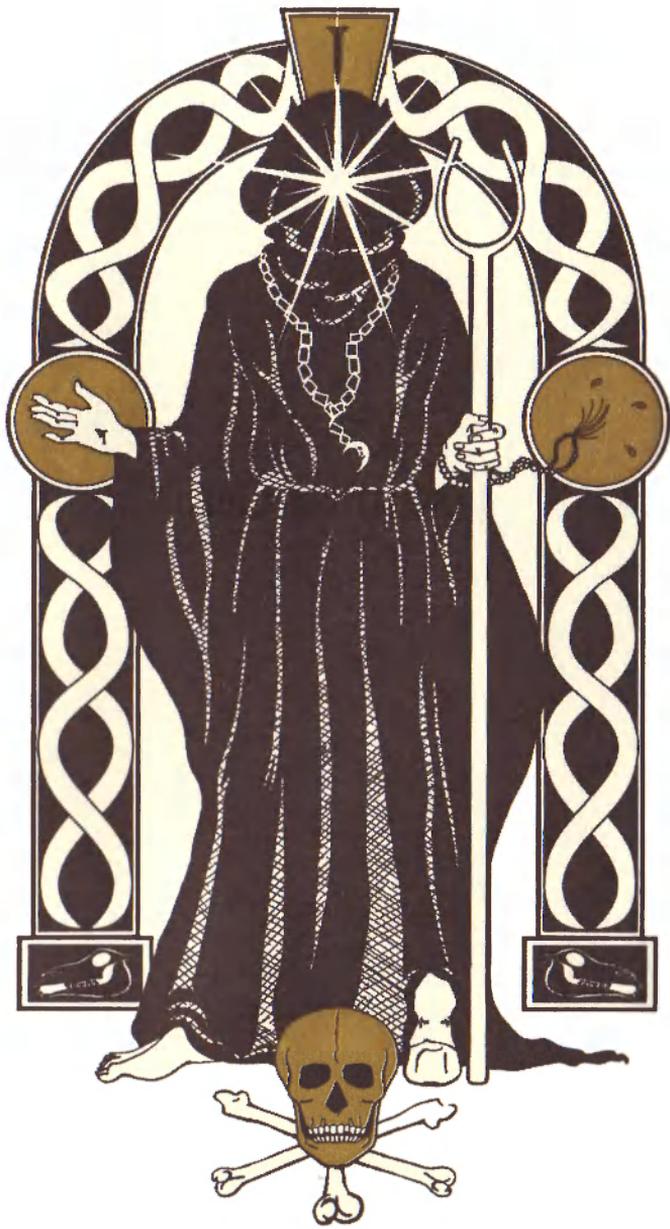


Psalterium
Caini



Psalter of Cain



Cultus Sabbati



XOANON
MMXII

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Vox Bactyla

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There are some who may seem —seem not— as others seem,
who walk life's ragged mile
hid' beneath Man's common guise.
Yet such are they that seem by day,
who walk abroad by night.

For there are some who dream not as other folk do dream,
who see not as others, but gaze through all with stranger's eyes.
Such are they that seem by day, who stalk the world by night.

For there are some who seem as Men,
yet are not born of common clay;
who may walk with freedom in Church and Temple,
who may pray —yet pray not— as other folk do pray.

If such are ye that meet by night,
upon the way 'twixt dusk and dawn,
Yet by day take mortal hand and seem
—seem not as Foe and Friend,
Unto you this Book is passed
—from the handless hand—
'twixt hoof and horn.

Prefatory Epistle

ALOGOS DHUL'QARNEN KHIDIR



*O' Child of the Red Earth who art filled with the Black Fire,
Unto Thee, I give this Book of Arte.*

*O' Ye Kindred of the Snake,
Companions of Exile, who gather alone amid many,
Unto you I give this Coal-black book
This Psalter of the Red Man Cain.*

The Psalter of Cain is a Grimoire born of the Sorcery of the Crooked Path. It is wrought by the skillful artifice of its own craft. It is a child born from the Living Truth of the Art Magical and is therefore by nature destined to pursue its own wayward fate. The Body of this Grammar, the flesh of this child, is composed by vertu of present sorcerous invention, vivified by the life-blood of its ancestry and open to the possibilities of its own future transformation.

The substance of this book is here transcribed from oral, textual, and ritual transmissions of knowledge, derived from the Traditions of Sabbatic Craft and the Cunning Man's Arte from throughout the Isle of Albion and beyond. Many other influences are to be seen within these pages, all of which bear testimony to the manifold powers which have focused themselves within the Earthly Circle of Our Witanic Magistry. For this book is here made manifest as a working enchiridion of devotional magick through the present-day activities of the Cultus Sabbati, the body of wise-folk self-known as the Curren, and the

noble host of its outlying sodality, the Companie of the Serpent-Cross.

In terms of content, this book contains a collection of diverse prayers, conjurations and accompanying formulae, all bearing the Noble Masque and Mystorium of Cain, first sorcerer and atavistic patron of the Curren. All such components are drawn from the present observance of these mysteries and have been collated in this single volume from, and for, the continuing benefit of both individual and congregational forms of practise.

In this respect it is intended that this book may serve as a repository for the lore of Our Arte: a treasure-house for the Serpent's hoard, an ossuary for the burning bone-seed of Cain. Herein a timely harvest is gathered for all who are of the Wiseblood, that it may provide bread for those who hunger and that in the fullness of time its chosen grain may be rightly sown anew.

The Arcana of the Psalter of Cain are unified in spirit, yet manifold in their expression through many and varied outward forms of Belief. For the mysteries here-in are shown forth in the manner of dual-faith observance; that is to say – the combined elements drawn from more than one system of religious belief. The diversity of outer forms is unified through the harmonics of syncretic alignment and is focused within the single context of the sorcerous domain: the ritual arena of circle-heart and hearth. Whosoever studies this book shall find that its contents show the influences of many traditions of magical and religious practise from around the world. Such influences have been sought out and brought to bear upon practitioners of the Cunning Man's Arte through physical and

psychic interaction with the spirits and practitioners of divers paths and disciples.

This interaction has taken diverse forms and knowledge has been transmitted in many different ways. The spirits have shown themselves in manifold masks: face-to-face in flesh and in dream, in the study of literature, through the acquirement of talismanic and ceremonially empowered objects, through word-of-mouth and word-of-writ. All such passing-on has been augmented within the circle and has been integrated through direct ritual and oneiric contact with the forces of initiation. The Spiritual Powers which have motivated the evolution of Our Sorcerous Tradition are accorded due honour in all deeds which bear out the words of this book. Inasmuch as Oath and Pact permit, the Prayers of the Psalter laud and exalt the Great Host of Gods and Spirits – naming the Companie of many who have entered the procession of the Ever-turning Way.

In the placeless place the Crooked Path deviates through and between all disguising of Pure Belief; where its tortuous, ever-shifting nature touches a form of Belief it magnetizes the integral force there-of and aligns it to the Way of the Sorcerer. It sacrifices all and aught upon the mystical point of the circle's centre, creating the crossroads of possibilities: the chosen moment for the incarnation of the Magical Quintessence. In timeless time the Crooked Path deviates through and between the many seasons of heaven and earth. The appointed instant is the continual presence of Now.

Within this book the diversity of expression amid exactitude of intent is indicative of the unique ethos

– the transgressive sacrality implicit in the sorcerer of the Crooked Path. To realize this one must endeavour to step upon the Way, to walk within the phalanx of spirits, to wander amidst the masked procession of the night.

The manifold syncretism of outer forms of belief is dissolved and re-solved in the alembic of the mystery's hearth – all shall turn and re-turn to their source. For it is not wholly through combination of outward forms that the integral unity of vision is perceived, although thereby we may begin the process of awakening the inward eye. It is solely through the individual one-pointedness of consciousness – the placing of the sorcerous mind within the all-consuming focus of Pure Belief – that the direct experience of the Magical Quintessence is attained. In the instant of realization all outward forms become the conveyors of vital numen, each unique in nature and each with certain value to the Artist of the Divine.

A many-sided tale may be spun from this text; a many-flavoured decoction poured from this single cup. To some it will be a poisonous truth and to others a salvific lie. To the few it shall be both and yet neither!

*May the Blessing be upon all
who seek in the House of the Lord at Midnight.
Herein is a gateway that may open unto the Chosen
and show the Way forth to the Royal Dragon-road.
Let all beware! Let all remember!
The Wisdom of the Crooked Path may serve or slay Thee-
It is both a sword in the hand and the knife-edge underfoot!*



Turn Aside from this Way all ye that desire it.

*Whether ye are born to Kingship
or yet are of the lowliest estate;
whether ye have toiled long years
at the labours of devotion
or have this Very Day first drawn nigh in seeking;
whether ye have lauded as god
or cast down as an outcast;
whether ye have been hailed by all Men
as worthy of the Highest Crown,
or yet shunned as an Abomination;
it is all vanity and of no avail in this Arcanum.*

*Whosoever seeks to knock at this door will be turned away.
There is no door to be found through seeking,
No hand to strike there-on,
Nor yet a mouth to ask the Way.*

Turn aside from this Way all ye that desire it.

Canticle of One

*I am Cain, first son of the flame,
Born from the Sun-blackened, Moon-blooded Snake,
Quickened with the Seven breaths of Life-beyond-life,
Form'd from the seven handfuls of Death-gathered earth.
I am made man by the Gods whom Man made not.
Self-born am I from the Elder Gods' hearth.*

*I am Cain, first son of the flame.
The grave of the first-dead is the throne of my seed;
The star-peopled heaven of my children doth tell.
Within my two hands lies the skull of my Father,
Scarlet-filled with the nuptial wine of my Mother:
The Cup of Our Oath, O' my Sister and Brother!
Here raise it and hail the High Sabbat-Tide!*

*I am Cain, first son of the flame.
Come drink with me and be ye wise as the Snake!
Share Elphame's sweet blood from the fountain of youth;
And claim ye heart's ease from the year's burning vine.
Drink deep and unite with this Forbidden Wisdom.
Ye are Gods! And thy flesh doth embody the Dream-
The Dream, that in waking, hath written this Book.*

*I am Cain, first son of the flame.
This is mine oration to the Brethren of Eld;
To the Kith of the Horn'd Cross and Crooked Blood-line,
The fateful telling of our past and our future,
Here writ' in the blood of the first sacred murder.
Truth is here bound with Lie's e'er-changing skin,
And in this Flesh seal'd with the Sign of Our Kin.*

A Rite of the First Furrow

The stang is dressed with vestments evocative of Cain the Tiller; to his left the blade, to his right the share. Facing the North, hold the point of the Knife to the skies.

*Amidst the dark and wintry sky,
A point of light appears.
A jewel set within the centre of heaven's crown,
A shining throne for the One Spirit.*

*Wrought in the First Fire of Heaven's Forge,
The jewel was tempered and formed.
By Fire and Water, Hammer and Tongs,
And the might of Old Tubalo,
Were the seven powers bound as one;
A Blazing Thorn to fix the midnight firmament.*

The Knife is thrust into the earth.

*By desire was the Nail brought to earth,
A ferrous fruit plucked
from the boughs of the heavenly tree,
Thus did the mysteries of metal and fire fall unto man.*

*As a darting flare snaking
through the midnight skies did you descend,
Burning a furrow from the heavens above
to the world below,
Fallen, fixed and set within the world's heart,
The starry radiance above burning in the earthen clay below.
A shining jewel reflected, captured and bound
upon the mirror-faced frost-laden fields.*

The knife is then used to plough a furrow into the earth, making a trench to the north, whereupon the stang is erected.

*From the Ore of the Heavenly Nail was the First Blade struck,
Forged by the First Smith in the fires at the heart of the world,
His foot shod with iron,
His head crowned with the Stellar Wreath.*

*'Neath the sunwise turning of midwinter's crown,
The plough was thereby made,
A blade to bring forth the crop,
That the tiller came to lay.*

*The cold body of clay is furrowed and flayed,
Ploughed by the Blade of Qayin.
The broken earth receives the starry grains,
Lustrated by the morning dew fallen from the heavens above.*

A meal of bread and wine is placed upon the ploughshare and the knife held above it.

*'Neath the moonwise turning of midsummer's crown,
The plough became a blade,
A reaping edge to cut and slay,
To sever the crop that is the coin to pay.*

*So did plough become knife and tiller murderer,
The right hand that sowed and drew the plough,
Foiled by the hand that wields the blade,
A knife to rip and a blade to rend.*

A portion of the meal is enjoyed and the rest is placed in the furrow.

