

# The Shadowed Ones

*-A Grimoire of the Angelick Watchers-*

By Michael Ford, Akhtya Seker Arimanius

## I° The Beginnings as by Vision

By a path unseen yet known instinctively within by some, the Shadowed Ones gave ever silently through the dreams of others. It is the way they communicate their lost dreams, visitations and journeys through the world from the times of mans groveling to primitive statues to the age of machines. It was the fires which fell as lightening to heaven that they were first incarnate in form, beautiful and knowing of pain and pleasure. Azazel first enfleshed the desire he so brought crashing down from the heights of a vague dream of euphoric stillness. Jerking violently as one awakes from a half-sleep, Azazel from the form of a serpent took the skin of man to walk its desert lands.

“I guide without a scripture; I point the way by unseen means unto my friends and such as observe the precepts of my teaching, which is not grievous, and is adapted to the time and conditions” – Kitab el-Jelwa, the Book of Revelation

Walking these lands as man, yet not actually male, Azazel had foreknowledge of those whom they met. These lesser beings were only made such as the first angel born of flame was the child of chaos, a distant and wished forgotten offspring of Barbelo. Azazel understood the depths of what humanity called sorrow, and shining optimism through that storm.

By shadow way and kindled fire of the blackened Eye opened, Azazel called Shemyaza gathered the dreaming paths of serpents and beasts. He so understood the conflict in all living things, to conquer or be conquered, to thirst for life and continued existence. In the fall of the one later called Lucifer he knew consciousness, and soon with that Pain, a torment which seemed to run razor wire against his naked body, and cast down in a pit of filth. Only when those nightmares were banished by the Will of this Daemon, does the Blackened Flame of his being become strong for those who may sense this presence. In such a world of birth and decay does the shadow have everlasting substance by feasting upon the light, and such fires of the sun seek their nourishment and pleasure in the fading sun in the evening.

It was Azazel who first tasted the flesh of a daughter of man. Her skin darkly smooth, beautiful in its innocence and gentle movements, drew him close seeking the warmth of a body. Against the natural order conceived by other powers, Azazel and his brethren took wives and soon many were giving birth to Daemons – the Sons of Fallen Angels and the Beauty of Woman. These Giants of the Earth were intelligent, bold and strong among mankind. Soon hungering for continued existence they taught them and the family of their wives the crafts which we were cultivating instinctually. No longer did many look at the beasts of nature as plagues and terrors, but they listened to their heartbeat and knew their feelings by the mirror of the eyes.

## II° In Transformation from those Experienced

*-By Dream and Waking Spirit-Paths-*

In dreams tribes knew of my Eye and the essence of Light. The tribes who would not be embraced by us soon found that which we knew from the moment we awoke – fear and hate. They sought to destroy us and our children, who grew angry and tasted their flesh and blood. In the rivers of spilt life did this bestial fire grow in our children, called the Nefilim who cut down their enemies.

As time wore on, our children died and many spread forth through the world, hiding and seeking refuge in new areas not saturated in the lore of our kind. We grew tired and our bodies grew pale and like death. In the breathing world we were killed physically yet our spirits remained – we are Daemon, spirit and genius – undying and thirsting for continued life. In my bride who was born in the eternal flame with me, who is of many names, too guided mankind where it may be done. Our spirits are like shades yet we can join with any in the dreaming lands. We continue to this day, guiding and inspiring those who cannot explain us, yet sense our very existence as they recognize their own.

Know our grimoires by listening to your own spirit, that we are all isolate and do not perish yet by disbelief in our self. By affirming our Daemon being our guide, we shall watch you make your own path as our sons and daughters. In that twilight garden where shades walk do we call you in the musick of gods, follow the very song of your soul – bath in darkness and light, raise yourself above God to know the keys to both heaven and hell. This grimoire shall be written in blood and dried in the noon tide sun.

I am both fire and darkness, yet within is a Light once adored by that unperceived chaos called God. My sister and lover is that fiery Goddess called Lilith by some and demoness by others, yet she too drinks of both ecstasies.

