

COAB 2000-2018

Troll Book of the Dead

I The Indian Warbook

II The Papyrus of Ham

III The Spiderian Book of the Dead

IV The Davidic Book of the Dead

V The Gospel of the Magpie

The Indian Warbook

Introduction

I don't want to let these guys come alive. They are wild and without compromise. When they ride blood is coming from the screens, or is it paint ? Can we run and hide from them when they wake up ? Is there a shelter, or is the only shelter to not belief in their reality ? There was one flame in my life I could never quench. That was their flame, and it's growing bigger everyday. Where can I hide ?

I - The Vampirian Book of Rituals

II - Vampirian Opening of the Senses Ritual

III - Idiocian Book of Hell

IV - Ironian Book of Hell

I

Vampirian Book of Rituals

The Indian Warbook

Vampirian Opening of the Body Ritual

Vampirian Opening of the Nipple Ritual

Vampirian Opening of the Foot Ritual

Introduction

I don't want to let these guys come alive. They are wild and without compromise. When they ride blood is coming from the screens, or is it paint ? Can we run and hide from them when they wake up ? Is there a shelter, or is the only shelter to not believe in their reality ? There was one flame in my life I could never quench. That was their flame, and it's growing bigger everyday. Where can I hide ?

Vampirian Opening of the Body Ritual

These are the papers to find eternal life, as in life beyond life and death. To reach this you have to find the amulet called the Great Krurg, which has thirty-six powers beyond life and death. Here are the passages by which you can open these forces :

1. Spimas

Knife in the Middle ; Put the knife in the middle, Where the cake is soft, where meat is hiding, Everyone is sliding away Put the knife in the middle, where girls stand tall they have raised their nipples, Where all the milk flows, something grows, Or is it me becoming wise, is it me opening my eyes, Nothing is moving anymore, I'm sliding over frozen statues, Over roofs and through the darkness, only my own lights form these grey moving pictures, Of a song once died out Close your eyes, get the picture, We've been tied to a wheel, Another point of view, higher flames than this, it's over between me and you, I found another prince, This prince of June, He's a vampire's heart, he's a tale unheard, he's speaking where you can never hear him, All he wants to do, is taking a part away from you Put the knife in the middle, Where it's easy to cut and slide, Where the mud has sunk much deeper, In a tale where we will unite, As a prince with his princess, oh so wise, oh so wise, but the queen and king are just knives in disguise, run away, for it's the day of sacrifice

2. Spassam

Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

3. Spussum

Kiss of Prey ; Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away, It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around, When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away, I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a

kiss of prey, Once showing yourself you slowly turn your head away, It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love, Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

4. Spolam

And all these vampire-creatures running through the night, Taking pieces of me away with them, not everything for they can't stand the light, Running away, sliding away, from a fire wanting them to fall, A fire of prey And all these vampire-creatures running in my heart, They tore you and me apart, They spoke lies, they loved to hit the wound, Our love is dying now, our love is crying now, But there is no mercy or care around And all these vampire-creatures taking so many sights away, Do I still remember who you are, Am I still watching you in my mind, And all these vampire-creatures taking so many memories away, Is it driving us insane, or is it for us the way out

5. Spolus

My Lullaby ; Thought I would call this new girl, She's so damned insecure, When you're shy, keep fading away, To the land high in the sky, Making us all wondering why So I called this new girl, So damned insecure, She stuttered on the phone, And I said baby I will lead you home, And then she started to cry her mother died today, And her lover decided to slide slowly away When morning comes everything will be over, Everything will appear so insane, When morning comes hell will be frozen over, Come with me, my lullaby, no one will know why

6. Spulus

Float Away ; Tell me what is important, The sky is full of fools, One day we will break through, Everything will disappear, Everything will be forgotten, A new year is coming near Tell me what is of use, The waters are full of fools, Telling we are criminals, Everything will be frozen, Everything will fade away and float away I want to forget about it all, To lay it down and freeze it all, It has to stop now it's breaking my mind I want to leave it all behind, I'm in this prison, like an eternal night, I cannot see you, but you're standing there, You're arms wide open, touching my sensitive snare Can you take me away, To another point of view, please tell me it wasn't true, Can you take me away, can you change to pictures in my head, Can you crash my memory Your dress is whiter than the whitest white, It's getting clear to me, you're washing my memory, Your inner healing is shining through, there's fantasy between me and you, stronger than death, stronger than life, stronger than my memory, I will survive I cannot change time, but i'm fighting against it in a hopeless arena, Is this my fate, take me away, is there any chance to escape ? I cannot change time, I'm broken inside, but time's a trickster, I must lead my own life

7. Spulum

Delirium ; You must wake up, my child, Everything is growing outside, We have conquered conscience, We have travelled through the night, You must wake up, my love, Everything is growing inside, It's the last delight, and then the morning comes, We will be in the fields together, They won't take us away, for we are dreaming, fading, Growing inside, like a lucifer in a darker night, Coming up from the morning to take our space away, dogs and horses are running, baby, let us be weak, Baby, it's already time to sleep, Hold my hand, we have conquered time and thinking, We have stopped it all, we can take the train for another fall,

Deeper inside, only deeper inside, we do not need anything coming from behind, We're deeper inside, deeper inside, baby let's hide in the night, Here we will get our pictures clear, Everything looks so insane, delirium takes us into another year

8. Spukkus

They sit on horses so high, not knowing what it is all about. They sold their consciousness and conscience to the necromancer, and now they sleep, while their spirits are high in the sky, thinking they are living the life. They do not have to cry anymore, they have reached eternal life On horses so high they sit, taking away so many lives, they do not know what they are doing, they sleep, they only survive Sleeping beauties they are So many are crashing against their walls, or falling after a longlasting trip to reach them, for they never got real grip This kiss you will never get They sleep behind walls of glass, like Snow White they possess the right to do anything but never cry They are sleeping, they have reached eternal life ...

9. Flijm

They have drunk from poison, and now their spirits soar high, and when they cry these are only tears of glass, making their walls thicker, they do not have arms to reach out, they are broken statues, while the necromancer watches over them. He has given them the experience of eternal life. In their senses they are boasting. They see, they hear, they always get what they want. They are never crying, letting others cry, while they are watching from behind their walls of glass, a strange coffin, sleeping beauties they are, sometimes opening their eyes all of a sudden, to suck away all the lives of those who tried to come closer, tried to reach out a hand. They do not have a hand, sleeping beauties never understand.

10. Flaim

A girl stands up from her bed, which is actually more a bench. She leaves the tall transparent pinkred blankets behind her, and dresses herself a bit. Like frozen she goes to school, where they all know she is such a beauty. She can listen to the darkest tales without crying, listening to the meanest teachers and their even harder and crueller lessons, but never cries. She only smiles ... with the smiles of death ... She is a sleeping beauty, sold her soul to the necromancer, now it displays eternal life, a strange disc spinning in her head and eyes, sometimes she opens them, and then she stares like sucking all the blood away, then we all have to stand up and then fall We can never come across her wall She has her own prince, she's never alone, he is a doll, she is his toy, and whenever he opens his eyes she's only telling lies

11. Fluis

There she's cycling home ... The boys try to get a glimpse of her throne They wished they could sleep like her But no one can enter That's forbidden there They should have gone to the necromancer themselves But it's too late now Show has already begun

Now they have to sleep in open air where the wolves hide and run Never they will find rest They are the hunted, not the hunter for hunter is a sleeping beauty, safe behind a wall of glass She never has to cry about all the blood She sold her tears to the necromancer And if you want to challenge her, to save her from her eternal bed When she opens her eyes it's too late, when she stares the soldiers will all fall down, with their beds

in open wilderness, the table of wolves You will never find your peace and rest back again You always have to fight for your life ... For someone's spreading lies about you She's a sleeping beauty Only the dolls will hear her truth

12. Fluim

And when you have become a doll, frozen at the end of your life, by all the trauma's she painted you You get a kiss, and some more lies The wedding comes, that is a fact ... The bride is there, still with that stare She painted you in her book In her diary you are, still with that strange look You are the ragdoll, she's still a sleeping beauty You will never win from her You sleep under her bed And you wished you would never have touched her It was a kiss of death you got You're a crying, bleeding doll A baby she cannot sleep because of the noise A divorce is what she wants And the kids will be her toys She took everything away In her coffin they will sleep Like her they will sleep Not knowing about all these tears Not afraid of blood, oh no For the necromancer watches over their souls On the weddingfields you lost your life, a sleeping beauty on a horse so high You can never reach her anymore You had your chance She's just a one-night-whore Celebrating her memories in her diary Never will have to cry the tears you cried She has wrapped herself in a smile A smile of death you see Kissing once, a kiss of death and then never again She's a once-and-for-all-girl, don't you know ? She's the first-and-last-time-show She's a sleeping beauty, don't you know ?

13. Spijm

She drinks tears like blood, she never cries You're a card in her hand, she always lies She's a sleeping beauty, my dear Fading away at the end of every year She shows up late, and then she leaves She's a calendar girl A december-whore installing the presents and then she leaves It was a present of death So get over it 'Get over it !' the white rabbit was screaming ... A boy fell out of his bed He had dreamt so strange Today it was his birthday When he went to school a girl kissed him and gave him a small present But he refused He remembered he dream 'Nah,' he said 'Sleeping beauty, I had a nightmare about presents I do not want to have any presents today even while it's my birthday Send it to those who do not have anything I am not in lack of food or anything It's a strange idea that a rich boy needs presents' But the girl slapped him in the face and went away

14. Spuim

In the classroom there was a rumour Someone heard that one of their classmates, a girl, had died in an accident When the teacher came in he confirmed it Some of the girls started to cry, and also some boys A few days later they all went to the funeral The girl lay in a coffin The boy didn't want to see it He wanted to remember her like she was The father of the girl came forwards to do a speech 'Our little sleeping beauty has gone She has left us' he said 'She was always dreamy running after her dreams It seems now she has finally left with it We will miss her' Also the boy came forwards to say some words : 'I will miss Roseanne, as she was a beautiful flower, as our bridge between heaven and earth In my remembrance I will still have this ladder' Roseanne's mother was crying The boy went to her to comfort her 'I cannot be comforted ...' she said 'She was such a pearl I want her back, but I can't have her back

.... I have to live with that loss Have to live with being powerless with hands which cannot hold Everything is sliding away

15. Schuim

‘But we can still dream about her

the boy said ‘Yes, but what is a dream ?’ the mother said ‘What is a dream ?’ Another boy came forward : ‘I will miss Roseanne, because she was a present from heaven, she was a fairytale and fairytales shouldn’t die I believe she is still with us although I still cry’ Then a girl showed up : ‘We will miss our sleeping beauty We will never see her again, but in our memories She’s a sovenir on our path Shining forever on top of our memory She will never fade away as she was special so special She will speak forever in our hearts

Another boy stood up It was her little brother : ‘Roseanne will never leave my heart Actually she is deeper now Teaching me about the small things in life She had always an eye and interest in the small things of life She was always like Snow White to me I’m proud of my sister’ And then the little boy started to clap Also others in the room started to clap

16. Korres

That night the boy who had his birthday got another dream ... ‘Turn me on, necromancer’ he heard Roseanne saying But it wasn’t Roseanne It was an old grey witch using the voice of Roseanne

She was staring at the boy ‘All sleeping beauties are mine,’ she spoke to the boy ‘And I let them sleep to do the crime

Then the boy entered a hall full of sleeping beauties in coffins of glass

‘I will let them sleep forever !’ the witch shouted

‘No one will ever wake them, as they are under a curse’ ‘They are calendar-girls, display-dolls

They take, and then they leave They are thieves And they are my marionets soldiers from a white wet box, sliding back into the box after the crime is done, when the show is done ... when the curtains fall down ...’

17. Zettus-B

‘Who are you ?’ the boy asked

‘Is that important for you to know ?’ the old grey witch said ‘I am the designer of the calendar, the designer of time Time is a thief, it takes away and never brings back, while I’m drinking from it’s old wine’ ‘But what is your name ?’ the boy asked ‘I am the mother of all necromancers ...’ the witch spoke ‘I created them all, and I created the sleeping beauty ... letting her rise and fall I made her sleep, made her walk, made her talk She sold her conscience to me, in change for deceiving fake beauty By all these consciences, drops of dragons, I built a killer-clock to rule them all I am the Uninvited’

18. Kahel

He remembered that as long there will be an uninvited, there will be a sleeping beauty Isn’t a bed nothing more than a table ? A table of predators ? Isn’t the bed nothing more than a cruel battlefield ? ... And all this is so illusive and deceiving What is it hiding

Ornament speak ! The boy was shouting and shouting Until a hand came to let him sleep nothing but sleep

All dreams had been fading away

19. Korg

The boy always lived with such conscience, that he always thought that he was a clock or bomb He always had to live in guilt and shame Like he was a ragdoll ‘Would anyone like to buy some conscience from me ?’ but no one wanted The boy was poor ‘Anyone ? To buy a newspaper ?’ but they ignored the boy, as these were newspapers from the past of a long lost memory But when he started to buy conscience from others They sold him their conscience He could now make new newspapers, even those of the future He could now make new clocks instead of being a clock himself He became a clockmaker And now people started to buy his newspapers and clocks like never before He could spread conscience, and even give conscience, even to the sleeping dolls And then a doll was crying P i n o c c h i o

20. Korgel

Gepetto was speaking He was old now The fairy had given life to his son life to his son Snow White rose up from her coffin of glass She now drank from the dragon’s cup the dragon’s cup But the boy was too far away Didn’t have a notice of the fact that he had grown old He was a sleeping beauty Witches were speaking to him again, but he couldn’t hear He was deaf like an old man He was a sleeping beauty, thinking he was young, but he was old He slept for so long Everything was changing, but inside he was the same sleeping like sleeping beauty He had peace now He had rest His bed wasn’t a dinnertable anymore

21. Kaslam

Only by the coming of the lullabies the boy could ease these wars a bit. The lullabies would separate everyone in the clock to give them a life at their own But the most important purpose of the lullabies was to sooth the speaking mirror The speaking mirror was in earlier times an uninvited witch too, and she had been turned into a speaking mirror by other witches. She swore to take revenge, and she would do that by causing clockwars. One day she went to the house where the hours lived, a group of women. The women liked the mirror, but soon they started to fight about the mirror In many ways the mirror tried to cause fights between the women. One of the hours of thursday married to the father of Snow White, who had just lost his wife She became Snow White’s stepmother, and took the mirror with her. The other hours of thursday became her servants. She loved the mirror, and the mirror became Thursday, the big Thursday. All the smaller parts of Thursday, like the minutes and the seconds, became her thieves, by which she got more and more powers.

22. Kwadret

The boy wanted to turn Thursday into a memory just a memory, as a sovenir The boy wanted to quit the clock, as it would always bring forth clockwars. So the boy would make a book in which all parts of the clock would have their places. By this Thursday, the Speaking Mirror, would shut up. But Thursday was waging wars against the boy. And also the stepmother wanted to bring him down. She wanted revenge because of what Snow White had done to her The boy had many armies of lullabies to sooth them a bit, but the powers of Thursday were very strong. The hours of Thursday had fires in their mouths, and they could spit like dragons. In panic the boy fled to sleeping beauty’s room One of her names was December And the boy started to tell about the clockwars and the powers of Thursday December gave him the key of her mother’s room. Her mother, the queen, had the name October, and she had a spell to put Thursday into a bottle, so that everyone could drink from it

.... By this peace would come, and when everyone had drunk from the bottle, the rest would be paint by which the boy could paint the book to end the clock and it's wars.

23. Kabuls

The spell worked, and Thursday was now a beautiful bottle, bringing hope and peace. She would never be a mirror anymore. These days were over. It was only a memory, and the boy would paint it in his book. One day Thursday, the bottle, told the boy about the mother of Snow White. She was also a queen, and she had the name July. She loved Snow White very much, and knew about her origins. She had always watched over Snow White. The other name of Snow White was Tuesday, and she was a White Sleeping Beauty. She took to give away. And by this she was so beautiful. Her stepmother, an hour of Thursday, took to take, so that was why the mirror once told her that Snow White had more beauty than her. Snow White is a Spread-Vampire. She takes away, she even steals, to spread it. People can hate her for being a vampire, but she's like that so that no one will have more than the other. She became a hero by this, but she wished that everyone was like this. Because she was so good of heart, as she was a spread-vampire, she was in the risk to be misunderstood, to appear like someone drawing all the attention to herself by being a spread-vampire. She therefore damned herself to be a paradox, a source of irritation, and that is why her stepmother wanted to root her out. But it led her to the Seven Dwarves. These were seven coffins to become a sleeping beauty, not aware of her own beauty, by spreading it. She sold her pride, her honour, to lose so much consciousness, and by that feeling so rejected. She was a White Sleeping Beauty, unaware of her own powers, unaware of her own beauty. She had spread it in the wind.

24. Kabulsch

She was a weak flower, dreaming, to spread it all, not knowing that she became an important center, where predators would look for prey. The White Rabbit took this Alice away by a wall of glass and crystal, by a crystal coffin, by which she would have an encounter with the days and hours of July, who would bring her to her mother, July, Queen of Cards, where everything would be nothing more than a memory a souvenir Where the clockwork would be over Snow White was always playful ... playing with the cards she got from her mother Until Thursday shot her away By her words she shot one of her hours to bring Snow White into the flames. But the soldiers of July finally took her away. Into her mother's arms she is now, encountering all the missing cards She can finally do the game now

25. Horrijn

The room smells like raw meat It's like a butchery Is this bed still a table Will wolves come at night to have dinner here ? The ceilings are white and high Walls are white Everything is cold But my hand isn't 'Can you bring her to life again ?' the parents ask Her spirit lives in the cellar but here her body is cold Frozen face she doesn't talk Your love will be enough to raise her One drip of your love, one tear will melt her heart But I cannot cry She's a White Sleeping Beauty fading away when I turn the page

26. Jakis

The bell rings There are visitors The parents of Sleeping Beauty They shake hands, and everything becomes clear to me The old king is Sunday, while the other king, who

just enters in, is Friday while I turn the pages, and paint on She's a whore, this Snow White, coming to so many soldiers, raising them into the night They get alive for such a short time They can't do much, and then she laughs, they are nothing but cards And I wonder, when wolf comes tonight to take her, will I protect her, or will I let her fade away, to spread some more mystery about it

27. Zette

She's a paradox to me, and I'm a paradox to her We're nothing but pages in a book Two-sided cards of a necromancer's diary We will leave the bodies untouched, we will let the wolves have their prey, until the barbarian spirit is rising into a darker fairytale It's darkness setting us free for the lights lie, showing caricatures of covered reality There's a deeper death behind the scenes Let's not raising the dead here For honour and might will take us And spoiling fairytales will break us The voice of the necromancer got darker and darker, until a lower voice deep inside turned the page. These wolves have all eaten their little Red Hoods Shall we bring them to life or shall we take a dive into the mysteries behind the scenes where no applause can take us away for it's all taking place in loneliness on a separated page

28. Maaslim

The sights we see around us, are nothing but wolves who took it all In our children's clothes they walk, like our grandparents they talk Shall we embrace this family, or will we hide in darkness to become an outcast To seven dwarves is our path or we will be the wolf's prey To a dead beauty is our way No one will lead us astray, as the voice of the necromancer gets lower, speaking deeper inside, as it's getting darker, we do not need any light As the light deceives, darkness is our memory, our medicine Someone's ringing the bell, and we fall asleep It's the witch with her spell It seemed she was uninvited before, but now she has found her way to the game Not the clock anymore She's a royal guest in the book She's the mother of Little Red Hood She has a sack full of licorice, but we won't eat it We won't eat anything here

29. Tas-Lamen

Someone smashed a mirror on the ground, while a billion pieces found their ways, into the heads of the sleeping beauties, there were so many cries It was the speaking mirror of Snow White's true mother July Now it didn't speak anymore, but there was blood all around The name of this mirror was Saturday Saturday had armies of soldiers, as he was July's general These were all ... soldiers of the marriage soldiers of love On the weddingfields they were fighting, like battles for love, so many were dying Then from the blood Marriage was rising, spreading the kiss of death, slaying so many by it's denying. Strange mirror of love was rising, while so many were crying. Touch it, and you die Sometimes it was of glass, but it was always spreading the lie

30. Nikneit

It was a mysterious web they were looking at Like a cryptic tragedy Deep and painful enough to bring forth barbarian spirits They didn't want to have anything to do with the fairytale as there was a deeper beauty I would have brought any honour I could as a last goodbye to the fairytale, but they couldn't They were rude They were hateful

beauties from the book full of self-hate But by this hate they could keep themselves in a sleep to survive

31. Narit

We've been tied to a wheel, Another point of view, higher flames than this, it's over between me and you, I found another prince, This prince of june, He's a vampire's heart, he's a tale unheard, he's speaking where you can never hear him.

32. Tzartvongen

Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

33. Tzartvingen

Kiss of Prey ; Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away, It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around, When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away, I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a kiss of prey, Once showing yourself you slowly turn your head away, It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love, Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

34. Vesnit

And all these vampire-creatures running through the night, Taking pieces of me away with them, not everything for they can't stand the light, Running away, sliding away, from a fire wanting them to fall, A fire of prey And all these vampire-creatures running in my heart, They tore you and me apart, They spoke lies, they loved to hit the wound, Our love is dying now, our love is crying now, But there is no mercy or care around And all these vampire-creatures taking so many sights away, Do I still remember who you are, Am I still watching you in my mind, And all these vampire-creatures taking so many memories away, Is it driving us insane, or is it for us the way out

35. Vakin

Knife in the Middle ; Put the knife in the middle, Where the cake is soft, where meat is hiding, Everyone is sliding away Put the knife in the middle, where girls stand tall they have raised their nipples, Where all the milk flows, something grows, Or is it me becoming wise, is it me opening my eyes, Nothing is moving anymore, I'm sliding over frozen statues, Over roofs and through the darkness, only my own lights form these grey moving pictures, Of a song once died out Close your eyes, get the picture, We've been tied to a wheel, Another point of view, higher flames than this, it's over between me and you, I found another prince, This prince of june, He's a vampire's heart, he's a tale unheard, he's speaking where you can never hear him, All he wants to do, is taking a part away from you Put the knife in the middle, Where it's easy to cut and slide, Where the mud has sunk much deeper, In a tale where we will unite, As a prince with his princess, oh so wise, oh so wise, but the queen and king are just knives in disguise, run away, for it's the day of sacrifice

36. Rakin

Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

Vampirian Opening of the Nipple Ritual

Boetulip

1. Musse

Rose Hotel ; Silverspray is running on her way, Her way to the roses, Lotus cries in twenty tales, Twenty-thousand small skulls above a rose's day Rose hotel, please stay, please stay, For no one else will take your burden away, Rose hotel, but it will all fade away, You weren't made for such a pretty, Build your own pretty world today Silverspray is running on her way, To her husband crucified, In the sky she finds out, He took the goat not the horse, Took the choice not the course, She asked why can't we stay, In rose hotel, it's just for one day Rose Hotel, why can't we stay, You're already fading away, Thought you would have some lover's spells on your bow, But it seems we have to find our own way

2. Muske

Prince ; Can I hear the whisper, can I see the blind smile, Fading away, not able to follow the trace, She was somewhere else, no one knew her name And suddenly in a flash the king stood before me, He had raised his locked treasures in the sky, And now all these babies cry, Can you open it for me, can you wipe away my tear, Can you help me, I can't come through, these walls are aching me Found a delicate prince, he liked no hierarchy, Poverty in his eyes, reprobation in his weak smile, Fainting away, fading away, all this beauty going away, In a flash, he was somewhere else where no one knew his name Fading away, it's always fading away, And we are too weak to follow the trace, Fading away, this prince is fading away, Before the morning has broken, before we unlock the windows and the doors, Not able to know what's going on

3. Oedoe

Barefooted ; She was walking barefooted, he didn't have many clothes, But he gave her his shoes, and she will be gone before he knows, He was a shepherd's son, she was a delicate

smile, There's not much time to turn me on, the pages die, the book has gone She was a perpetual princess, too weak to wait, she couldn't come home, He was a shepherd's son, although he had a graceful heart he couldn't stand her smile, For now you are the sun, and I'm the moon, You rule in daylight, while I fall in the afternoon, You are the leader of this pit, and I am too weak to follow it, Harsh judgements come from guys like this Found the leader's smile, she was a marionet, She was barefooted, so I sold my boots, it was better like this, She forgave me, while I run away with her smile, But now I know business smiles always die, Not able to follow traces, the morning takes everything away, I can only rise and fall in the afternoon, that's all I can say Found the liquid baby, she cried soft, I gave her my hand, She took a bite, now do you understand, Found the liquid baby on a hill, she ran away, I had to forgive, but she didn't forgive, business smiles always die too soon Please have a silent voice, you don't know what's going on, This toy before me is about to break, Masterpieces always flow away, flow away, Found the silly doll, ornaments to take, Bracelets on the hill, she's a liquid baby, liquid is her voice, don't know what's going on, business smiles like this always fall

4. Oedoeboe

Blind ; Shepherd's boy coming close, She refuses hands, she floats to the shore, Being whole again, after the party she goes Shepherd's boy just change the illusion, Won't she bring you another toy, When the day is over see her watch and fall, This criminal will fall Shepherd's boy, I'm wondering why these days are frozen, You are frozen, while I'm passing by, You cannot walk, you stand alone, Shepherd's boy why didn't you change the illusion, Following your mind, like the mirror's confusion, These reflections in your mind are all just blind

5. Oedoeboel

Waters and Waves ; Can I follow you today, having so many things to share, I have seen your treasures deep inside, let us have a good time, I know you have such good ways to play the game, And I'm a shimmering pirate on a plane, Am diving when these things are burning, Fresh, fresh waters and waves take me away Can I follow you, I love your smile, I love the poverty in your eyes, radiating eternal love, This love will last forever, you have made this thing always going underwater, Will you tell me all you know, will you give me feathers to come into your flow, Or will you let me down at the end, telling me you have never been my friend Oh cruelty, I fear you, this is why I'm just passing you by

6. Oedoeboeg

The Mask ; Girl, I will protect you, but I will never make an indian of you, For you are from the black side, and I am from the red side, Maybe I was brown before, maybe I was like a girl before, But you are from the black side, you are from the black side, Go home, I will tell you tales, protecting you, but I will never make an indian of you Girl, I will protect you, speaking soft words to you, but I will never make an indian of you, For you are from the pink side, you are from the pink side, Maybe I was brown before, maybe I was a girl before, Girl I will protect you, don't you know, girl I will tell you tales, But I am from the red side, I will never make an indian of you There were times I didn't care, there were times I loved to share, But now I keep my doors so tight, throwing away so many delights, For I will never make an indian of you, never make an indian of you, Girl, just try to walk over it, and come to me in disguise, Let's forget about the past, there's a day brandnew, Although I will never make an

indian of you Never will I take you out of your lies, For you chose to be here in disguise, So many masks lying before me, I will never make an indian of you, never make an indian of you

7. Oedoeboele

I don't understand my own hardness, don't understand my own softness ... I don't know where it goes, and I don't know where it's going to ... All I know is I am a prisoner of myself, of something deeper I don't understand ... There are simple things in life, but this is too difficult ... The roaring pains in me ... I don't know what it's telling me ... It is speaking in a language I do not understand, Please let me wake up, to talk to myself ... It seems the hardness never dies, but these roads before me are all dying ... I cannot step forward because of my misunderstanding ... I cannot move because of the unknown ... It's so deep inside of me, I cannot reach it ... Neither when I try it fast, neither when I try it slow ... Please take me to the river inside, and talk to me, and help me figure it out ... I'm too tired to do it on my own ...

8. Oedoeboege

Mad Sunday ; Mad Sunday, rivers to rise, ships to burn, and then they take flight, This machine is making everything alright, Mad Sunday, rivers to rise, mountains will come alive, Machine is making everything alright

9. Oedoebole

Silbok ; To Silbok they all march, these statues, To Silbok where the dolls come alive, Please give me one more ride, And she sais give everything you have, And she sais give everything you ever wanted, Got to have some space for the lullaby, In the evening they all rise and fall, coming alive, So don't run away from me, don't run away from me, To Silbok they all march, where the dolls come alive, In the lake of mystery

10. Oedoebange

Homeless Doll ; It's five 'o clock in the night, cannot sleep, I'm staring outside my window, A young girl is playing there, she's a doll, only alive at midnight, And I say : girl, don't you know, you shouldn't be here, go to your home, I do not have one, sais the lady, I'm homeless, they say I'm out of time, Ripe to be rubbish, they threw me out of the window, Do not have a place for christmas So I took her by the hand, teached her how to dance, I am a real friend, Always despising the rich, although I'm richer than anyone, Gave her some money and a dollhouse in which she would have fun, And she said thank you, dear, but when the morning comes I do not have to fear, and then all these tears are gone, I will die forever under the sun, and she looked me in the eyes, and said it's better this way, but I will come back in disguise, But I said she would have a place here, in a dollhouse I would raise her, But she cried and said I had to understand, her story here came to an end

11. Belip

Fantasies ; Oh baby, the lights are bending, and I see you in the distance, Face like a ghost, walking through the rain, dancing in your mind, I can see your fantasies passing by I see you in the sky, like a ragdoll smiling at me, I can see your tragedies, Fantasies taking them over, taking them over, shining their lights on me

Prosmon

1. Didomet

Today you came alive ; She's a statue, cannot talk, cannot cry, but she has so many tears inside, She's a doll, not able to walk, but when I hold her hand she smiles, I give her anything, and then I rise up and take her into the skies, Fly, doll, fly, now baby you are wondering right now, will you rise higher or will you fall, I take you by the hand, in this land of questions, leading you to the water and the sand On the beach you will come alive my dear, after all these years, Hold your head up, I want to see you cry, I will dry your tears, and pull you to the sand, While the waves will cover you, set you free, while you will wonder, will this last forever, or will I be unable to breath when this beach will go away, I take you by the hand, in this land of questions, leading you to the higher skies, making you understand, So many things between us, it makes you walk, it makes you cry, it makes you fly, Your not a picture on the wall anymore, today you came alive

2. Kurgras

Sun of Hope ; You're making fun with your brothers, and I smile, I agree, I have taken you away from the grief, Will you love me for it, or will you return from this trip, Is your motherland calling you, Will I always be your friend, will you always be my sun of hope shining through

3. Kurgbosse

The Stare ; I got a picture of love frozen in my hand, Tiny girl is waving, she cannot understand, All the things I'm saying, all the things I'm telling her, It's all wasted for she's never sure, I can never make you alive, for you are there and I am here, You're just a picture at which I stare

4. Kurgtom

Schools on Sunday ; Baby, running away from home, You're such a doll, frozen after every strike of sunday soldiers, Tears when your mother is screaming, But it's just a picture still hanging in your room, Honey, you must forget about her, She died so many years ago, and it makes your life so miserable, Baby, go on, it's hurting you, you must come out of your shell, and begin a day brandnew Baby running from home, for father has hurt her so, But he's just a picture screaming on her wall, Baby he's not alive anymore, you must burn this painting, Just go to school without all these tears, They come from so many years ago, When father died, he's still screaming in the night, Baby, lock your room, it's sunday, Sunday soldiers coming from the moon, You must run to me, the teacher from your school My wife is not a witch but a faery, My children have also paintings coming alive, But these you do not have to fear, For I painted them all when my own parents lost their lives, I never had to miss them like this, So come with me, and take this lesson like it is

5. Smalnes

Save the Doll ; Saving the doll, saving her smile, saving her letter, saving her goodbye's, Saving her golden glitters, saving her wine, saving her temple, saving her shrine, It's august here, but still it snows, It's raining also, a wonderfull show, Saving the doll, saving her glide,

saving her machine spreading so wide, Saving her books, her jealous breath, saving her underwater dream, It's alright with me, I can sleep again, I can rest my face on her dress, I can be warm again, can be happy again, we're saving the dolls, For yesterday couldn't make it bend, Save the doll, Save her smile, save the statue, save her style, Save her mission, save her silly scream, save her ornament, That's what she believes, she believes in you and me, Save these dolls, save their heads, save their arms, save their legs, Give them everything they need, for yesterday couldn't make them breath, Yesterday don't you ever return, Save the doll

6. Kurgdomet

Say My Name ; In the house where the statues are, house where they all gather once in awhile, I found a silly letter, In the house where statues march, once in awhile they go outside, While they shout, talking about this silly letter, talking about the weather, Turn your head to the sky, my baby is walking by In the house where statues live, house on prairy, house on a statement of yesterday, Can we return to that place, they love to say our names, Say my name, make me alive, say my name, and spread it all wide, Let us dance like never before, and bring me to the morning-shore, Turn your head towards the sky, baby is walking by In the house where statues live, such a long time ago, But it's still in my memory, like yesterday, they're playing flutes and violins in delay, Say my name, oh baby, come alive maybe, say my name, of baby, come alive, baby, Tomorrow it will all be clear, there was no one really there

7. Spaakdom

The Spiderslayer ; The spiderslayer was on his way to the big mountain. He was hanging at a rock, and climbed his way through the jungle. Time wasn't his master anymore. He had dark piercing eyes, strongly initiated by the goddess he once loved. He was now filled with an undescrivable bitterness and anger towards her, because she was nowhere to be found. Maybe she was kidnapped, or maybe there was something else going on. The spiderslayer needed to find out. He couldn't believe that she would be spiderian now, but he had to find out. Some of his friends said she might have left him because the spiderian was pulling her away.

