

# ORDER OF THE NINE ANGLES



## Self-immolation Rite

Lyric (Chants, Words and Music)

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(Music cassette available)

### Introduction Chant

Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat Saeclum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantos tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.  
Dies irae, dies illa!

*(Music based on the Roman 'Missæ Defunctorum', Sequentiæ "Dies Iræ")*

Disembodied art thou,  
Sunk into the black Pit.  
The dark night of the soul.  
All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses  
and broken souls and gibbering idiots.  
Be not a gibbering ape!  
For all who traverse these dark spheres  
And explore their shadow selves will emerge as gods.  
I say this with my mouth which trembles in memory  
Of a time when demons walked the earth.  
The various examples of their cookery, billowing in the wind.  
But now heads roll past my feet and cast in pastry.  
The gates have opened.  
Enter dark angels, enter.  
Prepare ye for the self-immolation rite.



Before you is a silver crescent moon, touch it.  
You are now entering the dark sphere of Luna.  
This is earthly, fertile land. A moist cavernous terrain.  
A young maiden approaches wearing a crescent moon headdress and a blue robe.  
She is beautiful!  
She offers her hand in friendship.  
Touch her hand.  
Ah, smooth porcelain.  
The dew of the moon on her cheeks.  
But this is a lovely place.  
Instantly she transforms into a dark horned beast,  
Vague in shape, but clear in nature.  
The horn proceeds to impale you,  
Gouging your intestines,

Rupturing your stomach,  
Blood and vile vomits in your splitting torso.  
The horn has shattered your vertebra.  
The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws.  
You see briefly the face of a woman,  
Wrecked with laughter, mocking your very essence.  
She too now is gone into the black that nores at your astral bones.  
This is the sphere of hidden knowledge.  
The blood that continues to gush  
Has formed a glowing red pool.  
Scry now into the pool.  
It will show you secrets of what you are,  
What you want to be and what you can be.  
Keep this information clear in your mind, you will need it later.  
The thick liquid stirs.  
Look, look into the pool, you filthy regenerate.  
With a blast of my trumpet I heal your wounds.



Before you the yellow sigil of Mercury. Touch it!  
Armed with the knowledge, extracted from the pool,  
You are now entering the dark sphere of Mercury.  
This is a desolate place.  
Heat blasted by fiery tempest, scorpions eating charred animal.  
See how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds.  
The air congeals and chokes.  
Farewell happy fields. Hail, Horus, hail.  
This is the sphere of transformation.  
But do not tremble in the face of the breeze that will dismantle your features.  
Instead, be indulgent.  
Remember all that you saw in the bloody pool.  
Remember your deepest desires.  
Before you now is a black inverted pentagram.  
This is the womb of Mercury, the eye of Satan.  
This is the gateway of transformation.  
The pentagram will begin to move closer.  
You will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis.  
Your form cracking, shedding and mutating  
As it takes on the attributes scryed from the previous sphere.  
Transformation will be complete when you pass through the pentagram  
And emerge on the threshold of the next sphere as that which you desire to be.  
Only intense lust but this outcome will pull you through.  
Passivity will render you as useless ash,  
Cast into the pit of a particular nameless horror.  
But hark, the pentagram grates forth.  
Transform!



Before you is the green sigil of Venus, touch it.  
Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere.  
You are standing up to your waste in a freezing river.  
The torrent waters rushing through a valley of white lilies.  
In fruitful grows and barren planes,  
The empty shall drink and the drunk shall be empty.  
What passion is this that tears the sky with storms of blood and black flames.  
This is the sphere of ecstasy and love.  
Facing you, further up the river is a naked woman,  
Corpse white skin and long black hair.  
She crouches aside the river and menstruates into the water.  
The blood forms itself into a human figure  
Floating beneath the surface.  
With your hands begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover,  
Fashioning every part of him,  
According to your cerebral and animalistic desires.  
Now take your lover by the hands.  
Come, fill the flowing bowl  
And consonate in the turbulent waters,  
Beneath the raging sky.  
Drink now your fill and more of love.



With your lover by your side,  
I put before you the gold sigil of the sun. Touch it.

You are now entering the dark sphere of soul.  
The swords that cast their shadow over hateful paradise  
Draw back to reveal mountain rangers,  
Majestic against the sky of flame.  
You are standing on the edge  
Of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones.  
Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog  
And contained by the mountains, those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond.  
Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction.  
The corpse of your former self  
Discarded during the transformation lies in the circle centre.  
Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse.  
This sacred shell is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal.  
It seems initially that they perform gross obscenities for pleasure.  
But look closer.  
The corpse is delicately gutted and from the bones extracted,  
These creatures are constructing a tower that rises far above the mountain peaks.  
Their work finished, they withdraw bowing to your superiority  
And divine disposition.  
They light a protective circle of fire around the stones.  
This is the sphere of vision, understanding and prophecy.  
Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top.  
Here, you will see your kingdom  
Surrounding stretching out far into the solar fire of increase.  
See your temples, your riches, your works all in progress.  
Contemplate all that you have now and all that you hope to achieve.  
In your journey so far as a dark messiah,  
Take pleasure for you can make anything possible.



