

# In Nomine Babalon



156  
Adorations  
to the  
Scarlet Goddess

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Babalon

*156 Adorations  
to the  
Scarlet Goddess*

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This book was written in 2011 ev  
by one who adores the Goddess,  
whose seal is thus:



Excerpts of "The Thunder, Perfect Mind" taken from the Nag Hammadi Library,  
translated by George W. MacRae.

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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

Ave Babalon!

*For I am the first and the last.  
I am the honored one and the scorned one.  
I am the whore and the holy one.  
I am the wife and the virgin.  
I am the mother and the daughter.  
I am the members of my mother.  
I am the barren one  
and many are her sons.  
I am she whose wedding is great,  
and I have not taken a husband.  
I am the midwife and she who does not bear.  
I am the solace of my labor pains.  
I am the bride and the bridegroom,  
and it is my husband who begot me.  
I am the mother of my father  
and the sister of my husband  
and he is my offspring.  
I am the slave of him who prepared me.  
I am the ruler of my offspring.  
But he is the one who begot me before the time on a birthday.  
And he is my offspring in due time,  
and my power is from him.  
I am the staff of his power in his youth,  
and he is the rod of my old age.  
And whatever he wills happens to me.  
I am the silence that is incomprehensible  
and the idea whose remembrance is frequent.  
I am the voice whose sound is manifold  
and the word whose appearance is multiple.  
I am the utterance of my name.*

Excerpt from  
"The Thunder, Perfect Mind"

I

To the Lady of Life do I sing this praise  
Of worship and love to the end of my days!  
Let all open ears hear my acclamation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

II

Even the juggler spinning his arte  
Knows that the secret is found in the heart!  
The magick he weaves is a grand illusion,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

III

I wish to be lost in Your mysteries deep;  
Within Your embrace, I fall fast asleep.  
Your great black sea I am floating upon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

IV

Benevolent king with the power of four  
Jupiter reigns o'er the rich and the poor.  
Grant us compassion, o merciful Kwan,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

V

Thou goddess who pours out the life of the stars  
And kneels by the water with Your golden jars  
From which flows the life that You have just drawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

VI

The hierophant's words are the prophet's, forsooth;  
His voice in the silence is whispering truth!  
With the masks of the cherubs all looking on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

VII

Thou virgin so pure, it is Thee I adore,  
Thou art seven in one and one in four!  
O mother of nature, I thee call upon;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

VIII

Oh lady who closes the mouth of the beast,  
The might of the lion subdued by the least;  
Overpowered by love and not coercion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

IX

As the moon reflects the light of the sun,  
We also reflect the light of the One!  
As each of our stars forever shines on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

X

Thou art one earth, the mother of all!  
Thou art the womb from where man did first crawl  
And where he returns when his life is gone!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XI

Lady of lust on the back of the Beast,  
The lion, the serpent, the star of the east  
Rising and shining new light on Zion;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XII

O Babalon! Babalon! Thou mighty mother  
That ridest upon the crowned Beast and no other!  
Drunk on the wine of Your fornication,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XIII

Oh Thou who art unity sent from above  
To redeem the fallen with Your perfect love!  
They shall be pure as the newly born fawn;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XIV

Thou art the hermit alone on the peak  
And also the adept who climbs up to seek  
The wisdom of sages and their reflection.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!



XV

The seed and the root and the leaf and the bud  
Will flower and fruit by the grace of Thy blood  
That is drawn from the earth in transmutation.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XVI

Glory to Babalon! Glory to She  
Who guards the Abyss from Her mystical seal!  
The grace of Her splendor deservedly won,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XVII

Thou dressed in purple, Thou dressed in scarlet,  
O Thou precious jewel and gold bedecked harlot,  
Thy golden cup filled with abomination;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XVIII

The charioteer in his armor of gold  
Drawn without reins by the sphinxes four-fold!  
Blazing in glory, the sign of the sun,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XIX

The incense is smoking, the candles are lit  
As I bend down to kiss the forefinger of IT  
And pray at the altar You're seated upon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XX

Time ticking on like the hands of a clock  
Calls forth the god with the head of a hawk!  
The aeon of fire will rain down upon;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXI

Lady of night with Your serpent You dance,  
Entwining me into a mystical trance.  
Your voice singing sweetly, a siren wanton;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXII

Oh virgin who sits in Her garden of wheat  
With the shield of the Empress set at Her feet,  
The form of the double-head eagle thereon;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXIII

The stillness of water, a lullaby sung;  
The truth is inverted and motionless hung  
On the cross of the dying god's crucifixion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXIV

Not on the mountain and not in the forest,  
Her hermits are Kings and not of the poorest.  
Soft beds of purple do they lie upon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXV

Exposing the old lies told by the priest,  
She's promulgating the Age of the Beast -  
The great lion-serpent She's riding upon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXVI

In temples they're blowing the horn of the ram  
As black brothers prepare to slaughter the lamb;  
Submitting to death as they smear the pylon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXVII

The children of Horus will dance in the street  
When old ways have died and become obsolete!  
Enslavement of nations forever withdrawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXVIII

Love one another, love without shame!  
Unite with each other in Her holy name!  
Feeling the serpent in its ascension,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXIX

Teach me Your secrets, Your mysteries deep,  
As I lie down between the two towers to sleep  
And Khephra creeps up towards the east horizon.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXX

Like children we dance amongst earthly delight,  
With the sun up above giving life, giving light!  
Morning dew sparkles like diamonds at dawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXI

The heroic quest of the fool of God  
As he reaches toward light with his golden rod,  
The Way of the Mystic he's treading upon.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXII

O harlot! O whore! O Thou without shame,  
Illuminate me with Thy mystical flame!  
Thy seal on my heart will be burnt upon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXIII

In the aftermath of the dying god,  
Natural law will succeed the synod  
Revealing the glory of Revelation;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXIV

In Her love chant She is calling to all -  
The beast and the man, the great and the small.  
Listen within and you will hear Her beckon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXV

I invoke Your name as I face to the west  
And drink the amrita that drips from Your breast.  
The milk of the stars will I feed upon  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXVI

Anoint me with oil of galangal and myrrh  
And oil of olives kept virgin and pure  
With the fiery spirit of cinnamon;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXVII

The sun's own flame burning inside Your heart  
With the fiery malice of Hades' black art;  
Belching out liquid fire, a tide of crimson!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXVIII

Myst'ry of myst'ry Thou goddess divine!  
Anoint me with blood as I kneel at Your shrine!  
Bless me with the weapon of Avalon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XXXIX

Consummate love in the sphere of the sun  
As we ascend to the light of the One!  
There we will burn away all illusion.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XL

Hear the charge of the Goddess, "To me! To me!"  
As She beckons to those who wish to be free;  
Calling Her children from hither and yon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLI

Mother of nature and womb of all life,  
Everyone's lover but nobody's wife!  
Thou virgin! Thou whore! Thou elder matron!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLII

Comfort me Mother, enfold me in bliss,  
Destroy me and keep me from that black Abyss  
And from the deceiving tongue of Choronzon  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLIII

Let all hail the cult of the Ruby Star  
Whose temples are scented with cinnabar,  
We dance in the bliss of a new religion;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLIV

Embrace me! Enshrine me in infinite love  
By the glory and grace of the descending dove!  
As the Conquering Child declares his Aeon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLV

The perfect and perfect are one and not two!  
Indeed they are nothing, according to Nu  
Who arches Her body to each horizon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLVI

O be thou mighty and proud among men!  
Thy stature shall rise to the top of the ten -  
The sigil of Baphomet there written on;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!



XLVII

We exceed all in our splendor and pride,  
For we are the Kings and have nothing to hide  
From the agents of folly and their corruption!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XLVIII

Now let the woman be girt with a sword,  
She bows down to no man, submits to no lord!  
Her strength is her armor, her father the sun,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

IL

Thou art voluptuous, O Scarlet Flower,  
Blossoming under the lightning-struck tower  
That falls into ruin in Armageddon  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

L

I drink from Your cup 'til my very last breath;  
Your sting, like the scorpion, bringing sweet death.  
On my tomb shall Your seal be written upon  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LI

I feel so much love that it causes me pain.  
The orgasmic rapture as my heart is slain,  
Your holy altar, I pour my blood on  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LII

I make pure the temple and clear out the fog  
For God will not come to live in a dog!  
As I purge myself from the base and common,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LIII

Wanton and lustful, the Lord's concubine,  
You give yourself freely to heathen and swine!  
Even as Titania loves Oberon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LIV

Armed with a chalice and magickal wand,  
A sword and a disc to help seal the bond.  
As I call You forth in my invocation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LV

Keep silent but dare to will and to know,  
For only by this will you learn how to go!  
The Sphinx lays the groundwork that you build upon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LVI

Arouse the splendor and put on the wings  
For to love Her surpasses all things  
As the priestess chants her incantation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LVII