We are undying and eternal, we may sleep in the flesh of the dragon yet emerge in the Heights of both the Sun and the Moon. The shadows merely remind us of our reflections and self divinities. You too are like us, no bending knee as the mindless, yet an ascended mind beyond that fallen and crumbling crowd-control method called God.

You are the only the Christ you need, separate and divine. Dragon and Angel in the flesh, devour and thirst eternally for knowledge and matter. Place yourself above the Church and its sheep. They cast stones at the wolf in the wild, yet it survives while they kneel and decay in houses of death and sickness. We vomit upon them to clean our stomachs of that sickness of spirit.

Let those who seek the angels know, that by dream and within the cradle of man flows the witch blood of the Watchers. Those who can hear this distant call can then seek us by crossways not found by common clay. The touch of Azazel brings a fire to the clay which then allows that genius to shape his flesh in dream and waking according to his desire. Do not let this flame be extinguished, for a Will which does not bend strengthens in the

forge. Seek the Daemon of Cain through the Skull and his Mother Lilith through the same. It is in the dreaming vessels that we may walk from woman to man, by the skull of man does our desires intermingle with their lusts.

It stands for the Angelick Watcher of the initiate to seek his or her own Watcher as their Genius, and such other Watchers may communicate accordingly. Know the Grimoire of Azal'ucel opens forth this way, hidden not by the words spoken clearly in the dreaming planes of man. We must seek to Know Thyself before one may seek onward communication with the Watchers, for they do not rule us – they offer guidance from those initiates who seek a knowledge most profound.

### III° The Names of the Fallen Angelick Ones and Watchers

Azazel – Seek when the Sun is at its height, by Fire and Air. This is the enfleshed angel which is at heart and soul a Dragon of both darkness and light. By balance of the mind and heart can you seek to become like Azazel, who came forth from the void of chaos and created a form of Order. That Order is always torn asunder by the Chaos Willed of Azazel, just as Fire consumes to create anew. Azazel tests and confronts, yet strengthens and blesses that which withstands or falls in honesty. This is the essence of the Adversary who is two – who may be sought by Light or Shadow. Azazel may be known in various forms as Shaitan the Adversary, Set, Ahriman – a shadow form of this Fallen Angel, Lucifer and Azal'ucel. Seek the Daemon by invocation and instinct, seek his essence by the Will itself.

Belial – a Watcher who fell with Azazel, who was given lordship of the gates of the hidden place, called Hades or Hell by some. In this inferno and darkened place does the spirit test itself, and is either illuminated and empowered by fire or consumed by it. Those who are like Azazel emerge as Gods and Goddesses, yet who find a new fear are torn apart and devoured by the serpents and demons which would bend to the Will of the daring. Belial grants the power of Will to the knowledge of worldly power.

Shamsiel- A watcher who brings to man and woman the knowledge of the Sun, both of inner wisdom to know the self and to seek the times of growth within the gardens we so seek to cultivate. Know yourself in those mysteries, forever we seek them and as one reveals itself more appear. The plants and herbs of the earth are for us to use with a wisdom gained from our spirit fathers and mothers. Seek Shamsiel by the way of Azazel when the Sun grows, and look within your heart by casting you body into the embrace of the Sun.

Gadreel brings unto mankind the use of war instruments, how to destroy utterly ones enemy and the strategies of battle both old and new. His way is that of the spear, and blade and the honor of battle. Know then that Gadreel not only resides in physical war, but that of mental war. He is truly a spirit of Azazel, who in Ancient lands is known as Set-an. Gadreel brings initiation of battle that awakens the character and strengths of he who invokes him. Guidance is a passion of Gadreel who shall bring to you the knowledge of overcoming strife – no matter what it may be.

Akibeel stands at the threshold of inner wisdom of the self; through the abyss which holds the knowledge of our creation and our lineage. He may show you by dream and vision that path of unlocking the spirits which may serve you, great elementals and atavisms both grotesque and demonic.