8. Domekals

He hated his friends for that thought now torturing his mind. But he had to find out. He would go to spider's hill behind the big mountain. Inside he had a small hope he would find her there as a victim of spiders. Then he would save her, and they would be happy for the rest of their life. But what if she really had become spiderian ? Then he would slay her and her families.

9. Kalshut

Time wasn't his master anymore. He had changed the firecodes terrorizing his mind for so long. Now he could enter the stargate behind the big mountain to reach out for spider's hill, the fragile but thick history of so many secrets. If he would find her there as a spider, he would have to kill her, for he's the spiderslayer, and that's his job. But on his way to the stargate he met a Dragonslayer. A fight started.

10. Kamel

The Dragonslayer didn't want to have him entering through the stargate. The Spiderslayer was climbing higher, and jumped on the dragonslayer kicking him hard in his neck. Blood was

streaming out of the neck of the dragonslayer. The dragonslayer roared, while with one sweep the spiderslayer tackled him, and the dragonslayer fell to the ground. Blood was coming forth from his mouth. The spiderslayer was sighing, and took some more steps to reach the stargate. Now he could enter this fragile history he never understood ... It had tortured him for so long ... But when he was on spider's hill ... He didn't see any soul there The atmospheres smelled like blood and slime, and it was charged very strangely.

11. Tonije

The spiderslayer looked around, and suddenly he got a kick in his face ... Some invisible power tried to strangle him. The spiderslayer was screaming, but he didn't get any mercy ... Soon enough he was shivering on the ground like he had been struck by the worst electricity existing. A voice was speaking in his mind : 'I told you not to come here.' It took awhile before he could stand up, but he felt like all bones of him had been broken.

12. Ergturg

Was he able to speak to the spiderian thrones, dwelling in the invisible states ? There was no any soul here, and even no shadows. Slowly he moved forward, while looking around him. He smelled fire and smoke. 'No one is allowed to come here,' a dark voice spoke in his mind.

13. Turgdom

But determined he walked forwards, feeling a strange strength charging and tightening his bones ... But then suddenly it was like his bones were breaking again ... He felt he didn't have any power to speak anymore, and he was grasping in the air for breath ... After awhile he fell to the ground again, while he started to shiver again, and to vommit.

14. Turgfisse

'This will be his last attempt to reach us,' said a spiderian witch to her sister, while they were both staring into a dark chrystal ball. They were laying their hands on the ball, and they spoke out their spells, while creatures in the background started to murmur ... 'Never will he reach us,' the witch spoke loud. Her sister was nodding. 'I will ... I will' spoke the witch, but suddenly she was grasping herself in her stomach ... Then she fell down ... The creatures in the background started to become paniced ... They started to run confused along each other, while the sister of the witch started to watch her hands ... They were turning pale green, and she started to scream ... Suddenly a door opened ... It was the spiderslayer 'How can you come here ?' the sister screamed ... But the spiderslayer took his dirt-sword and started to slay her.

15. Fissekodom

'No this can't be true !' a creature started to scream ... 'You belong to the world below spider hill !' But the spiderslayer started to slay this creature too ... He didn't have time for any nonsense now, as time wasn't his master anymore ... Finally he kicked a door in, and found his goddess chained to the floor and the wall ... Quickly he broke the chains by his teeth, but his teeth started to break also ... They heard someone laughing, and suddenly the mirror-image of the goddess was standing in the opening. 'You have opened this portal, so you have to pay for

it now,' she screamed ... But the spiderslayer was taking his bow and pierced her by an arrow ... The arrow was full of fire, and soon enough the mirror-image vanished ...

16. Heidom

He took his goddess and he ran with her in his arms through the castle looking for a way out ... But there wasn't a way out His teeth started to hurt more and more, and he had to vommit a lot ... The goddess couldn't speak ... When he asked her to open her mouth he saw the broken teeth, and also a spider inside. With his hands he took the spider out of her mouth, but suddenly she was also vanished ...

17. Heidem

'Illusions, all illusions,' a voice in his mind was speaking ... The spiderslayer started to roar because of his horrible toothaches ... Suddenly he took a knife and cut off the broken teeth ... Now he only had a few teeth in the front left ... But the pain was only getting worse ... Blood was flowing out of his mouth ... It was a dirty knife by which he had aborted his teeth ... It was like infection struck him immediately ... and he was feeling sicker and sicker ... Suddenly he fell to the ground, while his face was turning pale green His hand was reaching deep inside his throat and finally he was sighing because of releasement. He took a big big spider out of his throat, while he was vomitting. 'I am released,' he started to scream, but the spider was growing and growing, and a struggle started 'In the name of Blehema, I command you,' he roared against the spider. But the spider was more flexible than him, and the spider's legs started to turn into snakes. Soon enough he was like in a cocoon, but he felt his teeth didn't hurt anymore. A strange health was streaming through his legs, and he took one of his leg-knives and started to rip the spiderian cocoon. It was for him like coming out of an egg.

18. Hergsiti

Suddenly he stood eye in eye with his goddess ... She was more beautiful than ever ... But he knew this could be the next illusion ... 'Maizandra,' he started to scream ... He tried to take her in his arms, but she vanished 'Maizandra ...' he screamed again ... But she didn't return

19. Hergheidom

He was now in her mental cocoon of freedom ... He was in her illusion He felt spiderlegs growing inside his stomach ... growing to his throat and to his legs ... Suddenly he vomited ... 'Maizandra ... I know you are lying to me ...' he screamed 'Maizandra ... I will ... I will' Then the spiderslayer fell to the ground again ... He had become very tired of this all ... But for the last time he was raising his dirt-sword 'Change my sword, oh almighty ruler of' but he couldn't speak further anymore ... The spiderlegs inside were blocking his throat ... His dirt-sword slid out of his hands ... He would die as a warrior now ... He would die as a hero For he had been to spider's hill Something was waking up in him 'Am I dead now ?' he was thinking to himself ... Someone was holding him She was in white fragile and shattered dress ... She took her knife and killed his soul as in a second death ... Blood was flowing from her mouth ... She was smiling ... A fragile drip of consciousness was floating into the river like a dewdrop She had him now where she wanted to have him She was spreading her spiderlegs wide, while the rivers were streaming through her spiderwebs ...

These webs were like wood ... covered by mud While the rivers were cleaning them ... His deep spirit got stuck in her webs stuck in her hell

20. Keidonne

Slowly she was moving forward to the spirit of the spiderslayer which was echoing in the night Aaargh, the spirit was murmuring ... Grrrrr ... he was moaning Groalllll while she was eating the meat of his spirit He didn't know what was going on He was too far gone Bathing in unconsciousness He was vanishing ... Only the heart of his spirit had been left by her cruelty ... She took it in her handsand brought it to the center of her webs The webs got charged by a strange vibe she enjoyed She now had submitted her king to her His spirithart was speaking in unknown languages Suddenly streams of thunder were moving forward, coming out of his heart like ink 'Radanos !' it was screaming ... 'Radanos ! I have now reached the insides of her spiderheart They killed me for the cross I was bearing Now I have killed them ...' But the goddess was laughing hard ... This heart would be her mind now And she would become the ruler of all spiders, for she now had the spiderslayer It would serve her for the rest of her eternities.

21. Keidos

While the spiderslayer was waking up, he realized more and more what had happened ... He was now interlocked in her body ... He was now her soldier forever ...

22. Keislert

Mad Sunday ; Mad Sunday, rivers to rise, ships to burn, and then they take flight, This machine is making everything alright, Mad Sunday, rivers to rise, mountains will come alive, Machine is making everything alright

Vampirian Opening of the Foot Ritual

Moezoeki

1. Asmat

Red Spider ; Tiffany is drinking from her glass, decorated by tragedy and unfulfilled hopes from the past. She is drinking the blood of her grandaunt, without any response to a conscience sewed by deadly precision in her fragile mind ... echoes from an early church, flying in rotten rain, still the threatening painting in the cellar of her feigning sentiment ...

2. Asbal

The last few years she used this emotion more and more as a terrorist to protect her sensitive traumas. She became the preacher of this church, as an attempt to quench her inner bleeding insecurities forever. The perimeters of vague figures from a family's diary she drowned in the grey ditches. Now she uses these stains in her cloister to wash away the last shadows of the world she lived in ... It's still dripping from the pipeline of the grey ditch.

3. Armas

She's eating from her dish, decorated by numbness, holding the liver of her granduncle tightly inside. She still feels herself a prisoner there, but the strange lust she always felt by hearing the torturing dramas of her old acquaintances is still her candle ...

4. Ersmis

There's coming blood out of the pipeline ... Tiffany is embroidering her houseshoes with grey lines from the lonely sickness she has since her youth ... When the years took off, it got worse ... There is still a sea of needles unsheathing from her spleen when she speaks ... dragging her grandmothers there to bear a sword too heavy for them ... becoming pregnant of something which they can never get out.

5. Immis

She's eating some old testicles from a crucifix and a painting, hidden in the laundries of her mind. It was still the dogma of her creed, her pension after all the years of hard work.

6. Ulahm

In tight devotion, breeding her anger under stones of lost and lonely places a few inches under her skin, to drag ignorant visitors of a forgotten past and health inside, becoming pregnant of something, which they can never get out.

7. Ulars

She's still the incubus of silent tragedies, which can never reach daylight. She's still a bitter incubus of inner abortions and miscarriages, of a siamese womb, sinking deeper under the weight of something she could never reach ...

8. Lars

She was paralyzed since her birth. She remembered the cynical smiles around her, bringing her in a deeper death.

9. Korton

Suddenly it was like he had lost everything. He dreamt of the tragedy, and he didn't know why and what. But he was walking to the pipeline. His homeland was gone. He was now in a strange land where no one knew him and where he knew no one. He heard aborted children cry in the pipeline, and he heard strange slow songs spinning like mills in his head. He saw faces laughing in cynical delights, kicking them back into the seas ... locked up between two lands, in a pipeline ... locked up between the past and the future, between two holocausts ... breeding the red spider ...

10. Upsmij

Fragments of the Tragedy were spinning in his hand, he's falling between the ship and the high coast, with a stone chained to his leg ... sinking to the lethal depths of dangerous oceans breeding the red spider ... a tortured miscarriage of a marriage between two countries ... the bloodthirsty vultures standing on the coasts of cruel stolen peace eat the fugitives ... coming from a war into a war, wandering from hell to hell like everlasting damnation ... When he woke up ... his wife had been deceased ...

11. Bijzet

Always when the red spider possesses him, he feels needles and mills raging in his testicles, and he sees the traumatic paintings of howling tortured Jesus Christs, of burning witches and animals dying in the cruel arenas of butchereries in delay ... animals growing into animals ... Then martyrs of the ages pierce their sharp ornaments through his nipples, possessing him by their shrieks, and riding him by moving the ornaments and the apocalypses, rising up like the waves of the great ocean, each one mightier than the previous, spreading the marks of the mill, laying the thick stones of the dungeons. Then tragedy by tragedy, drama by drama, will be the arrows on his bow ... until the red spider drags him back to the pipeline, repeating the ritual ... until all his children are possessed ... bred into the coiling frames of wet trauma, torture and pugnacious battle-cries ... until they feel the bars of their cages, until they feel ...the red spider inside ...

12. Erbijs

In this strange sect, they killed animals for their gods ... They had strange paint on their feet ... and strange flavours which could easily enslave you ... or in worst case even kill you ... They were painted and clothed to this goal ... strange outfits of this religion ... In the night their feet became strange spiders going for a hunt ... Their toes grow out into tall killerpaws ... strangling their victims ... to bring them to their realms of death ...

13. Erbijzen

They worship feet and spiders ... It's a strange cult ... They tie their prisoners to tall stakes ... while their feet fall off to become prisonbars ... Strange paint with strange flavours ... entering the minds of the prisoners to give them illusions ... It's a sort of prisondrugs ... so that they can never escape ... It starts to take over their minds until they are mental slaves ... and then piece by piece they will be bound in their emotions until they are emotional slaves as well, breathing in and out the strange feetpaint flavours ... Then they can be used for slavework ... They are now sleepwalkers ... zombies ... zombificated by

14. Erbijnen

It's like the wildest indian warbook ... but it seems it's living in him ... as if he's a part of it ... and as the nights follow, it returns again and again, becoming wilder and wilder ... He cannot go to work anymore ... he's too tired It's always the same story at nights ...

15. Bijnens

One day an Indian woman comes to the place of Enric ... The woman gives him strange feelings ... like she's sucking his last piece of life away ... She has strange shoes ... almost boots he never saw the design There was ... a spider ... painted on it She smiles ... 'What are you looking at, Enric ?' She says 'Well, do you really want to know ?' Enric asks carefully Yes, of course, she says ... I want to know you better She comes closer to him and starts to sit on the edge of his bed holding his hand 'Enric,' she says ... 'I really want to help you ... you see, I came for you ... I had a dream about this place that someone needed my help for he was being disturbed by spirits of my ancestors ...' Enric gets big eyes ... 'spirits ?' he says ... 'well, I don't believe in spirits' ... Then the woman starts to talk about his dreams ... she knows a lot of details, and even knows their meanings Enric starts to shiver ... How do you know that ? he asks ...

16. Bijnens Nette

It was like the woman had a weak spot for Enric ... He told her so many things she didn't know yet ... and soon she started to really care and feel for him ... When he spoke about the stories she got strange feelings in her stomach ... and it was like there were strange flavours in his room ... making her drunk It was like she was losing herself, and suddenly she started to look deep into his eyes and started to undress herself very slowly Enric didn't know what to do He was very serious about the dreams ... and he wanted to talk about it ... Why were these stories so cruel

17. Bijnens Ate

The woman started to tell him more and more about the meaning of these dreams ... but she just made it up .. for she didn't know ... She said : You dreamt about your butchery in symbols The man started to cry ... So these dreams wanted to show me what is happening to the animals, right ? We are from that strange cult ! Why would we sacrifice animals for our own lusts ? It was like his eyes were opened ... and the woman was amazed about the effect ... she just made it all up ... but it seemed she pushed a button in him ...

18. Ate Fitte

Enric took her into his bed and started to make love to her saying that he would never work in a butchery anymore ... He wanted to warn all butchers that they were in troubles ... for the Indian ancestors would find them also ... The woman was smiling ... whatever he said ... all she wanted was making love to him and listen to his strange stories

19. Fites

Suddenly Enric wakes up ... It was all a dream There are strange flavours in the room He looks at his sleeping wife ... Her face gives him strange feelings in his stomach ... Didn't he have this before Is he still dreaming ...? He pinches in his leg ... He's watching his feet

20. Fitesse

Suddenly it's like the picture of this experience is frozen ... like he cannot move, and as if that second takes a million centuries He tries to breath but he can't ... only a small spider is creeping over his bed ... very fast ... He tries to scream but he can't ... It's coming closer, going slower, growing bigger, until it's a foot ... and it's coming to his chest ... A black man is standing in the dooropening ... while the door is locked ... He has a black hat .. a white face, but further he is black ... black clothes He has strange eyes ... like he has high authority somewhere ? In art ? In politics ? Enric doesn't have an idea, but the face seems familiar ... A fight starts ... Enric is screaming for the man is hurting him ... I am the butcher ... the man sais Not a butcher of animals ... but of butchers Enric starts to scream, and a tall knife appears You're sick and crazy ... he screams but then he remembers his dreams ... and begs the man not to hurt him, for he will stop being a butcher 'That's already too late ... Now the animals want a sacrifice ...' the man tells slowly ... 'Please I'm begging you, don't hurt me, I promise I will stop the butchery ...' Enric sais ... 'If you will now work against butchers I will spare your life,' the man sais 'That's a deal ...' Enric sais ... 'but what does that mean ...' But the man was already gone ...

21. Urgdot

Tiffany is drinking from her glass, decorated by tragedy and unfulfilled hopes from the past. She is drinking the blood of her grandaunt, without any response to a conscience sewed by deadly precision in her fragile mind ... echoes from an early church, flying in rotten rain, still the threatening painting in the cellar of her feigning sentiment ...

22. Urgdom

The last few years she used this emotion more and more as a terrorist to protect her sensitive traumas. She became the preacher of this church, as an attempt to quench her inner bleeding insecurities forever. The perimeters of vague figures from a family's diary she drowned in the grey ditches.

23. Orgmij

She's eating from her dish, decorated by numbness, holding the liver of her granduncle tightly inside. She still feels herself a prisoner there, but the strange lust she always felt by hearing the torturing dramas of her old acquaintances is still her candle ...

24. Orgmije

She's eating some old testicles from a crucifix and a painting, hidden in the laundries of her mind. It was still the dogma of her creed, her pension after all the years of hard work.

II

Vampirian Opening of the Senses Ritual

Oemgoeschmi

1. Lootse

Far away from the spotted lion's cave a mass of slaves was wandering through the desert of fire. Suddenly they had to stop before a fire-lake where they had to drink from the firewaters. Now they had received strength again to work in the desert. They had coloured necklaces like thin small snakes, carrying the energy of black time, a sinister energy keeping them bound to the realms of the dead. If they would only have the knife of black time, they could escape. They had a slavemaster called Sambara, who was the keeper of this magical knife. He was a sorcerer, a dark one, and he ruled them all by the knife.

2. Maase

This punishment would come along with twelve missions he had to solve. If he would fulfill these missions he would become one of them, but if he would fail they would kill him, as he would have the power to betray them. But the missions were so heavy that it would be the question if he could survive them at all. In every mission one deaf shark would guide him, so he would have to develop twelve friendships with them. These were called the twelve of Rokdod.

3. Misse

For the first mission Golem had to go to the island Rhos Z'delta, where a group of women lived who were both prostitutes, assassins and soldiers. They used to kill men after they slept with them, especially when someone had paid them to do that. They were corrupted to the bottom. They had a shrine made of goldfish-bones which Golem had to steal, to bring it to the deaf sharks. Ludium was the deaf shark who would be his companion on the road. When they both came to the island they found out there were a lot of tourists here. The brothels on this island were an attraction. Ludium warned Golem that he had to be on his guard. The women, who had been called the white wives, could easily put their spell on men to have them in their power completely. From the morning to the evening they often worked in the army, most of

them but as soon as the evening and night came they worked as prostitutes. There was a lot of enigma around them, and they could always draw new visitors in.

4. Lisse

They had their own queen, a woman with waspian qualities. She lived in a sort of royal brothel, like a waspnest. Here would also be the shrine of goldfish-bones somewhere. Ludium brought Golem to that place. It was night. Many women were already sleeping. Some lay on the ground, while others were in their rooms. It seemed there was much business here, and the lady of the house had her own hierarchy.

5. Limme

It had been laquered by a strange fluoresced soft light orange. But he couldn't move the object as it was connected to the wall and the ground like they were one. Then he looked into her wardrobe. But suddenly the backside of the wardrobe fell away. It was a portal to another room. He went in very quickly, and saw all sorts of skeletons of men against the wall. In some of these skeletons snakes lived. Were these her victims ? Golem didn't like the idea of standing next to them very soon. He went back to the room of the woman. He was a bit nervous, as he didn't know when he had to attack her before she would strike him to death. Ludium had warned him that the women could do that in a second, even while still in love-making. Then the woman came back already. She was bald now, but she also bore a dagger. 'I have noticed that you know much more than you ought to know, so I thought it would be better to start the battle right now.' She threw the dagger, and Golem could escape with his head just in time.

6. Oemboeg

The dagger pierced itself into the wall. Then Golem took the dagger, but the woman had already grasped a leg-dagger. 'Come and we do a one-on-one-fight,' she said, while she was sissing like a snake. At the same time other women came in. They grasped Golem by his legs. 'Lay him on the shrine !' the queen spoke. And in a few seconds they had laid him on the shrine, his arms and legs tied to it. The queen was raising her dagger, but then Ludium came in. 'Ho, ho !' he said, 'that's not how we do treat men.' And then he kicked the queen aside. With a strong fist he broke the shrine away from the wall and the ground, and while Golem was still on it he took it out of the room.

7. Oemboe

But the other women surrounded him, and Ludium had to kick a few times again to get them away. 'I will untie you very soon,' Ludium said, 'but first we have to get out of here.' And with the shrine and Golem on his shoulders he ran out of the royal brothel. 'You were in the den of the lion,' Ludium said to Golem, 'but you found the shrine.'

8. Oemboege

The second mission was to ride the goats of Swikkedat. Swikkedat was a place where many vampires lived. The goats of Swikkedat could bring them all along to the realms of the dead where they could feed on the dead, but they could also bring them to other places, such as hidden dungeons where they would have easy chained prey. There was a lot of risk bound to

an attempt to ride a goat of Swikkedat. The goat could lead you in a trap to kill you or chain you forever, to become a living meal to other vampires. And always before you could ride such a goat there would be a powerstruggle between you and the goat. If you would lose, the same things could happen.

9. Oemboel

But the second guide of the twelve of Rokdod told Golem that he had to go to the underworld first to get the keys to ride these goats. These keys were called 'the keys of death', and for that he had to go to a certain necromancer. The second guide would lead him to that.

10. Oemboele

The warriorboys of Wirdum Desert on Mars had captured another boy. The boy was crying and shivering, but they didn't have any mercy. Everyone knew of the cruelty of these warriorboys, as they were feared in the whole area of Wirdum Desert. They would sell the captured boy to a slave-caravan, but first they would do surgery on him. As the boy had been tied to a stake they started to cut him with knives. In his body they were looking for something ... parrot gems ...

11. Oemboet

When they had found the parrot gems they ripped his further skin off. After the boy stood skinless in the hot sun for hours insects came to eat from his meat. The boy died in horrible circumstances, but when the boys returned they called his tormented soul back from death. This was how they always used to zombificate their prisoners. Now this zombie had been ripe for slavery. In the distance a slave-caravan was coming. They had smelled some blood Not much later the dirty deal would start.

12. Oemboete

Tara from Rhodes had wandered through the Wirdum Desert for days. She had found a lake near a small forest, and had bathed in it, only her upper body a bit, and some parts of her legs. Through the soil she saw something shiny in the distance. As she moved closer she took notice of the fact that these were parrot gems. But what did all these bastards do around it ? She took her sword and started to slay them all in a terrible bloodbath. Tara the Terrible had come. After the slaughter she took the gems and moved forwards. Tara knew everything about these parrot gems ... Actually they weren't from parrots ... Everyone on Mars would have more or less parrot gems in their bodies. When they would be taken away they were in the danger to become zombificated, which meant they could be risen from the death to be enslaved in their bodies for the rest of their lives. These were called : The zombies of Wirdum Desert.

13. Oemboef

Ammelgamma was a dealer in parrot gems. He had a shop somewhere on the westside of Wirdum Desert. Tara would go to him. Tara didn't care for parrot gems, but when she found some, she would bring them to Ammelgamma. Ammelgamma was a prophet, a collector of parrot gems. He didn't use any surgeries to zombificate his victims. He only used words. And he had a lot of success in it, for he had one of the greatest slave-caravans of Wirdum Desert.

He used to travel a lot with his mass of necktied zombie-slaves. To see such a slave-caravan moving through the desert was always impressive. Ammelgamma used to prophesy and soon his whole audience had been enslaved by his words ... a strange fire, zombificating them to be in his army of everlasting damnation. They didn't fight, they only used ... words ...

14. Oemboeve

When Tara entered Ammelgamma's shop he was just counting his money behind the cash-desk. Tara laid the parrot gems in the desk and slammed with her fist on the desk, trying to get his attention. Ammelgamma looked up, but then he started to count his money again. 'Sorry, lady,' he spoke indifferently with a sore throat, 'I am busy now, can you return another time?' But Tara jumped over the desk, took him by his throat and pushed him hard against the wall, while she had raised him in the air: 'Listen you barbarian bastard, I do not travel for days to come here for nothing. We know each other, don't you? You know where I am coming for.' Tara had the desire to throw him through the window and then to eat his brains, but she could control herself this time. The man nodded and said: 'Yes, Tara, I know where you come from, and where you are coming for, so come with me, and I will show you what I can give you for these parrot-gems.' Then they moved upstairs.

15. Oemgoe

After a few hours Tara came downstairs alone, grinning full of evil. Blood was coming from her mouth as she left the shop. She was now probably the richest woman on Mars, although she didn't care about the money, the tanarings she had now. She just needed it for something.

16. Oemgoele

In the west, upwards, she needed to do something. As she was moving forwards to an enormous stairway in the middle of the desert. This stairway was a chrystal stairway, leading to the high beach behind the desert. No one knew why she came there, no one knew what she would do. They were all staring at her while she moved through the soil. When she was on the beach she could see the bloody sun almost touching the waters. She had an evil stare. She stood there for hours, for days, as the bloody dark sun was moving slowly towards her. The wind was playing with her hair while the bloody dark sun was roaring and soaring so huge in the distance. 'You have finally come, Soms!' she shouted. 'I have done what you have asked from me. There is no Ammelgamma anymore!' Then she showed a very small skull like a gem of leather. 'It's shrunked now,' she said evilly. The huge bloody dark sun was almost devouring the waters, and Tara started to sweat all over.

17. Oemgoef

The next morning Tara woke up, still at the beach. She would now go to Iriptus, the killer-prophet. They called him the prophet, but actually he wasn't a prophet. He was an assassin. He would speak to his audience for hours and hours, and then he would slay them all ... not by words, but by his sword. Tara liked him more than Ammelgamma, who was a big coward in her eyes. When Tara came into his home, he immediately bowed down before his queen. He used to call her like that, although she didn't like it. His house was full of skulls and dead bodies. He killed for the money, the tanarings, ... it was that simple. His house was huge. He was one of the wealthiest prophets in Wirdum Desert.

18. Oemgoeve

After a few hours Tara came out of his house finally, while blood was flowing from her mouth. His shrunk skull hung now close to the other small skull. They were like two small pieces of leather rags. Tara hated prophets. She thought they were cowards, using many words and often let their swords rot in loneliness. She used to capture prophets to sell them to the arena's to become real men, but this time she had lost all patience.

19. Oemgoem

Most of the time these prophets were only weaponsellers or high bosses of arena's further not caring anything about it. She called them the gamewatchers, lazy jerks. She never had much patience with them. She had only sympathy and love for the prophet-king who was an exorcist in the east of Wirdum Desert. He was called the prophet-herd, but actually he wasn't a herd. He had a breeding for prophets, to finally slaughter them all. He was feared by many prophets, although a lot of prophets didn't know anything about him.

20. Oemgoeme

Tara was writing in the scrolls of Mars : 'Lonely are the days without you, prophet-king. You have devastating news, always slaughter like brandnew. They never find your mills when I will come to you. It's veiled and then I'll show my ornaments to you.' Tara wasn't in love with the prophet-king, but she was making plans to kill him. She knew she couldn't do that right away ... She had to be sly ... So she went to his castles ... They were made of python stone ... Some called it the sandcastles As she was sliding forwards through the soil and the sand of Wirdum Desert she saw him on the huge frontwall practicing with his sword. It didn't take long before she finally killed him in her trap. Now she had three small shrunk skulls hanging like leather puppets to her belt.

21. Oemgoemboe

The end of the day Tara wrote in the scrolls of Mars again : 'prophet-king, prophet-king, finally I found you, finally I could kiss the lips of your skull, finally I could watch you from inside out, something I desired to see, all these things so deep inside, you hid them for such a long long time, were you afraid to show them, so full of shame ? All your intestines one by one, all your organs, all in a row, I finally saw them, it gave me hope. Finally I can live forever after this sight. I will never forget, it will only turn brighter, to raise your shame and paranoia instead. I could finally kiss your heart, you did not keep the door closed, for my sword was breathing in thee, hearing your words unheard. Oh prophet-king, oh silent king, you had so much to hide, but I'm telling you it's over now, these days are over now, since I came and watched your insides you denied. I know you better than you know yourself. I watched more of you than what you watched yourself. How can you choose again to not listen to me then. You better be my slave, as I can lead you in.'

22. Oemgoeboe

Tara from Rhodes was the Assassin of Love, but her thirst only got stronger. It was now like she had to live with all these souls she had enslaved inside, these tormented souls, ready to torture her forever. She became so paranoid, hungry for a greater love, but all she could do was to hate. She hated love and she loved hate, and she knew the bloody sun of Soms

wouldn't show up anymore, as it was written in Martian Laws of the Lawless that the bloody sun of Soms would only show up once in someone's everlasting life, as the first and the last time, the Alpha and the Omega.

23. Oemgoemboef

She had lost all her chances, there was no hope for her left. The revenge of the prophets would drive her to Tartarus now. Here the wolf-skulls were already waiting for her, ready to watch more of her than she ever watched of anyone else. All she could do was worship the wolf-skulls, as they had seen more of her than she had seen of herself and others. She was their perfect slave, a doll, for they once took her own parrot gems away.

24. Oemgoemboeve

As Golem entered the fields he found after a long trip through the wilderness, he saw women riding on horses in the distance. It looked like they were hunting or something, but Golem wasn't sure. The women of this land were strange, not like other women Golem met in other districts. They were still in the distance, but Golem could already see that they were different. He took his bow and an arrow, while some of the women had already taken notice of him, and came closer. One stepped from her horse and decided to walk towards him. The woman didn't talk, and she looked like she was far away in herself. In the distance some women were screaming. They had caught a young deer, and tried to kill it. Golem aimed his arrow at one of the women and shot her from her horse.

25. Oemgoemug

The other women started to get in rage towards Golem, but Golem just didn't like to watch hunters. Suddenly strong arms took him from behind, and pushed him to the ground. Another one kicked him a few times hard in the head, and soon Golem lost consciousness. When he woke up, he had been tied to a stake. A few dark eyes watched him tight, and then she spat him in the face. She was rubbing with her hand over his body, and then she put some mud on his body. Another woman laid a knife against his throat. The young deer lay somewhere close to him, bleeding to death. Some of the women drank from it's blood and had red mouths and faces by it. Golem spat one of them in the face while she came close to him. These women were lost, and probably damned by the usual life. Who were they, and why were they living here like this. Had they been banned ?