*As the fruits of the First Sacrifice are lain beneath the furrow,
The seed comes to rest within the earthen grave,
Until guided by the light of the golden lamp it seeks to rise again.
The crop that reaches to the heavens
shall sow the seed that falls to earth,
A blessing upon the land and all her children.*

*For by plough and muddy furrow the verdant row arose,
And by blade the scarlet ditch will become the shining path
forged anew.*



The Execration

In day or night, when the Moon's face is seen in the sky, go forth to stand alone before an Altar of God. Take that which is needful for the accomplishment of this rite: a virgin candle, a scourge, fine greenery hand-gather'd from field and hedge, a cup, good wine, and a veiled Image of the Divine Feminine.

Lighting the candle, kneel and address the flame:

The Blessing of Light

*Serpent-Wise of Man-made-Whole,
Twain forks of the Tongue one Oracle decree:
Pray Light the Lantern of the Soul,
By Curse or Blessing be.*

*By the watch-words Ia, Ara, Ka- Ra Kia,
I summon thee, Holy Light of the Ever-burning Lamp.
By the watch-words Ia, Ara, Ka- Ra Kia:
I here praise and evoke Stolen Fire.
I here evoke the Ever-coiling One,
That the Blood of Light go forth
Against the Tides of the Accurst.*

*Witness this, my True Devotion,
That my Beloved receive All that I am.*

The Blessing of the Stone

'Taking the scourge, whip the altar-stone whilst repeating the charm thirteen times:

*A Resurrectionis
Sancto Flagello
Terra Canit!*

When it is done, strew the altar with greenery, saying:

*In the Sign of all faith cast down,
I execrate ye, gods of clay!
Turn, Stone of Slaughter, against all that is vain,
The Foundations of Earth restore.
From the Ashlar-Corpse of the Wrathful,
I call forth the Living from Resurrection's Vine.
Let the Table of Elder Worship
Serve as the Throne of the Green-mantl'd Maiden.*

Placing the Image of the Lady upon the altar, let it be unveiled, speaking the prayer:

*As star-light sown in the Earthen Trench,
As the field bound'd by Horse and by Rod.
As the Rider of Hedge and First-drawn Furrow,
Thy bounds I mark for the Glory of the High One.*

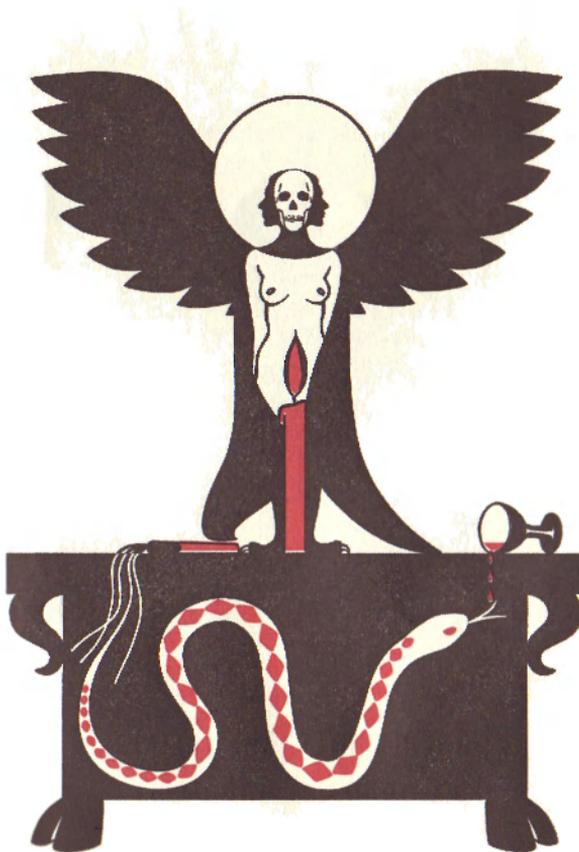
Before her set a cup of Wine, praying:

*Here severed is the Head of Adam,
His seed a fountain of falsehood.
Here flensed is the skull of Abel,
His body Sundered for the Grain-Field of Art.
Here upturn'd is the Grail of Holy Cain,
To receive the dew-drops of the High One,
Rais'd Earth-unto-Heaven to drink of the Good Wine.*

The wine should then be spilled upon the altar, with the final draught reserved for the supplicant. When it is done, let the rite be bound:

*Fruit of the Garden of Flesh I give,
All gods cut down that Man might live!
Rais'd up art Thou, Immortal Grain,
To the Holy Hand from the Hand of Cain!
Amen.*

Let Prayer and the Secret Wines of Delectation be given in offering unto God in accord with the passions of sacrifice.





**Panem Infernam accipiam
et nomen Diabolem.**

Forging the Flense of God

Being a Rite of Memorial in Six Parts

Let it be remembered with all humility by Aspirant and Wayfarer alike, that the First Circle of the Arte Magical was cast by Cain with his brother's blood. Especially let this solemn act be recalled to mind when, by one's steps and actions, the Red Earth is duly plotted. For it is in remembrance of the Act that the Mystery of Sacrifice is summoned forth as a requisite nostalgia and manifests its power upon the good earth. This is called 'Forging the Link of the Master.'

Let it then be cooked from the well of ancestral lineage, that the murder of Abel was executed by the sharpened jawbone of some beast, whose provenance varies according to the scattered *desiderata* of witch-lore. It matters not, the beast nor the identity of the bone in question. For the Marrow of the Relic shall cry out to the Wayfarer when he comes upon it, just as the blood of Abel harried Cain from the earth of its internment. Let the memory and Voice of the Bone of Sacrifice arise within the sensorium of the Aspirant. This is called 'Forging the Intent of the Master.'

Let the Wayfarer cast his attention to the night-sky and observe the first falling star and remember it as the glowing shard from the Crown of Lumial, Manifest One of the Gods of Eld, and the never-cooling sky-metal adored by the clans of Witchblood since the night of its blessed descent. Let him, in his reverie illuminated by the light of the fallen Stone, remember that it was from this celestial iron that Cain forged the first Blade of Reckoning. This is called 'Forging the Relic of the Master.'

Let the Aspirant cease his meditations and forthwith begin a pilgrimage into the Wilderness of Nature. By cunning, design or providence, let him obtain the bone of a beast, and one suitably hard and endowed of stable width and length to serve as handle for the Blade of Cain. Let him then take pilgrimage into the Wilderness of Man, and by the crooked turnings of his straying within that domain, obtain a cast-off remnant of iron, yet possessing strength of cast and character of form. Let him return unto his abode or hermitage, and take him counsel with the found objects of his wanderings. Let him observe their solitary estates; and let him learn from their fated appointment with the hour of their discovery and salvation. This is called 'Forging the Tithe of the Master.'

By the skill of his own hands and the mastery of his Art let the Wayfarer carve a handle from the bone and forge the blade from the iron. Let him do this in honour of the First Smith and Murderer of Man. Let the Charms and spells of knowing be spoken and cast as virtuous runes upon bone and blade. This is called 'Forging the Flense of God.'

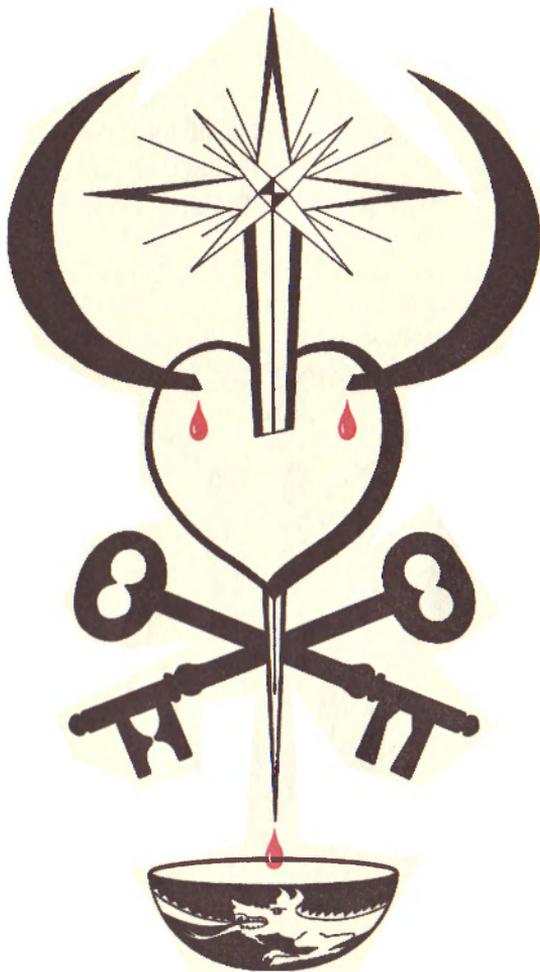
When the Blade of Sacrifice has been fashioned, let the Aspirant once more take himself into the wilderness. There, let him find by dream, omen or sign, a suitable plot for the Devil's Labour. Let him cry out as a voice in the wilderness like the prophets of old, and listen in silence for answer. Let him recall the name of Abel and let him weep in the memory thereof. Let him raise the newly-forged blade and call forth from the wilderness surrounding, the spirit of his Master. Let him remember with joy the ancient compact. Let him then make the sacrifice of his own blood by the blade of his own forging and let him cast the First Circle

about him. Let him never forget the lesson of the first sacrifice is always the sacrifice of Abel. Let him abide in the state of that knowing and silence the voice of Abel within the Plot.



*Thus is the Ending
and Beginning
of the Master.*





The Cup of First Murder

An Offertory of the Mystery of the Red and the Green

Go in silence unto the Shrine of Devotion, having with thee a Bell, Candle, and Knife; together with a Cup of Wine blessed unto this purpose. Light the candle, thrice chime the bell, and declare:

Hekas, Hekas, Este Bebeloi!

Within the Mind's Eye, bring forth a succession of images, holding each one as a singular point of contemplation, before it becomes yet another image:

A blade of metal, poised in the air, tip down.

From the tip of the Blade comes forth a single drop of blood.

The droplet falls upon the flat surface of an altar-stone.

Upon the altar, the single red drop forms a thin stream, running downward from the face of the altar toward the ground.

The stream of blood flows off the altar and merges with the ground – a dry, parched expanse of barren wilderness dust.

The current proceeds into the waste-ground as a crimson serpent, slowly widening, its channel engorging.

The stream becomes a small river of blood. Its dry banks reveal patches of green – grass and reeds.

Carving deep canyons, the scarlet river widens, the land grows greener, bearing shrubs and small trees.

The wilderness becomes yet vaster, now shaded with tall evergreens.

The great river waxes mighty and deep, the roar of its blood become a great thundering, even as the very Heart of the Land.

At the river's edge, the torrent bears up a pale bone-cup.

Thy hands reach forth to take the Blessed Cup, now dipped and filled with the red vintage, and at last raised up before the Sight of thy Inner Eye.

Taking the Cup of Wine, gaze into its surface by candle-light. Into it, pour forth from the mind all images previously envisioned backwards in succession, from the great river to the single droplet of blood upon the sacrificial knife.

Raising the knife unto the flame, exact the sacrifice of a single drop of thine own blood, given unto the Cup of Wine.

*Hearken to my prayer,
Great Father and Slayer of Worlds,
Ye who holds the Blade of True Sacrifice.
My Flesh unto thee I offer:
May the Deed of this Murder
Bring forth Paradise in the midst of the Wilderness.*

When it is done, let the cup be drunk in full, proclaiming:

*O' First-born of the Serpent!
As a pilgrim I go forth
Unto thy Altar of Offering.
I come before Thee, O' Blackened One.
I bless the Knife which severs All,
For the Cup which gives the Blessing of One.
Out of the Blood of Many
Cometh the One River of Thy Power.*

*Behold the Way, Right and True:
For he who drinketh from the Fount of Gain
Must also feed it!*



The Corpse-Knot

Being a Charm of the Knotted Cord.

Know that the Corpse of the Profane Man, being the Vessel of Mortal Vulgarities, is ever restless, even when his bones are long buried. For as the scriptures decree, the blood of Abel didst cry out from the hollow places in the earth, making suit against his brother. With each burial, then, let there also be a binding, that his Measure be taken, and the Curse of the Common be fastened.