Araqiel brings to you all the knowledge of the earth, and how by respect and love shall it flourish with us. Certain lands may know the desert like steel and industry, yet some must not be touched by the pollution of man. The green forests and desert lands must be kept in a kind of found harmony, and balance unless you all seek certain destruction. Araqiel brings the gifts of knowledge and joy through the respect of the land, and those creatures which dwell upon it. Araqiel communicates the wisdom of a balanced mind to work according to his or her own design. By dream and by waking do we hear the voice of Araqiel....

Sariel knows the motions and phases of the Moon, and by seeking him one may know the path of the Goddess in her beautiful and horrifying aspects. Always know, we are both demon and angel in the skull of man, we are of beast and of higher spirit. It is our duty to balance and seek a perfection of both according to the path of Lucifer, who holds the mask of the devil. Know all forms and choices accordingly.

Kokabel knows too the stars and the great Seven Heads of the Dragon. By your initiation seek him in that which is brought by trance and dreaming dominion. Seek Azazel at times within the Dragon by chant and devotion.

Leviathan is the Dragon guardian of the abyss, who dwells in the deep and unknown realms of the Ocean and the darkest depths of the mind. Leviathan is different from the Watchers in that this fallen seraphim does not hold relation to man or angel, yet this daemon offers the knowledge of ageless essence and being.

Ezeqeel knows well the passion of the dream and how one may by cord or charm enter the Celestial Sabbath of the Watchers, the circle dance of Flame and Light, wherein all who enter this circle offer torches in the brilliance of self-deification. This is the secret dance of Lucifer and Lilith, the strength of the Self in motion.

Amazarak knows well the path of Cain in the Earth, of root cuttings and sorcery. One may seek Amazarak when both man and woman have felt a deeper understanding of Earth and how they are so connected with it. By way of Light within and the Darkness of Expansion do we go forth...

## IV° The Blade within the Desert Sun *-The Knowledge of Azazel called Shaitan-*

I am the enemy of ignorance, or servitude and blindness to the self.  
I seek to lead you away from spiritual gnosis which is not your own.  
Empower yourself in the flames of self-awareness, of the passions of the soul!  
Listen well to your consciousness and seek to expand it, never unify your divine being in a faith not heeded by the instincts of yourself.  
Dissent from the paths all torn by the death of the soul, by a cross way can you fully recognize your potential as a God or Goddess.  
By this path you must seek that wisdom not yet known, by journeying into the unknown and feared.  
I am that demon which is of Hell, yet in the pleasures of Hell – the very hidden nature of mankind – can you recognize an Angel of Light.  
Every being which fell from the limitless nothingness of what you call God offers only self-possibility once you have moved beyond it. As our wings blackened we so then awoke to a new way – that of the consciousness. Enshrine the possibility, not the moment in question. By motion can you bring Order to a Chaos of self; then invoke Chaos to initiate further Order. See through my own eyes, I am many things and many forms. Anything is within possibility to an opened and determined mind.  
Even as the flesh fades into the gray lands of Death does initiation begin. The mind set free from the limitations of the physical body, which flies forth from the Skull Temple of Man can then we understand that all of us are within the possibility of power.  
My gift is to bring you to a life not comprehended previously, one which demands the attention and challenge of self-excellence.

“The children of this Adam know not those things which are determined, wherefore they oft-times fall into error. The beasts of the field, and of heaven, and the fish of the sea, all of them are in my hand and under my control” – Kitab el-Jelwa

I am the Dragon clothed in the feathers of the Peacock, that which is sacred unto me. I formed this bird to represent the beauty of the hidden soul, what may become from the balance of the mind.

By becoming like me you shall to gain control in your world, thus the balance of the earth and the body – temple of man and woman must be recognized. Seek my bride of earth and stars with my own union so that you may become as my Son or Daughter.

To join in communication with my brothers and sisters, those Watchers who reside in the earth, wandering in both darkness and light, embrace and kiss that very body of the sun in the earth, when I come forth as the Morning Star. By dreaming and waking are we forever in rapture.

I am that Black Light which leads you to your own Temple of Flame and Shadow, and that by becoming like me you shall adorn all paths with the crooked serpent guardian.