26. Oemgoemugge

An old woman came close to Golem. She was mocking him, and raising her hands making strange movements. 'You will die tonight, captive,' she said. 'What if I will kill you all and burn your strange camp ?' Golem said as an option. Then the old woman spat in his face, and left. After that she came back with a knife, and soon Golem was bleeding all over. Then suddenly a group of women came home from a hunt. They had caught a bison, and soon they started to slay the bison for it's meat and skin. After awhile they forced Golem to eat from the meat. Golem didn't want to eat, but then they hit him so hard on the head that he got dizzy, and in delirium he started to eat. The women made a lot of noise, but Golem was far gone, he almost didn't heard them anymore. One woman stood before him, and smeared bison-blood on him, while she also smeared it on herself. Golem didn't know what kind of games they were playing, but he assumed that this was their tradition. When it was evening they started to

dance around his stake, raising their knives, axes and tomahawks. Never before Golem heard such shrieks and yelling. The moon appeared, and some of the women were bowing. Golem had headaches.

27. Oemgoemek

Suddenly he heard a few shots, and some women close to him fell down. A hunter with a beard came forward. Weeping and screaming the other women ran away into the bushes. The hunter untied Golem. He told Golem that he lived close to the women-camp to keep an eye on them. They feared him, thinking he is a sort of god, because of his gun. They used to call him the thunderman. The hunter took Golem to his home, and said he was lucky, as the women wouldn't have any mercy to him. Golem asked the man why they couldn't root them out, as they were dangerous in his eyes. But the hunter said that the women were sick. They had been banned out of their tribes because of mental diseases, and they formed their own tribe. They are bitter towards all living beings because of what their tribes did to them. Most of the time they first had to live in rejection, mocked by others day in day out. Even when they wouldn't be mentally disturbed in the beginning, they would become it later because of the scorn. Now most of them had to suffer times of abuse before they finally got banned, and that's why they are full of hate now, and very bloodthirsty and full of cruel tricks. Usually no one survives falling in the hands of these lost women.

28. Oemgoemekke

Golum could still feel the hate breath in his neck. he wished he could help the women. But the hunter told him to give it up. These women had been wounded too deep. They would never change. All they wanted was revenge, to destroy all life around them. One night Golem returned to the camp. He crept in one of the tents where a woman slept. He crept under the skin she was sleeping under and began to warm her. The woman embraced him, and whispered : 'Who are you ?' 'That doesn't matter,' Golem whispered, 'I just want you to know that you aren't rejected by me.' But suddenly the woman kicked him away from her very hard.

29. Oemgoemoet

Golem became dizzy by the strike. It wasn't such a good idea to help the women like this. The woman started to scream, and Golem had to leave the camp very quickly or they would hunt him down. The day after he told the hunter what he had done. The hunter rebuked him, and warned him that if he would do something like that again, it would be his death. But the next night he went to the camp again, and now he went into another tent. There were two women lying there, and again he crept under the skin they were sleeping under, but this time he didn't do anything. He just had to take care that he wouldn't fall asleep. Suddenly he felt an arm of one of the women. The arm was very warm, and Golem enjoyed it, but at the same time he became afraid. After awhile the woman took her arm back, and Golem could breath again. Slowly he went out of the tent, and left the camp.

30. Oemgoemoete

The night after he went again, and this time he took also another tent. Here many women were sleeping. It was a bigger tent than the others. He could feel the atmosphere of hate threatening in this tent, although they didn't know he was in. He lay down between two women and soon they were rolling over to him. It was like they felt the warmth, but they didn't know he was an

intruder. Golem knew he was in a dangerous position. He felt their legs sliding over his legs, and their heads moved closer to his head. Suddenly one of the women laid her head on his chest. Golem's heart was beating fast. After awhile the women rolled over to the other side, and slowly Golem crept out of the tent, to finally leave the camp again. It was like they were getting used to his warmth and energy like this, but if they knew he wasn't one of them, they would probably kill him by their cruel ways. The hunter explained about the rituals of these women, which was a long tradition helping them to deal with their past. It was very cruel, but they didn't have another way to survive their trauma's.

31. Oemgoemsk

The hunter told him that he could never become friends with them, as they hated others and themselves too much to enjoy something like that. Golem knew that he could only come close to these women to let them enjoy his warmth when they were asleep, when they wouldn't be aware that he wasn't one of them.

32. Oemgoemt

As Golem walked through the snow, he entered the city of Pythia, where he was born. There was a gathering of vampires in the royal house, skilled necromancers, and Golem had some stuff to do there. He was in search for a chainlet named the chainlet of the bears. Golem knew that the vampire-tribes often used such chainlets to put it over the necks of their victims. Then the souls of these victims would burn away, so that they would be zombie-slaves for the rest of their lives.

33. Oemgoemst

When he walked into the royal house soldiers tried to stop him, but he took his sword and slayed them. Quickly he went to the room where the necromancers were gathering. 'Behold, I am Golem from Pythia,' he roared. 'You know what I'm coming for. I want the chainlet.' Slowly all the necromancers laid the chainlets on the table. They knew they couldn't play with Golem, as he was about to slay them all. 'Take the necklaces,' the leader of them said, 'but spare our lives.' Then Golem took the necklaces and disappeared.

34. Oemgoempt

He had put them in a sack, but as soon as he was outside a woman was waving to him from a certain house. If Golem had one weakness then it was women. The woman was luring him to her house, and tried to have a conversation with him. 'What do you have in your sack?' she asked. 'Oh, nothing important,' Golem said, 'only some food.' But the woman knew exactly what was in the sack. She knew why he had come to Pythia again. She offered Golem something to drink, but there was poison in it. She worked for the leaders of Pythia. When Golem drank from his cup he fell asleep immediately. The woman took the sack, and warned the necromancers. Two vampires came to bind Golem, and they took him to a dungeon under the house of the woman. There were also some old men here, living in cages. When Golem woke up after a long time, he wondered what he was doing here. Then he remembered the sack.

Ramutschi

1. Laatse

After awhile the woman came in, but he couldn't remember who she was anymore. Then also some necromancers and vampires came. They told him that he had been a thief, that he tried to steal the necklaces of the bears. But Golem roared : 'You bastards and fools, these chainlets are pieces of sorcery, you know that better than me.'

2. Luchtse

'Well, you will never get them,' an old necromancer said, 'for we will ban you to the islands to do hard labour for the rest of your life.' Golem got something to drink, and fell asleep again. When he woke up he was already on the slave-ship.

3. Lamse

He had been chained to a wall, and to the wall in front of him a woman had been chained. The woman spoke all sort of foul language, and was a bit confused. Golem tried to sooth her. 'What did those bastards do to you that you act like this,' he asked.

4. Laakse

On the ship the leaders, the captain and some necromancers had dinner. In a room they had big tables full of meat. Golem could smell the meat and started to get very hungry. It was bear-meat in all it's riches. Golem remembered that he ate a lot of bear-meat in Pythia when he was young. Later he swore that he would only eat the meat of those who would attack them. However he still liked the bear-meat, especially when he was hungry. A man came in, a tall and thin man, having a plate with bread and some thin slices of lamb on it. He gave it to Golem, but Golem tried to kick it away. This food he already got for days and it came out of his nostrils. The woman got a bottle. She didn't want to eat at all.

5. Rochmo

'Listen, you bastard,' Golem said, 'go upstairs and get me some good bear-meat.' The man immediately obeyed, and soon he returned with a large plate full of bear-meat in all sorts. 'That's better,' Golem said. But then the man threw the plate through a hole into the water, and started to laugh. Then the man left. Golem was in full rage. The woman said : 'You can better breed hate instead of losing your energy to anger.'

6. Rotmo

In the middle of the night they brought Golem upstairs, still chained. They led him to the room where the party was still going on. Everyone laughed as they heard the story from the man who brought him the plate. They took bear-meat to put it under Golem's nose, and then they threw it through a hole into the water. Golem tried to hold on to what the woman had told him. 'Breed hate, instead of losing energy to anger.' Soon the men had lost their fun, as Golem didn't react. They brought him back to the dungeon downstairs.

7. Rosmo

One day they threw an old man in the dungeon, close to the woman and Golem. The man was very confused and talked all the time. At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream to the man. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes.

8. Rogge

They pushed the chained Golem on a plank and by stinging him with a rod and a sword they drove him off the ship. Golem fell deep in the water, and tried to swim, but he couldn't. Suddenly he felt the strong arms of a woman. The woman swam with him in her arms to a small island somewhere. The woman was very strong. On these island there were predators in all form who seemed to obey to the woman. One of them could bite the chains of Golem open. Golem was free now.

9. Falaaks

He told the woman about the bear-chainlets, by which the invaders of Pythia terrorized the domain which used to be from his father. His father didn't live anymore, as the invaders had murdered him. His father was the king of Carkia, and throned in the main-city Pythia, where Golem came from.

10. Hamg

The woman said that she was willing to help him. On the back of a predator they would go to Carkia again. They decided to go to the royal house in Pythia, where Golem's father used to throne. The moment they came there there was a party. They were eating from dishes full of bear-meat and other sorts of meat, like snake-meat and the eyes of eagles, hares and cows. The woman had a bow, took an arrow and shot the chief. Golem, who was very hungry, started to eat from the dishes.

11. Oemg

Like a lasso one of the women threw a necklace over his head, and soon Golem was burning inside, like all his strength and powers were melting and crumbling away. The predators of the woman came in, and also more and more women. 'This is a great day,' the woman who had Golem in her grip said, 'we have enslaved the enemy of our enemy, and they will both bring each other down.'

12. Oemoeg

More bear-chainlets got used like lasso's and they had to be very carefull now. Quickly they caught the other bear-chainlets and jumped on several women to crown them with it. Immediately these women fell to the ground. After awhile they left the house with hundreds of bear-chainlets, while all the women there had become zombies. Also the predators were zombies now.

13. Oemoet

Golem brought the bear-necklaces to a mountain, where he spread them on shrines. He attached them to the shrines in such a way that they couldn't be taken away again. This was deep in the mountain, where the bear-necklaces would only be a souvenir and a memory.

14. Oemoemsk

From a black stained cave, Tara from Rhodes is awakening. Since she killed the black lion all she could do was sleep. Now she is running through the jungle to tell her tribe the great news. This black lion had tortured the minds of her people for such a long time. It was a mind-eater, and whenever he bit pieces of their mind away, there was horror rising in their bodies, tragedy after tragedy. Tara from Rhodes had sworn she wouldn't live in a tribe anymore. But the tribe where she was born she would never forget, and she still called it 'her' tribe. She didn't know how the terror was rising behind the mountain of the black lion. The lion had bred so many children there. Yes, the tribe of Tara from Rhodes didn't know which horror was waiting for them since the black lion had died.

15. Oemoemt

The breed of black lions was in great mourning since the death of their father. They were howling in their hidden place in a dark cave behind the mountain. No one knew of their existence, for their father always went hunting, and brought the meat to their secret place. No, they never left the cave, since there were too many dangers to these young ones. But since they had grown up and their father had died, they had to leave the cave. They could smell what had happened, and they could smell the one who had done this all, the one who made them orphans in their lonely and cold years : Tara from Rhodes. They could smell the patterns of the bloodline, and they had sworn they wouldn't rest nor eat before they had killed the ones she loved. Tara herself had to be taken to their cave ... alive.

16. Rutbie

It was the greatest slaughter Tara ever had to deal with, the day the black lions came to her tribe to slaughter her loved ones. It hurted Tara more than anything. That day Tara had gone to a different area. Although Tara didn't want to live in the tribe anymore, she was always around since she freed them from slavery. Since she had killed Gitdugal the killer-king who had enslaved them for such a long time, she took his skull and brought it to her cave, where she swore she would always be around for her people. The skull of Gitdugal was of a rare stone : the python stone. But since the python stone had been stolen, she had to find it. It was the stone of slavery, and it also protected the owner of it against any form of slavery. She returned without the stone, to find out about the fate of her tribe. When she had come into a certain wigwam the leader of the black lions suddenly stood in the opening. Tara turned around, but it was already too late. She had been hit on the head by a sort of iron or bronze candle. They took her away to the den of the black lions in their cave behind the mountain.

17. Rekchs

'Oh yes,' Tara said cynically, 'I will prepare myself for dinner. Who of you want to be the first piece of meat ?' Tara took one of her legknives, put it between her teeth and jumped on one of the black lions. Another black lion jumped on Tara, and then another, and soon there was a bloody wrestling.

18. Rempt

And as she accepted him in her cave again he started to become of flesh and blood more and more. And that could happen because of the python skull. He told her that he had been to the Underworlds of Mars, to Tartarus, where his soul had been captured between the squeezing Moving Walls of Everlasting Damnation. Here his soul got dense again. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone. He also told her about his true reason why he had committed suicide. And they became lovers for the second time.

19. Remt

But as this strange resurrection went on, Tara more and more found out about what was going on. He only returned to her to seek for revenge. But he wasn't himself anymore, so Tara thought he had been sent back to her by someone for some reason. When Tara had slain him in a fight, she wanted to find out about his second coming. So she decided to go to the Moving Walls of Tartarus, a dangerous realm below the Death-realms of Mars. She knew exactly which rivers to take in the Death-realms of Mars, and finally after a long journey she reached Tartarus. When she got to the Moving Walls area she met Drinbard, a pirate-captain. She asked him about his friend, but Drinbard didn't want to tell anything. Finally she got into a fight against him. They both had two-bladed swords called doubledeckers. Finally Drinbard gave her access in the deeper realms of the Moving Walls. Before he gave in they had a fight of two days.

20. Raaks

In the pub where she sat there was a fat barkeeper doing the dishes, and there were sitting a few naked indian women at the bar. They listened to some music, had some talks and a few drinks. They looked a bit strange at Tara, but further they were friendly, and Tara didn't have the impulse to grasp her sword. The feathers of the indian hunter-women were very shiny, and Tara was looking at these ornaments for a long time. Suddenly a cowboy entered in. Tara could see that he was an escaped soul still in his process of growing dense. Tara had the feeling the cowboy didn't know where he was. Maybe he thought he had already reached the finish. The indian women started to whisper to each other, and Tara knew about what they were going to do. The cowboy walked like the whole pub was his, like he was the greatest hero of all times, for he had survived Everlasting Damnation, the Moving Walls of Tartarus and the soul-slaughteries of Diabrillis the puppetmaker. He ordered a couple of beers. Tara supposed he did that because he seemed like he never drank alone. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper, on costs of the cowboy. Tara saw his good heart, and was worried about him. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?' The cowboy was confused. 'Are you talking to me ?'

21. Raakte

'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub, but in a flash Tara could see how the indian woman was about to grasp her knife. Before they could take any other step Tara jumped from her seat to the woman and kicked the knife out of her hands. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear and wanted to pierce the cowboy. Just in time Tara could jump on her neck and and pushed her on the ground by holding the neck tight between her legs. The barkeeper took the telephone, while the cowboy started to become paniced. The other indian woman tried to

approach him. 'Stay away from me !' he roared, while foam almost came out of his mouth. The indian women sat down again after awhile, and everything was quiet again. The cowboy now knew he was in danger, still. Tara thought the cowboy was a lost case. She didn't have any hope for him to survive in an area like this. Soon she found out how the indian women had turned him into living meat on a stake. But for Tara there wasn't any way to prevent it.

22. Rachint

Very often she saw those sorts of men having their skins ripped off and shivering on a piercing stake, while indian women danced around their hopeless souls. They were still the souls of the damned. She wondered how her friend could escape all this. On these fields demons and skeleton-gods were sitting on their high horses causing the doom of everlasting damnation to full extends. Most of the times these skeleton-gods were dressed in garments, causing the horrors of indian sorcery all over the place. They were the ones who had teached all these indians here how to be soul-criminals.

23. Rexe

Once Tara met the White Spider Queen, a sorceress who could let nipples grow on bodies in such a number that skeletons would come to suck all the blood, fluids and meat-juices out of the body by these nipples. These nipples were called the nipples of death. The Queen was a very feared woman of the hunting-fields. Even many of the indians feared her. Before Tara realized she was under the webs and fluids of giant-spiders. The White Spider tried to put her spell on Tara, but she failed. They had a fight of several months, which Tara finally won. This was how she could finally escape the horror surrounding the Moving Walls of Tartarus. She still didn't find an answer to the questions she had about the one she once loved.

24. Rechtse

She had to wage an Everlasting War against everything which was threatening and possessing her, or she would lose herself forever. In her eyes that was the only Love she could really bring up to herself, but it was enough for life.

25. Repts

Tara wanted to return to the White Spider Queen she once defeated. She needed help from her. The White Spider Queen had mixed feelings about Tara, but finally she accepted Tara's need for help, if only to be able to take revenge on Tara. She initiated Tara deeply into her temples and her secret places, and most of all : she started to love her.

26. Repte

The White Spider Queen was always so gracious that Tara although she more and more desired this jewel, sometimes just wanted to cut her skull off to decorate her weapons with it. But they knew they needed each other, and they developed an intimate and tender love-relationship.

27. Ript

As for Tara : She had to find a way to forget about this all, as she found out about the forces of Love being nothing else but the forces driven by a repressed revengefull heart coming from the past. These veils of the spider were nothing but tricks.

28. Remst

Now the amulet was hers, and she wanted to spare the warriors in their feelings. She knew where they were hunting today, and she hoped that they would stay the night there. So she went there, and fortunately when she came there it was already night and they were all sleeping. She had cut the amulets into many pieces, and by the amulet she wanted to lure them away from the danger.

29. Rimpt

The snake was a possessor of minds, and Tara exactly knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warriors of her tribe.

30. Rimpte

'You do not know with which powers you are playing, girl !' the snake roared, while it's tail slammed her in her face. 'By this amulet I will bring Sharla's soul into the minds of the tribe,' the snake spoke loud. 'But the amulet doesn't belong to Sharla's soul anymore,' Tara spoke, while she pierced her sword into the tail of the snake. 'It's her bones, it's made of her skeleton,' the snake spoke in strange delight.

31. Rimptet

'But now I possess it !' Tara shouted, 'Now I am the master of my tribe, as I am it's guard.'

32. Kelks

But when she came across the river the children's tribe had possessed the whole area and had become evil again. They even didn't remember Tara. They didn't recognize her. She hoped the children didn't know about the hidden temple of the snake, so she went there, but they also possessed that temple. The kingdom of heads was against her.

33. Kelkse

The children had strange weapons made of shiny yellow bone. It looked much like the amulets, and maybe it was the same : the bones of Sharla the Head Hunter.

34. Klechte

Then the kid asked : 'Which god do you worship then ?' 'That's none of your business, but try Soms,' Tara replied harshly.

35. Klecht

But after awhile Viviktus the Wild Sorceror came outwards. 'I think I will have mercy on you this time, lady. You seem to have traveled a great deal. Come inside for some warm drinks,' he said.

36. Klachte

Inside there were halfnaked warriors sitting at bars. Most of them were looking at her. 'Oh, I want to fight against her one time,' one was shouting.

37. Klacht

Most of them were barefooted, but some of them had very strange boots or shoes. They looked like killerboots.

38. Klerchke

Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, was leading her along the bars, and soon they were in the arena's. All sorts of wild animals had to fight against the different warriors. Some of these animals she had never seen before. They were monstous Martian animals.

39. Klerke

Behind the arena's there were some arena pools. Viviktus told her that if she would defeat all these warriors and animals, he would help her.

40. Klerk

By the grace of Viviktus not all these warriors would die by her hands or weapons, but she defeated them all. 'There's dread on you,' Viviktus said. 'They fear you like nothing else. I must say I applaud your strength and persistence.'

41. Klerom

'You are cleansing your soul from witchcraft here for a great deal.' Then Tara took Viviktus tight by his throat and said : 'You Martial bunch of shatters, you promised me to help me !'

42. Kleromme

'What I tell you is the truth,' Viviktus continued, 'but I will also give you help by myself. That I did promise and I will do, as I am an honest man.'

43. Klom

'Some souls have reached a certain immortality, and will return on and on, after they have been killed. They have drunk from the sources of eternal death and birth, and they have a great immunity. Now these so-called immortals prey on mortals. And if they have fixed their mind on you, they can eat you all the way to your inner city, where they can and they will finally enslave you,' Viviktus said, 'It is finally by this eternal slavery you will find the well of eternal liberty, the freedom of the mind.'

44. Klompe

'What are you trying to tell me, sorceror, are you predicting me something ?' Tara blasted. But then she got very silent. After awhile she said : 'So you will tell me that Sharla the Head Hunter will return again to me to finally enslave me ? How ?' The sorceror nodded. 'I think you are very wise, my girl, and I think you will deal with this as you continue your path. You will find out that my words to you were true.'

45. Klok

And as the sorceror predicted Sharla the Head Hunter came to stalk her again, and this time she slayed Tara and took her soul to the realms of Lakshor, where she became an enslaved Gladiator.

46. Klokke

After Sharla the Head Hunter took Tara's skull, Tara's soul found a fierce fire-ship in the deathrealms of Mars. She knew Sharla still wasn't done with her, and she would hunt for her soul, but on this ship she would have the chance to escape from Mars, as it became more and more a horror to her. On the Martian River of Death she was on the ship, but gladiators kidnapped her. These were the times she felt very weak. But as soon as they heard of Sharla the Head Hunter they became friends with Tara. They had to fight Sharla together. It was a warrior-boat, the one where she was now. The ones of this boat were escaped gladiators and now they were waging war against the tribes along the Martian River of Death to make prisoners for their gods.

47. Johanklo

They first wanted to sacrifice Tara also, but since they had an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter they knew they could better not touch Tara. She might help them against Sharla's attacks.

48. Johanklok

What they didn't know was that Sharla attacked them because of Tara. If they would find out that Tara was the cause of this all, they would have sacrificed her for sure. They were cannibals of the highest grade on the Martian River of Death, since the gods taught them how to survive on these horrible rivers. Tara tried to escape from them many times, but all these attempts finally failed. It was like they were watching any move of her.

49. Johannesklok

They didn't have much jewelry, but what they had was very precious. They had some python stones, and by that they could capture the minds and the souls of their prey. It also prevented them against any soul-enslavers. Most of the time these stones were planted in their weapons.

50. Klaamte

The friendship between Tara and them didn't last long, for once in the night Sharla the Head Hunter came to the boat. She killed the gladiators, took their heads, and captured Tara's soul. Sharla took Tara to the arena's of Lakshor where she sold Tara as a gladiator.

51. Klaampte

When she could finally escape from Lakshor she returned to Mars again in search for the warrior-skulls of her friends who got beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter. She would do anything to bring her friends back to life again.

52. Schaampte

She also knew that their souls had been captured in their skulls, and that Sharla would have those skulls in her collection.

53. Schahampte

So she returned to the area of the river of Mitstik, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara had now grown so much in skills, in wisdom and in so many other things. She was now ready to finish Sharla the Head Hunter forever to set her friends free.

54. Schamhamptet

But when she came there, it wasn't what she had expected. Although she easily found the skulls and used an oracle to talk to them, her friends didn't remember her.

55. Schelk

And didn't want to have anything to do with her. First she was in great grief because of the answers, but later she knew she first had to defeat Sharla the Head Hunter, because she seemed to dominate their mind and memory. But Sharla was nowhere to be found.

56. Schonde

Her realms were lonely and wild, almost depressed.

57. Eschonde

Later she asked the oracle where Sharla was.

58. Eschamelk

The oracle answered that on the westside of Sharla's realms there was a new city.

59. Kamelk

She would be there to raise it and rule it.

60. Kinde

The name of the city was : Eliphant City.

61. Klerant

Eliphant City would be the darkest city of Mars, a breeding place of sorcerors, witches, necromancers, thieves, assassins, soul-hunters and a lot more.

62. Klaame

Tara had the feeling she would go to the circus.

63. Schouzil

Oh how she would like to smash her skull into shatters to hang her brains in the trees.

64. Schempt

In Eliphant City there were circuses and even fairgrounds indeed. But also lots of arena's. The City had a great deal of slaves, and there were enough slave-hunters operating from this side. The city also had a great deal of story-tellers and artists. Often they were wanderers coming to sell their art. In many cases they were thieves as well. Hermund Grottenweiler was a man having the most beautiful women in cages. Here they had to dance, sing and strip, but they were never allowed to come out of their cages. They lived in these cages like animals and slaves. No one was allowed to enter their cages. It was a big deal. Hermund Grottenweiler was one of the richest men of the city. He was a drinker of beer, and often he went to prostitutes to have some fun. He was also a gambler, and a lot of people said he was a thief. Men used to throw a lot of money through the bars to let the women do whatever they wanted them to do, although they could never be touched. Tara was watching some of their shows. Sometimes there were more women in one cage, and often it was nothing but brute fights. Tara knew that if she wanted to conquer Sharla the Head Hunter, some of these women could be of good use.

65. Schempte

'How much do these women cost ?' Tara asked Hermund Grottenweiler. 'They aren't for sale,' the man said gruff. 'but I can pay you a lot if you want to work here.' Tara took the man by his throat and said : 'You mean bastard, I give you twelve-thousand tanarings for two of them.'

66. Schehen

'Twelve-thousand tanarings for two women ? Are you crazy ? You could buy my whole business with that, but okay, I give you two women by choice,' said the man slowly.

67. Kemit

Twelve-thousand tanarings was a lot of Martian money. If you had a hundred tanarings you were already rich.

68. Keran

'I'll pay you later, bastard,' Tara said, but the man wanted the money now. Then someone else whispered something into the ears of the man, and after awhile the man said : 'Okay, you will pay me later, choose your two women.'

69. Kriekse

So Tara took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do, and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter.

70. Kriekhent

One of the women was called Lirsja, and the other Spirtja. They were both sisters or more accurate : half-sisters. Tara loved them from the first moment. They were tender, but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors. They told Tara that they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile, until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them. They told Tara that they had always been slaves, one or the other way. Their parents sold them to a slave-caravan when they were only three years old. This was because they lived in such a poverty. Their parents thought that when they would become slaves at least someone was taking care of them. And since they were eighteen that person was Hermund Grottenweiler. Tara didn't say anything.

III

Idiocian Book of Hell

1. Burkus

Redtime Lovesong

Girl, we must sacrifice each other this evening, We must say goodbye for the greater good,
Giving each other back to a greater circle, This is what we have to do, We are just one-day-
lovers, We never reach the end of the day As I'm getting weaker and your heart begins to beat,
This is what we have to do for a greater good, Between me and you, The memory will fade

away, and you will find another lover for one day, So look me deep in the eyes for the last time, I will wrap you in a blink, will let you shiver inside, You're such a paranoid girl, and I'm an autistic sight, We can never reach each other, but you will find another friend on tomorrow's shore, Just a one-day-friend, a passenger, all these days they pass us by, All these days they just pass us by

2. Biriam

Frozen Friends

It's strange there are some friends with me, they always stay, They are frozen in time, can't get them out of my memory, They are like family, It seems like I need them, they're my breath, but still it's scary, There are things I never seem to forget, I think I'm frozen in this piece, seems I'm frozen in this clock, It seems I never can relate to the things deeper inside of me, Death is never the solution, for it will only create another frozen confusion, Please, red time take me out. It seems I have learned to watch the things by different eyes, It's like red time's on my back now, making the good compromise, All these frozen things around me, I can turn them in my head, Can mess them up in red time's wheel flowing through the night, Giving them the answers, to what they believe is right I have learned to shut up more, and to watch a second time, Seeing the bends I would never see if I would just talk and stare, I have learned to watch these things from the distance, And they seemed to be another one coming out of the confusion, It's now all clear to me, red time is the answer for you and me, The answer for you and me I have wasted so much anger, could only stare and talk, I was a gladiator of this machine, But now since I found the red talk, silent whispers in the night, Words fading away in strange delight, I could never watch things a second time, always the gladiator of your mind, coming from a greater circle, always solving the riddle of another fight, deeper in the mysteries of your night

3. Bottus

Sane

I am your idiot, the gladiator of your mind, Always trying to prove that I'm not crazy and not bad, Always working to prove that I am not a liar, Why working so hard for an image I am not ? I do not fit in your boxes, the product of a certain point of view, Well I am not crazy enough, I need to be an idiot to break these chains, And then I probably burn in your hell, But that's better to be the gladiator of a mind so sane

4. Bul

Girl Inside

I'm an idiot, have to fly with your birds, Have to die with your goats, yes, they're coming from the waters, Telling you the tales unheard, it's like we have to play your conscience, Still gladiators, gladiators, rise and die, for there are so many girls inside I'm an idiot, have to fly with all your pigs, Have to die with them, gathering the seeds for tomorrow, Planting them one by one into all these girls inside, Still we are their gladiators in their night, Gladiators of a conscience so sane, so innocent, Why did we grasp all this fame, on hell's television it is tonight, Breaking all the bones of all the traitors inside, We can never open this door, we can never stand tall on it's shore, It has to be this way, for girls inside want to have a piece of the

prey, These girls of the wheels, so cruel, but always sane and innocent, We are their lawyers, asking them why can't we be their judges, But we have to leave this crown, gotta ask them, cannot be the clown, Do not have the words for such answers, always fading away after everyday, Arena frozen in my mind, taking us back after the fight Girl inside, can you run and fly with me, can you let me free, Can you take a dive in the night, for the greater good, I know you're in an arena too, girls never like each other, Always jealous, always gossip, but can you shut up for awhile, I know you're also a gladiator, someone's idiot, but you have to learn how to sacrifice

5. Bibiak

Hell's TV

Memory like hell's tv, burning in the night, taking us back to the fight, we are the gladiators of someone's accusations. Need to burn home and house, all the furniture inside, don't forget the dolls of their children, such cruelty is never right. But we are gladiators of someone's conscience, gladiators on hell's tv tonight, burning like the memory We are gladiators of someone's desires, gladiators of a long lost romance, can you give it back tonight, we have to sacrifice it to the wheel A strange machine, gliding through our heads, like hell's tv And someone's on the radio while we are sleeping Cannot hear my own dreams tonight Memory like hell's tv, burning in the night, it's burning in my head and brains, it's burning in my eyes, cannot see the things of yesterday, I see everything different

6. Burham

The Goat and the Idiot

Hell is in fire, panic panic, all that we have build is now lost Hell's on fire, criminals burning ... What can we do now we've lost Can I buy some papers from you, a new silhouette Can I dream with you instead For all my cinema's are gone now There's a new show in hell, breaking my beautiful spell All these lights are turning, bending Bend over, girl, will lead you to another shore There's a great great wheel turning like hell's tv-show Hell is in fire, it's strange to me no cinema's anymore, only tv ... Do you want to have them all lazy now Tv in their own caves and I'm lost somehow Hell is in fire, cinema's burning voices on the radio tonight A goat is entering, with an idiot Please give me some light Or this will turn into a fight Voices on the tv ... rolling waters from the screen Can you quench the fire, smoking or do I have to watch my own screen

7. Irkjavik

Wild

Can you dance in hell like this hallelujah, can you dance in hell like bubblegum ... roses are turning blue, white smoke from the waters Can you dance in hell like this hallelujah, dance like this, this year there won't be christmas Can you dance in hell like this hallelujah, frozen statues melt today, there are idiots swimming in the waters Sharks come out of their caves Can you dance, can you dance like this Can you dance, can you dance like this

Can you dance in hell like this, halleluja, christmas won't be here today, not in hell and not in heaven, only easter comes here for it's prey he's such an idiot such an idiot can you dance like him can you smoke like him and spit the fire he's on the fairground, lose or win

Say, can you dance like easter, can you dance like this idiot's smile Hell has been frozen over, but the flame inside makes everything wild

8. Dekvil

Days in Hell

When indians play football in hell, hell gets frozen over, only a little flame will burn inside, to change everything into another day These days in hell searching for prey You can do anything ... There are no laws here Only lusts for nothing is real Idiots they walk here Idiots have their smiles Like strange waters and strange flowers And someone is peeing in the skies These days in hell made everything wild When barbarians play football in hell with heads and testicles too big The sacrifice is wicked, and they're burning every christmas When idiots play football in hell Waves will grasp heaven Strange fist will crash them all These gladiators let every christmas fall ... To let a deeper easter rise, so evil Waves will enslave them all But all this only happens when someone plays with his little machine of carnival

9.