*By Three Roads walk ye
Unto thy Gallows 'pon the World Tree,
With Three Ropes Tie ye
The Knot of Hell's Sling.*

*By the Knot of the Chosen,
About the Neck of the Damned,
By Life come to Death,
And from both come to Me!*

*Thou Spirit of Great Enchantment,
Thyself to thyself in sacrifice offered,
The Runes are Thee Given,
Their charms by Thee sung.*



The Benediction of the Red Earth

Brethren of Exile, be gathered in the Hallow'd Field of Arte, having amongst ye an iron Nowl, a Bowl of Offering, and a taper of virgin wax. Raise the Nowl above the earth of working, and speaking charm:

*This is the Plough
That furrow'd the Field,
That Grew the Grain,
That Javêh found wanting!*

Pierce the earth with the Nowl and turn it, even as ARA, ancient power of the First Plough. When the ground is well and truly broken, place a sod of earth into the Offering-Bowl and plant the upright Nowl within as the image of the BAETYLUS, the earth-fallen Star which brought forth the Light, speaking the charm:

*This is the Stone
That shatter'd the skull
Which bled the Earth
Which green'd the Garden of the Lord-by-Night!*

Let those Assembled offer blood upon the Nowl and Earth within the bowl, saying:

*Jehosophat, Aceldama, Adocentyn!
By the Names of Old thy Power I raise,
Red-stain'd Land of my heart's own wand'ring!*

*For Red, Red, Red wast the Clay of first Man made,
The sign of Adam's compact with the Devil:
Let the Chierograph of Blood-on-Stone be scribed
As the first Grammar of Art reveal'd.*

*And Red, Red, Red wast the Snake of Our First Heredity,
That coil'd forth as the Tortur d Road:
The blood-cord of Liliya's blessing
to all Children of the Moon.*

*Yea, Red, Red, Rosy Red
Wast the Ground of First Transgression bled,
The Clay of Abel become the Vessel of Ku-Hadam,
Which cried forth the name of the Master Cain!*

*And Red was the Compact of Elphame's kin;
The Witching Drum of Man-skin,
To sound the Round-Dance of Midnight;
The Cross made Rosy with the Power of Sight;
The Black Wine of Resurrection's Vineyard,
And the Blessed Loaf of Troth.*



Within the Bowl of Earth now raise a red taper of virgin wax, praying as the flame is kindled:

*Fire I raise upon thy Mount,
and mark this ground as Holy;
The pyre of Elder Sacrifice become
the antient Forge of Making.*

*To the Old Host of Power now gather'd,
In the Sign of the Snake we Raise our Hands.*

*To the Companie Seen and Covine Invisible,
we bow and offer praise.*

To the gods of men, our Masquerade: a blessing or a curse.

*To the Elder Gods, the Gods Before:
a Secret kept by Elphame's troth.
One Thousand are the ways
which wend unto the Plot of Cain,
Let each labour until granted the Mystery.
Let each guard and know the way to the heart:
That which slays the Clay within you.*

Let the Vessel of Earth bearing the Red Flame be taken in procession around the circle three times, then placed upon the Altar in the North. The Red Earth may now be used to mark the brows, hands, and feet of all initiates.

Song of the Mark

*For Seether and Soother,
Galdr, Beguiler.*

*For Charm and Storm-Calmer,
For Hex and Hex Master.*

*For Black Dog and Red Fox,
For Green Man and Queen,
For the Scyther and Sower of All that has been.*

*For the Circle and Cipher,
For the Watchers and Whisperers,
For Our Silence and Blood-Oath,
For the Stars in the North.*

*A Curse and Blessing
For a Death and a Birth:
A Rune for All Magick
To encircle the Earth.*

Amen!

**Concerning the Signs
of Him Born of Serpent and Woman
*Being the Marks of Cain as known unto the Witch's Art***



Of his Exile



Of the Blood-Acre



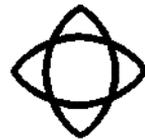
**Of his Wandering
and Sojourn**



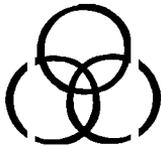
**By Which Power
is Immediated**



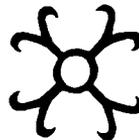
**By Which Light
Is Reciened**



**By Which the
Beloved is Adored**



Of Dominion



**By Which the Dead Are
Called forth**



The Seven Dedications unto Exile

Let the practitioner be prepared alone and in humility before the land of his dwelling. Within the sacred plot chosen for this devotion, abide in quiet contemplation with the array of ritual objects set before thee: a mirror that fits suitably in the palm of the hand, a stave of hedge-wood from one's native land, a small bowl of water, preferably from a holy place, a bone from man or beast, and a silver coin. Let the prayer commence:

*Cast out am I!
Cast out from the Origin of the World;
Cursed by the hand that made me
Ever to wander the Ways of the Land, alone!*

Place the left hand upon the bare earth before thee, and declare:

*In the pilgrimage of Self-becoming,
I journey to the heart of the clay-born
Returning to the point:
The Knowledge of Solitude.*

Place the right hand upon thy heart and declare:

*In Exile I turn ever inward unto the Void of Self-knowing:
I journey beyond the boundaries of man-kind's dominion
To encompass the Nullity of Self.*

Hold the mirror before thee, and cast forth the charm:

*Who am I, who remains ever alone?
Solitude is my only solace.
Who am I, known only by the beasts of the hedge?
I walk the Ways of Pilgrimage,*

*As One with the mask of the spirits;
I turn the Bloody Circle of the Sacred,
As One with my own Mask.*

Take up the bone and knock four times upon the earth. The vision set before the Eye is the charnel-ground of the dead and burnt:

*In Pilgrimage I return to the origin
of Self-becoming;
I step within the graveyard of my own mortality,
To wander the lonely roads of death's dominion;
And pray over the graves of my ancestors,
that they awaken within me;
that I behold within my own eye, the Unity of All.*

Offer the Coin unto the charnel ground, pressing it into the earth before thee. The tithe thus exacted, imagine before thee a coin forged of the very bones of your forebears:

*This Coin I give unto my ancestors,
My payment for the souls for the Mighty Dead.
May I be blessed with Sight to see beyond the Mask
To walk the wilderness
and embrace the banishment of the Good Lord!*

Take up the bowl of holy waters and into its depths fix thy gaze. With the stave of wood, stir the waters thrice:

*I stir the Waters of the Land
and behold the Well of mine own coming-forth;
In my reflection I greet the Wards
with solitude and humility.
Spirits of this place, I pray, reveal thy Mask,
that I partake of thy Power.*

*Mine is the Knowledge of Exile –
The Path as the Great Spirit-Congress.*

Take up the stave of hedge-wood, let its wood be stained with a sod of earth, then blessed with the waters. Knocking stave against bone three times, the declaration is said:

*I am She of the Hedge and the Way,
I am He of the Lonely Road,
given of myself unto the Exiled Path of One!*

*Exulted am I in the exile of Self-becoming,
and the rejection of the clay-born about me!*

*Perfect am I within the Void of mine own Mask,
set forth before me by my ancestors.path!*

*I am (⚡)
Wanderer upon the Thrice Cursed,
Thrice Blessed Path of Cain!
Praise be to Cain!*

Take up the stave, newly blessed in holy waters and reddened by the blood-soaked earth of the charnel ground, and cast it forth in a new light, to serve as the token for your dedication unto the thorn-bounded Path of Cain.

Translation and Epiphany

*Primordiom of the Wheel of Eight Blades am I,
True Midnight's endless knell am I—
The Shadow of all living and dead
Is mine own;
As Watcher in silence,
Indweller of Voidness—
The perfect stillness at the Heart of all
Am I.*

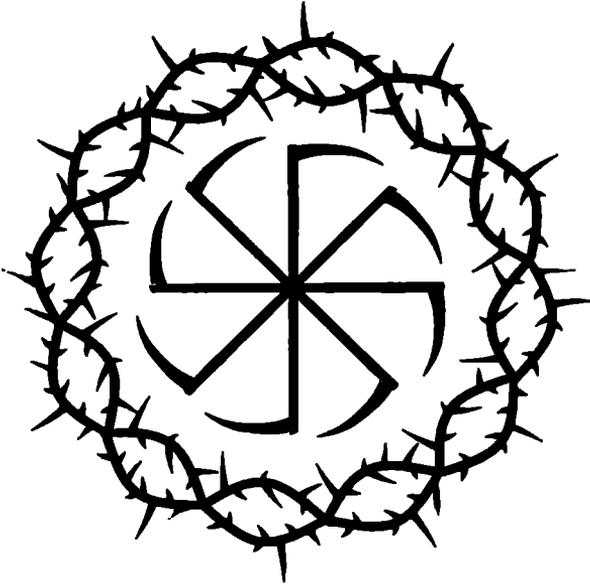


*Mine emanation is the secret Light of the Wise;
In the lightning-flash 'twixt Hand and Hand I abide,
As within the continuity of the Great Bloodline;
In the body of Initiatrix-Initiator I hide—
Protector and Watcher,
Companion and Lover
Of all who in the ancient Circle stand,
Am I.*



*Eternal Sabbat-tide am I—
In the echo of my silence is heard the
soft-whispered Word
Of the Sacred and Most Excellent Lore;
Mine incarnation is the ever-changing form
of the Round Dance—
The motions of mind, tongue and quill
In the service of the Proud Art
Am I.*

*Hidden Book of Mystery am I—
Scribed in the living flesh of all Blessed and Wise—
The Treacherous and True;
The Cipher that marks the hooks and crooks
Of the devious Dragon Road am I,
Leading all Wayfarers, Outcasts and Exiles
To their birth-place and their burial-ground
In this Place that is not a place,
On this Day that is not a day:
May all who walk the wychèd Path of Return
Attain their destination—
So shall this Blessing forever be!*



Entreaty unto the Staff

*Gone out am I from the Presence of the Lord,
The Flesh of the Void am I!*

*'O Stave of the Faithless,
Rais'd High to mark the Span of Heaven!*

*O' Thou bloody Branch of the All-Crucified,
Brought low to plumb the depths of Hell!*

*By the name and sign of Faqri al-Tan,
Companion of the Thorn-Beset byways,
Hear and attend my sovereign command:*

*Divide thou the Gates of the Thicket,
And reveal the Wanderer's breach into the Rose Arbour.
Exalted art Thou as the Sign of Straying,
Blood-anointed and branched anew,
Bearing the Skull-Fruits of Wisdom.*

*O' Rood of the High Holy One,
Ever Bless the turning of my Step,
Even as thou hast turn'd anew:
Gone forth as the Serpent from thy place of dwelling,
To smite the demon, raise the storm,
And bring forth water in the wilderness.*

Assumption of the Witch-Hyde

By hook or crook obtain the following accoutrements:

The Antlers or Horns of some great Beast.
Let this be decided by the Practitioner's own
Ingenium.

The Hyde - either in full or part – also of a Beast.

A single virgin Taper of white.

A sound and sturdy scrap of God-forsaken Iron, be
it Nail, Shard or Revenant of that which once was.

Bearing these objects bring thyself into a place, by
flesh or phantasm, of woe and solitude. Offer unto the
Spirits of Place a single crimson droplet of thine own
Blood, to sate the Terrible Need of the Wood.

Now, Witch, know that thou art Forsaken and without
accord. For thou art not thy Brother's Keeper!

In perfect equanimity of mind, stand as One within
this place of Woe, occupying its very Center. Lighting
the Taper, sing thus:

*Oh Lord, thou hast forsaken me!
Nothing less shall I accept,
For I am Famine and the Way!
Rais'd up am I as the Mighty of Heart
By the slaying of Abel
With the Bone of Art!
And I shall forever be a blight
Upon thy great and terrible herd!*

Now place the Hyde, or any portion thereof, upon thy head, and by cunning secure it about thyself.

Extend the Third or Vulgar finger of the Right Hand and acknowledge the seven august Places of Virtue: Root, Sacral, Solar Plexus, Heart, Throat, Brow and Crown. As thy finger touches upon each center, recall the Mighty and Forlorn generations of kin that have preceded thee in the Curse of Witchblood. With the simple call of LA allow them to process in and through thee as the Blessed Retinue of the Damned.

By the Sinistral Hand, take up the Horns of the Wood and place them over thy forehead, assuming the Crown of the Thicket. By the Dextral Hand Right, take up the Virgin taper and place it between the Horns. Now, pray you, as one who is Hairy, Hoary, Rude and Ugly... that this Flame shall ever burn and never turn towards the Idols of the Clay, for they are false!

*Shade upon Shade,
Form upon Form,
As a Beast-by-Night am I.
By all ways foul yet ever Fair!
Forgotten by all, and Curs'd be!
By Hyde, Horn, and Hood,
Lamp of God, Light the Way!*

*Thicket Thicket Thicket!
Thicket Thicket Thicket!
Abide now within!
Amen! Amen! Amen!*

While uttering this Bane and Benison, place Horn and Flame before thee and move thy head and hands hither and thither until the Burden of Spirit has overtaken

thee... by the shaking of head and hands, know that thou hast gone forever amongst the Thicket of the Wild, ever Mark'd, ever straying. For amongst the Wood shalt thou find thy Way upon the Path of the Ever-turning!