My altar prepared with the sigil of Dee,  
I ready my temple to call upon Thee!  
The language of angels, my invocation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LVIII

I sing out my love for the harlot divine  
Accepting Your grace with baptism of wine!  
By Isis, Osiris and Apophis-Typhon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LIX

I call to the God of Force and Fire  
To ignite the spark of my lady's desire  
And to fan the flames of my burning passion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LX

Live life without shame, live life without guilt,  
For there is no law beyond Do What Thou Wilt!  
With no fear of sin or of inquisition,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXI

This is the Truth, verily, this is the Truth!  
Unto thee shall be granted joy, wealth and youth  
If thou concedeth to dissipation!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXII

Sit in the dark, watch the candle-flame flicker,  
I sip from Your cup and taste of Your liquor.  
Feeling the heady intoxication,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXIII

Thou art the mother, the sister, the whore,  
Thou who art life, Thee! Thee I adore!  
Thou art most beautiful, o scarlet woman,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXIV

Thou goddess of all life, pregnant from birth,  
The mother of every creature on earth  
And the dance of every constellation!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXV

Love under the stars, I am taking my fill!  
As Adonai guides me to my True Will  
And my Angel's Knowledge and Conversation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXVI

Seven are the heads of the Beast that She rides!  
Concealed, Her star in the firmament hides  
The mystery of Her initiation!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXVII

Understanding ar: Thou, the Sea of Binah;  
The sacred black mystery of Your kiblah!  
Savoring the waters of oblivion,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXVIII

I pour my life into Your golden chalice,  
I pour out my life for the promise of bliss.  
Drink every drop of the elixir You've drawn  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXIX

Your skin alabaster, Your hair is aflame,  
In passionate orgy I call out Your name;  
Entangled in sexual bliss until dawn  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXX

I reel from Your wine, my face becomes ashen;  
Abiding alone, its name is compassion.  
Curse the black brothers and their delusion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXI

The gateway is open, the guardians called;  
The vision bewilders and holds me enthralled!  
The image is difficult to look upon.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXII

I call upon Thee, Guardian of the Abyss,  
Whose secrets are kept by the sacred ibis  
And sealed by the magick of King Solomon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXIII

From the sum of existence, the body of Nu,  
Comes the seat of Wisdom, the mystical two.  
The yod is the seed of divine redemption!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXIV

The scales are in balance, the feather of Maat  
Reverses the order and All becomes Naught!  
The ox with his goad shall be driven on;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXV

I call on my angel to show me the light,  
The essence of Chaos to lend me its might  
To bear all the ecstasy You lay upon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXVI

Hecate, Artemis, Kali, Isis,  
Gaea, Diana, Ishtar and Eris,  
Demeter and Nemesis I call upon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXVII

Seven and seventy droplets of dew  
And seven plus seven by seven are two,  
Plus seventy-seven reflecting the dawn;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXVIII

O Lady of Earth, Your name I exalt,  
For You are the life, the bread and the salt!  
I extol the beauty of Your creation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!



LXXIX

I invoked Your magick and You did respond  
And gave me the secret to help seal the bond  
That we have created with our union!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXX

Isis is veiled as she sits on her throne  
Her mysteries hide the philosopher's stone.  
She holds in her lap the Tarot canon.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXI

The birds in the sky flying over the trees,  
Spreading their wings, each one glides on the breeze!  
Your breath is the wind that carries them on;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXII

Holy and Holy and Holy art Thou!  
Thou art the aleph and also the tau!  
Ecstatic we dance lost in sweet abandon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXIII

Droplets of water, like tinkling bells,  
Fall from the cup of the Princess of Shells.  
From mellifluous depths is her liquor drawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXIV

I open my eyes and awaken from sleep  
And shatter the dream that has held me so deep.  
It all fades away in disillusion,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXV

An end to the reign of the self-crowned fraud  
Whose deceit is destroyed with the House of God!  
As the aeon surrenders to its destruction,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXVI

Those who are selfish cannot understand  
The mystery of the gold cup in Your hand.  
From Your holy kisses they have withdrawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXVII

The servants of slave gods are down on their knees;  
Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit upon these!  
While they await battles from visions by John,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXVIII

The taste of Your nectar is sweet on my lips,  
Shrouding my soul in a lunar eclipse.  
The darkening shadow a Stygian swan,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

LXXXIX

Each of the worlds sacred truths is but half;  
From mighty Jehovah to the golden calf,  
The gospel of Jesus or Holy Quran.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XC