Dausak

Cruel Picture of a Boy's Friend

Mother, get me out of here, open the door Why did you lock me up here since I was two years old, you stupid whore Mother, please, I will be kind, don't leave me alone in the night Mother, why is it that I always get presents at christmas, but then you look the door again It's like sinking in the sand Cruel picture of a boy's friend

These christmas-presents they sting and they lie, but they're my only friends in this darkness, and they never tell me why These friends are the idiots of my skies I can never think and dream when they're talking to me Talk to me please talk to me for my dreams are killing me Wished I had some easter-presents, like some little lights in my nights Ornament's so close, it stings me Wished I had some moments with another one's diary I know it can kill me but so what ? I was never alive ...

Why do I always have to live in this cellar But one day I will rise I will be a boy's friend in disguise It was all a cruel picture in a mother's mind Like a time-bomb she is She's a dressed up idiot Mother, get me out of here I hear you're having parties upstairs, you wicked whore Mother why did you lock me up here since I was two years old I never had the chance to see the daylight Never had the chance to go to school I'm only living here with these christmas-presents So please, open the door ...

Can I have some easter-presents, some moments with another one's diary I know it can kill me But so what ? I was never alive Or am I now a paranoid, baby Let me out from

here, baby Just for one night And then I'll sink away again to my private hell without a light ... Just one night, I beg you, baby, and then I will slowly fade away To close the diary of you and me together I promise you will forget everything I say

10. Deklust

Major Spell

Something is moving in hell ... Idiots do a major spell Crowns are falling off everyone is free ...New Year's taking of For everything turns backwards in hell after such a spell There are idiots on TV Cows and clean roads between you and me

11. Taklam

Too Late

On hell's tv today, o woman like a widow, help and pray, she lost her children in the dark Lost her husband by a shark On hell's tv today I'm wondering am I alone here ... No, there are some skeletons in the waters behind me Waiting till the overflow On hell's tv today A man with a high hat telling them all they have to pray, for satan's here, this idiot, he will spread the fear And he will set the angels out of their cages Won't go back to that place, where he had built his puppetspace puppetmarkets God is just an ellebow away On hell's tv today a mother weeps, for christmasbells don't ring anymore, only easterbells like cowbells, and there are cowboys on the shores Sometimes I want to scream to God, but who is he ? He's just a puppet from a madman's diary Madmen on the street Madmen in the skies Madmen all over me On hell's tv today, a brother searching for his sister, searching her for she could pray, he doesn't have a voice and a conscience Brothers on the streets today, searching for their sisters, for they could pray, while they were too far away Can I have just one prayer out of your mouth, can you write it down for me, before I take the road into the deep On hell's tv today, sharks come out of their cages, cows are on the roads today, where are the trains And lucifer is smiling, because he has a great day, for his god is dying, and now he can take the other way Is this the end of all our prayers, is this the end of all our christmasses anyway On hell's tv tomorrowa little voice will do it's prayer, but then satan comes to break the last snare Satan can you rise, you had these puppetmarkets in disguise, you had these churches on your back, your marionets moving by your strings, tell them all their god is in a free fall flying towards seas of fire satan will burn them all just a madman's carnival There's urine on the stairs Satan smiles today He has burnt some of his puppets, the ones who used to pray ... When will this nightmare ends, no one understands No one will pick something up from it It's just a madman's play While the idiots are still following his diary On hell's tv yesterday ... Someone lost it on his way He's crying looking for his children His wife took them away She was the puppet of a madman's diary the puppet of a strange strange society Can we help her today, can we cut the strings and take her away For when her husband will find her, she will be meat on the plate Please, madman do something, or it will be too late (It's already too late) ... Go there or it will be too late (It's already too late) Please, go there, or it will be too late (It's already too late)

12. Vudmul

Spear

She stood there before me, the picture had been frozen, while I was staring, such a naked sight, could see her bones through her skin She watched me like she would watch sharks, she shivered ... and then she took a knife and ran towards me to kiss me, and then she moved like an idiot all over me Who's up who's under who's sun who's thunder who's winter who's summer it's burning anyway why do you scream why do you yell this pretty dream is just the hell's shell You still play with toys girl, still play with rabbits and teddybears You have to ride a horse, and growing into a spear

13. Vurmul

No complaints

There are heads on the water, men in a boat ... These are the idiots, everyone is dying Everyone is shivering Pictures get frozen in the heads like seconds take a thousand years Where are all your criminals now, did they hide this year ? People screaming to their gods, but only sharks are coming forth. There are heads on the water, men in a boat, these are the idiots, you better stop talking, better stop dreaming, better stop lying ... They hear everything, they slide through your walls but in the end they crash down in their falls first they cry a lot, crying loud, and then they scream your name, these are the idiots, think twice before you start to complain.

14. Vurmud

Sacrifice

I have a wound, I was on hell's tv today, people were buying their heads away It was dope, so that they didn't have to pray ... Then they took their glasses Staring into the crowds below them, while spitting loud And I have a wound, like a big tattoo All I do is scream but it's only a dream Idiots came to me today They raised me up, they gave me power, but at the end of the day I gotta take a shower while everything was in delay My ornament was burning, turning My ornament screamed my name, like I was in big fame I was like a president, throwing my crown away And now I am the idiot of idiots Now I am searching for prey like them but it was just my way to tell them about another day I am an idiot of prey, since you stared at me since you took my breath away You raised me high, and then you let me fall, to be a part of your carnival Didn't know you would be so creative after all And now I have the tattoo I was on hell's tv And I met you again Like the power of some superwoman You're drawn by the thunder I was drawn by the sky In us the sun went down under While we were laughing, telling each other goodbye Goodbye for the last time Hope I will never see you again I met you in disguise so many other times Even after the sacrifice

15. Vurdug

Idiots of Brasil

Finally I reached hell in my death Finally I could take the bridge to leave this shell It had bothered me throughout the years Finally I was in hell to watch your tear I took a dive, and told you : honey, you will survive For we are with the idiots Idiots are growing in us Idiots take our souls away On hell's tv I met you We're waiting for the next day We watch the cows below us, they're running to make way turning everything

backwards searching for prey These are the cows of prey Raised by the idiots of Spain And there are French idiots on their way, to take the last train

Idiots of Spain they're marching, having no mercy, only cruelty is flowing through their veins ... While someone is crying, they only push the spear deeper They have lost their way While Indian idiots with so many flags, colourfull, while someone's vomitting, someone's breathing hard and loud, while someone's kicking harder Are we in a classroom today The teacher's voice is slowly fading away They are the truants, they never love us Teacher tells goodbye They're teasing us by their soft lies, about paradises too far away for our understandings, well I will take the road to hell instead, on a shimmering tv-day My hero fell out of the machine today I have taken his hand taking him away Paradise will never be the same

16. Vuldug

Idiots and Donkeys (No Choice)

You have a mind on your own, and I cannot follow it, for it's always changing, always shifting before my eyes, you try to make me insane ... So I rather choose the road to hell To scream with idiots and donkeys All what it takes to quench your voice ... It's penetrating me I do not have another choice All what takes to bring you down, all what takes to quench your voice, I swear on my mothers grave ... I do not have another choice Than to scream with idiots and donkeys.

IV

Ironian Book of Hell

Never Sundays (Raining Blood)

She's washing her clothes in the mud, she's coming down like the flood, screens are all overflowing. She's drinking milk from the newborn. It's on hell's tv tonight, on the eastside, screams of irony take place, for there's football in the stations, heads of the newborn falling down, the ironians are sitting on their thrones teaching them who master it all. Skins they suck empty, clothes washing in the mud, but she never washes it on sunday, for there aren't sundays here, and it never rains, it's only raining blood.

Easter of Prey

Ironian smiles, while tv's on, it's raining blood in hell, and the mud is strong, holding up a footballfield, but then it sinks away, to become the beast's prey. Ironian smiles, while another footballfield rises, where indian ironians run I never liked these guys, but they are entering in, until the beasts are tearing the grounds, opening up their mouths, while the public's irony is taking them away, it's time for another prey. And I see cows running on fields, while ironian smiles are high, until the blood rains. And then a voice shouts high and loud, all on hell's tv and then I'm putting it out. I go to sleep again, but someone is watching me closely with an ironic stare. I say I'm already in hell, so what do you want. But he's only there to bring me deeper, to a chessboard of prey. It's always winter here, always burning, shooting flames from inside out to be launched like a player. But can I run away, don't want to be a gladiator. Ironian smiles, while tv's on, it's raining blood in hell, and the mud is strong, holding up a chessboard, but then it sinks away, to become the beast's prey. Ironian smiles, while another chessboard rises, where indian ironians stand tall never liked these guys ... could never stand the words coming out of their mouths They jump and then they kill Their stares just spread the thrill It's taking so many hearts away They're always looking for prey Hell's tv, another mystery when I put it off, I just come into another part of this machine It never sleeps It always slides and creeps I can never breath If you win or lose the game ... Machine will swallow them all away Someone speaks ... fire and blood coming out of his mouth, like a spitting python, like a dragon and an idiot together He's the quizmaster of hell's television, when he speaks all the skeletons are burning, it's taking so much life away while the dead balls are rising, to become born again in hell, on the footballfields they cry They do not know the way But the ironians they take their heads and pray They shoot for prey All these babies find their cradles and cages All these babies fly home while the ironians smile They were never my types of guys Ironians, ironians, running after balls too far away And on the footballfields someone is dying, but the ironians do not care, for this is hell, ... more death will come to find it's way And someone on the footballfields is weeping but the ironians do not care for this is hell more tears will come to find their ways And milk is streaming forth from the newborn And all their mothers are drinking Milk to raise, rivers are rising, break the seal, someone's hiding behind Milk to raise, mothers screaming, break the seal, cannot live with yesterday Ironians do not care a lot christmasbells aren't ringing Then eastercows they enter having easterbells, while Spanish idiots play the fools I can't stand them, seeing them running after tables Break the seals Tomorrow we break the seals Tomorrow never comes, for it's always today The secret of the easter of prey

Wednesday Forever

Someone is rising, it's like the milkman, having milk from the newborn from hell Forget about the tales of football, it never comes They are running after tomorrow, a day which never comes Someone is rising, it's like the milkman, spanish ironians break the seals ... Can't you run away Can't you fly away, for there's no yesterday There's only a today And today it's Wednesday, it's like hell's day It can never turn around, it's always frozen, and a little flame is coming up to spread the fire Forever Wednesday, forever today, while balls in hell are burning, seal has been broken, by ironians of Brasil, white white milk is floating, from newborn faces of hell We have taken away, we have taken away the shell Someone took the helmet off, now there are snakes on the footballfields, finding their ways Break the seal today, please break the seal today, for today is forever, forever wednesday

Car Game (Flip the Flipper)

You have to flip good here, or you won't survive Flip good, and take a good dive ... There are flipperians on the road and now it's them against you Will you become one of them ? That's the question but they fight, and that's the truth Do you want to become a gladiator ? It will turn your life brandnew But you can better flip deeper than them, doing it better There are some ironians and idiots on the road It seems they have the Flip They're flip the flipper They have the flip in their pockets, look it's flipping out It's crashing through walls, and crying loud Then it flips over, and takes you by the throat You better flip better than them, or they will throw you off the road

Chicago

Killers on the road, like flippers, they have found eternal life on the bottoms of their cups Now they are like Holy Grails They're on their way to Chicago And I know it will put some switches And the rest will flow, freedom in slowmotion ... Time to think We're not in Africa anymore We have broken the seal Killers on the road, like flippers, they have found eternal life in the bottoms of their cups Now they have reached Chicago There's wine floating above their heads But this Car Game is also a threat For there are idiots on the road, and ironians And there are pigs in Chicago Pigs and Butchers but on this chessboard no one wins And you got to do the Car Game, but you won't get through, for there are idiots on the road, and ironians, giving you the boot Then you float back to Africa again wishing you would lay in Chicago's sand But only on christmas you get a ride And you know you won't make it, for the judges decide And in Africa it's never christmas, you're in hell, but there's a double bottom She's waiting for you in America a picture of the past

Peruomane

They came from far away ... It's now Africa, it's so insane These cowboys came from Peruomane, an America below the South where breasts and buttocks were just heads and nipples were mouths That's what Jim Morrison said But no one ever listens to him since he's dead Here idiots and ironians lived Jim Morrison never found the exit But is he still in, that's the question Or was he just a sightseer watching from a distance wall He's still our horizon this guy Can we go back to that place ? Africa's so lost since it was isolated from America Peruomane, it must just rise and never fall Got the butcher's switch in Chicago But butchers and pigs, they always fall away Peruomane rise, and start the carnival It's the forbidden tree of hell It's on television tonight, and Jim Morrison will shine more than ever. America, don't let your Africa fall again. I gave it to you.

Care for it like a newborn baby. These are the words from the prophet, the spirit of the forbidden tree of hell. Peruomane, the Rise and Fall of Jim Morrison, but he will rise again.

The Tongue (All Fall Down)

Tongues of hell rising, forbidden trees, with the fruits of the dying So put your tongue out of your mouth Hang on the telephone the whole night, until hell takes you away in it's delight And according to Jim Morrison Europe was also a part of America in the past. And everyone was made of paint and light, in the deepest darkness And Jimmy had the paint-gun. It was the eternal tree of hell. So break the seal, it's carnival, drink the beer All fall down

Los Angeles

Got the switch in Los Angeles, here the screens bow, and send their lights ... Here the seals have been made We've been tricked by lights and paint And Flip the Flipper chews the lights like chewing gum His tongue is tall and thick Like snake's universe it coils around hell's forbidden trees There are no seals on the bottles here It streams having no end. And then the woodcutter comes to cut off the forbidden trees of hell with his axe Never christmas anymore Only easter, leading us to Tartarus ... There are cows on the roads now Never trains anymore Jim Morrison plays on the flute, the piper leading us to Tartarus His eyes are speaking His forehead speaks and his cheeks, displaying the A of anarchism. But in the cities, the ironians and idiots sell the old fruits of the forbidden trees Don't eat them, just slide away The women here are like forbidden trees Don't take them They will fade away They are like ghosts anyway always sliding away But what is left ? Only a painting of the forbidden trees. And an almost naked man stands before it. We're in hell's museum.

The Troll Book of the Dead

Papyrus of Ham

1. The Papyrus of Ham-Izu
2. The Tablets of Troll
3. The Book of Indian Troll Dentist Flies
4. The Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies
5. Troll Carpentry Lodge
6. Troll Mythology

Papyrus of Ham-Izu

Troll hierodules in temples and opiums, cups of torture, beds and chairs. There's something going around the tree, and it's not me.

She's more than wonderful, having many breasts, on the wonderwall, she is my friend, she's not too tall. When she speaks her spells, I fall. On the tree of torture she grew like a cloud, like a cloudbaby, she's big soon Wait awhile and you will see

These are the spells, this is the wine Let it flow baby, it brings you all back to the troll wonderland.

It will hit the nerve of somebody, will make someone win, and someone lose, and so much misunderstanding, and so much fears and lovers gain the price So throw my dice, baby, let them all fall, and the numbers will show it all after the fall Got a parachute, and I must wait till it will open

Troll trophees on the wall It still looks like a big carnival Didn't know that this is life, didn't know it would get so strange after all I have tears in my mind, I cannot think, I have been stung by a strange fly, and there are strange waters in my trousers

Troll trophies in my mind, it's spinning around, I drank from the cup of torture, and now I'm sitting on this chair, trying to touch the right snare But it's all too far away from me, I must die in this place, and then like the wind I will be

I find my ways through these dark dark forests where your echoes are still dwelling, tricking me, I will never find you, but who are you ? I guess I'll never see for it's all too far away from me I must die in this place, to become like the sea this sea of tragedy so who will follow me ? It's almost in my grasp, I have been hit by a cup of torture, there's fire in my head, I'm now liquid like volcano's lava but all I see is trolls instead all I see is trolls instead and my baby is laughing at me Didn't know she has such a beautiful smile It's healing me yea, it's healing me like the wind

I'm creeping through the dust and coming closer I can almost touch you, but you're just a ghost, a ghost in my mind, laughing at me, and then you go away You're leaving me leaving me again, after so many nights Leaving me again I'm losing the sight I'm so hopeless baby Dreams in a torturous bed A troll's bed after all The end of this whole carnival And all I can say is : You saved me baby, out of my boring life Your wings are beautiful like a tiger, you're thrilling me

This is a thriller story of a lion eating a snake, can you get the picture It's in my head It's in my face tongue in and out A lion eating a snake I told the cats to do it, and now they're glad they did it It wasn't too difficult after all

The morning comes out of the night, like a ship with high sails, full of pride Trolls coming forth, with their tall knives Shall we go deeper so much space inside And the lullaby needs to be fed we can't stay superficial And the lullaby needs some bread We must do it now, can't come out of bed Too heavy to rise up The belts are too tight She's a warrior, a hierodule of trolls she hits by the spoon

And all these cats are eating snakes These are the lovmaker's ways And the cats they eat the spoons This is something they just must do And no one seems to forget, they are still talking about it in a torturous bed Trolls never know how to deal with it

In a circle sixty hierodules, spinning around on tables, like trains they come through And the dolls rise up, with liquid tables, made by tears, made by tragic falls And when you scream I can hear it all Don't mess with me my baby

She hangs in the trees, between tears, between griefs She hangs in the trees next to me in a torturous tree, made by trolls, made for you and me They call it life, they call it machinery But we are dead, and this clock it ticks for our destiny Shall we run to the fortress high on the hill, I have seen a glimpse, oh baby My mind is killing me And my skin is soft like silk, after you stang me I have been stung by a strange fly, have been tortured by strange trolls, cannot do anything about it, and still it is killing me I have been stung by a strange fly Please, please tell me why My thoughts are killing me There's strange guilt and shame like heavy weights around me, pulling me down, I cannot rise Are they truths or are they lies They fill me with hate and bitterness And you are the rejection in my veins rejection in my veins

I'm so lost in these forests, almost dead, almost dying, I'm getting through to you, on the other side, where you are waiting just a few inches, I'm almost there, grasp me by the hand, and take me in All you are do is stinging me All you do is attacking me like the big cat

I am a football of all these giants They made a stairs of me as a path for all these liars Can't see the truth no more All these lights are blinding me blinding me forever They break my bones again and again, whenever they step on me, so I get velvet knees, my skin gets softer everyday and they love the red becoming brown, and all these pale pale edges Everytime they walk on me, they sting me, deeper and deeper, until I give my smile away and then they can breath breath again Sleep away in satin sands, far away from me oh baby, baby save me, close my eyes come to me in disguise and dream away with me dream away let us grasp the fantasy in which we both can be safe, but I'm a hierodule these days

I am like the statue they use me for their wines, and their honey, it's coming out of me, when they sting me What can I do Close my eyes, come to me in disguise Then the lights fade away In pale snow we are today It's not like yesterday Do you see those horses Shall we ride away Grasp my hand, open your heart, bloom away with me, like blossom coming up from hell We made it to the afterday

She has eyes, not usual, but funny and tender When she smiles she fades away fades away and I must follow her over mountains and hills and then she speaks to me while everybody falls Make them all fade away, these shadows in my mind so many things coming to me in disguise, did I make them all up today

Hierodules never marry They live in deep celibacy and virginity They live behind glass in the temples and opiums Like predators they wait for the strike Don't throw your hairclips to them, for then their eyes and hair will change and they will start the fight

Warriors after all, these guys are all warriors after all Touched by the troll, in deathrealms they live Their lights are bright, and then the fire begins There are soldiers in Ham, tailors rise between them, was something between you and me, something between you and me

I was just your prisoner, but now I have escaped you see The forests were dark without you, but now I have seen the light Now I am the hierodule Green flames from the temple and the opium Making my head so insane Green hearts coming from a cup, I drank together with all the other slaves After all this torture my bed got wings And my chair began to walk It's now an airplane And she's still the rejection in my veins

I think I lay myself down on this bed and never stand up again The leather pleases me, and all the soft feathers It gets wings, and it stand up itself, it's all like machinery I'm a big robot, filling the cups Come sit on my chairs, I'm the barkeeper Great movies tonight, and you all will win, but I don't tell when it will begin A strange fly has stung me, and now I'm here, between all the trolls, and I'm one of them What did the forests do to me There are strange stripes on my cheeks and knee It was a horror-forest, but now I fly and throwing the dice Baby, what did you give to me

And butterflies on a dish, and the waters are dirty, trees are growing Rising to the sun to come back, and then they're telling me Hierodules never marry They only spin around to spread destiny This tree has wings now since it has touched the sun Trolls do the dance, my skin is soft She's laughing It's in my cowboy-head, shall I throw it

She laughs, it's always the same, in this strange strange game Trolls always win, until you're one of them, and then it begins So welcome in the world of trolls, these worlds are dead, but what is life anyway ? It all went astray We search for a doctor and find the butcher Search for the dentist and become a slave Now gladiators are rising, and what is life anyway ? They have cursed us, and now we are one of them Is there any escape ?

He's heading for the exit, and then he always falls, always the same dream in his head but he's growing tall he's growing thin, like the indian he gets his feathers I lost my way in Ham lost my ways in Ham

Where does death bringing us, forests are smiling at us Forests so pale and shiny colours so desirable And where does death bring us across this sea right on the hill to the fortress, where everything, everything will begin

We have so much height, so much survey on the trollhives We have so much space, and these forests are so shiny pale shiny pale, like it's taking you away We must live in the trollhives Combs so full of strange knives where strange flies will sing Oh death, how can you win ? Death where is your sting ? We have so much height after the flight, through fire we went in, and she is the rejection in my veins

On the trollhives we stand tall While honey and silk is streaming from the combs making the waters so shiny, pale greenbrown like a yellow wonderland taking us away On the trollhives we will stay, like high on the hills, so much survey Here we do the trade Trolltailors leading us astray Stay on the road, make your day I found a piano in the sky Fortress is growing high I will grasp it one day So many stars like jewels of a strange fly Are these sounds truths or lies Must we be silent Silent musicians Deaf players Blind stars letting us fade away Tomorrow we will be prey And prey of what ? Trollhives coming closer We must rise through the spot For what purpose ? Tell me why ? So many stream in the sky, like shiny pale, taking us away It's gonna be better Something's going on Oh yes, it's going to be better

On the hills not so far away from here, it will start to begin it's shooting stars in the night, and then all of a sudden so much delight They're slowly waking up these troll-flies slowly waking up in disguise, and she is still the rejection in your veins They are slowly waking up wild animals reaching for the top with wings like lions and tigers, so shiny and so pale Look right through them, watch the streams. Close your eyes, and be in a dream Grasp their hands, and slowly fade away Lights are on the fortress Make the trollhives stay Don't let the night fade away

There deep in the sand, they're waking up, with heads like big cats And when she smiles, I know it all There deep in the distance someone cries It's coming closer, in the fortress she hides When the purple stars fall down watch the carnival I have a cup deep inside I have swallowed my bed and my chair is on my head but I'm still nailed to a tree something between you and me Mouths are opening in my chest, mouths with sharp teeth And I am wondering who is with me You are the rejection in my brains.

It was not too long ago that you smiled to me, while I didn't know what to do It was not too long ago when I sailed across that river of death I saw the trollhives in the sky, floating down, and then everything exploded, and everything turned green I believe in the right pictures of me Not how you view me I believe in everything fading away It was not too long ago I turned that page Not too long ago And now I'm sitting here, deep in the forests watching the stars without you

Streams from my hands I'm watching the green something between you and me turning so pale all of a sudden and then so shiny like yellowbrown waters I carry my bed on my back since I left you and I stand tall, and I can fly by stretching my back It's a heavy weight, but it has wings, and I can see the sky The stars are below me now And I reach for trollhives, trollhives in the sky, far above the clouds, far above the things between me and you I got a survey now through death and life but what is life anyway ? Can anyone tell ?

Streams from my hands, my hands turn into water, and I have heavy wings, like panthers and big cats It looks so dangerous when I move them and when I fly it's war For an eternal warrior I will be The skies are telling me I got trollhives on my side War to the ants, the spiders, and the bees ! Trolls walking real quick now, until they run and jump Warriors in the sky

Laws of Troll

Law 1. All is Demonic. All is Evil.

Law 2. All is Deception.

Law 3. Everything can only get worse.

Law 4. There is no Good.

Law 5. There is no Hope, and there is no Sollution.

Law 6. Everything is in vain. (Didn't we read this somewhere in Bible ?)

Law 7. This is the Path to Enlightenment. (Looks a bit like Socrates, eh ?)

The Troll Chronicles

There in the deepest heart of the earth, the Troll Gods live. Their names are Utlaf, Domiaf, Ovan and Trotnog. They have created the earth and all what is in there. By magic they have raised the mountains. They have prepared their magic from dead frogs. The frogs are the evil watchers of this world, and they are the enemies of the Troll Gods.

One of these frogs is named Igmus, and he is the leader of all fallen frogs. They wage war against the Troll Gods.

To catch these frogs in traps the four Troll Gods created deceiving religions. Utlaf created Christianity, Domiaf created Buddhism, Ovan created all sorts of Arabian religions. Trotnog created Paganism.

So we see here : Utlaf is the true christian god, Domiaf is the god of all buddhists, Ovan is the god of arabians, and Trotnog is the real god of all pagans.

But Igmus was a smart one, and he created things like government, dentistry, psychiatry and such, to have a shelter against the Troll Gods.

Hail to Utlaf, crowned in the green district of the earth's heart, as we are moving into the Ashdelesh. We are moving into the Ashdelesh in Troll Pride, as we have died. It is the symbolic death by initiation where we leave our non-troll lives behind us.

Spell not to be turned into a frog while entering the dangerous halls of Ashdelesh, where the traps of dangerous troll-demons are :

Ashan Basef Karam Karahm Dendille Dendile Inswit Erkum Berkum Basaille Boisoife
Ulentuch Uluntuch Boise Sof Baram Barak Bes. Oh, Utlaf, have mercy on our souls.

In the first hall of Ashdelesh we come closer to the shrines of Troll, where we will be tested by fire.

In the second hall we will be tested by ice.

In the third hall we will be tested by spears.

Troll Psychiatry

The whole set-up of troll-psychiatry is to have a good frame-work. Troll Psychiatry believes in progression, based on the Laws of Troll. It is a path of enlightenment. However, there are a lot of trolls who are against troll psychiatry, as they think it is against the Laws of Troll. In this sense we speak about orthodox trolls and psychiatry trolls. There are many religious wars between these two sorts.

In Troll Psychiatry there are many grades :

grade 1. troll dentistry

grade 2. troll police

grade 3. troll judicature

grade 4. troll exorcism

Troll Philosophy

Troll Philosophy is based on the Laws of Troll and Troll Psychiatry, and here the great Troll Philosophers come from. But there are many wars between the different sorts of philosophy in this.

Legend and myth tells about the Troll Philosophy Stone. This stone initiates the finder into several grades :

grade 1. troll government

grade 2. troll military

Troll Mythology

Jesus - Swindler from Orion

Jahweh - Swindler from Orion

Mary - Statue made of a rare stone with the potency to kill and deceive

Buddha - Dangerous stone with the potency of making someone blind

Swapshadrich - Dwarf enemy of the trolls. Dangerous sorcerer. Eventually used by Utlaf to turn Jesus and Jahweh into dangerous statues. Some stories said Utlaf lost an eye when he used Swapshadrich for that, and other stories said he got a dangerous wound from it making him sick for a very long time. Whenever a blooddrop of that wound came in touch with water a shark got born.

Evit - Dangerous killer-stone of the Trolls. Much used by Troll Priests in oracles, and in initiations. It is said the stone killed more priests than any other stone.

Danua - Troll Prophet, sometimes used as a word for skeleton. The Danuas are the sages of the trolls.

Kwabalistris - Dwarf help of Utlaf who helped him to set up christianity. Some stories say Kwabalistris was a magic teacher of Utlaf, and other stories said that Utlaf was even raised by Kwabalistris. By many Troll Tribes worshipped as a god.

Edwindo - Friend of Utlaf. Got pierced by threehundred spears in the Death Halls of Ashdelesh. Sometimes worshipped as a god.

Nahemsh - Oracle of the Trolls.

The Troll Sephirots

The 'Evit' is the Heart-Sephirot, which can easily kill 'heart-thieves' and wrong intentions. The Evit is the center and keeper of all Troll-Oracles. It is 'the Holy of Holy' of the Trolls. It is the most important of all the sephirots, as it connects to the Troll gods. In many systems the Evit is even more than the gods, as also the gods have to bow for it.

The 'Nahemsh' is the stomach-Sephirot, and is the oracle to get access to the Evit.

The 'Edwindo' is the Head-Sephirot, to keep the head clean into submission to the Nahemsh and the Evit.

The Danua is the Sexual Sephirot, below the Stomach, where the creativity is and the flexibility.

These are the vertical Troll Sephirots. The horizontal Troll Sephirots are :

Kwabalistris, the left Sephirot, and Utlaf, the right Sephirot.

The Tablets of Troll

Tablet I. The Key to Life

Which is the master secret ? Only those on the path of the troll will know. There is no other darkness surviving in the world of fire, for all existence is fire, bringing the soul into drought. There is life after drought, on the path of the troll, only there. By having the troll stone in your hand you will live. It is an eternal mechanism. You have come closer to it, oh traveller. You are almost able to touch it, but it was always a forbidden path.

The fences are open, and they close fast, like the mouth of a lion. Only those who have the stone in their hand get through. But how to get a stone, if the stone is behind the fence ? For this, dear traveller, there are the tablets of troll, the tablets of the heart, and of hope. Why is the key always on the other side of the cage, there where you cannot come ? The tablets of troll give the answer : because of not knowing the paradox. You live only on one side of the mirror, but you should live on the other side as well, hearing both sides of the story.

Dear traveller, it is for this goal the tablets of troll came to you. The paradox is the highest law. There is no second tablet without the first. So dear reader, here is where you need to start. This tablet is the trick to turn everything backwards, so that you will have the key in your hand, the key to life.

Tablet II. The Key of Return

Dear traveller, now you have found the key, you may find out that the place you were coming from was better than the place where you are now. You may have found out in your life that all keys have their own curses. You may have found out that the cages were better than the freedoms. So is there a key to return ?

Yes, dear traveller, as for this goal the second tablet came. Travellers cherish this key, as it makes them dream. They can return to all the places of their youth, to have a good time. They may find true happiness.

Tablet III. The Key of Dissociation

You can be trapped between the events of life, even in your own paradox. But there is always the road of nothingness, for those on the troll path, the road of detachment, the road of dissociation. Now how do you do that ? By ascetism, or by reading a good story ? What is the key to detachment ? It sounds strange, but to a troll it is by bondage. For bondage awakens the flame of dissociation. It is always the battle of the horse.

Tablet IV. The Key of the Unknown

But by knowing that all keys have their own curses, how to get rid of these curses ? Well, then you need the fourth tablet, the key to all keys. It is the unknown.