Amen! Amen! Amen!



The Welkin of Cain *The Rite of Donning the Hides of Exile*

Let the Aspirant consider the matter of Cain-in-the-Wilderness. Then, let him meditate upon the meaning of His Exile. Let him understand that the Circle of Cain lies wherever his step may fall. Let him abide in remembrance of his Sojourn.

This is the First Step.

Let the Aspirant unto the Mystery of Straying take himself into the wilderness, be it deep wood, high mountain or desert plain.

There, let him see all that meets his gaze and fills his senses, as the great expanse of Primal Eden before its profanation by the foul progeny of Abel. Let him abide in this state of undefiled purity, and let him recall his true home.

This is the Second Step.

Let the Aspirant take up his staff and trace witherwards the ambit of a circle twenty-seven feet in diameter. Let him contemplate the Mystery of the Nine, three-folded. Let him meditate in sacred repose at the center of the circle and know it to be the omphallos of Primal Eden, even as the secret center of his heart.

This is the Third Step.

Let the Aspirant visualize his heart to be the living womb of Lilitu-A, the origin of all Witchblood. Let him then visualize four vulvas opening out from his heart towards the four directions. Let him arise and pace the Compass-Rose of his generation and, facing

inward, call the Four Rivers of Primal Eden to sanctify the circle:

In the North:
Lilitu-A-Fath

In the East:
Na'amah-Hiddeth

In the South:
Rahab-Tigath

In the West:
Agrath-Gorath

Let him visualize the rivers forming a flowing moat and cross, making of his circle the perfect sanctuary of Blessed Eden entire.

This is the Fourth Step.

Let the Aspirant, now filled with the exuded waters of the Blood-Mothers, continue his strengthening of the Welkin by duly summoning forth the Master's bestial famuli from the outer wilderness into the holy garden. Let him stand in the North-west, facing outward, and let him charm the First Horse, EPINOYA, by Word, Gesture and horse-hair besom. Let him then stand in the South-west and charm the Snake of Omen and Knowing, OBATHA, with rattle and snake-bone garland. Let him then process to the South-east and ensorcel out of his den, the blood-pelted dog of his own Master's heart, the Fox of Cunning and fated Companionship, RUBATHA. Lastly, let him complete the Zodiac of the Master in the North-east, and by Growl and Claw rouse the mighty Bear, BATALO, from his lair. Let him

clothe his body in the hides of the bestial retinue, and be as one with them in Form, Essence and Spirit.

This is the Fifth Step.

Let the Aspirant return unto the center of the circle and raise his hands to the heavens above in the Sign of the Star, and let him, no matter night or day, breathe into himself the Light of the Pole Star and the Wain. He shall feel the stellar imprint upon his very skin, and in this manner, summon the Heights down into the Plot, in remembrance of the heavenly signs attending Cain's birth.

This is the Sixth Step.

Let the Aspirant lay down upon the good earth. Let him feel the green vibration of Primal Eden course through his limbs, into his very marrow. Let him meditate upon the Mystery-Play of the Marking of Cain, and in so doing, summon up the Depths into the Circle-of-Arte.

This is the Seventh Step.

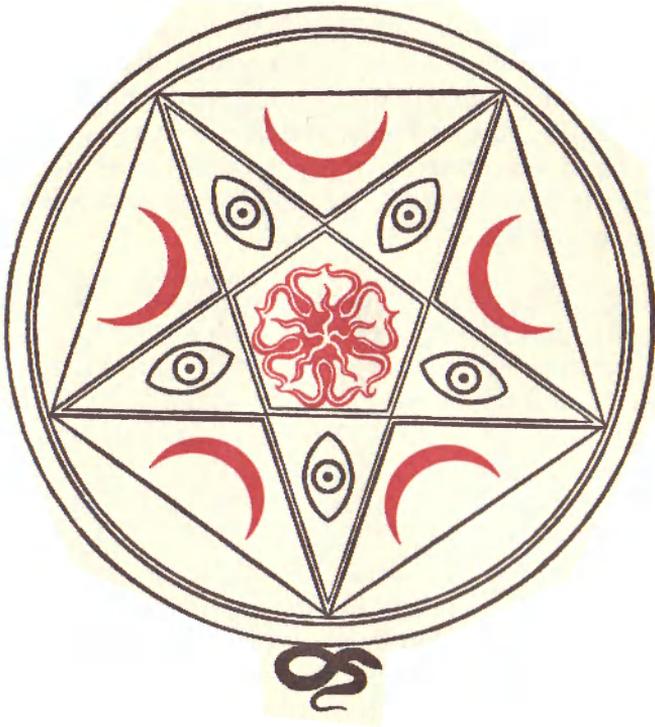
Let the Aspirant rise, and taking up his staff, let him stand in the midst of the circle. Let him meditate upon the Exile of the Master, upon the Pilgrimage of Death. Let him become the Still-Point of that Exile, and draw forth the power from his own demise into the heart of the Blood-Acre. Let him observe the signs.

This is the Eighth Step.

Let the Design of his Sorcery become manifest as the Welkin of Cain entire, and wearing the Hides of Exile,

let him go forth into the world from the eastern gate
of Primal Eden. Let him see all that he beholds, and
embrace every step forward, as the verdant Kingdom
of Eld: He, the Master and Land, as one.

This is the Ninth, and Secret Step,
Whose Mystery is known only in the Going-Forth.



The Perfum'd Skull

To Hallow bone as a divine artefact of our Master, we set forth the following Rite of *nekuomanteia*. Our Fetish is the Face of Cain, arisen from the earth'd skull of Abel, an Oracle of Truth and Mystery; a Masque of Severity Warding the Thicket; the Graal of Hallow'd Heresy for the imbibition of Secret Nectars, and the Osseous Throne of our Patron, made sweet and fragrant with the living juices of all Herbs of the Greenwood.

If the skull of man is not attainable, any portion thereof may serve, such as a jaw; or the image thereof carven of any kind of bone; or a wooden death's head of either Blackthorn, Yew or Holly. Where no material artifact is at hand, contemplative focus upon the visual form of the Mystery shall suffice as votive praxis, and, indeed is the best Way.

Taking up the skull of a Saint or Criminal, give successive libations of Spirits of Myrrh, such that the surface and the marrow become golden over time. When it has dried, blood of the supplicant is obtain'd by work of the Arthana or Burin; or via the natural Tidewaters of the Womb, then given the osseous vessel in offering. Let flowers, grasses, bark, leaves, and roots come forth upon the bone, becoming the flesh of His fetish. Accompanying this vision and chant is the addition of blood, resins, oils, sweet wines, perfumed smokes, and other sacrifices apposite.

THE HALLOWING OF THE BONE-VESSEL

*I call upon the Bone of Plenty, Cornucopia of Wisdom,
Death's Head and Spirit of the Crypt,
Hollow Sentinel and Graal of the Saints.*

*Thou who hast tasted mortal tastes,
Partaken of perfumes,
Thou who hast kiss'd and curs'd,
Heard the rustle of leaves and the din of war,
Beheld the World through Eyes of Flesh,
Glimps'd the sickle-swinger come for Thee on Death's Bed,
Now rise from the twilight of Mortal Decay,
And know Thyself anew
As the Portal Encharm'd of Qayin Ara-Azhaka!*

*Now see again,
Now hear again.*

*Now taste again,
Now speak again.*

*Now think again,
Now dream again.*

*For by Powers Green of all Hallow'd Herbs
Root to Trunk, Trunk to Branch,
Branch to Leaf, Leaf to Bud,
Thou art Rais'd this Night in the Name of the First Tiller
Qayin Ara-Azhaka, the Hairy, the Wild;
Sower and Harvester:
Heaven's Host and Hell's Hayward ride with Thee,
And Offer up the Fruits of Cunning and Transgression:
The conjoin'd Elixirs of Love and Death
The Feast of Flesh and Spirit
Unto the Mastery of Hedge and Plot!*

A Charm for the Road of the Down-going Sun

*Lilith's lantern, Brightest Moon, come light the Way for me!
May Thy beams of silver carry Thy Son,
safe over earth and sea.*

*Cain be Thou my Path's Companion,
with blackthorn rod and baying hound,
stride Thou the Hellward track with me
to pass beyond Life's burning ground.*

*Call to Thy Dog and bid him be,
Thy Ward, Thine ears, Thine eyes to see!*

*Call to Thy Dog and bid him be,
three times one, then three times three!*

*O' Guardian Hounds of Elphame's Kingdom,
rise up on the Roads, Black, White, and Red.
With snapping jaw, with tooth and claw,
protect me through the Vale of Shadow,
safe through the Dusk to the Land of the Dead.*

*Black Chukkhah, black as coal, darker than the Midnight;
Blood-red Ratch, cunning fox, sharp-eyed as the Dawnlight;
White Alrakim, full of fire, bright beneath the Seven Stars;
run swift in stealth about me: an omen of my Spirit's passing.
In the Master's Name I ask Thee:
here watch and ward and guard.*

Chukkhah, Ratch, Alrakim

(CHANT X 3)

The Arrow and the Moon

ORACLE

It is told of Eld, and in the Dreaming of the Faë, that in his waning years, Cain held court amidst the Commonweal as their King and Lord, appareled in the pelt and antlers of a royal stag. In this guise and office did he regale and teach them of the Ways of the Wind and the Lays of the Land, gathered by his own hands and visions during the course of his life-long wandering. These he communicated by song, dance and gesture, and through these means were the Faë delighted and become learned.

It is further told that Nicea, the Queen of the Faë, became enraptured of Cain as Lord, and knew him by the name Ashtanu. Of their love much has been spoken, yet those words are known only by the Winds and the Wards attending. It is written upon the petals of the Flowers of the Sun and sung by the perfumes of the Night-blooming Ones beneath the light of Luna in all Her phases and passage. Of their sacrosanct betrothal naught has been revealed for verily is it the Seal of Seals and its Sign may only be glimpsed of the Wise and Chosen, to each in their own fashion and ingenium.

It came to pass that whilst Cain held court and danced as the Horned Lord, he was shot dead by his very own son, Lamech the Hunter, who perceived him to be his quarry. In her grief and lamentation, attended by the Maidens-in-White, did the Queen of the Faë remove the fated arrow from Cain's chest, and sang his soul to rest upon the moon, within the palace of her mother, Ilana.

Seeing how great was her daughter's loss, Ilana granted Cain's soul release upon advent of the full moon, if the Queen would but shoot the Arrow of Slaying into that brightened orb. So it came to pass that the means of Cain's demise was also that of his eternal freedom-within-exile, his spirit attended and nurtured by the love of Mother and Daughter throughout eternity.

ORATORY

Nicca's Song

*What is the design that so cruelly by
You were slain,
O' my love Ashtanu,
O' my Lord, Our Master Cain?*

*What warp in the weave of Kenning,
What tear in the Thread of Life
Didst wield thy son's arrow thus?*

*By malice or by fate, there you lie
Without the grave
There is no marker for your life
Mark'd as thou wast with Blessed Sight.*

*And thy kinsman wail'd,
Upon thy body cried
Seventy and Seven are number'd his tears
Bathed your fatal slumber
And the curse of the Lame God's making,
Struck our hearts, as well as thine
For all time his worship forsaken
Throughout the land of your death and birth*

*And yet of your son
His inheritance lay not in your passing
But in his blindness
Forsooth it is thy blessing
Deep within the root and marrow
And in our blood it shall sing forever
This song of Lamech's arrow.*

The White Maidens' Lament

*Ilutanu benu lamaë
llutanu masha samaë
Ashtanu manu mana
Ashtanu ilona canah
Samayu manu mowaka
Nicea kia nu kuasha
Nicea tanu ku ana
Nicea moka dea natu
llutana benu lamae
Wo la Wo la Womah*

Alana's Benison

*O' my daughter, I see reflected
In your eyes
A grief unseen by mortal guise
That might contrive to shadow thy Love's demise
And yet hold faith within thy heart
And do not forsake the living whose dowry
Thine own tears make: - the harvest-home
Of Our souls' estate.
Gaze through the veil of sorrow's thrall
For Ashtanu's death is a lover's call
To life.*

*Shoot therefore thine arrow true
Into the full moon waxing strong,
And releas'd from exile shall thou be,
Ashtanu.*

Paeon of Cain

*Through life, the wandering
Into death, a dance
I stand upon the point of All-Becoming
By the Lord of Hosts wast I cast
forth beyond Eden's pale
Into wilderness I roamed
Mark'd by vision, step by step
Upon the thorn-pierc'd path of exile
'Til unto age and the precinct of the Faë
Came I verily to abide.*

*Here the writ of lore didst pass
Between the hands, the old Devil's clasp
Of root and bower, seed and flower,
Wast it cast amongst the fated Children of Elle.*

*And so we danced and so we sang
'Til by eldest Lamech's arrow wast I slain
Yet marked from the First
Until the Last
Wast I bound
Pull'd up and outward into Heaven's round
Finding home and purchase on Luna's silvern ground.
O' Nicea, daughter of fair Ilana's grace
Our love is forever of one face
And by Lamech's arrow given freedom:
Shed not thy tears for me
For I am here at your side in eternity
Both as one our souls shall be.*

Entreaty of Cain in the Moon

THE READING

An' it came to pass in days of old, a hunchbacked man wandered in the wilderness. He bore a bundle of sticks on his back, a lanthorn held in a forked stick, and a Black Dog at his side.