It is from Your water that all form is cast  
For You are the first, as well as the last!  
O great Mother of Abomination,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XC I

'Tis Thy virgin daughter so lovely and fair,  
The light of the Lord is her golden hair!  
With legions of angels all looking on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XC II

My head in the heavens, my feet below hell;  
Your love flowing through me, I'm under Your spell!  
Your magickal energy flows on and on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XC III

The word of the Law equals ninety and three,  
The word by which mankind will someday be free  
Of the chains of slavery and oppression!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XC IV

Nearing its end, Christianity lurches,  
Unable to maintain the lies of the churches.  
As the new age reveals the unholy con,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XCV

The queen on her throne by the waters so still,  
The unbroken surface reflecting her will.  
Peaceful and tranquil is her illusion,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XCVI

Thou gate of all life who art mother to all  
Giving Your essence to those who do call.  
Your love fortified by the light of the sun,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XCVII

The sweet smell roses, of jasmine and myrrh,  
The fragrance of lilac reminds me of Her!  
In Her garden I am a frolicking faun,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

XCVIII

The blinding white light of the glorious Crown  
Flashes from the top of the tree on down  
To the daughter awaiting her consummation!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

IC

We pass from this life and dissolve into naught  
And our hearts are weighed with the feather of Maat.  
Escort me to your eternal mansion;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

C

The wheels of the universe spinning around,  
From tiniest matter to pure spirit crowned!  
From great galaxies to the unseen neuron!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CI

Thou art Malkah and Betulah and Kore!  
Thou art Aphrodite, Thou art Hathor!  
Thou art Inanna and Thou art Turan,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CII

Your love is pure light from without and within,  
Free me from restriction, the bondage of sin.  
The blood is the life I will drink till it's gone!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CIII

Without You I'm empty, I'm only a shell.  
Give me sweet life, let me drink from Your well;  
Guard and protect me all night until dawn!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CIV

The kings of the earth shall be kings forever!  
The strong ones shall rule and the weak shall never,  
From the sign of the ram does the Emperor look on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CV

While the goat-headed god plays a hymn on his flute,  
I lie down at the feet of the prostitute.  
She stands on the altar, rejoicing thereon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CVI

Bringing relief from the sickle of death  
And the reign of the Kingdom of Nazareth;  
Planting the seed of new hope for Zion.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CVII

Misunderstood and reviled by some  
To whom divine truth is but opium.  
While the priest threatens hell and Armageddon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CVIII

I give up my ego and all that I am,  
I shall be bled whiter than a spring lamb!  
Surrender my life and become as Her pawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CIX

Your whispering voice is the wind in the trees,  
A sweet melody carried on a warm breeze.  
The scent of Your breath, it's here then it's gone,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CX

Arouse me with the caress of Your finger  
In the warmth of Your embrace let me linger.  
You're my lover, my friend and my companion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!



CXI

The prophet's a fool with his one, one, one!  
Are they not the ox and by the book, none?  
The secret is hidden in numeration,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXII

Cups overflow with the waters of love,  
Two side by side receive grace from above.  
From the heart of the lotus, passion flows on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXIII

Swimming in aether like fish in a stream,  
We float through this life, sleepers caught in a dream.  
We swim to the sea of intoxication!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXIV

The brine of the sea is the salt of Her tears  
As man has forgotten for two thousand years  
That the earth is sacred, his holy matron!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXV

Thou art the light, Thy star in within me,  
Exploding in spiritual alchemy!  
Thy love is the key to my redemption;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXVI

To his lady the Beast sings a lustful tune  
For he is a sun and his lady a moon.  
Their love is creation, the world is their spawn!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXVII

As I come through the ordeal which is bliss,  
Careful I tread to avoid the Abyss  
And escape the clutches of Choronzon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXVIII

The blessed redemption of life without sin,  
Discarding the old so the new can begin.  
The good ones are purged and the evil ones gone,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXIX

Thou abomination, Thou crimson witch,  
Summon the black wolf and his howling bitch;  
Discarding the wretched as carrion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXX

Thou who art female, Thou who art male,  
Combining the elements within Thy grail  
With Thy ruby eagle and ivory lion.  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXI

As the wheel of fortune spins round and round  
The serpent of karma ascends to be crowned  
And receive the elixir of liberation;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXII

O voluptuous maiden in purple bedding,  
Unite with my soul in our mystical wedding!  
Absorb me completely in oblivion!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXIII

The Aeon of Mars is the aeon of war,  
Given birth by the Beast 666 and his whore  
And the stele that they call abomination!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXIV

Wickedly lustful, a sinful delight,  
Your hair is aflame in the glowing moonlight!  
Your skin alabaster, so pale and so wan;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXV

No bird in the sky, no fish in the sea,  
No creature on earth is as lovely as Thee!  
Thy beauty is beyond all description!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXVI

Lady of Mystery, goddess noir;  
Arise in the nighttime, o evening-star,  
Shedding Your light in the dark of Ammon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXVII

Of Thee angels sing in their heavenly choir,  
O mother of earth, air, water and fire!  
Thy glory and majesty I call upon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXVIII

Come forth, my lady, take form in the smoke!  
Goddess of Passion, Thee, Thee I invoke!  
O divine whore hear my incantation,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXIX

Kings give up crowns for a sip from Your cup!  
Even the poor man or lofty bishop  
May give up their lives for Your libation!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXX

Fear not, o prophet, for thou art the chosen,  
Thy kisses are sweet, thy breath is ambrosian.  
Blesséd are those who thine eyes look upon!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXI

I frolic and dance to the magickal note  
From the pipes of Pan in the Night of the Goat!  
No end to the revels, he plays on and on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXII

O City of Pyramids, I hear your call  
To play and rejoice in the garden of All!  
Free of deception and gross illusion,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXIII

I adore You with kisses that tasting of wine,  
Your spirit within me as blood from the vine!  
I'm the babe at Your breast, Your lover, Your faun,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXIV

You come upon me while th' evening moon wanes,  
Your burning lust pumps through each of my veins!  
My swelling phallus in full erection,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXV

The wind is Your breath and the trees are Your hair,  
In all of creation there is none so fair!  
Your splendor and beauty revealed by the dawn,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXVI

Quietly whispering into my heart,  
Nightly unveiling Yourself in Your art  
Veiling Yourself once again before dawn;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXVII

As Persephone You've haunted my dreams,  
The daughter of Styx is not what She seems!  
My fate is tied to You forever and on,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXVIII

Give over thy life to love and to bliss,  
And know that no god will deny thee for this!  
Divided we are for the chance of union!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXXXIX

Beyond life and death, beyond even love,  
Choose carefully between serpent and dove!  
And so to the Beast with his Lady thereon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXL

Animal passion arousing my lust  
Inflaming our rapture with every thrust!  
Our love becomes life in its consummation  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLI

Floating in darkness, the warmth of the womb,  
Calling me from the abyss of the tomb.  
The glory of life in the light of the sun,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLII

Thou art the water, Thou art the fire,  
Thou art the orgasm and the desire!  
Thou art the goddess upon the dragon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!



CXLIII

I swim through the aethyr, alone like a fish  
Who is fighting the current, not to perish  
Before reaching the sea of liberation!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLIV

The wine in the cup is the blood of the saints;  
As Babalon dips in Her finger and paints  
A seal on my heart with Her name written on;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLV

The archer, his bow drawn tight with an arrow,  
Takes aim at the mystery of the Tarot;  
The shaft marks the Way in its ascension!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLVI

The chemical wedding, the marriage divine,  
For the act of creation do lovers entwine!  
Truest love, once given, is never withdrawn!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLVII

With angelic tablets, my spirit aflame,  
Each of them equal to Your holy name;  
The fifth in the center brings all in union!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CXLVIII

Worship and praise to the Victorious Queen,  
Empress of earth in Your garden so green  
With clovers and roses and snow-white swan;  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CIL

I invoke You, sweet lady, under Your stars,  
Adoring the union of Venus and Mars;  
Offering all to their fornication!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CL

The pain of division, the twilight of death -  
All those whom we love will draw their last breath.  
But death is no ending, they live on and on!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CLI

I become KAOS and You are my bride,  
Our union is ecstasy, light glorified!  
My lover, my mistress, my sole devotion,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CLII

Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels  
And her chastity broken beneath holy seals,  
Each with the seven-point star written on!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CLIII

A lone fool I wander, as Percivale,  
To discover the secret of Your holy grail.  
By the rod and the chalice I Thee call upon,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CLIV

When all becomes No Thing, when all aeons close,  
When Gabriel's golden horn finally blows,  
When all become two, become one, become none,  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CLV