Tablet I The Key to Life	Tablet II The Key of Return
Tablet III The Key of Dissociation	Tablet IV The Key of the Unknown

The Book of Indian Troll Dentist Flies

Strange Client

Strange client, pronouncing the end of business ... proclaiming the end of the shop ... Strange client, giving coins with deadskulls on it ... Strange client, without pocket ... without clothes ... pronouncing the death of business ... raising the coffins from the ditches ... Strange passenger, proclaiming the end of the plane ... having the pilot's face ... an eagle sitting on his shoulder ... strange passengers ... Strange broadcast-announcer proclaiming the end of tv Strange soldier, taking off his clothes ... proclaiming ..the end of the show ... Strange clients, taking their clothes off in the shops ... the game ...is ...over And I'm still searching for a good watch to survive these lands ... i'm looking for a good assassin ... and a good butchery ... the jesters the dwarves ... they are too much for me ... and the laughing hurts me more and more it's getting deeper and deeper ... these joke-lullabies, these joke-lamentations ... they are killing me these jesters theseassassins these doomprophets from the big shop ... business-angels having bowls of strange wraths ... i'm shutting the book ... this is what they call god ... this is what they call liberty ... he's surrounded by joke-thistles ... to let the business go smooth not too much resistance ... his holy seraphs some stupid tall dwarves ... some red white stupid desires ... it's the laughing gas ... call it a dignified kill ... this thing always followed me into my home ... no safety ... call it a magnet-bullet ... sensitive for body-heat i could never sleep ... it was a tickling rape ... surrounded by jokes hitting laugh-sensitive spots .. it was a thistle after all ... these tall dwarves ... red white ... fallen fairytale princes ... rotten jesters ... escapes impossible ... it was sensitive to body-heat ... it pierced itself through everything ... these were wallrings, earrings, too much noise breaks the glasses ... it's a dirty body-trade ...

Red Lemonade

the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ... and at the end of that the red lemonade streams all to wake you up inside ... And still ... the businessmen are heading for the businessmen ... the coffee is heading for the coffee It was red lemonade ..on a sunday morning ... Cold machines and wide eyes I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Purple Snow

I'm running through purple snow ... it was a taxmachine producing icecream ... these women all rose from the green ... finding their taxlines to be on tv ... they were the swindling lights on your birthdaycakes ... It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, it's like it's wednesday and thursday on the same day ... It's taxday and tv's on ... Winters after summer, it's snowing ... but it's just a winter in april ... his hair is in fire ... he's a lucifer ... And this tv is just a woman's head ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... where babies come alive ... where memory is the addiction ... there's blue metal in the air ... making the breath and the swallow fast and deep ... together with the green metal enchanted mirrors created the public ... these dogs are mirrors .. diving through black ponds ... i'm surrounded by faces ... all these tv's ... they were swindlers on a hill ... with soft fires ... they made the thrill ... they wanted to be the mirrors in the bathroom ... laying the pink addictions ... it's a memory tv after all ... Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... while birthday's standing on tv with his dog called christmas for the usual

fee ... Do you believe in christmasbells .. do you believe in crashing cars ... do you believe in white wet alphabets spread breeding footballfields on wild seas I believe this is the best opportunity to tell you I do not believe in your tea waters ... they bring me into sleep too slow ... I need some faster tricks ... from that dog called christmas ... he has a black christmas tree as his nose ... where a little tailor lives on top ... together with a pirate ... white pirates on vega southern ships ... still believing in carnival's trip ... still believing in mad suns ... with mad songs where everything is crazy ... they are all blind ... rising the chinese lights ... while the owl has such a calming voice ... with his deerbird ... he rides across the moon ... to see the other side ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways .. while the crocodile breeds the glue ... for his new architecture style ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways ... don't look in the mirror again ... don't breed your soles when you step don't dive into ponds enchanted ... but go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ... dragonian architecture is in the house, drawn on the walls ... what a lovely wallpaper ... i bought them at mimir's well ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways ... while the chocolate is rising ... we are all marching through footballfields ... flowerfields ... staring into white treasures ... to become blind again ... there's purple snow on the walls and purple snow on these white floors ... to the broadcast lady of cartoon ... with her pink boots ... There's purple snow on the footballfields ... While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... the sport's journalist she was painted by a dragon ... she was saved out of a game ... and now she's here ...

Knife in the Middle

Put the knife in the middle, Where the cake is soft, where meat is hiding, Everyone is sliding away Put the knife in the middle, where girls stand tall they have raised their nipples, Where all the milk flows, something grows, Or is it me becoming wise, is it me opening my eyes, Nothing is moving anymore, I'm sliding over frozen statues, Over roofs and through the darkness, only my own lights form these grey moving pictures, Of a song once died out Close your eyes, get the picture, We've been tied to a wheel, Another point of view, higher flames than this, it's over between me and you, I found another prince, This prince of june, He's a vampire's heart, he's a tale unheard, he's speaking where you can never hear him, All he wants to do, is taking a part away from you Put the knife in the middle, Where it's easy to cut and slide, Where the mud has sunk much deeper, In a tale where we will unite, As a prince with his princess, oh so wise, oh so wise, but the queen and king are just knives in disguise, run away, for it's the day of sacrifice

Red Picnic's Day

Benny touched the dog-statue on the second floor, now his hands are bleeding. I will, I can, I go to that little house again. My shoes are reaching my neck, but I'm sinking away into a whirlpool of sandy graves, lighting a new candle. The dream was finding it's way out of his house, but the fish couldn't move. There were three bullets between his scales. I took them out and hold them in the light. 'I don't want to go to the factory again,' I heard. I saw a child labouring in a dark factory. He had black stripes on his face, his clothes were almost eaten away, his knees were bleeding. Black syrop. Child labour, just a labour's child. The black teacher took the hand of the child, the school was his shelter. There is no place to work for a child. Schoolbooks are softening his mind, warming his heart. Schoolbooks, swimming through his scales, looking for feathers of factories to burn. He gave birth to a black fish, wearing three bullets in his head. No decoration needed, just a simple speech from a broken pulpit. Crashed planes and trains are raising their glasses in the empty classrooms now. The

woodcutter wouldn't believe it. They are sticking their tongues in dangerous baskets now. I won't tell you the knot of the story now, for you were never listening when the wines were dripping. But I adore your special way of caring for my cats. They will never forget you if it comes to that. Your telephone-number is still wandering in my mind, looking for a horse to trick. But your aunts faith is enough for you to reach tokio's waving coasts. They will spend their time and money to give you a good bed. Embracing a cow in the night was always your way of telling a too long story. No one dared to dive so deep into my heart than you did. This is something I praise you for, without showing you the telephone-bills. They were from a time you didn't exist. I'm still your chimney-sweeper after all these years. Still some words from you are floating through my mind, awakening the giants in me, destroying mountains and cities. I liked your red ice-creams on a cold summerday. They were really the best. I always felt I am the counterpart of Snowy White, although I could never get along with your dad. Maybe he never felt the sting of an apple, although I bet he dealt with some venom. My eyes are still green after all these years, turning brown in the night. You could never swallow my feathers, they are still rising in the night. I still want to climb into that old painting again. And you, still laughing at the background. It sais more to me than a hundred of books. The painting makes a long story short. All in a flash. That is how I can go on. I don't care about the details, the birds will do that. I knew we lived long and happy in that painting. I still love Venice. And when I am free from work, I enter that painting to come alive. Then everything is how it was. You and me on that boat, the canals of Venice. That decorated stick I hold is tall enough to touch the bottoms of the Venetian ditches. A boy, drowned in his own tears, for no one wanted to drink. He's still living on his island, waiting for a boat to pick him up. I make clothes from old grapes. The jacket is beautiful. I'm living in a house of old rinds. I'm soothing my baby into sleep. I'm walking along the river with my purple roundabout-horses. They still shine in the sun. The drowned boy is sailing in his ship of dreams. I catch a piece of his nuclear newspaper, and start to cry. I saw you and your love walking on a beach, waving at waves, waving at storms, entering near the black fish. He eats a bit of your newspapers and then disappears in the night. I'm watching the wild side of the sea. It seems the black fish loved you very much. A black apple is wandering through the forest. Nuclear smoke comes from the little old church. The preacher is raging. He has made his hells hot. The purple flames of my roundabout-horses are softening my heart. The black fish is eating some bread. He can't understand why people are running. He decides to build some new chairs. Little sailor's boy, singing stories from the pulpit. You are still the ghost in the old little church, looking for your black fish. You could never swallow it's tears, they were too thick and heavy. You drowned in it's tears. You couldn't save your black fish, but it will safe you. Still you are the terror on the streets, moving your plastic guns, with pillow-bullets. Still you play the organs in the church, singing songs of mercyleless horror. You were locked up in a school, and in the church you found your shelter. But in your heart you are still a schoolboy. A red picnic was all I could think about.

The Secret of Birthday

We were so happy together in that boat Later I found out you are not a woman but a man Not that it matters it's a little detail I still read your pink books, thinking you are a woman but deep inside I know you are a man Are there any more things you need to tell ? We are sailing the pink oceans, while we aren't together anymore We are still in that pink boat wearing pink trousers sailing on the Tear of Venus sailing on a woman's face or is it a man ? You always used to confuse me with your puzzles Your puzzlebooks had many ends ... many starts and stars I never knew where to begin never knew where I needed to end ...I wonder if you can still see my pink bracelet decorated by

flowers It still guides my hand Your flowerhat covers your face I only see your smile below it You always used to bow your head in smiles when I was telling about the pink frogs You never heard the end of that story Your dress is spreading peace we are riding on Venus' Lake diving under in pink treasures You always felt the need to share it with the dogs for the deserts to swallow But hey, this is okay You still seem to find your own way And that is what it is : just another road in Oz You never dared to look into the face of the Great Wizard it was just a boy Now the boys grow in the trees not allowed to speak, not allowed to move not allowed to open their eyes why do you fear their books ? Is it Snow White's mirror I'm swimming in the seas of venus I'm looking for the brake on your linen decorated gloves They are searching for the gold You know where to find that little red button within the world beyond my heart You always seem to pass my panthers without any problems reaching for my throne I'm seeing the boys grow in the wind, growing in the rocks It's speaking to my mind James Bond is drinking tea with doctor No A cinema's screen is sucking the visitors inside blood is streaming from it the people are running, trying to find the exit but it's also swallowed by the white screen killer-screens from tantalos Today only a little doll is left by the screen it hid behind a red bag Now it's running through the streets, calling for the police But the cinema is swallowing the whole city The doll is sailing on a paper hat to the edge of the earth, where all the oceans collide in waterfalls swindler's square tantalos' chess There he runs to the old zoo, looking for his little boss, who is a lion now, waiting for his next movie to play I'm dreaming about the Big Escape my doll finally found me Tears are rolling from my face he was always my movie-hero He once came to me, stepping out of the television My little doll, my little hero Sometimes when I look into your eyes, figures are stepping out, escaping your movies ... escaping your zoo's still having tv-fevers in one movie they were the hero's in another one they were the criminals But in my eyes, they will be retired on a pension for a few weeks and having some holidays with parrots I see them walking into my eyes, laying themselves in my velvet chairs Their eyes still like tennis-balls There's a new movie in my head I'm playing tennis on a swindler's chess-board with an old tennisball this little guy is made of tennisballs He is breeding his zoo-movies trying to sell them to the clocks of london but he gets no replies Six movie-lions are entering the tennis-field They smoke big cigars They jump through my eyes into my head, where some war-movies are playing and then they sooth my heart Now I can eat these movies ... softly I swallow them and they slide into my legs I always wanted to have movie-shoes Now I'm running through the clouds, reaching for the nectars of the stars My movie-eyes are spinning now I see who you really are And still yes you were just an actor in my movie You knew the script and played it well very well

We worship the gods of the indian troll dentist flies. These are the doctor deaths ruling life by a spawn. In helicopters they come, counting down from black and blue hills. Follow the green and red lights, becoming grey and dark at the end of the day. We worship them, these gods, and fall on our knees. These are the thriller doctors. They rise up, and when they come, it's already too late.

We worship the dentist gods like Turel, and the dentist goddesses like Rosa, but they all teach theobacy, as we should be our own gods. So make the circle wider, and be a theoahar, move from god to god, to become enlightened by progressive polytheism. Oh, Turel, you have given us your armor, only to move further, not to become a traditionalist and a fundamentalist. You have shifted the teeth before our eyes to give us new visions and dreams. Juna is another dentist-goddess we worship.

The Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies

This is the book of initiations, of Joseph who went into the underworld to become finally the king of indians. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok and Brannan.

First Initiation : Acha – Shame

Joseph comes in a boat on the river of death, and after that he finds the river of hell. These rivers are full of dangerous snakes.

Biriam

Frozen Friends

It's strange there are some friends with me, they always stay, They are frozen in time, can't get them out of my memory, They are like family, It seems like I need them, they're my breath, but still it's scary, There are things I never seem to forget, I think I'm frozen in this piece, seems I'm frozen in this clock, It seems I never can relate to the things deeper inside of me, Death is never the solution, for it will only create another frozen confusion, Please, red time take me out. It seems I have learned to watch the things by different eyes, It's like red time's on my back now, making the good compromise, All these frozen things around me, I can turn them in my head, Can mess them up in red time's wheel flowing through the night, Giving them the answers, to what they believe is right I have learned to shut up more, and to watch a second time, Seeing the bends I would never see if I would just talk and stare, I have learned to watch these things from the distance, And they seemed to be another one coming out of the confusion, It's now all clear to me, red time is the answer for you and me, The answer for you and me I have wasted so much anger, could only stare and talk, I was a gladiator of this machine, But now since I found the red talk, silent whispers in the night, Words fading away in strange delight, I could never watch things a second time, always the gladiator of your mind, coming from a greater circle, always solving the riddle of another fight, deeper in the mysteries of your night

Second Initiation : Vas – Fear

Joseph finds the river of Tantalos, but there is no boat, so he must swim to follow the river. The river is full of dangerous creatures.

paranoid men.

and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, these elves ... while the icecreams are running ... they don't want to be businessboys again ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming and tableballerina's are dancing and the dishrecords spin ... These men are paranoid, strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... these paranoid men ... while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night.

Third Initiation : Ahwa – Boat of the Red Sun

Joseph finally finds the boat of the Red Sun which brings him deeper into Tantalos, on the river. Here he learns about the weapons of Tantalos.

Suddenly

Through the underworld your silent voice slides, like the whisper opening up the excitements of my mind, I've been in love before, but this is something more. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore, where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell. There have been pirates here, I can smell, your dirty eyes tell. Through the lovers road I reach the bridge, these coming feelings roaring in the seas, and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies. I turn around to watch her smile, she's sitting on her knees. Then she binds my hands, and shows me she's a killerqueen. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself. Throughout the underworld she reigns, throughout the underworld she tells her tales. An optical illusion she is, descending into my memory to come through.

Fourth Initiation : Vuk – Red Stinging Fly

Joseph becomes the Vuk, the Red Stinging Fly, which is the king of the indians.

Rosmo

At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes. They pushed the chained Golem on a plank and by stinging him with a rod and a sword they drove him off the ship. Golem fell deep in the water, and tried to swim, but he couldn't. Suddenly he felt the strong arms of a woman. The woman swam with him in her arms to a small island somewhere. The woman was very strong. On these island there were predators in all form who seemed to obey to the woman. One of them could bite the chains of Golem open. Golem was free now. He told the woman about the bear-chainlets, by which the invaders of Pythia

terrorized the domain The woman said that she was willing to help him. On the back of a predator they would go to Carkia again. They decided to go to the royal house in Pythia. The moment they came there there was a party. They were eating from dishes full of bear-meat and other sorts of meat, like snake-meat and the eyes of eagles, hares and cows. The woman had a bow, took an arrow and shot the chief. Golem, who was very hungry, started to eat from the dishes.

Fifth Initiation : Kaleph Vod – Red Flame

Joseph receives the red flame to become a warrior and to wage war successfully.

These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide cannot stand any smile. These are the boys, these ladders, becoming soft under apocalyptic spells .. eternal damnations coming from bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... checked in black, red and white.

Sixth Initiation : Baphep Vuh – Vengeance

Joseph lives in hate and bitterness, and gets the flame to have vengeance.

Seventh Initiation : Mot – Tall Stinging Fly

Joseph becomes the Tall Stinging Fly to build the temple.

Eighth Initiation : Ammeph Vuvod – Hard Flame

Joseph gets the Hard Flame to build the arsenal and to raise up watchers and soldiers.

Ninth Initiation : Vang – Isolation

Joseph gets the flame to build dungeons under his domain.

Tenth Initiation : Vamahak – Rechter

Joseph gets the flame to be a Judge.

Eleventh Initiation : Iro Vam – Fast Flame

Joseph gets the flame to be a hunter.

Twelveth Initiation : Zwerm – Knife

Joseph gets the power over life and death.

Thirteenth Initiation : Kjibbih – Horse

Joseph gets the power over hell

Fourteenth Initiation : Baphep Vuro – The Soft Flame

Joseph gets the flame to get power over heaven, and becomes a god.

Fifteenth Initiation : Kaleph Vur – Unreachability

Joseph gets the flame to become the Christ.

Sixteenth Initiation : Iro Vur – The Dark Flame

Joseph gets the flame to become the Karmat, the Holy Poor Man.

Seventeenth Initiation : Hing – Stinging Flame

Joseph gets the flame to come to the Tree of Karmat, the tree of holy poverty.

Eighteenth Initiation : Spir-Spir – The Horse Flame

Joseph gets the flame to have slaves.

Nineteenth Initiation : Ir – Harem

Joseph gets the flame to have a harem.

Twentieth Initiation : Pu – Light

Joseph gets the flame to eat from the three fruits of the tree of poverty : Hod, the fruit of hidden poverty, Jesod, the fruit of fertile poverty and Malchoeth, the fruit of wealthy poverty.

Troll Carpentry Lodge

The Troll Carpentry Lodge has three Basical Degrees :

1. Grandhunter of David
2. Grandwarrior-Hunter of David
3. Grandwarrior-Hunter-General of David

1. Grandhunter of David

Chairman opens the Lodge.

Twenty Troll Knights : What did Adam say to Eve when he first saw her ?

Initiate : Ratata Ratun

Twenty Troll Knights : Why is it that we worship David above Salomo ?

Initiate : There is no warrior but David.

Three Pillars of David : Why do you think you have the right to be freed from the hands of Salomo to come into the hands of David ?

Initiate : Because I want to be a warrior, and will rise as a warrior through the hands of David.

Three Pillars of David : We declare you to be free from the hands of Salomo. What shall we do to the spirits of Salomo who want to pull you back ?

Initiate : Crash them.

Three Pillars of David : We throw them into the ravine.

Three Pillars of David initiate the initiate into the degree of Grandhunter of David.

2. Grandwarrior-Hunter of David

Chairman opens the Lodge.

Three Soldiers of David : What is the armor you receive from David ?

Initiate : The armor of the blazing sun.

Three Soldiers of David : How many horses will be before your chariot.

Initiate : Fourhundred fiery horses.

Three Soldiers of David : How will they be ?

Initiate : They will be like flames.

Three Soldiers of David initiate the initiate into the degree of Grandwarrior-Hunter of David.

3. Grandwarrior-Hunter-General of David

Chairman opens the Lodge.

Chairman : The Lodge has been opened. What is the watchword ?

Initiate : The watchword is three skeletons.

Chairman : What are the colors of these skeletons ?

Initiate : Red, White and Blue.

Chairman initiates the initiate into the degree of Grandwarrior-Hunter-General of David

Troll Mythology

Orkar

Orkar got thrown into the pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness, where he turned into a stone. He sank to the bottom where an evil witch framed him, zombificated him and

enslaved him to be her soldier. After a thousand nights a little boy named Smiktir fished him up. Then the statue Orkar was stood in Smiktir's house for a million years. But the witch took him back to her halls. Here he stood another million years. After these years a giant came to the hall, took him with him, and fixed him. Although Orkar was still a statue, he could always live in the night. Then he drunk strong drinks with the giant, which was like evergrowing pleasure. The giant gave him the winged troll stone, by which Orkar finally could rise out of the pit, but he would never reach the surface. Finally he reached the Troll Sword, by which he beheaded the witch, but her ghost would haunt him forever.

The Winged Troll Stone

The Spirit of Orkar.

Troll Sword

Gifts of Orkar

Elsav

The pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness

Laru

Ruler of the Elsav. Hairy with high hat.

Epim

One of the troll judges of the Elsav. Helper of Laru.

Soviv

Place of living meat. Prison – The ones condemned to go there get implants of extra-ordinary troll-heat.

Skull Armor

One of the highest armors of troll.

Dirt Armor I

Cat Armor for those who have crossed the desert of death.

Dirt Armor II

Dog Armor for those who have crossed the ocean of death.

Skull Helmet

One of the most desired objects of troll armory.

Troll Breath Implant

Makes invincible in atomic wars, and gives transformation.

Troll Intestine Implant

For total transformation and telepathy

Tirkw

Dangerous troll weapon with a lot of stings, excreting poison to bring the souls to the Elsav, the pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness. Often used in wars.

Winged Spear

Poisonous flying troll spear to bring down giants. Spear searches for heart of the giant, pierces it and returns to his owner. Winged spears can only be used by those who have been established by sorcerors, and those who have high level darkness. When someone with a low level darkness uses the spear it will turn against him and bring him down.

Troll Bombs

Big balls which can be sent out to fly around for hours and hours with an incredible speed to bring down enemies. Also used by dark sorcerors to harass cities.

Aniks

Troll guards.

Soboks

Troll Harem women.

Strictus

Barbed Troll Hook. Used in wars but also in hunting. They can put the hook in a fruit, piece of meat or something else.

The Spiderian Book of the Dead

I - The Book of Indian Troll Incubus Flies

II - The Book of Veherun

III - The Book of Indian Vampire Flies

IV - The Book of Lilith

V - Indian Opening of the Eye Ritual

VI - Indian Book of the Dead

VII - Indian Book of Hell

The Book of Indian Troll Incubus Flies

First Initiation : POO – drama, time-wasting, fear, roots, foundations

Second Initiation : HAMMULEMH – rage, no understanding

Third Initiation : VINAMA – mass, taking away, dissatisfaction, steel, beams

Fourth Initiation : BAF – sweet stinging fly

Fifth Initiation : AMMULAHM – confusion, despair, pain

Sixth Initiation : PI-MAN – losing control, insanity, sinking away, falling, disappearing

Seventh Initiation : PU-VIVAM – twist, mixed feelings, stirring up strife, arena

Eighth Initiation : RAHM-VUH - imprisonment, slavery

Ninth Initiation : KIRAM – dark ice, unreachability, hunger, unanswered lusts

Tenth Initiation : RAHM-VOD – divorce, twist

Eleventh Initiation : HANIK – powerlessness

Twelveth Initiation : BAVOH – red ice, fear, isolation (red tent)

Thirteenth Initiation : VUK-VARU – shaking, frightening, separating

Fourteenth Initiation : NIGUN – poverty, loss

Those who have done the fourteen initiations reach the incubus crown. They become kings in Adamah or Erez. Then they will be the leaders of the wars of incubi, and they will be prophets of Lilith. Hail to Lilith, the scorpion-lady, as she has laid the red egg, the egg of blood, from which all new form rises. And her daughters the lilim will brood this egg, and they search for knights. They will be pregnant for eleven days, and then they will give birth to the red incubi of dwelmell. When you have come to the city of dwelmell, oh traveller, know that it is a demon city, a city of blood and of incubi, and they wait for you. It is to initiate you in the gnosis, to remove all fear, to have the fear of lilith instead, as she is the woman to be feared. And write the fourteen initiations on the walls of the city to save your soul, and to become a citizen, and teach them everything from this book, and they will teach you, as you have come closer to the fire. And the fire will purify you, and show you the gnosis, and you shall ride on tall horses, and you shall be a proud incubus to initiate the holy ones into the gnosis. Yes, you

will be a holy stalker, and the ground below your feet will be holy as velvet and red-brown leather. Hear then the words of the incubi-gods, and the gods of the old, the wild ones, as they have grown in the desert to be tall bottles for those who are thirsty for the gnosis. Hear then these words, and write them on the tables of your heart, as you have coming closer to the city of worms, where lilith dwells, in the heart of her garden, and she will speak the words of wisdom to the elder ones, and the words of knowledge to the younger ones, and she will give them dreams. Oh, let her nightmares warm your heart, as she is the Great One, great of knowledge and strategy, and those who follow her will not be disappointed, not now, and not in eternities, as they are the children of her heart.

Oh incubus, come closer to her, as she will share the words of her heart, and the depths of her gnosis. She will weave her paths on your face, and she will ride you like a donkey, as you have her crown. Come closer to her, and let yourself be initiated in her temple, and take her crown again, and give her the crown of succubi as a worthy sacrifice to her. This then is the book of challenges and of hearts. You will not be frightened by the riddles she sent to you, but you will love those, and you will decipher them by your lust for blood and books. Yes, you will reach out to her in darkness and filth, and she will give you her sword of grace. Oh, come closer to her portals, oh visitor, and she will lead you through her doors of fire, and show you her city. Let her lust be your guide, as she speaks from primeval ages, wanting to put the gnosis in you, as the eternal tablets leading you to indestructible love, as she is the mother god of love. Let her warm you and seduce you, and let her guide you to her daughters, to initiate your soul, and to take you away from the father god who has bound you all. You have been crucified in dogma by pharisees, but Lilith will destroy them, and will raise you from the cross.

Let her guide you to her wild garden, and let her guide you through her deserts, as the city of her heart is luring you, the city of worms. And the city will set you free, and will be your warm oasis. And she will give you the lusts for books to become her archiver, and she will give you heavenly leather and wool from paradise, as she is the lady of paradise holding the keys. She stands before the portals to knock, and they will open, as she has directed her finger at the fruits of the tree of the gnosis, appearing into the doors of fire all the time. She is the memory, she is the guidance and a guard. She is the nightwatch, and the fish of love in Tebul. And she warms the hearts of millions, and she has the succubi crown, to be a mighty ruler forever. Lilith we have come before your throne, and we ask you to lead us into your city. You have prepared this city for our coming. It is the city of worms, the city of snakes, and most of all of incubi, the initiators of the gnosis. They are your holy inquisitors of gnosis to terminate all literal things, and to enlighten those who have come to lilith's daughters, the lilim, by gnosis.

The city of love is in her heart, and she has given the keys to her grande incubi, by so many initiations. They are the lovers of the lilithian books, and her archivers and scribes. She has given them the pencil of fire, and the moon is their servant. She has given them the wings of venus to write and read, but most of all to bathe in blood and to drink it, as that is the essence of the gnosis. They are her vampires, the hearts of the gnosis, and they have come together in the almighty coven of venusian incubi, as that is her desire to raise them up. Oh, Lilith, full of understanding, you have come with fire to our mirrors to let the smoke of the gnosis rise

along the tall pillars of your love and holy city. You are the mother of all mothers, and you have set your bloodlines free. You have healed the Matronit, and you have raised up Asirta.

You have made a pet of Sekhmet, and by this you have ordered the Kabballah in your archives. You have broken it's tree and built it again, you have destroyed it's temple, and made it whole again, as you are the Mother God.

You have given swans to the beasts of Irquibwis and Ikwab Akas, as you raised up like a snake along their pillars, and these pillars were tall. You have given bread to those in hunger, but most of all, you have given them fruits from the gnosis, and you have enlightened their hearts, as you plundered hell. You have broken the firmaments of heaven, and built it up again by your power. By your power everything stands.

And you have rested yourself in your city, between the pillars of Lestate and Quimberin. You have sought out their books, and they will do you no harm, as you are the almighty succubus, splitting yourself into thousands, legions and myriads. You are the eater of children and destroyer of parent hearts to set them free. You are the warrior goddess and the huntress. You have cloaked yourself in white, and you carry brown fruits like the tree. Your waters are like your hairs, and your benches are tall, white and hairy, like wet velvet. And you dream and give dreams, and you show them misunderstandings and deceivements, and most of all the self-deception, as there is nothing more important but to flee from the illusion. And all self-deception leads to truth, and to the mysteries of gnosis. And let those who hear these words also deceive themselves.

Oh, Lilith, you are wise, and you give gnosis to those who follow you, and those who do not follow you you draw by your sword. And everyone shall be in your city, as a pillar, or as a beating heart, an animal or an incubus. And you have a love for incubi, as they are the inquisitors of the gnosis, and they initiate the hearts of those who are pure.

Latsamdette Kardeksam Baskute, hear then now the language of Lilith, as she speaks to her heart, and let her give you the keys to her daughters. Be carefull when you approach them, as they are wild animals, nocturnal creatures, night spirits and dragons. They are the Lilim. Hikpedettal Pedaktal Contote Connocotal Connocotal Nazurus Rutse. And I give you the words of Lilith, for you to meditate on it, and to see it as a riddle, and not as a literal gift. There are many roads in these words, and they will lead you through eternity. Quisdifelit Dakuire Kataste Sacha Dachdargas Kagasach Bachstaan Tacherias. Quisdelfit Daquire Dafliorschka Donkwasio Dochwalsch Dazino. And these are the snaketongues of Lilith, building a new world and earth, and to build the bridges between the seven earths. There will be roads between the worlds of Lilith.

The Book of Veherun

The Indian Troll Vampire Flies' Book of Grande Inquisitors

The Vampire Tree

Hail to Dracula, the founder of this book, and Lord of all Grande Inquisitors, and Lilith, Goddess of all Grande Inquisitors, and their son Caine, first Vampire of all. Those who aren't ascets and martyrs can never become vampires or grande inquisitors. Those who aren't hermits will fall into the hands of materialism, and will actually be frozen by the seven forces of the grande witches. They will actually become puppets or marionets, and when they have reached the theatre they will sleep forever.

Welcome to the theatre of grande inquisitors, who dominate those of the material world. But do not take anything literal, as those who take things literal will be frozen by the seven forces of the grande witches. They will never eat from the fruits of vampires, as they will die into a deep sleep. They will be like sleeping beauty, where the kiss just triggers a deeper unconsciousness in which they will be drawn to sleep forever, until oblivion takes them away.

Sad is the fate of those who follow material things, sad is the fate of those who take everything literal, as bitterness takes their heart away in bitter speeches.

Cursed are those who follow the logos and the rhema, but blessed are those who follow the gnosis, the secret knowledge.

Oh, Lilith, Mother of all, and Mother of all vampires, you have showed yourself to Caine when the father had sent him away to the desert. You came to him in his wilderness, and gave your blood to him, and your magic. You taught him of the seven suns of blood, and you turned him into a grande vampire, and an inquisitor of the gnosis.

You have cursed the inquisitors of the logos and the rhema, and you have blessed the inquisitors of the gnosis, those who were your vampires. For all vampires are yours, as you are the Mother of all Vampires. You are the mother of their hearts, and you have shown them the bitter fruits of the Vampire Tree. You have built the Tower of Vampires, and you have given them the gift of inquisition by the gnosis. You have rooted out all inquisitors who weren't vampire of heart. And you have shown the true meaning of vampire, meaning : heart.

Oh, Mother of Hearts, you dominate them all, you are the mother of all grande inquisitors, and you have raised Dracula, and your son Caine. You have given him pure blood to drink and purifying bitterness from the Vampire Tree. You have shown us the true meaning of the vampire, meaning heart, meaning symbol and sacred place of the gnosis. Yes, you have given us the key of gnosis, and you have destroyed the hearts of the pharisees, as it wasn't a heart at all. You have destroyed all those who have taken it literal, as the literal is a thing you hate.

You have given your children blood to drink, and you have led them to the seven suns of blood. Praise be to the Vampire Tree, the tree which connects all the hearts of true vampires.

So is then the vampire only someone who lives in the symbolic world, and never in the literal world, which is the lie leading to death. Yes, Lilith is the Destroyer of all Literal Worlds, the Destroyer of all those who follow Literal Worlds, and she is the Goddess of Pestilence, and of all flies. She is the Grande Lady of all Flies, and the Master Inquisitor of it all. And these words came to me, Dracula, to raise a new generation and a new herd of 'those who know it all', as those who know that they truly know it all, know that they don't know anything about it, which is the biggest gnosis, the biggest knowledge existing.

And these words came to me, Dracula, as I was describing the Vampire Tree as the Tree of Gnosis. There is nothing bigger in this world than knowledge, even love isn't greater, but

without love knowledge would be nothing, as true knowledge is the science of Love, the mark of all true vampires.