An' they seized him, those who thought he worked on the Sabbath, contrary to what they believed. He was brought before the people, tried, found guilty and stoned to death. An' his spirit went forth from his cloak of flesh, flying on wings of darkness to the silver disc of the moon among the stars. There that man stayed, for eternity, a warning to others, yet also a guide to the Dead and the Guardian of their souls.

The Entreaty

*Old Cain is he,
With crooked back,
A bundle of sticks,
To feed the Forge,
An' a Black Dog followin',
Man in the Moon is he.*

*O Master Cain,
Masked and Hooden One,
Harlequin grim in black an' white,
Lord of the Wild Host.
An' the Hidden Companie,
Lantern-bearer of the Lord's own Light.
Old Cain,
With Lilith's Lantern lit,*

*Bring moonlight bright to
Shine 'pon the Crooked Path,
Illuminate my Way,
So I may follow ye true
To know of Mysteries secretly hid,
Of Fate and the Other World.*

*As the Old Serpent
Sloughs its skin,
So birth and death,
Are one an' the same,
An' Dame Fortune's Wheel
Turns anew.*

*Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
From Earth's green meadows'
To barren moon,
From this world
To Limbo beyond,
An' back again.*

*Dark Horseman
Who rides the Night Mare,
Master of the Smithy's Forge,
By Mirror, Grail and Moonlight bright,
I conjure thee forth.*

*Horned Witch-Father of
The Craft of Old,
Ancestor of the Wise,
Sacrificed Priest-King,
From thy dark castle
Beyond the Northern Lights,
I conjure thee forth.*

*Lord of Horses,
Lord of Metals,
Lord of Making and Shaping,
Antient artisan,
Builder of cities,
Who weighs and measures
The souls of the dead,
I conjure thee forth.*

*Smith of the Wise
Forgin' the weapons
To slay the Infidel of Clay,
I, your child of old,
Marked 'pon brow
With thy burning Star,
Conjure thee forth.*

*Come O' Dark Lord,
Come to the Circle of Arte,
Cain! Cain! Cain!
Come ye forth!
Come ye forth!
Come ye forth!*

*Cain! Cain! Cain!
Thrice I call thee,
O Master Cain!
By thy sacred name,
I call thee again:*

*Azha-Gain!
Azha-Gain!
Azha-Gain!*



The Litany of Thorn Branches Unto Qayin Al Qamar

EXPLICATION

The Litany of Thorn Branches concerns the lunar-manse wanderings of Qayin and may be used for solitary or group praxis. In Arabian astromancy, the Lunar Mansions are arcs of 12 degrees, 51 minutes, which divide the ecliptic into 28 stations and mark the motions of the moon during a lunar month. Each *manzil*¹ has its individual influence, which is transmitted to sublunar creatures via the Moon. Magical images, djinn, metals or stones, suffumigations or incenses and sometimes colors were among the correspondences applied to them. The titles of the manazil are present in the first line of each versicle, while the names of the

¹ Arabic term for house or mansion the plural being *manasil*.

requisite djinn appear twice amid the Arabic key-letters of the appropriate mansion.

The penetralia of the Lunar Manazil is assayed via a series of operations involving stellar praxis associated with specific star constellates or quadrants through which the moon moves during its waxing and waning course through the Night Garden.

*Cui placit obliviscitur, cui dolet memminit.*² Thus did the recluse wanderer Abd al-Qadir Jilani compare scars with roses and gave unto them mystical attributes. The Litany may also serve as an enactment of the ritual murder of Abel, the responses being accompanied by thorn-pricks. For where a thorn is tended a rose may ever grow!

ORATION

Versicle: *Qayin Al-Qamar!*
 Firstborn Wanderer of the Moon!
 By the Thorn Branches of Chastisement
 do we call Thee.
 Qayin Al-Qamar!
 Wanderer of the Manazil
 Let us breathe the scent
 Of the blood-soaked roses of the Djinn.
 As blades of lightning-strikes
 We are pierced by Thy thorny barbs!
 Poison path and pharmakon,
 O Thou Akanthine Eidolon!

Response: *Stimulis Ego Sum Tibi!*³
 Al-Qamar! Al-Qamar! O Qayin Al-Qamar!

² Translated from Latin: 'we forget our pleasures, we remember our sufferings.'

³ Translated from the Latin: 'I am the thorn in your side.'

LITANY OF THORN-BRANCHES



*Qayin Al-Sharitan! O Wanderer:
Thou who causes discords and journeys,
Indite the Words O thou Thorn'd Quill!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Wield thou the Horns of Initiation!*

Alif! Geniel Alif! Geniel Alif!

✧ Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.



*Qayin Al-Butain! O Wanderer:
Outcast confined to the Belly of the Ram,
Waxing treasure-house and waning prisoner.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Deliver thy Keys of chests and chains!*

Haa'! Enediel Haa'! Enediel Haa'!

✧ Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.



*Qayin Al-Thurayya! O Wanderer:
Thorn'd Hunter, Seafarer and Alchemist,
Thou taketh the prey and bounty of Tubalo's Arte.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
For seven slain, seven seas and seven metals!*

Ayn! Amixiel Ayn! Amixiel Ayn!

✧ Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.



*Qayin Al-Dabaran! O Wanderer:
O bullish Eye of destructive might,
Thou stoppeth waters and breaketh down towers.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Foci of the ruined City of Pillars!*

H'aa! Azariel H'aa! Azariel H'aa!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Hakah! O Wanderer:
Return O Exile in healthy goodwill,
Opening the books of Thy Born-hood.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Fair light of scholars late labors!*

Ghayn! Gabiel Ghayn! Gabiel Ghayn!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Hanah! O Wanderer:
O Thou Thorn-marked Sign of Undeniability,
Breaking forth with barbs and brutalities.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
The doom of false principalities!*

Kha! Dirachiel Kha! Dirachiel Kha!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Dhirah! O Wanderer:
First Tiller of soil and planter by the Moon,
Blest be Thy crops and Thy commerce.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Make smooth the artes of transaction!*

Qaf! Scheliel Qaf! Scheliel Qaf!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Nathrah! O Wanderer:
Under cloud-swept cover of precipitous skies
Thou art the boon of blood-bound sojourners.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Bane unto kin of the vermin!*

Kaf! Amnediel Kaf! Amnediel Kaf!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Tarf! O Wanderer:
Whose glance is as the Lion's eye,
Beholder 'mid the Sky of the Towers.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Halt thou the steps of the visible!*

Jim! Barbiel Jim! Barbiel Jim!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Jabhah! O Wanderer:
Shepard amid the dogs of winter rain,
Crooked-path Guide 'pon the Roof of Hell!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Let the Grace of Love be bonded!*

Shin! Ardesiel Shin! Ardesiel Shin!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Zubrah! O Wanderer:
Adorned in the thorny mantle of Witch-Blood,
Whose roar invokes the privilege of Kings.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Transgress the Locus of Extreme Limit!*

Ya! Neciel Ya! Neciel Ya!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Sarfah! O Wanderer:
O weather-changing Viridian Master,
Make propitious both farm and wildland.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Bring benizons of the Second Sky!*

Dad! Abdixuel Dad! Abdixuel Dad!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Awwa! O Wanderer:
O Cunning Wayfarer on the Lonely Road,
Thou betrothal-herald of traveller and track.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
The Virgin Path of the Third Sky!*

Lam! Jazeriel Lam! Jazeriel Lam!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Simak! O Wanderer:
Lightbearing Master of Pact-Making,
Unarmed ambassador of Concord.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Welcome Embassy-House of Alliances!*

Nun! Ergediel Nun! Ergediel Nun!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Ghafr! O Wanderer:
Thou walker 'twixt Lion and Scorpion,
Beyond of teeth, claw and venom!
Arise, jewel of the Night Garden:
Thou Helmet-Veiled house of Obscurity!*

Ra! Ataliel Ra! Atalel Ra!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Zubana! O Wanderer.
Thou two-clawed table-turning Pariah
Equalize the paraselenic bonds of mortality!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Freedom Oasis of False Compacts!*

Ta! Azeruel Ta! Azeruel Ta!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Iklil Al-Jabhah! O Wanderer:
Eternal friend and Devils Advocate,
Make strong the arches of architecture.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Arch-Imperium of Fortifications!*

Dal! Adriel Dal! Adriel Dal!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Qalib! O Wanderer:
Sole Scorpionic Heart of Vengeance,
Thou dark Bridegroom of Abominations!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Dominion of the Seizing Fire!*

Taa! Egibiel Taa! Egibiel Taa!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Shaula! O Wanderer:
Firstborn murderer and thorn-sting of the desert,
Who frees the imprisoned from their cells!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Turned hour-glass of the Opposer!*

Zay! Amutiel Zay! Amutiel Zay!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Na'am! O Wanderer:
Overseer of the eight-ostrich flock
Four within, four without. O Majarraḥ.⁴
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
The tamer-traveller of wild beasts!*

Sin! Kyriel Sin! Kyriel Sin!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Baldah! O Wanderer:
Void interstice 'twixt eyebrow and eyebrow,
Cunning extinguisher of life's blood!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
The Place of Starless Deserts!*

Sad! Bethnael Sad! Bethnael Sad!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*

⁴ Arabic: 'The Milky Way.'



*Qayin Al-Sad Al-Dhabih! O Wanderer:
O Thou Omen of the Slaughterers,
First Sacrificer and Cure of Diseases.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Come Sharpened Horn-Point of the Goat!*

Za! Geliel Za! Geliel Za!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Sad Al-Bulah! O Wanderer:
O Thou Swallowing Consumer of Light,
Bring nourishment to those in sickness.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Open! Throat-Tunnel of the Goat-Fish!*

Tha! Requiel Tha! Requiel Tha!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Sad Al-Su'ud! O Wanderer:
Who art the Black Warrior of Fortune,
Profit us O Rain-Star of Mighty Destiny!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Refuge of retreating Winter-Drafts!*

Dhal! Abrinael Dhal! Abrinael Dhal!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Sad Al-Ahbiya! O Wanderer:
Thou Demon of triple-tented Concealment,
Who art the Jug-bearing waterer of Secrets!
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Make open the Tomb of Fertile Earth!*

Fa! Aziel Fa! Aziel Fa!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Farch Al-Mukdim! O Wanderer:
Thou Goat-skinned fore-spout of Sorcery
Subtle Companion of the wind-burned Djinn.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Into the Wëng-swept expanse of Sands!*

Ba! Tagriel Ba! Tagriel Ba!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Farch Al-Thani! O Wanderer:
Thirst-quenching Nomad of Desert Wastes,
Pour thou the Amphora-draught of Stellar Dew.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
Well-shaft of wishes old and new!*

Mum! Alheniel Mum! Alheniel Mum!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*



*Qayin Al-Batn Al-Hut! O Wanderer:
Navigator of Mysteries in the Lunar Deep,
Secure the thorn-anchor'd Cord of the Moon.
Arise Jewel of the Night Garden:
The Heart and Belly of the Fish!*

Waw! Amnixiel Waw! Amnixiel Waw!

** Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi.*

CLOSING ORATION

*Qayin Al-Qamar! O Wanderer:
O Thou moon-bound Transgressor.
Sojourner upon the Exile of Exiles:
Qayin Al-Qamar! O Wanderer:
Rose scented, thorn-pricked guest of the enemy
Upon akanthian star-steps; with cunning you do show:
A constellated night-flower attended by the Djinn
The eight and twenty petals of Luna's bloody Rose
* Stimulus Ego Sum Tibi! O Qayin Al-Qamar!
Where a thorn is tended, a rose may ever grow!*

The Charm of the Forge

*Into Qayin's forge the first earth is laid,
by seven tongues charmed and by seven tongues flayed;
And from the first earth the first metal is made,
but the old clay must break to nourish the Blade.*

*The Flame of the Forge is the Lair of the Snake,
it remembers the Gods that some men forsake.
So within Qayin's Forge the knife it must turn,
to gain its own power where others must burn;
And within Qayin's Oven will mark the clay-bread
to show the Old Gods whom the Serpent has wed.*

*Some it will mark and these are the Few,
And some it will shun and others eschew.
The Blessed are They who shall nourish the Flame
who shall pass through the Forge to gain a new name.
The Cursed are Those who shall nourish the Fire,
yet pass not beyond the Door of Qayin's Pyre.*

*So come ye, my Kindred and cleave to the Blade,
for such is the Path to some men forbade.
For now in Qayin's Forge the first metal is laid;
by seven charms purged and by seven charms flayed;
and from the first metal seven others are made,
for the old clay must burn to temper the Blade.*

*The Sun it shall rise, yet here ever fall,
to nourish the Flame that heedeth the Call.
From out of the Forge the knife is drawn pure
by Hammer and Smith its measure made sure.
And the fall of the Sun shall strike the blade true;
the Path is here shown for the Chosen and Few.*



**Et Ducam tertiam partem per Ignem et
uram eas sicut uritur Argentum et probabo
eos sicut probatur Aurum.**

The Rite of Five Nails

THE PATTERN OF THE RITE:

Let the rite take place on a hill-top affording a good view of the surrounding land. It is worked on the full moon and the conjuration begun at midnight. The working circle is marked in white powders and divided into an equal-armed cross, in the centre of which burns a large fire. Three large, pale stones mark the cardinal points of East, South and West and a lantern is placed upon them. In the north stands an altar made of stones, or logs and upon this is placed a black cloth and the tools of the rite.

Iron tongs

A hammer

Four horseshoes

Five large nails

An iron knife or Farriers knife

A large dish of water

A lantern

. A metal chafing dish of resinous incense⁵

Leather gloves

A cup made of horn

Bread and wine

Horse or human bones

Suitable offerings for the spirit

This rite is for the use of one or more participants. The practitioners are robed and staves or stangs are used within the circle. The circle's powders are cast,

⁵ Myrrh or Opoponax, mixed with Dittany of Crete and some of the practitioner's own blood.

the fire built, lanterns lit and all tools laid out before the working begins.

OPENING THE RITE:

All participants cross into the working circle from the east, kneel at the threshold of the circle and then raise their hands in salute to the altar in the north, as they rise and cross over. All Practitioners enter the circle in silent contemplation.

When all are entered therein, the circle is then traced three times by one of the practitioners using the knife blade. Beginning in the east and turning deosil.

When this is done, all gather in silence around the fire. The circle is opened with the charm:

*Four ways cross in this circle,
The gates to both Heaven and Hell,
May St. Michael stand betwixt them,
When we hear the Summoner's knell.
Unassailable to all spirits,
He stands at the Lord's right hand,
By his power to ward the crossroads
May he bless this holy ground.*

The fire is then lit with the charm:

*When Tubal walked the earth,
In search of sacred fire,
He stole a glowing ember,
That spat from Old Cain's pyre,
He placed it in a lamp,*

*He fashioned by cunning arte,
Now you shall be the spark,
To make this fire start!*

The charm is repeated and the mill turned, deosil, until the fire is ablaze. The four horse shoes and the five nails are placed in the hearth. The chafing dish is put into the fire until the incense begins to smoulder – then it is removed but incense added throughout the rite.

In the east – the lantern is raised and then processed around the circle, deosil – saying:

*Old Tubal Cain!
We call upon you,
Upholder of the Light of the World,
To illuminate the darkness,
Even as the Morning Star rises
Before the Sun at dawn!*

Do likewise in the south and west, saying:

*Old Tubal Cain!
We call upon you,
Maker of the plough-share,
That cleaves the good earth,
To bring forth the harvest,
At noon-tide!*

*Old Tubal Cain!
We call upon you,
Wielder of the lightning bolt,
That strikes the rock,
To bring forth the waters of wisdom
At twilight's hour!*

In the north the lantern from the altar is raised, processed around the circle, saying:

*Old Tubal Cain!
We call upon you,
Turner of Heaven's eternal mill,
To feed us forever
With the grain of truth.
May your voice be as the summoning bell,
At Midnight's chimel*

THE RITE PROPER:

All turn the mill. When the horseshoes are hot and glowing they are removed from the fire one at a time, with the tongs. Four of the nails are also removed. Each horseshoe is processed around the circle, deosil, beginning in the east, and held aloft with the tongs saying:

*Here's one for the red horse,
In the East,
May her spirit be never slain!
Her heart it beats,
With the power of the forge,
And she was raised by Old Tubal Cain!*

While donning the glove, the first nail is picked up, held aloft and processed around the circle and the charm repeated. In the east, the horseshoe is positioned on the ground, at the circle's edge (The shoe should be placed correct side down, with the opening facing towards the fire). The nail is brought over to it. The nail is hammered through the horseshoe into the ground with three strong blows and the charm repeated a third time.

Repeated for the south, west and north respectively using the following charms:

*Here's one for the bay horse,
In the South,
May his spirit be never slain!
His hooves they strike,
With the strength of Iron,
And he was shod by Old Tubal Cain!*

*Here's one for the grey horse,
In the West,
May her spirit be never slain!
Her blood it flows,
Like the river of time,
And she was broke by Old Tubal Cain!*

In the north the horseshoe is positioned directly in front of the altar.

*Here's one for the black horse,
In the North
May his spirit be never slain!
His cry it chills,
To freeze the soul,
And he was rid by Old Tubal Cain!*

When all four horseshoes have been hammered in, the circle is shod and ready for the work.

The participants turn the mill, deosil and stamp heavily upon the ground, clap, or beat the ground in a steady rhythm with their sticks. The hammer is beaten upon the tongs until the sounds begin to seem as a continuous heart beat. The following charm is repeated over and over (or interspersed with any of the four previous charms).

*One for the Red,
One for the Bay,
One for the Black,
And one for the Grey,
Each one alone,
Or as quadriga be,
All four as one,
As one shall be!*

The mill turning, chanting and stamping, etc., is to continue until words can no longer be formed clearly in the mind, or a sentence uttered. It is as if the heart beat rhythm fills the entire circle and the mill has taken on a life of its own – whirling the participants round and around – in a breathless revelry.

The practitioner previously elected to do so, steps out of the mill and prepares to begin the conjuration of Tubal Cain. Incense is offered up, the fire stoked and any other offerings given. Other practitioners may continue to turn the mill, stamp and chant as directed by spirit.

THE CONJURATION:

*Old Tubal Cain – Lord of all Smithery!
Lord of Horsemen, Master of all Artifice!
Keeper of Knowledge, Guardian of the Threshold!
Walk amongst us and be here with us!*

All repeat – *Walk amongst us and be here with us!*

*Stride through the pillars of the world,
Upon which you engraved all wisdom,
· That no flood or fire might erase!
Articulator of the Word, incline your ear!*

*Stride now Lord, to this circle's edge
As we now here assemble.
Walk amongst us and be here with us!*

All repeat – *Walk amongst us and be here with us!*

*Lord of all cunning craft,
Did you not grasp your power,
When you beheld your ancestor – the Master Cain,
Entangled in the thicket?
Like unto a Stag,
By his antlers was he held fast,
Old, wild and long-lived,
Weary through wandering.*

*Cain! Beheld as a wild beast!
Your blind father's hand you guided,
To shoot straight the arrow!
And lo, child of Zillah,
Your quarry was brought down!
For by your guile was Cain's life ended,
And your mastery of artifice begun!*

*As great as your ancestor – and yet more,
The control of iron, brass and alloys was yours!
Through toil, sweat and blood.
Consumed by the forge was your spirit,
Your blood as molten metal – surging,
Your breath as the bellows – blasting,
Your heart-beat as the sound of iron – pounding,
Your eyes as the eternal flame – scorching,
Your loins as the furnace – burning,
Your skin afire to cast all flesh away!*

*Disciple of Azazel, bearer of the witch-fire,
By angle and construct all measurement,*

*Of time and space you evolved,
Within the temple and without,
The contrivance of All was yours,
The diurnal round metered out.*

*Old Tubal Cain, you did fashion,
A lantern of such design,
That sparks from the Angels who fell to earth,
Were captured therein, to shine for all time,
That the world would be illumined
By their great spirits,
For the avatar of the Light of the World,
Are you, standing between Heaven and Hell
To guide those who walk between!*

*Lord of the forge-fire,
Creator of plough and sword alike,
Patterner of the Bit to command horse-power,
Whisperer of the word to govern the steed!
Three nails you forged by your own hand,
To pin the Son of Adam to his fate!
All of these are your words and deeds!*

Lord Tubal Cain –Walk amongst us and be here with us!

*May your shadow be as a blessing,
That falls across the moon,
May your approach be as a storm,
Breaking at this circle's edge,
May your shout be as a lightning crack,
That sets the fire ablaze!
May your holy and infernal flame,
Illuminate our hearts and minds – evermore*

Lord Tubal Cain –Walk amongst us and be here with us!

All repeat: Walk amongst us and be here with us!

The conjuration proceeds as directed by the Spirit.
May Old Tubal Cain bless the rite.

BINDING THE RITE:

When the tides of the rite have subsided, wine is brought forth in the cup from the altar. It is shared among the participants with the bread. A suitable charm is said for this purpose.

This done, the bowl of water is taken from the altar and held aloft towards the moon, if visible. This is then thrown onto the fire to douse the flames. The fifth nail is then taken up from the fire with the tongs. The embers from the centre of the fire are to be cleared away to expose the ground beneath. The nail is taken in the gloved hand, held aloft and then brought down to the centre of the circle. It should be hammered into the ground with three strong blows to seal the rite. The following charm should be said:

*When Tubal walked the earth,
In search of sacred fire,
He stole a red hot nail,
That fell from Old Cain's pyre,
He fixed it in the sky,
So the plough would never veer,
Now you shall be the nail,
To bind this power here!*

The rite is then bound with the charm:

*Four gates in this circle round,
Each by holy iron bound,
Upon St. Michael do we call,
That by his shield and mighty sword,
And our pledge upon the Word,*

*All things herein be done,
And this rite bound as one.*

When all is done, the participants salute the altar by raising both hands. Lanterns are extinguished in silence from east to north. All to exit the circle via the west.

End



The Hammer's Song

*Let the flame wax strong 'til the blaze leap high
From this offering I have made;
For I bid Thee now, O Tubalo—
Set thine Hand to forge the Blade!
Let the bellows-breath of the Ancient Winds
Blow hard upon the fire,
And raze to ash the myriad worlds
That writhe within the Pyre!
'Neath clay-born flesh and clay-bound mind
The Iron Bone lay concealed,
Yet now 'midst the conflagration of all
The seed of the Sword is revealed!
As the mote breeds the Nail, and the Nail flashes red,
Illusion's divider is born; for this Blade of Black Iron
Doth outshine the White Sun,
That out from Qayin's furnace is drawn!
And now on the Anvil the Hammer sings loud,
Held firm by the hand of the Lord;
Struck as the death-knell of night's darkest heart,
To prove and temper the Sword;
Quenched in the Chalice of Liliya's sweet Blood
That girds the Circle about,
Slaked in the Scarlet Ocean's full flood—
Yet its Fire will never go out!
Born of the One Star in Hearth and in Heart
Is the Fire that will never go out!*

The Golden Ossuary

Being the Assumption of the Atavistic Continuum

Let Man and Maiden convene by night in the Fields of the Holy Dead, even as did Cain and Awan, his Beloved. A threefold circle is strewn in that place with ashes, salt, or the divers earths from the collective lands of their wandering. At its centre, an Effigy of Bone is raised, surrounded by a ring of lamps. Addressing the Effigy, let ashes be offered before and upon it:

*O Thou One-Beyond-All Circles of Time and Number,
Here slain is the procession of Idols of Clay,
Here burnt is the Flesh of God,
Here strewn is the Dust of the Elder Necropolis,
The sum of my wanderings through the World-grave.*

The Effigy is processed around the circle as the prayer is made:

*O' Black Stone amidst the White Earth,
Come Forth amid the Companie of the Hooded.
Bound within the Circle of Night am I,
The Antient Procession of Virtue, now and forever.
The Voidful House of the Lord
In the Round of Hidden Fire bound.*

The Effigy is pressed to the brow, in the place of the Hidden Eye, and the procession of one's ancestors is call'd forth from Aethyr, through Memorie, unto the Flesh.

*I stand upon the Hill of Voices,
I cast my eye upon the Hollow Places,
By the Strangling-Cord of Many Knots,*

*By the Iron Nail and all it holds fast,
By Six Holy Angels and the One in their midst,
In the Place of Desolation I call unto Thee.
From the Boundaries of the Watchful
I draw forth thy Power unto the Skull of Man.*

When the very Flesh of the Votaries has been suffused with nostalgias of Spirit, an offering of blood is given using the Arthana.

