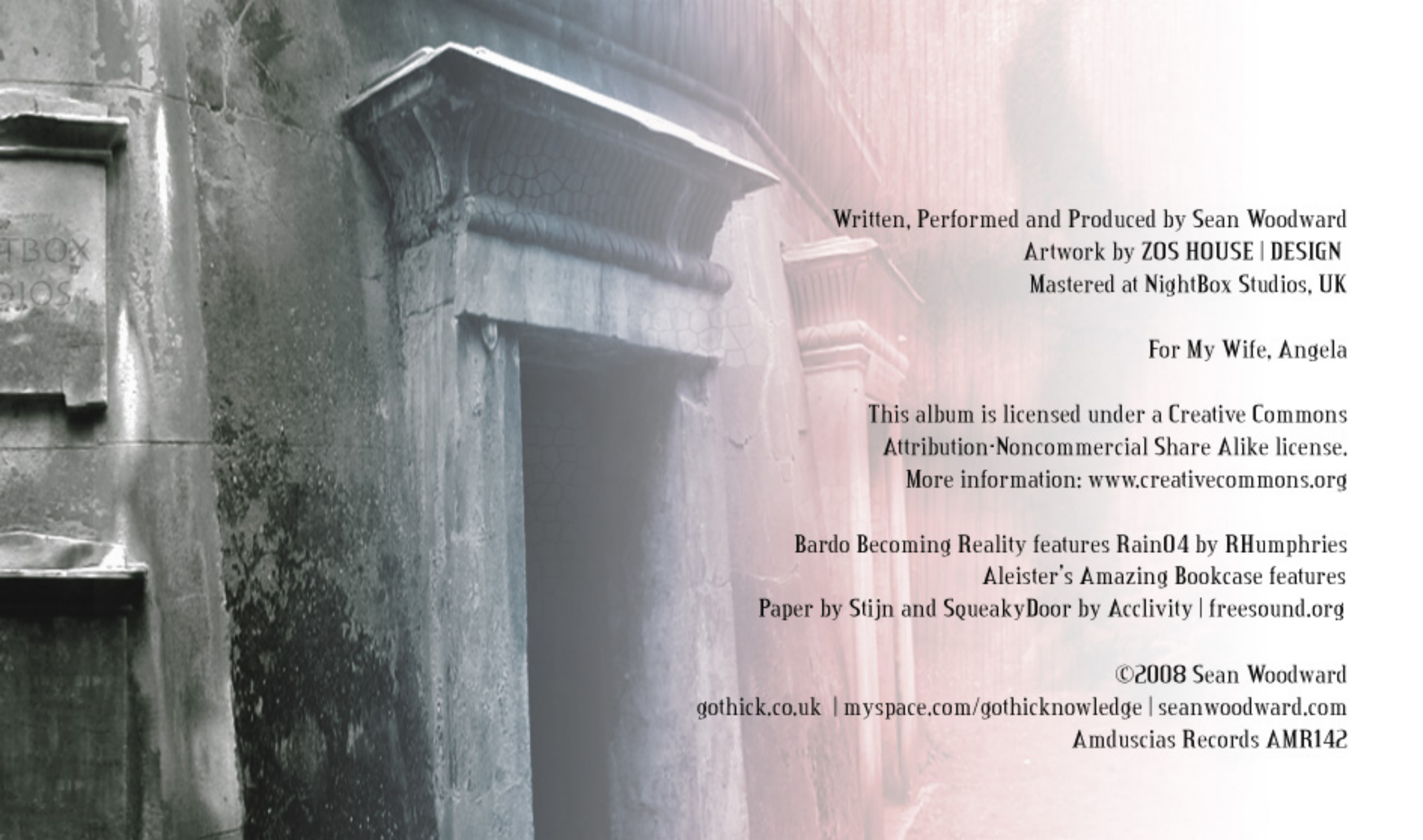
sidereal sounding blasphemies  
alphabet of desire / cartouches of desire  
belief shifting / drifting between hyperventilated dreams  
bound no longer / stronger in not-being

bardo becoming reality  
screaming glitches of the future

I walk past the flame-headed balancer  
A book of my deeds in his hand

incarnating incantations of delight  
skin silk wet soft joining





Written, Performed and Produced by Sean Woodward  
Artwork by ZOS HOUSE | DESIGN  
Mastered at NightBox Studios, UK

For My Wife, Angela

This album is licensed under a Creative Commons  
Attribution-Noncommercial Share Alike license.  
More information: [www.creativecommons.org](http://www.creativecommons.org)

Bardo Becoming Reality features Rain04 by RHumphries  
Aleister's Amazing Bookcase features  
Paper by Stijn and SqueakyDoor by Acclivity | [freesound.org](http://freesound.org)

©2008 Sean Woodward  
[gothick.co.uk](http://gothick.co.uk) | [myspace.com/gothickknowledge](http://myspace.com/gothickknowledge) | [seanwoodward.com](http://seanwoodward.com)  
Amduscias Records AMR142



*Opriuk*

INVOKATION OV NUT