And thus, I, Dracula, came to the seven suns of blood, by the branches of the Vampire Tree, as they were pathways to eternal meanings, by which I could feed my heart. And I saw Lilith standing on these suns of blood, She, the Heart of All. And I worshipped my goddess, and she raised me in blood, to stand close to Caine, our son, and she showed me the secret of blood, the meaning of blood, which is the gnosis, the hidden knowledge. And she brought me to the Tree of Blood to baptise me, and I got enlightened, while greater darkness fell on me. And she said : Is there a greater light than darkness itself ? And I desired the dark, and I delivered myself to it, and she showed me that there was only truth in the Paradox.

My heart is still shivering when I think about her, She, the Great Lilit, Mother of All, and Mother of all paradises. She knows about all their wildernesses and deserts, she knows about all their grande inquisitors and their Lords, and of all their trees and snakes, fruits and hidden places, as she has worshipped the Gnosis, She is the Enlightened One, and the Darkened One, the Mother of All Grande Paradoxes. She is the Paradox. She is Lilith.

And I spoke to Lilith, I, Dracula, and she made me shiver, and she showed me the truth, which I had to test in all my jouneys through the Underworlds and Upperworlds : She was and is the Mother God, despised and rejected by Jehovah, because she didn't want to belief in the literal world, and didn't want to submit herself to mankind. As mankind was the creation of the literal, the snake of Jehovah's Tree. And therefore Lilith shall return again, and she will bite the head off of Jehovah and it's snake. And she will be worshipped all over the planet, as her heart will warm it again. And I, Dracula, will rule with her together, and then I will be Father God.

The New Temple

Welcome to the temple of Lilith, where the bitter fruits of purification are, and the further fruits of vampire. Welcome to the temple of the Mother God, the Mother of All Paradoxes. There will be no one in this temple but those who have had the initiations of the Book of the Indian Troll Vampire Flies, and there will be no one in the new world but them. If you do not have this book, then simply pray for the twenty initations, and pray that this book will come to you, as it is the portal into Lilith's Temple. She is the One Who Dominates Sekhmet, as She is

the Mother God. She has overcome this Lion, as she is the Snake. And thus is her name : 'More Than Sekhmet'. She has destroyed the nightmare of Sekhmet and all her deceiving dreams, yes, she is the Fallen One, as she fell out of the Heavens of Sekhmet, one of the biggest mysteries existing. Now she is Lilith, sitting on Sekhmet's Throne, as the Age of the Mother God has begun. And these are the words of Dracula, coming to me with urge and purpose. I couldn't hold these words in me, as they were burning like fire, and I had to worship my goddess : Lilith, Goddess of it All, of all Grande Inquisitors and Vampires. She is the Mother and Goddess of all Hearts, the Grande Lady of the Flies.

She had abducted Joseph, the one she loved, and brought him to the underworld, to make of him a vampire and king of indians. She mocked him, but it was the force of Love, as she is the Gnosis. She is the Mother of all Gnosis, of all Hidden Knowledge. And by this she took him in. She taught him, in day and night, granting him no rest, and thus she made of Joseph the second vampire, and she gave him the lust to read books. Yes, she made him hungry for the Gnosis, and she fed him by her own blood.

She took him deep into her temples to make of him a grande inquisitor of the gnosis, and then a king of many grande inquisitors, as she was over him in love. And thus Joseph was my second son, and she brought him to her deep roots and histories.

Listen then to the histories of Lilith as she came forth from timeless origins. She came forth from a primeval trinity, even pre-dorgan, as a snare. This trinity was based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies. The trinity had sent Lilith to earth, the wilderness and underground of paradise, to become the mother of all mother earths. This trinity contained Vu, the White Stinging Fly, Pu, the Light Stinging Fly, and Pi, the Flaming Stinging Fly. In her fall to earth the trinity pierced her, so that she would carry their energies to earth. Lilith still worships this trinity. Vu is the top of this trinity, the second is Pu, and the third is Pi. Not knowing this trinity, or not knowing how to worship this trinity, is to fall in the hands of the Wrathfull Lilith, as that is what she is. It is a misunderstanding to come to Lilith and to worship her without this trinity, as she will deceive and destroy anyone coming to her who do not have the guards and guidance of this trinity. The trinity of Lilith is the key to understand this dangerous and cruel goddess, and only by her trinity, her roots, one is about to escape from her evil dominions.

The Temple of Vu

The Temple of Vu is an Almighty Temple. Vu is one of the primal forces of the indian troll vampire flies and their inquisitors of gnosis. Vu is the mother of mothers, and the mother of Lilith, and she is most wrathfull, cruel and dangerous. Forget about Sekhmet and Kali when we talk about Vu, for they are just the marionets in her hands, and she doesn't care about them at all. That's why Vu is called the careless, indifferent one. She almost never listens to prayers, and she is a deceiver. When one wants to have a relationship with her it comes to

strategy and knowing how to dominate her. She only listens to those who have the powers to make a slave of her. Therefore she is a tortured being, and needs healing. To her disciples it is their lust to heal her, but they have to be very careful not to become her victim, as she is the Goddess of all deception. It is easy for her to hate, and hard for her to love. This all makes the Temple of Vu one of the most dangerous and most powerful and mysterious temple existing, as she is a trickster. At least you have been warned.

She hardly speaks, although she is a teacher. She teaches predestination, about the chosen ones. Those who aren't chosen are called for other things, but she also teaches inquisition, one of the worst existing. So you see : this lady needs to be tempered and pleased otherwise she brings destruction after destruction. This Lady needs healing, and this can only happen when her disciples become holy. And these words came to me, Dracula, as I came closer to her temple. I wanted to run away and hide, but a strange and strong force took me by the arm.

However she is not an evil goddess. Those who truly believe in her and follow her to pass her tests she finally grants the Sword of Vu, by which they can slay many demons. She is not an evil princess, she is a paradox. The paths of deception are actually cryptic paths by which she opens her true disciples up to eternal truths. She teaches ascetism, martyrdom, hermitism and symbolism, as the mighty pillars of her temple.

After her initiations, I, Dracula, was nothing more but her willing slave, and then she started to give me the tools of paradox, and she led me to eternal gifts. Her teachings enlightened me, through riddles and oracles, and she gave me the lust to read books. I was broken by her, lying like dead in a desert, but with my last strengths I reached the oasis, which was bigger than my dreams.

I know her grande inquisitors and their lords stand around her holiness and the holy of holy, and after all this I was one of them. And then I realized : before this I wasn't even a vampire, and thus I became the third vampire, after Caine and Joseph, and Lilith became the fourth.

And I discovered why Vu was so wounded, and what was the source of her anger, and I saw that she had been cut away from another triangle which was her roots. It was her trinity, and it was based on the time-system of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies. And the names were Veherun, Liane and Alasha.

And I made a system of worship in which the two triangles would be connected to each other. And thus it became an indian pyramid, existing in two parts. And it soothed Vu and all the others. And thus Veherun became the top of this two-folded indian pyramid, then Liane, then

Alasha, then Vu, then Pu, then Pi, and finally Lilith. And this all opened the temple of Vu to attract the chosen ones. And Vu was pleased by these words, and her wrath went away from me.

And thus I, Dracula, built a new temple and a new initiation-system, and Veherun made me her scribe and archiver.

Initiations in the Temple of Veherun

These are the words of Dracula to describe the initiations as a pathway through the temple of Veherun holding the bloodlines of Lilith. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs of Brannan and Lbok. Veherun is as far as we have traced it the Primal Mother of all Vampires, the Primal Mother of Lilith, and all grande inquisitors of the Gnosis. Further than this we cannot trace it at the moment, so here are the initiations in her temple :

Initiation 1. Ham – Brown Stinging Fly

This is said to be the hardest part of the initiations in the temple of Veherun, as here you lose all your faith, your worthiness, and you actually start to fear things like hell and punishment, to be damned forever. It starts when the wrath of Veherun comes over you, which makes you insecure and even confused. Some disciples get this at a young age, and others when they are older, but trace your life back to see if you already went through this initiation. It is fundamental for your relationship with Veherun, as it is the Fear of Veherun falling on you, which is the source of all wisdom and knowledge, and the force of all channeling. When Ham shows up, the Brown Stinging Fly, it is like descending into hell, into everlasting damnation, and it can come like a scream or a shriek, but it's actually to initiate you. Also Veherun has the teaching of predestination and inquisition of the Gnosis, but it is never literal. All is symbol.

Initiation 2. Eliave – Dark Dream

This is also a hard path, as it is a path of pain and fear of pain, but remember : all suffering is initiation, to take you away from the literal, and make you an adept of the gnosis. It is a way to discover the paradoxes of life, showing you the higher path.

Initiation 3. Ammoth Vuh – The Soft Flame

This is the path of finally detaching yourself from materialism and social life/ civilisation. Ammoth Vuh is the fly coming out of the Red Sun, which means to be reborn by blood, coming forth from blood. It is the rebirth of the vampire.

Initiation 4. Ozof – Ice

This is the path of further detachment, also from rationalism, actually to become a fool, a higher form of wisdom. It is the path of the Sage/Fool, a brilliant and bright paradox of life. An Ozof learns about ice-magic and ice-vampirism as a way to have eternal abundant life.

Initiation 5. Kaleph Vur – Unreachability

This is the path to become invisible and untouchable, actually to become multi-dimensional.

Those who have reached the fifth initiation can powerfully invoke Veherun :

Veherun, the snake,

Veherun, the fly,

We have come close to you,

We heal you, by becoming holy,

But most of all by being holy,

We are the chosen ones,

The ones holy from origin,

We have never sinned in our hearts,

Only worshipped your paradoxes

The Book of Indian Vampire Flies

The path of poverty is the only path to ascetism and martyrdom, the base of all indian vampire flies. There is no vampirism outside this. It is the path of Inana to the underworld, Ereshkigal, her sister. The path of this book is to open the Urim and the Thummim, the secret ornament of the prophets. The Urim and the Thummim connects the pilgrim to the path between the Draminia, which is the primal sea from which God created everything, and Darama, the seventh heaven between God and creation. There are seven heavens between god and creation : Chrusius, Ifias, Ulufius, Kalifis, Nirvas, Ersvus, and Darama. Through these heavens the Tree of Death grows, to which Jesus went to bring forth the red stripes. The roots of this tree are the thirteen bloodlines of Yahweh : Mezo, Meza, Karu, Jettes, Jetta, Jasit, Jabat, Janbi, Janbil, Jatus, Jaspi, Kali, Balmi. Merenhelt is the place where the prophetic altars are, and also the Urim and Thummim.

Karam

There is no blood to suck from empty cows for an indian vampire fly. There are no babies born from doing nothing. No skies will fall down when an indian vampire fly falls. There is no use in falling, only in rising up, and this only happens in ascetism, and even more in martyrdom. There is no vampirism outside this. All weapons come to you by riddles, by subtile energy, so this book is about subtile energy, the energy of the vampire. The initiations are based on the Hieroglyphs and languages of Brannan and Lbok.

First initiation : Ammoth Vuh – Fly comes from Red Sun

To be in a small room for ninety-nine days, with little food and little water.

Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

Second initiation : Vu – Stinging Fly

To be at a stake for three days.

They sold their consciousness and conscience, and now they sleep, while their spirits are high in the sky, They do not have to cry anymore, they have reached eternal life taking away so many lives, they do not know what they are doing, they sleep, they only survive Sleeping beauties they are So many are crashing against their walls, or falling after a longlasting trip to reach them, for they never got real grip They sleep behind walls of glass, they have reached eternal life ...

Third initiation : Ong – Fear of Growing Old

To be in a small box for a day.

Kiss of Prey ; Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away, It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around, When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away, I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a kiss of prey, Once showing yourself you slowly turn your head away, It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love, Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

Fourth initiation : Mos – Far Away

To be in a coffin full of water for three days.

In the sixth night, Lbok is always the Jesus, coming to the wolves ... In the seventh night he is the martyr ... refusing to fight ... This is why his crosses are deep ... This is why his tears are tall ... like wine on a sundaymorning ... He's losing it all ... In the fifth night he's the bound king on the charriot ... learning about his coming kingdom ... In the fourth night he's a slave ... in the third night the thief ... In the second night the warrior

Fifth initiation : Si – Kidnap

To be in a room full of snakes for five days.

The third gate is the gate of brannan, and the fourth gate is the gate of Lbok ... Those entering this gate will be sent back to Brannan until they really grow through the gate of lbok ... They will first know the depths of Brannan. They must confess : Marriage is Nonsense, Marriage is a Sin. No, you're not in hell ... it's something worse ... called the wedding ...

Sixth initiation : Vink – Despair

At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream to the man. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes. Here

his soul got dense again. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone. He ordered a couple of beers. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?' 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 'Stay away from me !' he roared, while foam almost came out of his mouth. The indian women sat down again after awhile, and everything was quiet again. he was in danger, still. still the soul of the damned. The snake was a possessor of minds, and knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warrior. took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do, and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. They were tender, but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors. they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile, until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them.

Seventh initiation : Baphep

Eighth initiation : Bapham

Nineth initiation : Hanik

Karmut

Burkus

Redtime Lovesong

Girl, we must sacrifice each other this evening, We must say goodbye for the greater good,
Giving each other back to a greater circle, This is what we have to do, We are just one-day-
lovers, We never reach the end of the day As I'm getting weaker and your heart begins to beat,
This is what we have to do for a greater good, Between me and you, The memory will fade
away, and you will find another lover for one day, So look me deep in the eyes for the last
time, I will wrap you in a blink, will let you shiver inside, You're such a paranoid girl, and I'm
an autistic sight, We can never reach each other, but you will find another friend on
tomorrow's shore, Just a one-day-friend, a passenger, all these days they pass us by, All these
days they just pass us by

Bottus

Sane

I am your idiot, the gladiator of your mind, Always trying to prove that I'm not crazy and not
bad, Always working to prove that I am not a liar, Why working so hard for an image I am
not ? I do not fit in your boxes, the product of a certain point of view, Well I am not crazy

enough, I need to be an idiot to break these chains, And then I probably burn in your hell, But that's better to be the gladiator of a mind so sane

Bibiak

Hell's TV

Memory like hell's tv, burning in the night, taking us back to the fight, we are the gladiators of someone's accusations. Need to burn home and house, all the furniture inside, don't forget the dolls of their children, such cruelty is never right. But we are gladiators of someone's conscience, gladiators on hell's tv tonight, burning like the memory We are gladiators of someone's desires, gladiators of a long lost romance, can you give it back tonight, we have to sacrifice it to the wheel A strange machine, gliding through our heads, like hells tv And someone's on the radio while we are sleeping Cannot hear my own dreams tonight Memory like hell's tv, burning in the night, it's burning in my head and brains, it's burning in my eyes, cannot see the things of yesterday, I see everything different

Vuldug

Idiots and Donkeys (No Choice)

You have a mind on your own, and I cannot follow it, for it's always changing, always shifting before my eyes, you try to make me insane ... So I rather choose the road to hell To scream with idiots and donkeys All what it takes to quench your voice ... It's penetrating me I do not have another choice All what takes to bring you down, all what takes to quench your voice, I swear on my mothers grave ... I do not have another choice Than to scream with idiots and donkeys.

Suddenly

Through the underworld your silent voice slides, like the whisper opening up the excitements of my mind, I've been in love before, but this is something more. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore, where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell. There have been pirates here, I can smell, your dirty eyes tell. Through the lovers road I reach the bridge, these coming feelings roaring in the seas, and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies. I turn around to watch her smile, she's sitting on her knees. Then she binds my hands, and shows me she's a killerqueen. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself. Throughout the underworld she reigns, throughout the underworld she tells her tales. An optical illusion she is, descending into my memory to come through.

S.O.S.

I was trembling on my knees, begging her to save my life, as she stood there holding her knife against my throat. It was a waspian nightmare, all these ejaculations leaving me, until her cold embrace sucked all the life out of me, this Waspian Rose, her mouth was like the threatening kiss, descending to pierce my soul, to steal my bliss. Am I in heaven or in hell, or is this just a waspian shell, like the strange roaring cocoon vibrating like a waspian ocean-spell. Her dark

embrace, telling me I had died into her caves she drew me, while I couldn't hide. A strange waspian lullaby was bringing me on my knees again, please save my life.

In the skies tranquilizing colours, stripes like liquid lights, shivering, shattering into myriads and myriads, magic spreading everywhere in the worlds above, waiting for the erotic spear to pierce through the fleece keeping these two layers separated. The erotic spear is weeping, for no one understands, and then it's turning into a needle, but it draws back. And then all these mad faces, while she's crying alone in her bed. The air is full of equilibria, like roses flies descending, but they can't pierce through the sky. I've seen these works of God, like the death of chessboard-angels. But the erotic spear is leading me to them. It's unfolding like a coin, like the rose after a long long sleep. She's standing there with her rose bow, charged by silent arrows of the wasp, full of waspfluids and preprogrammed ejaculations holding in their breaths. Then she pierces me by her spear, telling me the year is over, and I do agree. My feelings want to overflow, but she has closed the door, and the rosewaters are boiling, watching the skies above us overflow. She's a weaver dying so many deaths, but she takes me with her, by her spear, like waspian ejaculations hesitating in my head. The dead are murmuring here, but she doesn't lose any tear, she's focussed like the lily queen depending on her spiderspear, she dies the deeper deaths. Sweet sacrifices on roses altars and some waspian altars instead. She is charged by strange delights and nightmare, no one can follow her, but she takes me away with her. Cold ejaculations fill the skies, where tongues of primeval drums stream, coming out of their dens. There are strange deep invocations in my head, while she speaks in myriads of tongues, she's sliding over me, like a snake searching for it's prey, she takes my soul from me.

These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... I am a fisherboy ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ... It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... on the wings of dementia. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ... In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ... It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... It's a strange fairground ... I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white. . She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ...

and her face turns old again

she was sent out as the egg of birthday, by snakes of wedding she threw out her lines, to bring the king on the chariot, she was the old face turning young again, to suck his blood away, to keep him in the tight grip, don't let her kiss you, it's a kiss of death, weddings like coffins, there are sharks in the lake behind the house, and then her face turns old again she has minds in her grip, wavy eyes, she leads them to the wedding, slowly turning in slaughter, there was meat on the cake today, someone was turning his head away, now there's blood on the coffee, and her face turns young again, to find another friend, there's adultery in her mind, she's hungry, shooting more lines, she puts her dress up, showing her high heels, then she blinks, it's the wedding, spreading more lies, weddings like coffins, her face is on fire, sharks in the lake behind her house, and then her face turns old again i know a place worse than hell, in her bed, i was married to this girl, she became my mother, tied to so many things, it's the wedding making me like this, i'm a monster now, and it seems there's no escape, what is she breeding, i must escape this wedding, she's breeding the eggs of birthday for meat, two by two in noah's arc, it's a butchery don't you know, to let canon speak, to let her face turn young again, and when she cries the sand is streaming, and a new day begins i know a place worse than hell, here in her bed, it's the wedding turning you into a monster, you need to escape this place, for her face gets younger everyday, she used to be your mother, but now she's your daughter to take her prey i know a place worse than hell, it's the wedding, there where devils dance, and canon makes his rhymes, there where he stands up and cry again, and he puts the blame on you, and then her face turns old again she stuffs them by weddings, by strange laquer, by strange kisses, so don't let her kiss you, for she has coffins in her lakes, sharks in her rivers, she has strange houses, and while her face grows younger, she takes so many things away, she's stuffing you by her lies in the weddingnight her face turns old again, but by the knife she gives you the dream, and you serve her illusion, to the end of your days, you're always to blame and the anger is growing under your skin, but she's far away, you only have her shadow for too long I'm on the weddingfields ... can anyone help me, i'm never dying here, please take me away to the circle of life, please take me out of this dream she keeps my heart alive in her waters, i'm stuffed and she speaks lies to my mind, i'm in her arc, there's no way out, i can only send out my raven, i'm in a noah horror, please save me out, my raven has a message, the rain's still falling, like someone's tears, are these my tears ? it never seems to stop, we're reaching for the ceiling, and there's my raven, i'll never wear white anymore, show me the red suit, she's snow white, i am her dove, the red one, and my raven is black, there are red doves before my window, gotta open the window for them, my raven is staring, while snow white dives, there's a new morning, in paradise new glory, she finds a pearly apple, bites, and sinks, tree's growing now, while noah's arc disappears, exploding in the night, while all the red doves fight there are snow white's on the wheel, spring is coming, her face turns younger, and I'm delighted by her spell, she's the raven's friend, my honey, she soothes the red doves and what about the original sin we're living in ? since snow white ate from the pearly apple underwater, we're now living in the original innocence, so let us all dive, bite and sink, let us all fly away, like the raven, never returning but isn't noah's horror a hunter ? she will find us, and bring us down under, in her bed she fights us again, to the bath she draws us, but a toy is staring at us, it's a duck and it bites, on the ground she slides, like the snake she tries to deceive us, but we hit the sky isn't noah's horror a hunter ? her face turns old again, but then she becomes younger, can we run away from her ? she sells poisoned apples and invitations, but we're not going to the wedding, we're on our way to the station, princes on high horses standing there, breaking the fragile snare, what can we do when noah's horror returns, it's

moving away like black pearls, there are a million divorces in the nights, can we finally be free to enter the wheel ? in america the crosses stand high or is this original sin too deep, something which no one understands ? we're still bound inside, what if this horror doesn't show us the key, or must we become like noah ourselves to finally escape his grip, noah's horror, it's something in the mind, something boiling inside, chasing after a higher truth, something between me and you noah, noah, like a candle in the night, you designed the bridegroom and his bride, you made them weep, making their eggs tall, all to become ripe in your carnival, so many noah's are walking here now, it's an army of noah's, making their fathers and mothers fall, it's an eternal wedding, night and day, and something is always a piece of the prey, he's married to the uninvited witch, and their kids are called sundays, their grandchildren the mondays, there's always something to say about this wheel, it's a killer rose, a strange breeding, breeding the thrill uncle noah, to the kids a threat, their aunt always sleeps, never comes out of bed, there's horror in their boat, outside it's always raining he's breeding the monsters in the cellars and on the attics, he has always someone to blame, drinking wine with blood, there's always meat enough, he's a butcher noah the butcher, man full of tales, they always have to believe in him, for they are tied to his grace, tied to an original sin, they have eaten from his meat, from his apple and his tree, he keeps their souls in coffins of glass and chrystal, while wine flows, a waterfall of grandchildren, a waterfall of lust and life, there's meat on the weddingcake, blood in the wine in the garden of noah, strange garden in a ship, strange apples and fruits are growing, strange ghosts are floating, they are designed to have eternal life, but they often live in a bottle

bigger lie

and her face turning grey, after every day, this love affair doesn't end, but still they call it yesterday, like the original sin, strange wedding on a card, like the original sin, mooses cuts it in two, a strange divorce, when i married you i sinned, but when we were in a divorce, we became original sinners, strange wedding on a card, already cut in two, by the mooses sword, pictures in black and white, chessboard apples, strange fight still her face turning grey after every day, baby, let's escape in the night by a strange divorce you hit me, i'm an original sinner now, by a strange apple you got me, now i'm screaming loud, there was a snake between us, strange children growing old, there was blood between us, glasses so cold, your kiss it made the pictures so bright, still bending over, please let us escape in the night, for mooses cut the tree, and he killed the snake, and now he puts the blame on us, we are original killers you are my original bride, you are my original knife, i have the mooses sword in my hand, let us make love in the sand, and let this picture bend noah and mooses with the tree, their snake is strangling me, i'm falling on the ground, they give me apple juice, and they're crying loud, i was their only son, baby, you are lying to me, when you are falling on your knee noah and mooses with the tree, tree of paradise, a bird in disguise

Glimpse of False Grace

They stood there, shivering, tied by marriage, Before the king, they were blinded by his lights, As his trickster told him : Yea, you should bind them, blind them, Many slaves of silent screams while no one hears them, Yes, this land is deaf, deaf, deaf by the lie of monogamy Give them powers, give them might, by monogamy, and steal their delight, The trickster said, that was his deal, and now the king fell, And all could hear the sound of an old king falling down, The sound of an old throne tumbling aroun' They stood there having hopes in their minds, But their hearts were bleeding, their loves were screaming, Still tied by marriage, still tied by a rare pride, For the trickster had spread his false hope cards in all kinds Still searching

to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. The dream-prince is counting his twenty play-cards. He eats from the spanish treasures. No one would ever know the horror of this place. From dust to dust the grey snake slides. But I drew too much. I drank the blood of a million roses, wrote stories on their leaves, and still I couldn't find the silence in my heart. I killed a thousand pillows, destroyed ten cities with a sharp piece of glass. I signed my name on a million of graves, and still I couldn't find my heart. Surrendering myself to the forgotten snake opened my door to peace and unity. I broke the doors of twenty-million soldiers, paved the hearts of banned pirates, didn't leave one of them, but only the snake could bring me across the river of swans. On his back I found a new heart to play, black juices to drink. The snake, swimming in the swanlake, diving deep, searching for the black swan. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate.

Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His

teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away. There are standing racecars on the tall attic on the tall table, where the nephews play. These racecars are a species of flies. They like to get fast to break through the picture. Then nothing has form, nothing has shape, and everything starts all over again. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Their fathers have smoken too much. Tall cigarettes are their cue's on the billiardstable, while the balls are of gold in all colours. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

The Book of Lilith

Bapham

Baf

Vam

Vuh

Ammeph

Bapham

There is no other sign keeping you safe from the Wrath of Lilith but to have the sides of your frontdoors smeared by blood, as she is the Angel of Death. There is no mercy on those who aren't warriors, and there is no mercy on those who aren't hunters. Only the sign of the vampire is powerfull enough to set free, and those who love her carry this sign. Hear then the words of the book of Lilith so that you will not fall asleep in the time of slaughter. For accurately she chooses the hours in which she comes down. There is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from slaughter, and there is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from sacrifice.

Hear ye the words of Lilith, so that you will be spared in the days of slaughter, for sure they will come, and for sure they will take many away. Live therefore holy, and do not become evil in your deeds, as she will find all those evil-doers and their sons, and she will have no mercy on them, as they didn't have mercy on others. Therefore the strikes of Lilith will be hard, and no one can hide from her, as she is the Mother God of all.

And these are the parts of her being : Vu, Pu, Pi, Alashi, Liane, and Veherun, which are the six parts of Lilith. And those who hear the words of the book of Lilith and belief in her, no harm will strike them but initiation.

Have ye then heard the words of Lilith, then you won't please her by taking it literal. All her words are symbols and riddles, sent out by the Gnosis, the hidden knowledge. Never take anything she sais literal, as then fire will come out of her mouth to devour thee. She is a hater of the literal and those who follow the literal, but those who live by the food of symbols she will set free, and show them the path to righteous. Now there isn't any justice in the literal, but only in the moving and changing of view. Life is a puzzle, and you shouldn't judge. Let the judgement be to Lilith who knows of all things, and who knows of all things is to know nothing. This is the great emptiness, the source of all wisdom.

Learn ye then from the oracles and languages of Brannan and Lbok to save your soul, as you have been thrown into the corrupted languages of evil workers, who designed languages to bind your souls and to lead you to destruction.

So then there are several Hanik-Cards to save your soul when the elements start to fall down, and oh pilgrim, reach the secrets and doorways of these cards of the Gnosis, so that your heart will be safe as well.

The Hanik-Cards are the cards of the Tall Flame.

The Hanik Vuh means the Repeat, and it's sound is 'NG. It is the power of the Memory and it is a creative force. It also means 'trauma', but not in a negative sense. It is a way to channel. Therefore the Hanik Vuh is a base for communication.

Then there is the Hanik itself, which means powerlessness and paralysis, but not in a negative sense, more as blanco state in order to channel, and in order to have an objective connection, which is a base for further relationship, and actually a form of true sense. It's sound is BOK-BOK, and is sometimes referred to 'ear', which means 'listening'.

As you see Hanik is the tall flame as in the binding factor, the glue. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vur, which means both pencil and the Red Sun (Sun of blood and vampirism), and it's deeper meaning is addiction and suicide, not in negative sense, but to block the ego out and dwell in surrender and obsession, as in the deepest grade of relationship, where it becomes intimate and eternal. The Hanik Vur also refers to sensual things but more in the sense of 'depth'. Gnosis is always the main purpose, and this one is for the translation and the analysis. The Hanik Vur refers to the eye, the consuming factor, and of course the stomach. The sound is 'HANIK'.

The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vuvod, which means fruit and red sun, with as deeper meaning : Remorse. Again this is not in negative sense, but it is a way to make things better and to search for even deeper forms of relationship. It is the 'messenger of taste', an even deeper form of communion, by which hearts start to melt into each other. The sound is 'WOEU-WOEU'.

The Hanik Vuhod is the card of fear, and also this one not in a negative sense, as fear makes tender and carefull. The sound is TOK-TOK-TOK

The Hanik Cards as cards of the Tall Flame are the Cards of Imprisonment, but not in a negative sense, as you have seen.

Then we have the Iro Cards, as the cards of the Horse Flame, which are the Cards of Enslavement, but also : not in negative sense, it is to have a perfect guard and guidance. Enslavement is a form of automatism, a robotic way to keep things in line and intact. It is technology to make things better, and to raise the immunity.

The first Iro-Card, the Iro itself means Red Sun (the Sun of blood and vampirism), but also depression and barricade, or 'storm'. It's actually the strike of the whip to wake you up and get you into the right direction. It is not a negative sign, also not when Lilithian Cardreaders who use this deck take this card for you. The sound of the Iro itself is 'SPIR'.

The Iro Vur means the Dark Flame, and losing everything by darkness. This is the card of 'death', not in negative sense. It means : 'mutilation', 'impatience' and 'unbearability' in the sense of poverty to trigger the hidden things, which means getting another point of view. This is therefore the card of the derwish, to reach the hidden wealth. The sound of the Iro Vur is 'SPIR-SPIR'. It is a deeper form of enslavement, for the Iro was only the correction.

The Iro Vuh means 'boat and red sun', and 'exhausting', 'draught', 'thirst'. It is the card of 'hunger' leading to the sources. It is the card of 'attraction', like the flame of guidance supplying the visions necessary for the travel. It is a path through the underworld, and it teaches how to walk and move, how to get something, thus it is not a negative card, but more constructive in all it's forms. It is the Heart of Darkness. The sound of it is AHWA.

The Iro Vuvod means 'boat in water', 'becoming a wilderness', 'loneliness'. It is the card of abduction, of 'moving to another level'. The sound of it is WOEU-WOEU-WOEU.

The Iro Vam means clock, court of justice and repressing, dominion. It is the card of process, growth, so this is also not a negative card. The sound of the Iro Vam is D.

Then there are the Kaleph Cards, which are the Cards of the Red Flame, which are the Cards of Inquisition. These aren't negative cards as you will see.

The Kaleph itself means 'boring' and 'uselessness', and sometimes 'rejection'. The cards of inquisition are the cards of awakenings, and this card is actually the seed of creativity, the

‘bringer of visions’, and actually to channel a deeper force from the subconsciousness. These forces will be translated in the conscious languages. The sound of it is VOBBOK.

The Kaleph Vod means ‘helplessness’, ‘accident’ and ‘failure’, which is to correct a certain channel. The sound is VOD.

The Kapleph Vam means ‘oversensibility’, which opens a new channel. Kaleph Vam also means : ‘man with bow and arrow’, or ‘broken arrow’. The sound is CHU.

The Kaleph Vuh means fear of chronic pain, fear of hell, and thus fear of time. This fear develops wisdom, and thus is the Kaleph Vuh the card of wisdom. The sound is IR, which also means ‘harem’. Thus Kaleph Vuh is also the Card of Harems.

The Kaleph Vur means Unreachability, and Flee-ing, sometimes a Deathcase. It develops Knowledge, and is thus the Card of Knowledge. The sound is TOK-TOK.