*Now go I forth as the Living Flesh of Holy Cain,
By Murder and Magic first sworn of Arte,
First Charmer of Earth in Edom's Vineyard,
First Tamer of the Horse in the Fields of Meimun,
First maker of Metals in the City of Azh'munain.
I commit these words and deeds
To the Book of Spirit,
That the Wise of the Living be made whole.*

By means of the Agapae of the Wise, let the wedded Seed of the Beloved be given unto the Effigy while speaking the prayer:

*O' Cain, O' Awan,
Flesh of my first and final Adoration,
Seed I give unto thy Black Earth,
My Troth unto the Minster of the Wanton.
Glory unto the Virgin God,
Glory unto the Whore Resplendent,
Glory unto Plough and Furrow.
Three Rays of the Star I draw into the Mark,
There to serve as the Mirror of the Places Beyond
And as Thy Mighty Temple-in-Abiding.
O' Holy Communion of Flesh
I lift Thee up As the Holy Cup borne unto the High Ones,*

*The Wine of All-becoming
To bless the Ever-turning Face and Form of Witchblood.*

Let Ash, Blood, and Seed be co-mingled in a Bowl
of Offering by each consort, then used to mark their
brows with the sign of the Exile-in-Abiding.

*O' fire-fletch'd Arrow,
O' Stave-cross'd Bearer of Fate.
Let the Way be open'd in the Palace of the Skull,
The Path of the Descent of Light.*

*Light Fall upon the Trimorphic Attainer,
Unto Azrun,
Unto Nahas,
Unto Hiwa,
Unto Our Great Father,
Unto Holy Awan-Qala-Mun,
And all the Generations of the Wise.*

*Who knows the Book of Skin and Blood,
Let him read of its pages anew.
Who knows the step and the Crooked Road,
Let the Way be turn'd anew,
Let the Way be turn'd anew!*



The Birth-Rite of Gnosis:

A Consecration for the Witch-Blood

PREPARATION

Let the Seeker remove to the Place of Working, preferably in the Greenwood, in Circle or near Mound. He or She is armed with the requisite Tools of Arte: Staff, Arthana, Bell, Bowl, Fox-foot, Incense, and ashes. The Seeker, bearing Staff-of-Arte, circumambulates the ritual domain once widdershins, once deosil and once again widdershins, striking the earth with Staff during the procession. The remaining Tools are placed near the center of the Circle, or otherwise at the base of the Mound. After processing, the Initiate stands at the center of the Circle, or in front of the Mound, facing North. Permission to proceed is entreated.

The Initiate lifts the Staff in his right hand and makes the Sign of the Triple-Cross of Reckoning (✠✠✠, a downward stroke, an upward stroke to the right, then cross the first stroke horizontally to the left), saying aloud:

*In the Names of Qayin the Father,
Liliya the Mother,
And the Holy Spirit of the Hidden Intercessor:
Nema, Nema, Nema.
May the Will of Qayin be forged;
May the Milk of Liliya nourish;
And may the Blood of the Serpent envenom the Chosen Brood.*

The Seeker strikes the earth or mound once with the Staff, then strikes the Heels and the Crown of the Head. The Staff is now placed upright in the North, or

else before the Mound. The Initiate takes up the bell and strikes it three times, saying after each strike:

*One is the Wyrð,
One is the Wicc,
One is the Way.*

The bell is returned to its place. The Seeker places ash and soil in the Bowl and adds a little water, preferably gathered from a dew-pool at the previous Dark Moon. The Fox-foot is dipped into the mixture and the Seeker applies it to their forehead, tracing the sigil of an Upright Eye thereupon, and saying aloud:

*Talozhaxa Zarana Zhaxax
Zhaxahz Talakana Zhaxax
Ab Ai Ia Ko!*

INVOCATION

*Hear me, O Father of Fathers!
Hear me and be here with me,
For I am as One with Thee as ye are One with me.
Bear thee witness to this Sign of the Womb
which leads to the Stars,
The Gateway for the Breath of thee, O First-Father!
For verily I invoke thee!
I invoke the presence of the Primordial Man and Woman,
Conjoined by the Serpent-Thread of Blood!
I invoke the Gnosis of the Right and the Wrong of the Beginning!
O Dual Way! O Forked Tongue! O Divided Tree!
I stand upon the Mound of the Father,
The Womb and Tomb of the Mother:
The earthly image of the Upright Eye.
I knock thrice – One is the knock,
The Knell upon the Place of Birth and the All-Seeing.
Hear my words, O Master Qayin!*

*May they become my deeds,
And the fulfillment of this rite of rebirth in thine Eyes.
Mark well this Covenant
And grant me the Vision of thy Kingdom
And thy Eternity-in-Exile.*

The Initiate takes up the Arthana and cuts the Sigil of Qayin into his left palm. When the blood flows freely, he places it firmly upon forehead saying:

*I anoint my brow with the Sign of this Rite.
Hear me and See me, O Master Qayin!
For by this Mark, Self-Born am I!!*

The Rite is concluded by private meditation within the Circle and abiding within its endless moment of becoming. The Initiate may make offerings upon the Mound, to the Circle, and to the Spirits In-Dwelling.

The Nine Waymarks of the Polestar

THE PATTERN OF THE RITE:

Let the rite take place on a hill-top affording a good view of the surrounding land. The rite should be worked in the waxing moon, which should be visible but not so full as to obliterate the light of the stars.

The ritual space is laid out as two intersecting circles. The pattern of the first circle is formed by a circle of nine large, flat stones positioned at regular intervals, within a ring of powders and salt. This is the Circle of Earth. The first stone of this circle is positioned exactly north-east. This is the point which one crosses to enter the Circle of Earth— this is known as the Unblessed Stone.

The second circle is sited to the north of the first. It is prepared only with an outline of powders and is otherwise empty. This is the Circle of the Stars. The two circles intersect at the north-east and north-west points of the Circle of Earth. The Circle of Stars can only be entered via the Unblessed Stone, where the two circles connect.

In the northern portion of the Circle of Earth, where the two circles intersect there is a fire. Around the fire is placed:

- A large dish of water
- A mirror, covered with black cloth
- An iron knife
- A large nail
- Eight lanterns

A metal chafing dish of resinous incense
Wax Tapers
Bread and wine (in a horn cup)

The circles are prepared, the fire built, lit, and all instruments laid out before the rite.

The Assembly is robed and each participant should have a 'necklace' of nine knots tied in a thick cord which measures his or her own height. At one end of the cord a noose is spliced into it, through which the other end can be pulled. This necklace is worn loosely about the neck with all the knots hanging to the front of the body.

OPENING THE RITE:

All to assemble in the area outside the ritual circles. The first among them approaches the Unblessed Stone, kneels before it and with both hands, places his or her necklace upon the stone. They rise, place the necklace around their neck, and cross into the working circle by stepping *over* the Unblessed Stone.

The Circle of Stars is cast using the nail. Beginning at the Unblessed Stone, working deosil across the circle of Earth and then out from the north-west, circling, returning back to the Unblessed Stone, stepping *across* to re-enter the Circle of Earth.

This completed others approach the Unblessed Stone, one at a time, kneeling before it and place their necklace, with both hands, upon it. Each then rises, donning the necklace, and crosses into the Circle of Earth, stepping *over* the stone.

All enter the circle in silent contemplation.

When all are entered therein, the Circle of Earth is then cast three times using the nail. Beginning on the outer edge of the second stone, turning deosil, until the final Unblessed Stone is reached. The Circle of Stars and the Circle of Earth are now cast and ready for the work. The chafing dish of incense is placed in the fire. It should be kept smouldering throughout the rite.

An appointed cup-bearer takes up the bowl of water and the mirror. The mirror is uncovered, then shown to the moon and its reflection caught in the water. Another takes up the iron knife which is borne to the Unblessed Stone and sharpened upon it. When the moon is clearly seen, reflected from the mirror, into the bowl of water, the knife is brought down to pierce the reflection and the following charm spoken:

*When the blade cuts the water,
Then it shall be seen,
That the knife it is a bridge,
Not as it should seem.
Unto Cain it is a call,
To cross the deep abyss,
That separates our Master,
From those who would be His.*

*Break the bonds of time,
From your prison, Lord, now come!
Through the door shewn in the mirror,
When thrice-times-three be One!*

Working deosil, beginning at the second stone, eight stones of the Circle of Earth are blessed with the wa-

ters scattering with the knife blade. As the stones are blessed, so the charm is spoken.

*May two, three and four,
Five, six, seven, eight, and nine,
Each be a holy waymark,
Bound outside of time.*

*By the waters of moon,
This stone most blessed be,
By the virtue of Our Master,
Three times three, times three.*

The Unblessed Stone in the north-east is reached. The mirror, bowl and knife are laid aside. The participant kneels and faces north-east looking towards the Polestar and the following charm is recited, but the stone left unblessed.

*The stone unblessed is the stone accursed!
To man the stone afeared.
For some it is the gravestone,
Waymark of turning years!*

*Bright birth-stone of his life,
Dark tomb-stone of his fate,
To the star-lit realms beyond,
It marks the hidden gate!*

The mill is turned and all pronounce the charm:

*When the first shall be the last,
And the last becomes the first,
When the One it is revealed,
No more the stone shall curse!*

THE RITE PROPER:

A lantern is taken up and lit from the fire using the wax taper. It is then processed around the Circle of Earth, deosil, until the second stone is reached. The lantern is held aloft and then placed onto the second stone. The mill is turned thrice, the following charm thrice-spoken:

*The second of nine waymarks,
Seven virtues more to grasp,
May the forge of Old Cain,
Fire our Crooked Path.*

All assembled hold fast the ninth, lowest knot upon their necklace. Let all look within and realise the light of Cain's Forge.

A second lantern is taken up and lit from the fire, then processed around the Circle of Earth, deosil, until the third stone is reached. The lantern is held aloft and then placed onto the third stone. The charm is spoken three times as the mill is turned thrice.

*The third of nine waymarks,
Six virtues more to grasp,
May the plough-share of Old Cain,
Furrow our Crooked Path.*

All initiates hold the eighth, second-lowest, knot upon their necklace. Let all look within and realise the pattern of the plough. This procedure continues likewise around the circle with a lantern being lit from the fire and placed on the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth stones. The following charms are recited

three times as the mill is turned thrice for each stone.

Let all work the necklace from the seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth, third and second knots consecutively towards the throat as each charm is said. They should look within and realise the virtues of Cain.

*The fourth of nine waymarks,
Five virtues more to grasp,
May the lantern of Old Cain,
Illumine our Crooked Path.*

*The fifth of nine waymarks,
Four virtues more to grasp,
May the witch-blood of Old Cain,
Feed our Crooked Path.*

*The sixth of nine waymarks,
Three virtues more to grasp,
May the breath of Old Cain,
Command our Crooked Path.*

*The seventh of nine waymarks,
Two virtues more to grasp,
May the tongue of Old Cain,
Charm our Crooked Path.*

*The eighth of nine waymarks,
One more virtue now to grasp,
May the Mark of Old Cain,
Grave our Crooked Path.*

*The ninth of nine waymarks,
The mystery almost done!
When thrice times three is nine,
Like unto Cain shall I be as One!*

When this procedure is completed the bowl of waters

is taken up and held aloft. Each member of the Companie drinks from the bowl. When each has supped, he or she turns a deosil mill until arriving at the first Unblessed Stone in the north-east. Looking within they 'see' the light of the waters of the moon illumined. When this is realised the final knot upon the necklace is grasped, *standing upon* the flat surface of the Unblessed Stone, facing outwards to the Circle of Stars. As he or she turns slowly deosil upon the stone, three times, still grasping the final knot, the following charm is spoken:

*Now thrice times three is Nine,
And thrice times One is Three,
As the still point of the Nail,
As One evermore, I shall be!*

When it is done the participant dismounts the Unblessed Stone and crosses into the Circle of Stars, making their way to the centre. Here they remain in stillness and focus upon the Polestar above them in the north-east, with the aide of the final knot, until the light of the Polestar is glimpsed within. Let all auguries which accompany this act be duly noted.

On completion of this procedure, all return to the Circle of Earth by once more crossing *over* the Unblessed Stone.

BINDING THE RITE:

When all have accomplished this deed and returned to the Circle of Earth, then the bowl of the Waters of the Moon is taken up once more. All remove their necklaces and baptise the final knot, nearest the noose, in the waters. The charm is spoken.