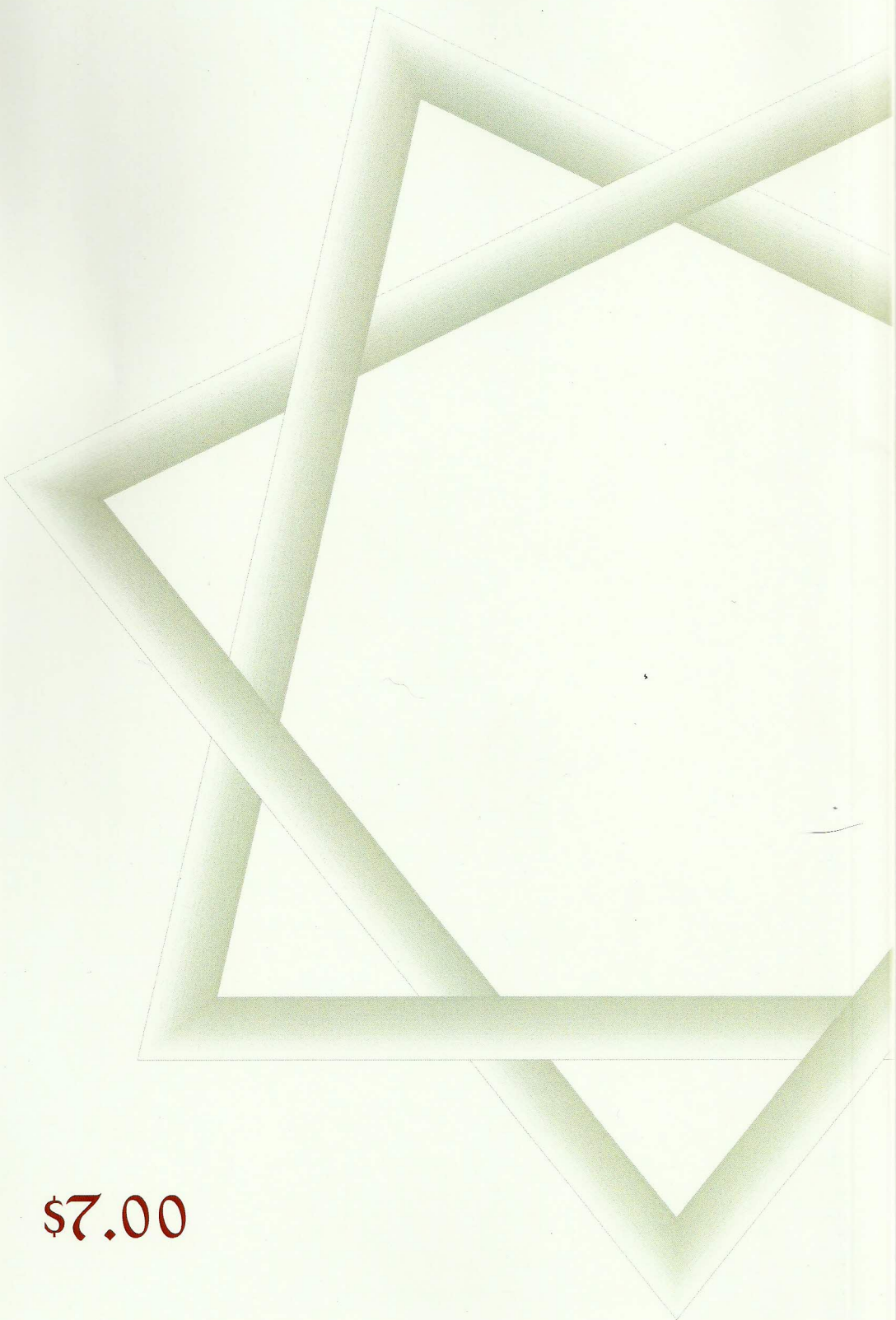
The light of the splendor of Adonai  
Extends from the heavenly all-seeing eye,  
Revealing creation in its refraction!  
I raise up the cup and adore Babalon!

CLVI

One hundred and fifty and six is Her name -  
The number of all those who live without shame!  
Who carry Her message forth hither and yon  
And raise up their cups to adore Babalon!

*Look then at his words  
and all the writings which have been completed.  
Give heed then, you hearers  
and you also, the angels and those who have been sent,  
and you spirits who have arisen from the dead.  
For I am the one who alone exists,  
and I have no one who will judge me.  
For many are the pleasant forms which exist in numerous sins,  
and incontinencies,  
and disgraceful passions,  
and fleeting pleasures,  
which men embrace until they become sober  
and go up to their resting place.  
And they will find me there,  
and they will live,  
and they will not die again.*

Excerpt from  
"The Thunder, Perfect Mind"



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