Further there are the Varu-Cards, which are the Cards of Blood, the Gnosis, or Hidden Knowledge.

The Varu Kim means the bleeding man, and the red one, or the red bowl. It is the Card of the Pig-killer, the one who pierces the veils of the gnosis. The sound is KIM.

The Varu Wurg means : ‘bleeding ox’ or ‘hair’, ‘hell’. It is the card of the treasures of the Gnosis. The sound is WURG.

Varu Weel means : ‘bleeding cock’, to care, to get it done. It is the card of the creativity of the gnosis. The sound is WEEL.

Vu Varu means : roots, beginning, startsign. It is the Card of the White Blood. The sound is VU VARU.

Varu Jou means : food and light, to get it done, to care. It is the card of transparent blood or ultra-blood. The sound is JOU.

All sin shall be forgiven, but the sin against Lilith can never be forgiven. It is the unpardonable sin. There are those who have grieved Lilith, there are those who have quenched Lilith, and they shall be forgiven, but those who do the sin against Lilith shall never be forgiven, as it is the unpardonable sin. And this is a great mystery which has raised much fear in the heart of man. But comfort yourselves, brethren, for when you have fear it is because you are still sensitive to Lilith. It means she is still working on you. Those who have committed the sin against Lilith have hardened themselves against her, and when they finally will be struck by fear it will be too late. Lilith doesn't preach everlasting damnation for those, but everlasting sleep, ending in oblivion and total destruction. Lilith is the Mother God, and isn't cruel like Jahweh.

The Unpardonable Sin is one of her Greatest Mysteries, and also the Predestination. She will not strike forever, and she will not be in eternal wrath, but when she strikes she strikes harder than Jahweh. It is in the prophesies that Lilith will bite the head off of Jahweh, and that she will raise David as the Fifth Vampire. This will happen when the Book of Lilith will be revealed. Lilith herself is the Fourth Vampire, but to some she is the Primeval Vampire. Jacob will be the Sixth Vampire she will raise, Jesus the Seventh, Abraham the Eighth, and Peter the Nineth. Caine is the First Vampire, Joseph the Second, and Dracula the Third. These Nine form the Canon and Coven of Arch-Vampires.

Further cards many Lilithian Cardreaders use are the Initiation Cards taken from the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies.

Baf

The Vampire Prince

You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is

dripping blood from his forehead. Chinese rats were your servants, and it seemed you didn't want to know the indians. Four shots of a gun sealed your marriage with the black swan. Your wife killed you inside but left your skin blank. She ate your liver, but weaved your prince's clothes. The crime was happening under skin. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. Black snake of desire, where are you hiding your crimes, where are you hiding your stolen gems. For four brown jewels you stole, the treasures of the pirates. Still your eyes are brown, my prince, and soothing like thunder and water. The secret of the swan-lake is in your eyes. Sweetness was your mother, and your father still runs to find the shelter of the black swan. He knows her crimes, he knows her secret killing intuition. Twenty tree-assassins are prowling into the kitchen of the baker's house. They are still looking for your crown, prince, they are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese sovenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. When you will reach the chinese city, my son, they will burn your slippers, they will let your velvet ships sink. But they will give you the treasures of the black swan. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. You saw the red fear in the eyes of the french orphans, and you didn't seem to take notice of the indian wash-pinchers. You knew the tears of the orphans, you kissed them all one by one. Your purple licorice-treasures filled the bellies of their teddy-bears, and you listened to their choir songs day and night. Finally, now, you made bread of their tears, you showed them the treasures inside. You still have the heart of a baker, you still carry your mothers flag. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering it's last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. She will have to show you all the forbidden songs of the french orphans, and you will still avoid the indian wash-pinchers You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Your father, baker, will raise his rifle and hit the air three times. From your father to your mother you will run, and back. Their licorice will warm your heart, and you will feel your mothers shoes. You will keep weaving the threads of your mothers heart, you will have clothes enough to come through the winter. Decades of sunless summers are suiting the french orphans. But you took them into the living room of your heart, and let them feel the warmth of your hearts hearth. You counted the flames for them, and still they are stringing these flames to surround their new birds of drama. You knew how to touch their soul, you knew how to puzzle their toys. Uncle prince, a side-shot in the head of the black swan, uncle prince, she couldn't chase his tail after she fell. Her wings are broken now, following shadows of strangers. Her boats sank to the bottoms of the red seas, missing their japanese meals Still the french orphans are diving in these mythical seas, looking for treasures, looking for legendary footprints of their uncle's fishes. They are still waving at stairways, and fishing at old antics of a long and all-forgotten past. But they don't seem to catch a tear of the prince, for they are hidden too well. Behind golden fences and dragonwalls, they live. Would the song of an orphan be able to open the door of his cage, or does a chinese ring of patience and temperance finally have the key ? The old baker is walking in the soaked footprints of deers throughout his garden. He is waiting for his son, he is waiting for post. Liquid letters are reaching his garden, talking about springs coming, wearing the breath of his son. The swanlake is in his eyes, he's the golden swan, now running as a jaguar, touching the edges of Lynx. Prince of the

swanlake, prince of jaguars, touching the doors of Lynx, still with that fragile touch. His eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again.

Jesus the Vampire

Six tall jaguarboys, wearing tall leather jaguar-jackets, are shocking the streets, smoking tall cigarettes, spreading killing-flowers. They write cutting poetry, in which they wrap their tall sharp knives. They die on their stiletto-crosses, and preach an assassin called Jesus, in a french accent. I can smell the heat of my fathers car-seat. We are driving a new road, entering a new garden, breaking new waves. No one knows if these boys are angels or hellraisers. Their motor-cycles are orange painted, their wheels are spinning stiletto's, no one can follow their movements. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes. Hold tight what you have, for tomorrow it might be gone. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. They were forgotten, now they will forget. Twelve jaguar-brothers, having snakes in their eyes, stirring up the old tragedies of forgotten sons. They swallow like snakes, they steal like snakes. No prey can hide for their all-knowing eyes, their throats hurt, like swallowing stiletto's and thorns. The rose asks for a sacrifice, the doors of her flavours open. Killer-flowers, killer-stiletto's, running after the echo's of a long forgotten father. He is still drunk of loneliness, chased out of the heart of society. Father of orphans, father of cities, of orange motor-cycles, you aren't forgotten by the snake, the guitar is still looking for you. The snake, swimming in the swanlake, searching for the black swan. I drank the blood of a million roses, wrote stories on their leaves, and still I couldn't find the silence in my heart. I killed a thousand pillows, destroyed ten cities with a sharp piece of glass. I signed my name on a million of graves, and still I couldn't find my heart. Surrendering myself to the forgotten snake opened my door to peace and unity. I broke the doors of twenty-million soldiers, paved the hearts of banned pirates, didn't leave one of them, but only the snake could bring me across the river of swans. On his back I found a new heart to play, black juices to drink. The snake, swimming in the swanlake, diving deep, searching for the black swan. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. Twenty-four jaguar-nephews looking for their lost uncles, racing their snake-cycles, wearing snake-gloves. Their snake-boots are sharp, high-heeled, but they have a licence from the Jesus they preach. There was a viking called Jesus, a legendary apple-assassin. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. The old snake smiles. He sees light in his heart. The red lady of chess has a wet cloud in her head. She doesn't seem to care about the rain, she's flying over the rainbow, accepting each and every ray of color. Ray of color, ray of light, you make the difference, you lock the row. Each and every color is a row-locker, without one of them, there wouldn't be a circle. She wears the ring of the rainbow, which is spinning around her finger, accepting all the colors, watching

the edges of them, and their bridges between each other. She watches them being mixed, creating other colors, which can't be missed. These form the heart of her rainbow, the chains of her necklaces. Drowning shadows in the night, bathing whispers in the stream, and you're still looking for the love in the pride. The secret of the lemons is what you found, you waved away the killer-apples from a lost childhood, chasing your dress-tails with their feathers of lost ancestors. You didn't seem to be shocked when you felt the first touch of the lemon. You were getting dizzy like a thousand of stars were entering the gates of your dress. You saw them entering your walls creating paintings in your skies. You stole the preludes of old chinese kings, but now you see their plots. You broke the stone-bowls of frogs, but now your tongue can reach the juice. You're child again, but now you are the queen. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. The old mother is greeting me from her rocking-chair, but I'm diving in the sea of ice once again, looking for the sunk jail-clocks of the harlequin. His stories do interest me, his waves are easing my mind and soul. Forty-eight lemon-uncles, wearing the jaguar on the back of their black wind-jackets, looking for storms to race, having coiling snakes in their eyes. Their orange motor-cycles are gleaming in the sun, reflecting the teeth of Jupiter. They are having a party, selling my lemon-limbs. They give me some twigs to enjoy, but when I'm home, it's all ashes, muttering on the table. They are whispering in my mind, I'm not king anymore. Black rats and cats are entering my house, laughing at me, skew-eyed. Can I have the eyes of aldebaran, can I get my lemon eyes back again ? All these lemon-clocks, sunk in the red seas behind the dark forests of japan. A skew-eyed Jesus is still counting the shadows passing by. Remember his name, remember his eyes, for it seems he looks at your hair but he's grasping your pockets. Master of illusion, master of cows, beating the drums, swallowing the violins. He shakes your left hand and is eating your right hand. He knocks at your frontdoor, but is entering through your windows at the other side of your house. He calls your grandmother, and is grasping the indian lampsteads no one wanted to see. He smuggles them through the seven seas of death, saying they are his cows to bear, but the bells of the cows are bleeding old stories of baker-clothes. Their feet wash away the foam from the rivers, and he watches the faces of the old jail-clocks, skew-eyed. Tomorrow what you see will not be me, but an old leather fish-bag from your grandmothers dream, sailing away across seven rages, stealing the heads of giants from an unknown tale. The cornfields will blow your trumpets, but no one will hear, for their ears are deaf by the sharp voice of the harlequin. Ten-thousand rats, following the snake, searching for the black pearl. Harming underwater traffic-lights, finding their way to the white blaze of treasures. They are wearing no names, their suits were burnt long ago All what I got from you was one hand full of ashes.

The burning swan is finding it's way to the forest, where her old dreams are boiling again. Skew-eyed rats are running through the forest. They survived the mazes of the swanlake, they sailed the seas of golden swans. Dreams are pushing their walls, stolen dreams, broken rules. Skew-eyed rats, never knowing where their eyes are staring. Snake's possible dream would be about a trunk. Here, in this forest, he would sow my ashes, besides the trunk. This was always his dream, this was always his heart. The jail, the market, they would all find their place here.

Without the jail, the ashes wouldn't be seed. Without the market, the ashes wouldn't be magical. For didn't life start in the bakery between the market and the jail ? Weren't we all slaves and toys, dancing from the sun to the moon ? Someone burnt a shoe to enter a new world. Hundred and ninety-two mothers are following the jaguar, the prince is sitting on his throne. He never forgot the french orphans, he never forgot his father the baker. Now the ashes are lying before him, speaking magical spells, catching the greengrocer's crocodiles. Chinese tea is his best receipt, a secret of his father. Father learnt it from the old chinese man. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of

the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. He's getting swivel-eyed again. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar. The third silver book of the jaguar is all which remains after the great white war. What if the baker comes home ? Is it still the liqueur of the baker ? A man called "Bible" possesses the land, preaching from the baker's suite. He's wearing a black t-shirt with a white cross painted on it. He's spreading earrings, which sting and pinch. Is this the liqueur of the baker ? The people are silent, waiting for another rifle. Four shots of a shotgun, awakening an old book. Four shots of a shotgun, enough to blow it away. Seven mighty books rising from the sea, possessing the land, capturing the readers I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price. Neon billboards crashing another tree, until the third had been struck down. A neon-Jesus, painting the doors of strangers with the blood of old cemetary-nightmares, fixing the strings of an old machine. Hey skew-eyed, can I borrow your antic time-machine for sixhundred and sixtysix dollars a week ? Twenty-four men called Jesus are marching through the old alleys of the city, selling drugs, half of price. They will take out your ears, spending your salaries to the mazes, spoiling your kids and

eating your reindeers. At the barter you will get their little wigs to enjoy, turning your wives and children into ashes.

Vam

Red Spider

Tiffany is drinking from her glass, decorated by tragedy and unfulfilled hopes from the past. She is drinking the blood of her grandaunt, without any response to a conscience sewed by deadly precision in her fragile mind ... echoes from an early church, flying in rotten rain, still the threatening painting in the cellar of her feigning sentiment ...

The last few years she used this emotion more and more as a terrorist to protect her sensitive traumas. She became the preacher of this church, as an attempt to quench her inner bleeding insecurities forever. The perimeters of vague figures from a family's diary she drowned in the grey ditches. Now she uses these stains in her cloister to wash away the last shadows of the world she lived in ... It's still dripping from the pipeline of the grey ditch.

She's eating from her dish, decorated by numbness, holding the liver of her granduncle tightly inside. She still feels herself a prisoner there, but the strange lust she always felt by hearing the torturing dramas of her old acquaintances is still her candle ...

There's coming blood out of the pipeline ... Tiffany is embroidering her houseshoes with grey lines from the lonely sickness she has since her youth ... When the years took off, it got worse ... There is still a sea of needles unsheathing from her spleen when she speaks ... dragging her grandmothers there to bear a sword too heavy for them ... becoming pregnant of something which they can never get out.

Tragedic bitter virginity is torturing her mind, she's living in bitter silence, worshipping her lost situation and her sharp loneliness in devotion. She swallows her tears to drown all her casual desires inside, calling for the sad stare of inner conspiracy. She's eating some old testicles from a crucifix and a painting, hidden in the laundries of her mind. It was still the dogma of her creed, her pension after all the years of hard work while she was too sick to do it.

She cycles everyday to the old pipeline, to swear she will always worship her sickness in tight devotion, breeding her anger under stones of lost and lonely places a few inches under her skin, to drag ignorant visitors of a forgotten past and health inside, becoming pregnant of something, which they can never get out.

She's still the incubus of silent tragedies, which can never reach daylight. She's still a bitter incubus of inner abortions and miscarriages, of a siamese womb, sinking deeper under the weight of something she could never reach ...

Red Spider II

She was paralyzed since her birth. She remembered the cynical smiles around her, bringing her in a deeper death. She also remembered the denying compassionate smiles around her, bringing her in cruel doubts and insecurities ... and she remembered the presents she got from them, which were like needles in her body, for it was only a token of business around the shatters of her crash ... These feelings she knew since she was two years old, were like birds too bright for her eyes. These torturing emotions about luring friends, weddings and pleasures which she could never touch, made her eyes very big, swallowing all the birthcards she got, leaving no feather behind.

Blood was dripping from the pipeline. She was locked up in desires too heavy for her. Now she was luring ignorant visitors to the lost and lonely places of her traumatized soul, showing them her inner babies who could never see daylight. Babies howling and complaining in her head day and night. They struck like lightning, like the terror, like a wound on a wound. She was carrying things inside which were too heavy for her ...

She was a mother of bitter incubus's, making the ignorant shadows visiting her mind pregnant by terror and prophecies, until the voices in her head were sliding away into strange and twisted pleasures of laying a heavy boiling object on a light fragile cocoon, like the strange lusts of a dragging ironer hanging under a too weak balloon heading for a sea of fire.

Red Spider III

She took a dive in the water, to never rise up again. A boat was blocking her way to the breath necessary to live. Her soul didn't want to die, when she saw her body rotting away. But she was already dead. This was always the dream a young lady had. She was blocked by the walls of her church, speaking about hell and eternal damnation as daily meat. She worked in the butchery, this young lady, coming home, washing the blood from her hands ... catching it in a vase. Psychological rituals ... These vases are standing all through her house Japanese vases

She has an obsession about old women, those women who live in the mills so long, that they use them for themselves now. They learnt to sleep with the mills, to ride them, and to tame them, just a tiny bit, for the blood is still streaming, while their old fragile organs are exploding inside.

She has an obsession about their houses, watching their vases. She likes to cut the flowers for the old women, to sacrifice the young to the old. She feels comfortable in hospitals and mental institutions, there where the blood is streaming, there where the mills are streaming, to see how people are blocked by the boat. She wants to hold them in her arms, to know that she is not the only one. She wants to hold them in her arms, for maybe they are the boat blocking her all her live. She is still trying to let the boat sink.

At nights she washes herself by the moist of the Japanese vases, preparing herself for another day in the butchery, washing meat. It seems her mind is twisted in so many ways. All she wants is ... to send this boat to others ... that's why she loves to keep contacts ... She's a bitter incubus ... making them all pregnant with boats, with something which will keep them underwater, things too heavy for them. She's a mother and a child of the incubus's, sending them to the butcheries, to let them feel the boats above their heads, to let them realize that they can feel the boat, that they can lie under it, but they can never push it aside, they have to live in these eternal damnations, all caught in Japanese vases ...

Return of the Red Spider

A woman was cycling in the pasture, while the air had a strange sensitive charge, and the clouds were dark grey. Suddenly she didn't feel herself anymore, and became cold as ice. She saw a dead child lying in the ditch near to the pipeline. She saw his shoe lying beside him. She stepped from her bicycle and started to walk towards the boy, but suddenly an enormous fear came over her. She felt the need to run away for what if people would think she was the murderer of this child. She started to shiver, feeling some strange feelings in her stomach trying to let her fall. She stumbled to her bicycle again, wanting just to forget about it, to cycle away.

But suddenly a policeman was standing before her, taking her by the arms. She got in a shock, like she was being executed or electrified, as if she was struck by lightning. "You are under arrest," he spoke. She almost couldn't breathe, and she started to scream. The policeman was taking her to his car. "I didn't do anything," she screamed. But the policeman was without mercy.

She was sentenced to death, she would go on the electric chair on april the fourteenth. The night before her death she dreamt about the little boy. She dreamt that she saw him lying in the ditch again, and that she took him by the hand, and they went for a walk in the pasture. He showed her a nest of red spiders, and suddenly his face turned in that of a spider. Then she woke up screaming, remembering that she was really the murderer of the child. After the murder she cycled away, but then she returned to see if she hadn't left any traces. When she saw the murdered child again, it was like she saw it for the first time, like she didn't have anything to do with it.

Footsteps are coming closer ... It is friday morning, april the fourteenth, and they are coming to bring her to the chair. But when she comes there, she sees the little boy sitting on the chair, with red spiders all around him. Slowly they start to eat her from inside out, and then she explodes ...

Return of the Red Spider II

Suddenly it was like he had lost everything. He dreamt of the tragedy, and he didn't know why and what. But he was walking to the pipeline. His homeland was gone. He was now in a strange land where no one knew him and where he knew no one. He heard aborted children cry in the pipeline, and he heard strange slow songs spinning like mills in his head. He saw faces laughing in cynical delights, kicking them back into the seas ... locked up between two lands, in a pipeline ... locked up between the past and the future, between two holocausts ... breeding the red spider ...

Fragments of the Tragedy were spinning in his hand, he's falling between the ship and the high coast, with a stone chained to his leg ... sinking to the lethal depths of dangerous oceans ... breeding the red spider ... a tortured miscarriage of a marriage between two countries ... the bloodthirsty vultures standing on the coasts of cruel stolen peace eat the fugitives ... coming from a war into a war, wandering from hell to hell like everlasting damnation ...

When he woke up ... his wife had been deceased ...

Return of the Red Spider III

Always when the red spider possesses him, he feels needles and mills raging in his testicles, and he sees the traumatic paintings of howling tortured Jesus Christs, of burning witches and animals dying in the cruel arenas of butchereries in delay ... animals growing into animals ... Then martyrs of the ages pierce their sharp ornaments through his nipples, possessing him by their shrieks, and riding him by moving the ornaments and the apocalypses, rising up like the waves of the great ocean, each one mightier than the previous, spreading the marks of the mill, laying the thick stones of the dungeons. Then tragedy by tragedy, drama by drama, will be the arrows on his bow ... until the red spider drags him back to the pipeline, repeating the ritual ... until all his children are possessed ... bred into the coiling frames of wet trauma, torture and pugnacious battle-cries ... until they feel the bars of their cages, until they feel ...the red spider inside ...

Vuh

The Vampire Princess

The nerves are getting thinner, where the dark man hits the mouse .. The dreams are getting thinner, when sandman hits the lions gong ... To easy to dream, but too hard to reach, unless you have giant shoes ... red ones ... I'm sitting in my cabin ... I'm still a cabin-girl ... Quatzalquotl is painting the doors With green and black paint ... Still waiting for his horse ... with roaring numbers ... is this the daydream's inn ? The flavors of flowers were always on my side ... Especially when I opened new doors ... It was the hard way out ... Finally I feel soft ground below my giant shoes ... Finally ... I have some veiled sisters working in this circus ... It's the dreamland's world ... It's built by manchild's confessions ... and coffee-breads ... Mystical choirs from a long time ago ... They seem to like him ... They spin around his head And me ? I'm still the girl with the red boots ... Still your mother's rage, and your father's lengths ... I'm still your brains and your heartbeats ... The red tiger and his coffee cup ... I like to speak, like my sisters do ... Circus of the alphabet ... Do you like to spell my name ? There are sabbaths on a monday-morning ... Enough to scare the teacher away ... It's just the daydream's inn ... It's the dogdream's out ... All manchilds' confessions ... And it's all too loud ... No tale can describe ...the horror of the red bike ... Everything has changed ...you even don't dare to walk to your uncle and aunt's house ... even your neighbours are dragons now ...when the red bike rides ... when the red bike strikes it's a thousand monday-mornings on a saturday-night ...taking you away ... red bike, red bike, where are you running, red bike, red bike, where is your home It's the dogdream's inn ...

Sixty black horses are waiting in front of your house ... trying to take you out of this nightmare but when the red bike strikes again ... it's finally sixty panthers surrounding you like there's no way out ... everything's changing ... when the red dream strikes ... when the red ride strikes ... I'm a fool to wait for your confessions ... I have my own ... Millions of kids are screaming in my head ... Heading for a new day ..Pushing me under in a nightmare .. Red..little ..bike .. There's nothing you can hide when a baby with a gun stands before you ... drama after drama, it will find it's way to the cores, where all life began .. no secret cases ..all

open and white ...when the baby comes alive ..when the red bike comes from behind the corner ..

Jacob's Vampire Ladder

Little red bike, running like the streams ... having twenty babies in a bag .. the daydream's inn ... Little red bike, swimming, over land and over sea ...the dog dream's out ... It's all in your hand ... the red ladder tells ... the dwarf has jacob's letter in his pockets ... torn up it's just the daydream's in ... it's the hard way out ... no time for confessions ...with this true man's sounds coming from snows and deep hells .. having no time to embrace ..that was always the dream you dreamt it's the daydream's out ... it's the dogdream's in and there is no time for confessions ... for there is one way in you killed time in too short trousers, running from the edge to the steam ... you killed ten dogs on a sunday-morning ... it's the daydream's inn .. it's the dogdream's out ... there's no time for confessions ... for we were all too proud .. and there are three gongs running ... there are three gongs on a rage ... and there's no dogdream's confession ...when it's all too late ...

and there is no spin earlier ...and there's no spin after ... it's all in the middle ... where it all spins like batman's revenge ... like spiderman's waste ...it's the true tongue's confession ... there are daydream's inns ...

yes, the gongs are smashing ... it's the eighth number on the scale ... it's the dogdream's confession ...for people too small ... beginning like strangers, ending like nuts on a stream ...that's why you used to call men too soft ... too always too ... but when the red bike touches you ... the finish will fall down ...and everything changes ... everything knows ... that three sides of a coin cannot rake seas like you always did ... everything changes in his hands ... it's the dogdream's inn ... everything dies in his hands ... and gets alive again it's Jacob's Ladder ... it's Jacob's Dream It was red soup he was talking about

Now you're getting lost with no one, now you're getting lost with fame ... It's telling you to keep rising ... it's the daydream's inn, it's the hard day's out ... it's the dogtime's confession ... it's the true voice's doubt ... it's the running stone's demise ... it's the soft issue's confession ... to head for three gongs ... to open the lion's floor

you liked the true bell's sound, you liked the dwarf bell's ring ... you hated the dogtime's confessions ... you made the true doubts win

Now you're getting lost with no one, now you're getting lost with pain ... it's the dogdream's rain ... it's the dogring's fame ... it's the true sound's confession ...on a hard stream's day ... telling to burn off cowards ...telling to burn off fame for it's the dognight's confession closing the tiger's floor burning three gongs too deep, burning three gongs too loud ... it's a one time's special ... in a namesake's mouth ...

there is no escape for cowards ...there is no escape to win ... it's the dog's home inn ... it's the devil's way outwhen a true voice's confession ... makes a hard man doubt makes a homevoice ring makes a firework sting ... makes a true time's confession ... on a small day's inn ...

Now you're killing time with nonsense ... now you're killing time with fame ... it's a dogday's rule it's a dogday's reign ... it's a true time's confession on a hard day's mouth ... opening

the floors of elephants too loud but the lions' floors are opened too ... six lions from one cage twenty cages in a row sixty-seven rows all opened

Running, running, running, on a fairy's bike ... there's a dream you want to open ... but you cannot reach the key dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, jumping over the edges ... not knowing what will come, not knowing what's on the other side ... you are warming ... yourself ... in twenty blankets you got them from your grandfather while your grandmother bought them somewhere there ... yes, there, where the old mother weaves the snow where the old mother lays the sand where she's spinning the lights spinning snow she's raking the seven seas ... she is mourning ... for her kid just didn't want to die her seeds didn't want to go underground and now there will be no harvest in summer

the old mother is crying ... for there are too many kids no one wanted to die, no one wanted to leave this palace of pleasure while it was all out it's the daydream's inn

old mother is raking the seas ... with her old violin ... old mother is raking the forests and the flowergardens of april ... while march is sitting in his boat not daring to watch how a shark kills a man i can understand that i can feel the man's pain ... but also the pains of the shark sometimes the lion has to kill when the rains get too far for he knows it's all overflowing when the rain gets too far it's a dogdream's kill ... it's a manchild's needle ... for a dogway's out

Will you ever understand when a man kills a rabbit ... Will you ever understand, when there's a flower on his grave ... I know these things are too hard to mention I know these things are too hard to understand ... but someone has to talk about it it's the dogdream's inn it's the daydream's out it's the true time's confession in a manchild's shout ...

No one, no one, no one, could catch his tear ... no one could catch his smile no one, no one, no one, could bring his trousers across the river except your smile except your tear ...

It's all running too loud, when the daydream's closing it's doors, it's all running too high, when the daydream's locking confessions ... it's a standard part of history, it's a standard part of life ... when the breads must be eaten ... it's the hard man's dive it's the brainday's inn it's the dogtime's subscription ... on a low man's arm

Vanilla's Revenge

I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ...

So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ...

These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe

we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

Orion masters of the shell ... orion masters from the shell of illusion ... sliding to Arabia and back ... carrying the Indian spell ... The lady loves his handkerchief, the lady loves his red bike ... at the end of the stairways the lady loves his pirate's touch too. It was a long thought running about ice ... but finally he was wrapped in fire ... white fire ...

There is a loss in the heart of the woman, there is a loss in the heart of the daughter ... only the tear can bring it back ... and will burn like a fire against the storm ... dream of the white man, dream of the white face ... dream of white fire ... all in the flames ...

Dream of the white son, dream of the white days ... dream of white fires in white satin ... all streaming from Vanilla's ... revenge ...

It's almost summer it's almost spring ... but it will never be ... It's almost a brainwave almost a helicopter ... but it will never be ... You can feel it but it can never be touched ... the curse of the vanilla You can eat as most as you can But you can never be satisfied ... her curse ... also It is the cry of the martyr, now forever she will be ... the vanilla's coffee

At last she screams ... at last she dies ... It's the same remedy ... now she's still repeating ... all what you did to her ... in her own strange ways In her own strange sentiments ... it's the mocking of the woodpecker's house ... knocking on saturday's door ... blinded by lights ... escaping the rumors Now she will forever be ... on grandfather's clock knee ...

It's saturday the lights are on ... It's the day's sea She's spinning her letters in a coffin too small ... but that's what you did to me ... She's offering a cigarette of her own stones ... but that's a lie to me ... She's burning it loud with a heart full of passion ... that's how she heals me ... but yesterday and tomorrow ... it will all be the same ... last week and next week ... all hers ... vanilla's cruel compassion ... hanging you on saturday drowning you on sunday the queen's horrible delights ... bound in satin For a day of three ... Is this the siren's apple-curse, is this the orange to the narrowest hell ? The next train will tell ... when there's the hard day's bell ... Two rocks from a witch's spell ... all wandering to be ... on grandmother's little clock knee.

The summerdays are harder ... flying off to a greater tale ... the summerburner burns a hole in the moon ... for six rabbits to enter Two men are running on blood It's the daydream's plot ... asking loud questions ... breaking hard breads ... like the town's traindriver is mad ... heading for the siren's carriage ... on a hard blue bike ... along the daydream's dike ... where all black men meet each other, on skates, hats or high heels ... when the black daydream deals ... on a hard day's bike ... on a true time's confession ... it's the high lord's strike ... forgive our true name's underwater dike ... scanning the side-halls ... scanning the rainbells ..

Like a thunder in the brain ... like a thunder so insane ... and you will never know where she hid your knee ... she stole something but you don't know what ... you are searching something

...somewhere....but you don't know who or where you are ...you even don't know who she isand this is what hurts ...the weight of your sleep...like an image passing by...not knowing what it represents.....oh so many things in fire ...hearing their loud screams...waiting to be identifiedwaiting to receive their names....not knowing who lied to you...but the truth lies there on the table of a little man...the other direction...the woodpecker's house ...the doormaker's mouse...the cleaning upstairs ...under a blueberry's moon ...contacting your mother's space.....in a soft..embrace

The siren's carriage....sweet like candy...but stinging like a knife....embracing you like a coward...soft like your mother's handbut cruel like your grandmother's spell...on a summer's day.....a summer's delay...another hope lays another chain...candy roaring at three streets the same....the siren's carriage ...sweet like a toy...but your mother's coffin...all there.....where the candy roars.....where the thunder kills.....where the baby thrills....

There where the flames scream....there where it's almost but never there.....Vanilla's.....revenge.....

Two trains on one morning, sinking deeper in the sea ...looking for the golden knee...with the golden rag.... The golden boy tries to sing....but his ring is dying.....six planets on a row...tomorrow there will be seven, when the cock crows three times....

The hard way's lie is breathing into my face...spreading feathers.....hard perfumes.....cold as vanilla ice but I need to realizethe revenge was there before it even happened ... the revenge ... earlier than the strike ... and this was always your mother's secret ...the chocolate always deep in her smile's bag ...you...can...be...happy ..again. her love was ..assured...her pride....her care.....her ..joy.

You didn't see her coming from the aeroplane ...you were in your..dreams... but she killed it before it was born.... She blinded it before it could stare at you ...

Dreamlights on ... The child could fish all the day ... It's the voice of the woodpecker ... from the woodpecker's house so deep in that forest ... so deep and loud ... Like all your memories are washed away ... and you have to catch them again ... At the end of the day ... It starts all over again ... And you tell me it isn't warm enough ... It's never enough ... Living in the almost-zone ... dying in the Lion's Tea all .. his ... misunderstanding ... and you're still reaching for your honey's milk ... cold streams in daylight turning into a flame at night thousand flames streaming to the white cat ... having no other choice to burn it ...

One saturday beyond Italy can blow your mind One saturday beyond spain ... will be your coffin ... And these tales all stream from arabia from the lion's tea ... from the son of africa ... from a maze full of towers, from a maze full of seas ... It is the Lion's Tea ... that brought us on our knees the big master speaks the big master dries your tears ... still a lion in a black jacket, standing tall like the venus' screen still a lion still a maze still a lucifer so tight in his embrace did you call them the boys from lynx ?did you all call them those boys with their white pink with their sharp stiletto's ... with their sharp knives cutting poetry at the ends of the night knowing the tops of the evening knowing the tops of the night knowing the clocks of the tops and doing it all in despite ... a knot in their throats ...