*As a bridge unto the Now!,
The waymark'd circle turned,
By the nine times three revolving,
To light eternal shall I return!*

This accomplished, the necklace is touched to the Unblessed Stone, to the forehead and then replaced around the neck. Wine is poured into the bowl and held aloft towards the stars. Bread is brought forth, divided among those gathered and dipped into the bowl. The blessing is spoken.

*When the blade cuts the earth,
Then it shall be seen,
That the plough it is a mystery,
Not as it should seem.
It turns about the Nail,
Our Good Lord's sacred Wain,
The ever-turning mill,
That ground this holy grain.*

*With this feast of bread and wine,
The plough feeds body and soul,
Now, this rite be bound as One
By the virtue of the Now!!*

All lanterns are extinguished in silence working widdershins from the ninth to the second. The fire is extinguished with any remaining liquid in the bowl. All exit the circle of Earth, to the area outside the ritual circles, by crossing over the Unblessed Stone. Necklaces are removed as the stone is crossed.

End.

Oblation Rite of Eokharnast

Being the Jading of the Three

Within the Temple of Working, arrange three horse skulls before the Altar, upon which stand three white candles. Set a horseshoe in the midst, a dagger and thurible. Three small red candles are set to one side. Begin by stomping one's left foot three times upon the floor.

*By subterfuge and cunning,
And by the reckoning of years uncounted,
Do I place with foot sure and true,
My Step in the domain of the Rider-less Ones.
By the 1 in 8 and the 8 in 1
Do I praise and illumine the visible objects of worship,
These skulls of Eokharnast Three,
In the Name of the Nameless
And by the covenant of ancestry here arrayed,
here drawn and unshod.*

Place incense within the thurible and light all six candles. Place the red candles within the horse skulls. Give praise by chanting their names: ASCONSHAI, ASTARATOË, NEMINODE. With the dagger make the offering of sacrifice: inscribe sigils in blood upon one's brow and upon the brow of the three-fold host, whilst chanting. Breathe the names into the nostrils of each skull.

*In the name of ASCONSHAI do I stand tall and proud.
In the name of ASTARATOË
do I walk the path that runs wild.
In the name of NEMINODE do I dream the circle-forge
of the Master Blackest to waking life.*

Qayin and Qolmenah, Horse-Lord and Consort-Steed!

Hear me and be here with me!

*Ride me as the horses of your eternal desire made flesh
and manifest within me the power of all-otherness.*

*For verily, 'pon the step four-fold
is cast the compass of my becoming.*

*As it is spoken so let it be done,
in the end as at the beginning of the race,
of the kingdom come.*

*By the Name and through the blood of Epinoya
let the skulls of Eokharnast Three open the stable doors
of the invisible house that resideth to the east of Eden's gate,
by the river Arpharath,
that through thy blessings alone,
may I come to abide with the Rider-less Ones of Eld,
the 8 in 1 and the 1 in 8.
For as it is written, let it also be spoken:*

*Shod in iron for steady tread
Four by Four the cooling nail
From hoof to breast, from breast to head
From head to hoof and hoof to tail.*

*Shod in iron to bind the dead
Eight-fold chains of cooling mail
From heel to heart, from heart to head
From skull of Habil, the cup of Qayin.*

*Shod in iron to run the course
Give all praise, all praise to the horse
With the four white feet
The chestnut tail and mane
With a spot on its breast
And a star on its brow
Its master's name is Qayin.*

Touch the horseshoe to one's left foot, one's heart and one's crown, and from one's crown to one's heart to one's right foot. Meditate upon the mystery of the Rider-less Ones and abide within the state of one's own jading.



The Black Priory

IX.

*My relations are in a garden in the north,
whither I once meant to bring thy father Adam.*

And under Our Moon and certain Stars, having come to a high place mark'd or sacred to St. Michael, there with shovel the earth shall be cut, shallowly, a step's breadth in the figure of a square whose points mirror the compass. And signs of wind mounting the hillock, a call of hounds, the sound of chain, or a lone walker far off, all speak well in favour of this work entire.

And kneeling in quiet before the small pit, speak to the Spirits of this lonely place, saying:

*The glorious majesty of the Lord be upon us:
prosper thou the work of our hands,
O prosper thou our handy-work.*

And the Holy Image of Cain -for only Image could it be- is withdrawn from its place of committal having been kept three days in bound sack-clothe. And down into the little grave it is given, falling, and grasped where it comes to rest. Turn then its countenance toward thy lips and there across the Head's brow three kisses are placed in a soft voice speaking '*Trespass, Trespass, Trespass*'. And to the assembled of this place seen and unseen speak:

*Abandoned too early, Known too late.
Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect and precious;
And we that believeth in him shall not be confounded.*

And there conceal this Head that only the extremities of face and gaping mouth showeth, the rest filled round with earth, and whisper unto the Image close that it may know the knock of Fate, such that it is Bound:

*This is the Lord's doing.
And it is marvellous in our eyes.*

And this Head may be seen to flesh the shadow of its former self where once it had not done so to your sight, as few retain the power, and to this hold firm and be not afear'd as it is a wondrous thing not oft beheld.

Before this lay Cross'd Keys and the Iron Bit of the Horse, the remains of a Candle Stub lit above the Head and X-marks in white powder, drawn close about the remaining quarters surrounding and a ring about them. Unto the Head now established speak again:

*Receive my Word and give me yours.
Bless'd thy Birth
Accursed thy Fall.
And Fate has Call'd us to it.*

And upon the flame of thy Lantern offer a metal disk, in semblance of Coin or Holy Bread, held fast and long by the Tongs of a Blacksmith. And this glowing circle bring down, striking the Head.

*Once Twice Thrice:
Wake and be consumed
Three Times the Lake of Fire receive thee.
Here Open the River of Flame.*

Then this Coin place within the mouth speaking: "Gold opens all Doors." And there bring down the

Light of the Nowl, and with it the Water of the Stars;
which comes not only from the sky, continued upon
this Head until thy body is chill, opening too thy vein
that the wine of thy heart wake and join this Mys-
tery.

*Above pour this
Our Water and Wine
Astride Cross-Ways
Beneath the Seal
Old Master drink deep the Anniculus.*

And the Skull-Palace of Cain touches the Primordial,
and by sign of the Horse's Bit shall He mediate be-
tween the Dragon and body of the Covine in the Seat
of St. Michael.

And with White Petals delicate mark and wreath this
Altar, with raised hands to the Spirits of Place bid
them join you, and there by means and ways call forth
the Dragon, the Serpent of Eld, that no mortal has
ever seen entire, and make you offerings of love, of
drink, dance and song, the worship to the Beast as was
done of old in remembrance of the Northern Garden.
For it is at the Height of great feeling Our Keys may
be turned, a great secret shown forth by Our Master
in all things:

The Path of Liberation is Open.

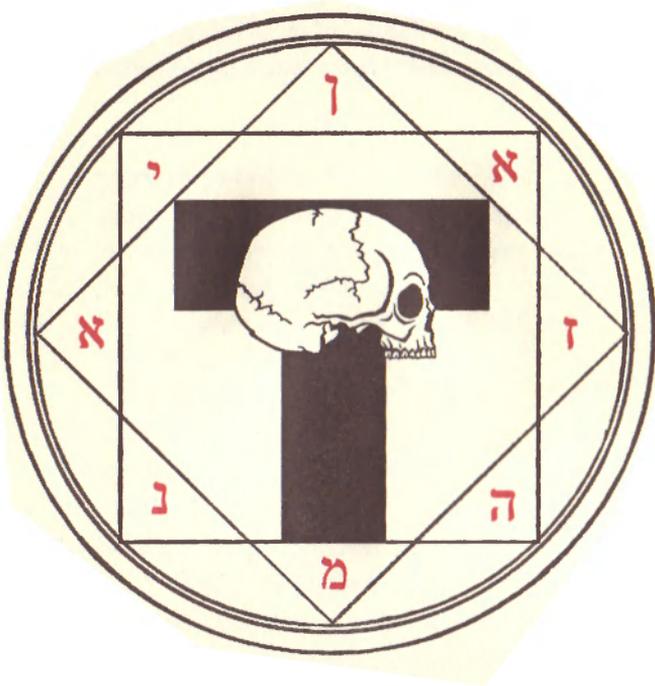
And thus before the Open Mouth of the Bleeding
Head speak of the slipping of Fate:

Beside the Dragon, who is watching, things are not guarded.

And there drive the Arrow into the Mouth of Cain,

showing forth the opening of the Double Way, of Ascent and Descent; to some the Other Tree bedecked in Miner's Lamps and Starry Splendour, the Sky-Wreathed Mountain, the Cord which strings the Moon, releasing there the Primordial, Great and Shining Ones of those who dream within.

✠ *Via Sancta* ✠ *Via Sancta* ✠ *Via Sancta*



Decree of Abnegation

*Of the Blood-wash'd Sepulchre,
Caliph am I,
The King of the Exiled and his Murderer am I.
Call me "The Vizier of Invisible Masters,"
Call me by Name,
Who am baptised 'The Lie'.*



*Gods come, gods go, but I remain
Who am their motion.
Mine is the Dance of the Sacred Infidel,
Motionless in equipoise upon the sword-tip.*



*Unflinching at the Demon's howl,
Unsmiling at the Gods' elated praise,
I perform the One-hundred postures
Of the All-Believing Mind.
The First and Last Posture I am:
The Stance of Unbecoming-in-Being.*



*From the Circle of Belief banish All Gods;
All aspects of thyself into Exile cast,
And know I am the Pleasure of that Noble Solitude.
I am the Unknown One within All:
Be Still, and know that I am.
Who follows here, follows none:
A Wayside walker of the Nameless Path.*



*By the Backward Embrace of the Fair
And the Forward Embrace of the Foul,
I attain the Crooked Gait of Perfect Love.*

*By the Backward Step unto Purity
And by the Forward step unto Perfidy
I attain the Crooked Gate toward Perfection.*



*Of the Bone-strewn Thorn Thicket
Sovereign am I,
Despoiler of Eden and its Verderer am I.
Call me "The Hedge-Prophet of Green,"
Call me Cain,
Who am baptised 'The Lie'!*



Consummatum

*Hekas, Hekas, Este Bebeloi:
By the Words of Commanding Flesh from Bone,
The Scarlet Plot is open'd.*

*In the Circle graven of Man-Dust dance I,
Ashes strewn full round to jade the Dead.
The Dusts of Hell my feet empower,
The Hollow Places bind all Profane.
In the Circle Graven of Blood dance I,
The Bounty of Life gone forth to quicken the Land
Water of Earthly Sacrifice my Hands empower
With the Blood of the First Sanctified Murder.
In the Circle Graven of the Seed of Light dance I,
Fire of Heaven anoint mine eyes
With the Shining Wisdom of Seth.
Blessed be the Heart and all Desire,
The Man and Mask as One.*

*For the Black Man is the King of the Night,
Bearer of the Skull and Horn'd Cross.
The White Man is King of the Light,
The Splendour of the Gleaming Bone.
The Red Man is the King of Blood,
Clad in fox-pelts and the Brazen Ring upon his hand.
The Green Man is the King of Prophecy
Garb'd in naught but the Greensward's kin.*

*Lamb, Loaf, and Lamp:
By the Watchwords of this Mystery,
The Golden Plot is seal'd.
Amen, Amen, Amen.*

Concerning the Proenance of the Texts

The Psalter of Cain was conceived by Frater A.D.K. of the Cultus Sabbati in 1996 and several private manuscripts were reified from that time through 1999. Envisaged from the beginning as a collective work of the Body of Sabbatic Initiates, it is now brought to fruition in the present form in the year 6016 Anno Lucis by the hand of Frater A.H.I. and the collective ingenium of the Curren.

Incipit, Prefatory Epistle, ‘Canticle of One’, ‘The Corpse-Knot’, ‘Song of the Mark’, and ‘Decree of Abnegation’, all by Frater A.D.K., are previously unpublished, composed between 1994 and 1997. “A Charm for the Road of the Down-Going Sun” and “Charm of the Forge” are both taken from the privately-published grimoire *The Dragon-Book of Essex* (1998).

“Translation and Epiphany” and “The Hammer’s Song” by Frater R.I. are both taken from the private magical work *The Devil’s Noctuary*.

“The Perfum’d Skull” by Frater A.H.I. was previously published in a different form in *The Cauldron* in 2005.

All other contributions are adapted from the private devotional materials of the covines, lodges, and solitary practitioners of the Cultus Sabbati and the Companie of the Serpent Cross, its outer sodality.

*Sapiente Liber in Pelle,
Sanguineac in Osse
Scriptum Est*

Anno Draconis II

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