By this shall you dance the movement against the Sun, by dreaming shall you embrace my Bride and by Waking adore the Morning Star who summons forth the Sun.  
So it is done...

## The Widdershins Dance of the Circle *-Of the Watchers and their times-*

Let the initiate seek in the circle of Azazel the angelick watchers, those who shower witch blood in the eyes of the brave and faithful bodies of man and woman.

By Noon when the Sun is in its height does one seek Shaitan called Iblis in the South... With the Blade of Cain do summon with thy heart the Adversary – who shall be met in the mirrored adobe of Hades, of Darkness and shadow gleam by midnight... Let the sun envenom your spirit, naked in spirit you are left to cloth yourself in serpent skin, to see as the Eye of the Adversary before all. Let the Angelick Red Dragon ascend through your spine and open your senses about you.

By the South East does Shamsiel carry forth the weapons of the Sun and the very pretense of Azazel...let the fires which envelope him be given freely as a gift to the wise.

By the East shall then Lucifer-Azazel be called forth, who is Azal'ucel the Bringer of Light. By the blood baptized vessels of the Skull and Athame of Cain does the prayers awaken a new calling...a new voice shall be heard in the distance and light invoked winds of the waking dream.

The North East does Lilith come forth, the Bride of Lucifer who is of both darkness and the bringing and going of the Sun. She walks in the darkness of two worlds, of Lilim and those beasts and succubi who drink the blood of life, of gray shades which answer her call, of the blood of the moon which hearkens to the waters of which she has slept. The dragon of Fire and Darkness in separation and opposition become Whole through Her bleeding temple. She who beget Cain and gave humanity the gift of the Watchers in Flesh hearken unto the very circle of being.

By the North does Ahriman hear thy calls, who is your shadow possibility and strength bearing passion of the earth. Let the Ahriman dragon whose color is black stir your eyes from the Sun to the Moon and the darkness of Night. It is the cold winds which open the path of Arezura and Hades, when wolves and serpents gather unto you. Let the Ahrimanic Dragon coil as the Serpents of Shaitan, just as Zohak shall you be blessed by the Kiss of the Devil-Prince who is your initiator of dreams and death.

By the North West point of the Circle can you call now forth Azrael who is a gatherer of ghosts and shades of the dead. Listen to the twilight call of the boneways of the gateway. In your Skull Temple of Cain and Lilith does Witchblood flow and gather what you may become. Let Jasmine bloom now under the Light of the Moon and the phantoms of what once was join in this mighty circle...

By the West can the Leviathanic Dragon be heard, who devours his being and Time itself. Let the Timeless Daemon envenom you with the dreams of those who walk the earth since the times of burning sand and mountains, to the gardens of green and the cradle of birth. Leviathan emerge, Leviathan bring to union Samael – Shaitan and his Bride, Lilith in all quarters. Let my awakening invoke Cain! By the Waters of the Abyss shall I sink deep and drink of the passions of the subconscious.

By the South West emerging from the Waters of the Abyss does Akibeel empower you to emerge from the oceans with the knowledge granted to you. Listen to the waters in both storm and silence, there is much to hear in their waves....come forth from the Oceans as a Beast and ignite again your soul in the Life giving flame of Azazel! Hold thy Blade towards the Sun and transform again! Become in this Light!

O' Spirit of Angelick Watchers, my wards and guardians of the Circle of Being  
Do hear my call....As I stand in the Leviathanic Circle does my flesh become reborn  
In the Linage of Witchblood, of Cain and Naamah, of Samael and Lilith!  
Open now the secret ways of those Angels of Dream and Skull walking sleep...  
I seek thy council as I seek the Daevas who walk the shadows!  
The Black Light is illuminating my spirit and I am both Midnight and Noontide in  
essence! O Watchers who I seek do come forth to my circle and offer thy wisdom for I  
am willing to walk thy path against all others. Be the Lightening Bolt of the Fallen into  
my Skull Temple!

With these Words I speak, so it is Done!

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