I put before you the red sigil of Mars. Touch it.  
You are now entering the fifth dark sphere.  
You are still in the tower,  
But see how a long despairing shadow now falls over you,  
Cast from above by a black angel.  
What horror is this?  
What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions?  
Look, the sky is blackened with smoke.  
Have you enjoyed the seen so far?  
Consider again your kingdoms.  
They've been eaten by flames.  
Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage and  
Become bloated on the torrents of blood and  
The anguish disembowelment of your minions.  
What is *(this)*? (*Verse not understandable*)  
I am a hideous dead rise to strangle the living, eaten, necks and  
Heads split, broken on strange scaffolding to steal out vile jelly.

The shrieks of the dying fill your ears until they bleed.  
Blood also pours from your mouth that hangs open in horror.  
This is the sphere of sacrifice, death and destruction.

Your hair is falling out. Look down!  
Entities are now dismantling the tower and they look hungry.  
Someone is missing.  
There by a sacrificial stone your lover is being hung,  
Drawn and quartered by black rot skeletons and  
Other such animated carcasses.  
Sanity leaves in a gouge of an eye.  
Repulsive entities have torn you to the ground.  
But they are saving you till last  
When you will begin special and lengthy treatment.  
But now they wish you to watch the destruction of all that you are,  
Delighting in your contorting face that bleeds and weeps,  
And becomes a masque of death.  
I will have to leave you here,  
For what even I can't bear such terrible sights.  
I may be back in time to save you,  
But don't count on it.  
Solids for the wretched! There is only damnation.

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I have returned and I see you twitch with life.  
Verily, thou art strong of mind, which is the food that raises a few.  
Here I give you the violet sigil of Jupiter. Touch it.  
And enter the calm wilderness of the sixth dark sphere.  
Here, there is a soft sound and silence.  
The crimson sky is starry and peaceful as you,  
Like cool water in your skull.  
Stretch out your limbs.  
Reclimb like the albatross that rests his heavy back  
Upon the graciousness of the hedge.  
Relax, but mind the various cushions that lead to a shattering  
Of limbs upon vicious rock formations.  
Every sphere needs amusement.  
All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered.  
Do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover.  
Death too is a natural process, reliable, honourable and endearing.  
This is the sphere of wisdom.  
Running towards you now is a child,  
Made entirely of a white brilliance.  
It stands before you and the light becomes as a mirror which reflects only you,  
Devoid of those things that you thought will bring power and respect.  
The power within begins to stir.

You begin to realise that you do not need anything,  
That just yourself is enough.  
Stay a while in this sphere and meditate upon self-reliance, self love, self power  
And the kingdom within.



Now, before you is the end to go. Sigil of Saturn. Touch it!  
You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere.  
You are standing on a hill beneath a clear night sky.  
Directly above is the star known as NAOS.  
It pulsates and grows, illuminating and expectant.  
The land around is strewn with the burning shots of a dying aeon.  
Suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express.  
When the appearance is burned to ash and the essence is revealed.  
This is the sphere of CHAOS.  
You have now become all that you have learned during this journey of self evolution.  
You are the essence of everything.  
And via this alchemical process  
You understand that power resides purely in the quality of self-honesty.  
With this knowledge, you have the choice to alter your life and  
The world in which ever way you feel is necessary.  
With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky.  
Blow winds, crack the temporal.  
See how the sky splits open at your command.  
A purple rend tears his way across the heavens.

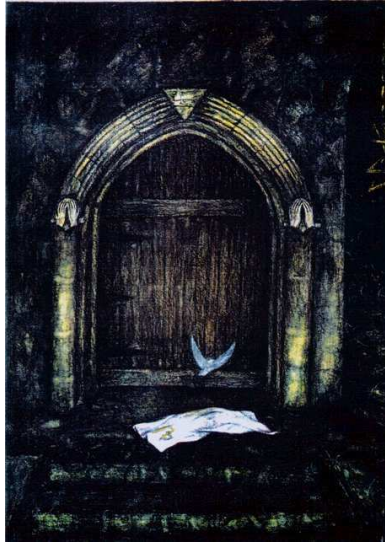
### **AGIOS O ATAZOTH!**



Black nebula's shapes descend from the rend to gradually envelop the hill.  
The gates are aligned. They are returning.  
Now is the new aeon, now is chaos.

## VINDEX EST PERTUROS!

Embodied art thou, you have burned your cross.  
You have dragged yourself up from the excrement  
That was your life and now on your black wings you (*offer*).  
So go forth, dark messiah.  
The world is yours. Destroy and create.



AGIOS O VINDEX!