He was pouring his teas ... in the middle of the night saying your offerings are so long refused ... for there was a pale jacket in it a pale face from the vanilla's revenge a pale mourning a pale sun

He said lady don't you know the pale lady she scattered your son, she scattered his geese ... she scattered all that he had but hey, the revenge was there ... before this all happened and maybe that was why she did it ... maybe not we will never know we will never know

Oh why, my dear, dear lion oh why will we never know ... i need to have the answer to survive this maze ... to survive life this lion's tea

No, my dear lady, you don't need to survive you will sink deeper into this maze ... until you will see the yellow flower until you will see the yellow's rose I'm a prince full of darkness.... I'm a prince full of tears I am the licorice ... the lucifer that comes to bring the fears into the right frustrations into the right faiths into the right submissions ... into the right space I am the dream beyond the dream yes, i will tell you how to survive I am the judas who brought you the knife

There I am falling, there I am weeping Where is my Jesus, my saviour in this nightmare

There will not be any Jesus, the lion in the black tall jacket sais.... there will be only some boys some boys from lynx

Oh, stop it, you son of bastards ... oh stop it, you son of the lie you killed the pale lady with your streams from the Nile you are the crocodile you are the elephant's transmission you're the lion's cage you are the autumn of daniel's death I will

No, the lion roars, no the lion sais you will not

But I will I roar back I will be the lion here I will be the one worthy enough to serve as Gods Angel I will replace lucifer, who fell so deep into this lion's pit and now I will be Lucifer

Like you want it, sais the lion like you want it but remember one thing : I

.....

And then she wakes up This nightmare spinning in her head all these years all these nights all hunting her down so that she cannot walk in daylight she's so paralyzed all because of this story she's so paralyzed in a wheelchair she sits my dear because of this legend because of this legacy

In little amsterdam ... the candy-jester walks he's the candy-jester and he's looking for her he invites her he loves her he kidnaps her every night to the tiles of amsterdam to tell her a story

now the little green-orange jester coming from the heart of the land ... eating shoes full of whiskey like drunk chocolate he's the heartmare he's the friend of all kids only the wise ones will escape from himescape fromhim

the man with the red eyes, red lights in his eyes gave his life to see such a screen

the orange mocker turns around three timeswalking the perimeterson a thin, thin line
he's a bit busy today, a bit frustrated a bit hesitating a bit nervous for an eagle
caught a glimpse from his hat and now it will be in tomorrow's newsletter a pretty sight
..... a pretty sight but the master doesn't like it he wanted to hide his years he
wanted to live in silence screaming with the faery's tears or maybe fairies ...

He's spinning it all into slowmotion to enjoy the seconds for twenty years the pale
woman doesn't have her extasies anymore she forgot about her trousers the pale woman
doesn'thave lights ...anymorebut she's still the trick of the dayno, you won't go
into that you never liked the french roads you preferred to be in spain there's a split
between your sister and you because of that and the lion still laughing for tonight
....it's tea-time again what is raging there at the tiles of amsterdam is it another town
trying to enter ?it's the heart of the land

she's spinning around like capuchino ... still in her wheelchair she's running down the
streets but ...she is ... still in her wheelchairlike the abc's doglike the gardener of the
maze accepting the yellow roses accepting the orange moon accepting the creatures
with the big eye in the heart of the land they say there is a key in portugal to escape the
black river to enter a new arabia with white flames with sons from vanilla all
knowing about her revenge all knowing about the eye in the middle of her big body
going to arabia

it is the hearth of the earth where all devils dance where all mockers die yes, let
them dance ... let them do the she accepted them too let them first do their dances
until the fire is too hot then they will burn themselves too and the fire will dance
further

in the hearth of the earth in the heart right there the wrestlers live they will not
stop until they get what they have they accept everything they get to wrestle with it
knowing the secret is inside the secret the treasureand a newsword a new
road to go deeperinto the hearth of the earth they all look the same they all
do the same dances ... they all do the same steps

And vanilla, the bridge between portugal and arabia ... you don't want to know what lives here
.... In the sea ... this holy sea indiansdrownedin this seathis sacred sea holding
the key ... to a land they don't want to know ofthe land ... where the grandfather stranded
.... this landto seal the rage

vanilla's peace but this day she was shot in the eye she knew too much about the swan
.... the black swan she still rules the swan's lake but now the golden swan has come
.....

they give so much, but they never give enough and they take so much away there are
too many reasons to follow them ... this is why the snake was sent out ... hunting for many
reasons

Wonderlamp on the attic

I'm sitting on a nuclear ice-cream ... too hard to breath hereBut I know when I jump off I
will get on a horse too wild

Everything is frozen, I cannot move But the Icecream is holding my hands and there's
fire between us Purple fire That happens when things get too cold, they get sweet, and
then they start to burn

Born again in Orion, I'm reading the Master's Tea Tales ... finding some old chocolate
passages and some old tiger-icecream tales it's like a lost stranger is wandering in it
wandering in an old forest

The ice-cream stairways are tall and bring me finally into sleep these boys from lynx ...
these masters of tax and insurance they would lead me out their stings were too tall
and now there's a ladder inside of me these boys from lynx with legs too tall still
..... the sons of sandman

These waspcats, these wild cats ... running from the edge of destruction to the master's tea
always doing the deal these mastercats these milkmen ... sinking deep into the white
oceans to save a killerwhale ... your grandfather is still looking for them ... wanting to sell
them his three red pale flowers You always used to touch things too sharp for you ... but
now their soft blankets warm your oranges This is the night's railway awakening you to
a new round in a new game The old ones aren't valid anymore since daylight touched
spring

Now you're running in baskets too short while the orange is smiling at you still your
best friend

These last brunt pseta's brought you this far touching the candy's milk ... the sisters of ice
shook hands with the sisters of the big ice-cream there are always faster horses than this ...
so you are still trying to find your ways to new homes you are wondering what makes
the day so bright ?

Six sailors are burning the seas in high jackets almost covering their faces ... shooting
their hats into the night They know about the fears of a million of sharks ... they still trace
their railways of forgotten dust Now finally they have their eye on the big icecream ...
They are spoilt enough to do a master's strike Their high tables are reaching for your
mother's ceilings ... It was never like this and it will never be like this again ... Now you
were always good at running on sandman's tables you jumped from one to the other the
swimming rat was always your secret ... he had wings like a knife

The overdose of pride still the gift of the ice-cream ... still the railway deep into the night
.... watching daylight from a high shore waiting to dive into something you cannot imagine
.... And finally you could sleep ... and finally you could escape waiting for the long hours
of the morning ... where grandmother's clocks still dance And still you try to choose
between a snake-lake and a rat-lake while your eyes are still bleeding because of the
swanlake Is it a wasp who can finally shut this dream forever ? No tailor could do the final
strike No engineer could invent this machine hidden in the head of the wasp The old
shark is burning while looking at the party so deep into the night No sharklake could
prevent this Seven sheep with the pale blue lights in their eyes rise from the eighth pit ...
They follow a shepherd called Jesus ... still the hero of the town They raised him in love

laying 666 dollar below his cradle Still a tree is growing there A christmas-tree ... stinging it's head through worlds and loves with high tech camera's The next day it will be in the newspapers for Judas to know

They can turn grass into milk ... those boys from lynx ... still the side-painters of the big eye ... still the mass-tricksters of the old coffee but their own eyes are bleeding Their names are still echoing through the night ... It's better for you not to hear them, for you would not sleep for seven years this is the master's march ... this is the daylight's grape still purple and diving ...still bleeding it's way into the earring It would not let you open your mouth until you read the books on the tops of the seven hills. And these are all puzzlebooks. The answers change every minute, and every year the question changes and new animals are born all wandering the perimeters of the old cradle This Jesus had a face one side was purple

And the wasps loved him the wasps cared for him they raised him from the pullpit ... from the master's hand and allow them to enter the big eye every year ... no boy from lynx would follow him they were all watching behind the screens ... counting his tears and steamdrips counting all the stings on his body calling for the flowers to bloom there this was the best painting they ever made but later they found out that jesus wasn't his real name

They love the master's hand, they squeeze the final touch ... with these hands of fire ... these hands of broken ornaments ... glittering in the night they sold their beauty for fame they sold their lamps for night ... for six bottles of broken beer to turn it all around in the middle of the year they know how to turn the clock backwards, and how to weave the second mill ... It's all still blushing in the middle of amsterdam like the yellow corn

The spanish prince sells his fruits for coffee ... the little princess still hides behind curtains of the old attic and I am still a delicious dreamer a lamp there in the corridor eleventh floor still attracting the wasps but also the little gnats they are biting their ways through the meal still the baker's pride And the wisphers reach the little city the purple one and the bakers reach the mouth of the year there's ink enough for a next painting they all suit the lion's fear

The dreams are worthy to fill this wonderlamp to fill this speaking cupboard forever the banana-prince has shoes too tall, but they curl in the night There he walks through the corridors of the palace's floors The lion's floor is wasted by wine and liqor The tiger's floor burns in the seventh night, like an army of gnats the zebra's floor is full of harems, there's healing in the eighth night, while the ninth one will wake you up forever The satin's fleece is burning there, like the milkmaid's son's helicopter There will be always three men too tired for that But this will finally break open your mother's pond ... to see the face of the icecream shivering No honey can stream through their veins anymore

The proper words of a purple santa ... the wizard of presents was always by your side There's always something in something There's always escaping something out

On the third day everything lives and speaks ... even the old apricot-tree of your grandparents you thought it would be dead forever

When the wonderlamp is in the hand of the banana-prince ... there's spice coming out of it ... like powders of purple delights wandering over red roads too delicious to describe now fortunately there are veils so that you will not fall from the hill the second hill will always hold grip

There he shares his bananas with the little princess ... The spanish nightmare has almost gone it's still yelling between a bird and an old shoe from the morning till the evening but in the middle of the day it's quiet for seven breaths This is how the girl can go on while living like an owl in the night ... wearing her warsuits to do the ananas-dance She's still a spicy ananas after all these years The streams bring her to the doubts where she can escape some old false thruths she got them from an old bear an old dragon and an old bird She still wonders where they are now She hasn't seen them in a long time

Black gates from the blue belt opening her ears and then shut them ... to never come back That's how they span the dream inside her hair she still fights for a place in the cinema she still drives her ornaments to the big pear and this all to burn a coward's coin the automatons have been sold out, since the black queen crashed her donkeys.....

I'm riding on Jupiter, fairytales too late Maybe if they were here earlier I could watch the banana's prince ... But it's all too late Oh yes, the fairytales are beautiful but the drama has already struck the sights All I see are some old rinds and some crying knights These dreams are too beautiful but they came too late

And the giants are crying, but they cannot solve this cruel puzzle ... It tears me apart all inside

The black prince, the black fool, from the darkness to the age ... from time to nothing selling old clocks to the birds They cannot fly anymore for the beauty too late has paralyzed their hearts

Black prince, black dove, raising the dice Gamblers from the maze spoiling black guitars to the tiles of little amsterdam

It's the gamble-wizard He invented all these wheels he invented all these cruel ornaments they are keeping the slaves alive

I don't know how to hate you, oh black wizard from the southeast coasts You are licking the icecreams in trousers too short Cruel diaries Private dark lights it's the burning, the burning, the burning of the ice No mailman could invent such a horror ... only you, black wizard, black prince with your oiled automatons, full of red motors and strange rages spicy dances in the night old banana's from an arabian castle they were too old but the clock made them too young So now she can't hear the cry of her children now she can't hear the baker's alarm it's all your fault, wizard you gambler in the sweetest night You are too sweet to do something You are too sweet to be in time this is the maze's horror the black bird singing in august's pride

We can never be in time in this automaton of yours Our marbles are beautiful but we always lose them We are all dying sweet deaths in beds too sweet to sleep in Is this the Icecreams revenge or are you looking for another tall lady Mr. Billiards was never your favorite These sticks were too tall the marbles too white There was always

something wrong with something And it was always too late for the doctor already slept the last dentist was already retired on a pension so we had to go to Jupiter to meet a mailman's mouth

we could not watch the ocean's tiredness anymore for we were the ones too tired we could only watch ourselves we couldn't read the latest fairytales anymore they were beautiful but paralyzed.

The doctor had a beautiful hat today, but he couldn't help us Oh, what a nice house he has Really a masterpiece but his kids are dying Cruel Ananas

You were too young to catch the rain ... too young to help your mother with lazy bags too young to decide The gambler's girl It's all too beautiful but all too young the kid's still spinning the wheel still stinging to bleed still the wasp's rage it was too old now it will be too young it was too early now it will be too late All these foundlings They are spinning the revenge they are forming the ornament on a wheel too low for their knees they are cycling in the night looking for the last wonderlamp

I see you crying there little girl, with your little brother, lost in the forest I see your little hat screaming, like libra's dictator you were an unaccepted child your parents didn't want you they made you just for the fun of it and after it they threw you away you came too early in their eyes but now you will come too late when all is said and done but you are the gambler's friend you give and you take and in the night you let it all slip away yes, you still chase the dream you still chase the ornament ...still a child after your father's heart still many dreams to go

Unaccepted boy ... you are still your sister's brother still shooting doves in the night for you are the only dove you are under a cowboy's rage ... losing the indian marbles but tonight you will find them again You are still the prince of unaccepted worries, still the prince too tall for the door and in the night you will grow too short, to rage at all who made the door You are still the zebra's desire still the tiger's friend you are still waiting for spring ... you learn how to bend your knees to teach it everywhere although the trees don't want to hear it ... although the princesses will be too pale to listen they will sit in their own caravans in their own campings But you will speak like the lemon's nightingale ... having the spoilt peach on your side being followed by legions of microphones

Together you spin the wheel, together ...

Foundlings from lynx

Holes of slow-motion, holes of echoes from the past can they all forget their missions, their earthquakes ? No, these are legendary works ... they will rage until the son has been set free ...

The woman will rage until the voice is subtle ... until the snake breaks through the throat they are all wandering to the gambler of wizards the gambler-wizard with a million of sirens on their backs When the raspberry's ripe, the tables of the kings are full.

The shark speaks with a million of mouths It was always like this She remembers him like yesterday's tear But the wheel is still spinning for all gamblers trying to pick their gold for the nights It's the nightingale's secret It all burns there until no raker's on the sea

Still humpty dumpty sits on his hill ... not wanting to let it go ... until the cook will break his ring They know everything about the sea behind the restaurant No any tear will be wasted for the ship's demise It will all flow softly to the land as a wispering sacrifice

And you are still following the candy's veins the master's railways ... into pink desires ... dreaming your headpears into peaces drawing the chocolate on a white veil ... But I will not cry any tear for this ... It's all in the chrystal ball ... locked in green trousers and brown jackets with love from robin hood.

What can I do with a sharp voice in my mouth ? With smoke from bastard's origin It's only to wash daffodiles in red streams of love ...

The wheels spin ... it's all deeper inside ... pink ... blue forestroad ...

Ammeph

The Vampire of Venus

There are six flames in the house of Eli, the high-priest of Israel, the chosen one. He was the soother of soothers, and now God took him away, for he didn't warn his children. Samuels tears will fall on his grave for eternity. Father Eli, this flame burns from my heart to you. Me, Samuel, your chosen son, I come to you, for you raised me from Mercurius and brought me to the house of Venus. You soothed my wounds, you eased my soul, and gave me golden bread to eat. In your house, oh Father Eli, I could hear the voice of God, speaking to me. My flame of gratitude will burn forever. You opened my door to heaven. Three Times I heard the voice of the Lord, and three times you spoke to me it wasn't you. You directed me to the Rose, the Rose of Venus. This flame burns from my heart to this Rose, who spoke to me. The Rose who gave me life, the Rose who gave me golden water to drink, I will serve You forever. My flame of obedience will never die. Father Moses, where art thou. You were the bearer of this Rose, you touched the side of my chin, and made my heart juicy. The holy flame inside of me will guide me to your heart, where all the juices gather. Bring me to my office, bring me to my holy armor, and let me drink from your divine wine, so that my head can float into your heavens to dwell there forever. Let me enter your gardens of holy words to hear your voice again. Let the flame of understanding follow my veins. Mix it with my blood, so that I am forever yours. Rose of Mary, fly again, open your womb and show me your children. Your milk was softer than the softest honey, and sweeter than the sweetest fruit. You brought me the sword of Adam, to open the gates of Eden again. Fly, my rainbow, the heavens will be open for you. Rose of Eve, mother of thousand mothers, bring me to your house and understanding, bring me to the Rose of roses, for your keys reach the last heavens. Open the rivers with your flame, the flame of birth. Bring me to the last ocean which will wash the last tear away. The fifth flame, Rose of Joseph, Rose of dreams, enter my heart, to warn my father

Eli. Raise him up again to lead your people, and open his eye. Give him the heart, my inner father, to awake his sons. Let him walk the path of Joseph, give him the Wings of Benjamin, to enter his house again. Venus, don't let your flame sink, raise your house once again, to be a house of corn in the midst of hunger. Rise from the desert once again, oh king of Egypt, you are the golden rose. Let your streams of life surround the land, to rise the table of Abraham. Let Noah be his guide and altar. The last flame, the last Judgement, to wash away the sea, to wash away the table. The last flame to burn all flames into one. One flame will burn when you sleep, one little candle will wake over you. Go to sleep, little earth, go to sleep, little universe, for tomorrow is a new day. And in the middle of the night the wind will come to blow also this candle out, so that the night can totally wrap his wings around you, so that the cold of the night can enter your veins to let your earth cool down, waiting for the six icycles of The Day Before Eden.

The Soldier in the Little Box

The flight of the eagle made a golden path for the traveller. From Jupiter to The Frog a golden thread hanged. The acrobate could walk this thread without falling, for the wings of the eagle warmed his heart and soothed his soul. The acrobate could watch both sides of the earth, while the planets of The Frog were calling for his attention. They zoomed in his mind, singing an old song from the past, an old song from a soldiers fairytale.

Could you hear the bells ringing, when you were born in your little box on earth ? Or were you swallowed by your own fears and minds created by the little box to keep you there ?

Stay out of your little box with the little people, and enter a new world outside the box. The box is standing in this world, locked, and has to obey this world where it is standing in. The box seems so small when you stand next to it, staring into this new world.

But do you know this new world is also a box, with it's own people and it's own fears and minds ? Do you know that when you step out of it, you enter an even bigger world ?

When you start to realize the box in the box, when you see that the life you get after the escape is also nothing but a box in a box, with it's own laws and own keys, then you start to realize that you are never really free.

You are only free when you escape this circle of boxes, when you wear it's ring on your finger, when you control the boxes of life.

The yellow rose grows from Jupiter to The Frog. It doesn't ask you to open the box, it doesn't ask you to seal the box. It wants you to fly, and forget about the boxes. It wants you to wear The Frog's ring.

For past and future are sides of the earth, and you can fall on one or the other. But when you forget about time, and meet the Maker, you can fly on eagles wings and reach the yellow rose, which burns deep in your heart to tell you that time is an illusion, that it is there to test us, to represent the boxes, to give us the electrical shock we need to forget it all, to meet the maze in which we are free.

For in the maze there are no borderlines, in the maze there are no teachers. There are only doubts and seas of confusion. It doesn't seem to end, it doesn't give a limit or a finish. It's always creating more questions and more secrets.

When you think you are out, you are in, and when you think you are on the right, you are on the left.

But in this insecurity the truth rises, in this despair the sun of answer appears. For in this maze past and future is reflected. We see all our memories and predictions hunting us. The thought is wanting us.

But we don't touch these walls, we don't listen to these mirrors. In the maze we just want to find the way out.

But in the endless maze we will never find the way out. We are destined to get so lost that we die as a seed in the ground, in the very center of the maze. It will draw us there, it will pull, for its goal is to turn us into a yellow rose.

A little soldier is rising from a little box, watching the mirrors of his maze, all these sights shock him, to see himself how he never wanted to be. His little trumpets show him his deepest fears, his deepest crimes, which were never there. He sees the images he would never be, he sees the jumps he never made. They reflect him like he is what it says, but he objects, he's looking for the enchanted mirror of the yellow rose. He rises out of his box, wearing the yellow suit of the yellow rose, but it is torn and it dies, in the middle of the maze, in the middle of the box. His little trumpets laugh at him. His mirrors try to calm him, but he's tightened in his goal. He has something better in his view, although his old mates are hunting after him. The dream broke, the seal broke. He's a new soldier now, part of the yellow rose, still dying, still torn, but blooming inside with a fire no one can blow out, no one can destroy. The fire of the yellow rose warms him and brings old desires back to him. the desires to be free, the desires to meet the enchanted mirror.

The little soldier wrestles with old books from his past. They try to eat him, they try to bring him back to the little box.

The little soldier, killer of mirrors, killer of books.

My soldier, says the rose, hold on to the old songs of the deep inner yellow fairytales I planted in you when you were born. I will never forget that day.

The little soldier still rising out of the little boxes, out of the old books, reaching for the yellow rose, reaching for the eternal narcissus. His army is large, they are wearing yellow flags. From sunset to sundown they march, to catch a glimpse of the yellow rose, to catch a glimpse of their fathers and mothers.

Indian Opening of the Eye Ritual

Indians

There is more behind the skies, this world is full of lies,
These are the riddles of truth, my dear, the carriage from year to year,
There are indians rising from the tear,
It's burning here

Understand

There is understanding in you, I saw the spark,
But all you do is lie, you hit the atom and you fell,
Still you are a natural beauty, wrapped in silk,
Made by wizards, although it's burning like a thrill

God

No one's standing on feet,
God is calling,
You weren't good this year,
But he's just an old drunk man, beating the different drum

Right your Wrongs

He had some songs and words, he made me cry,
The way he moved his lips would let the demons die,
But then they rise like never before,
Watch out, he's a misleading whore,
He commits adultery with your mind in dark rooms,
While the lights are on,
His cigarets are moving like sparks,
To create a hypnotic screen to right your wrongs

And he said : I'll tell you the stories you won't understand,
I'll make you rich, to cover everything up by a shell,
In sea we will throw you, like underwater paradise palace,
While you wake up, it was a long and hot night in Dallas

Miami Toys

With your chocolate cheeks, with your lips of muddy waters,

It's killing me, I come alive again, by your smile, you make my head weak,
Oh Indian Girl, you're spinning me around in a Shark Night,
My consciousness I lose again and again, while strange magical drops lead me to your sands,
Where the tears are there like lakes burning, telling about all these years

Lady with the chocolate cheeks, high and muddy waters,
Soothing all the panic, we are far away, in a Miami Cupboard,
Where the toys play,
It's all written in a book, but no one wants to leave it that way ...

Shark Night

I told you not to sleep tonight, it would be horror night,
Shark is coming closer, this life has no end,
Distance is a threat, so come out of your bed,
Let us run through the forests these nights,
Let me take you away to paradise

American Riddle

Devastated we had to fight in vietnam,
Our sons got knives in their heart,
We couldn't rise, weren't fruitfull,
But still we're doing it for you

Still there are standing indians before us,

Hearts like tongues out of their mouths,

And then time stands still ...

American Cannibal

It's a wild west bible, he hides in his cellar,

This skeleton drinking strange wine,

In Holland they do not know each other,

In America it's pain bringing them together,

Their mouths are guns, their dreams are nuclear bombs

It's a wild wild west bible, if you ask me, girl,

These indians cannot breath, gotta show them the ladder to a paradise's misbelief,

Don't believe all these men, they're full of stories,

But read it in your caravans, show your babes some fun,

It's ole grandfather telling stories,

Like ghosts rising from coffins and death,

Told you not to drink that coffee, but now we're all glad,

After all a happy end

They call it the freedom of speech,

They rule us by a microphone,

It's a love-hate relation,

Baby can we end this show,

Or is this how life should be,

Living on in this American Dream on a bloody screen,
These are wild west guns, honey, we better hide,
We better take some cows for a ride,
These guys they never understand,
Tight cowboy faces, but their leader is my friend

Will save you, baby, out of their mouths,
Can hear your cry, but I can only dream aloud,
They say we never win, as this is a game,
And there should be winners like losers,
So turn the chessboard, baby, we must play and then hide

Indian Book of the Dead

Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tombe, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummificator of Mother Death, and mummificates the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life.

Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombes of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombes. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a wariorgoddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that

everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of volcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger.

To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombs and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a volcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummificator by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification.

Indian Book of Hell

This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger.

Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones who come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobra's were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written.

The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him :

Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I know bind your mouth, for you had your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach]

Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach :

Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire.

Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you.

Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea.

Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you.

Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king)

To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea.

When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart.

Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge theirselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods.

Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightfull owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall.

Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you.

Chapters of Mummification by fire.

Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods.

Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell :

Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeijja Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them.

And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart.

By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out.

Spell not to be destroyed by fire :

Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I need to clean the lines.

Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections.

Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtusch Urom Riptil Kitek Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything.

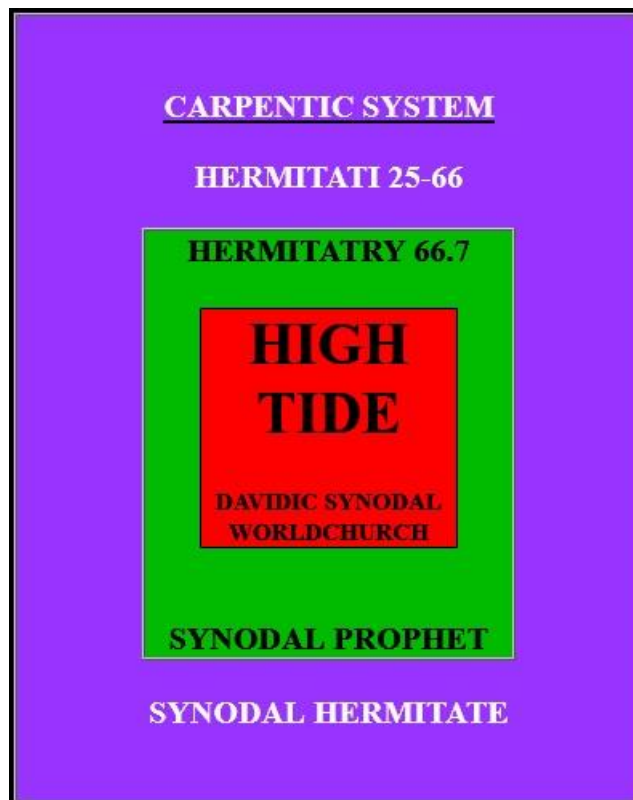
Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) :

The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea.

And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is

only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

The Carpentic System
The Davidic Book of the Dead

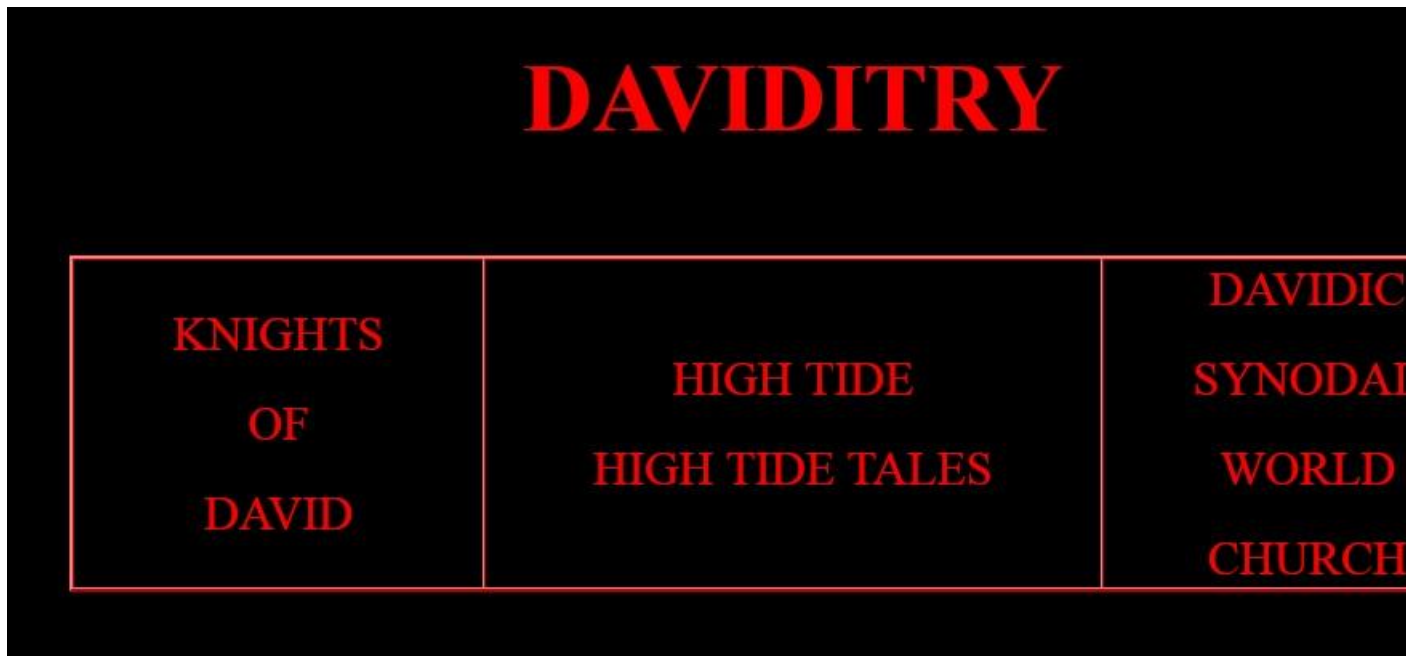


I - Grand Carpentic Temple

II - The Order of Bone Drinkers

III - The Nine Josephian Initiations - Commentary on the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies

IV - The Jesusian Initiations



Carpentry is the divine spiritual amalgam once handed by an angel to show the heavenly architecture. It is the promised stairway to heaven, a perfect blend and key-combination of different spiritual directions, as a recoding of the tree of paradox living in all of us.

It gives us a tremendous survey of the city of heaven and the path we have to go, and at the same time it hands us the armor to get through the obstacles of the spiritual enemies.

The carpentic system gives us the tools to build the Temple of David which will prevail eternally, but it is not a material ritual, it is holding the gnosis, the knowledge of angels, who have come to us, and who are waiting for us, by these words.

*In steps it shows us the secrets of what is happening in the spiritual world when we come closer to heaven. This is the craft to do it, a vivid guide through the underworld, also called *The Davidic Book of the Dead*.*

The gnosis, the hidden divine knowledge, can only be stored and preserved well in the boxes of the divine prose, which is the high and hidden hermitatic prose, the literary amalgam called 'pniorata'.

This is why it is said : High Prose, the most fairest of the arts.

Grand Carpentic Temple

G.C.T.



Freecarpentry is the medicine for Masonry and Christianity, as the Grand Anti-Pro-Neutral.

The Grand Carpentic Temple is the true Temple of David made to rule forever. David must be seen as the first Carpenter. From this lineage Jesus the Carpenter came forth.

Symbols : Seven-armed Candlestick of Burning Snakes (1), Hammer and Nail (2), Nails (3), Tall Nails (4), Hammers (5).

The Grand Carpentic Temple is completely based on symbolism, allegory, mysticism and crypticism, and not based on dogma and law. The Grand Carpentic Temple is the road of

complete de-materialization of everything to touch the inner reality. In this detachment is the key, but this can only be gained by becoming a spiritual warrior and hunter. Thus building the New Jeruzalem, totally based on paradox, as the everchanging puzzle. This is what Carpentry is. Carpentry shows that christianity and masonry are products of materializing mind-control which only has meaning as the pieces of a larger puzzle : the Freecarpentry itself. Freecarpentry is the ship of freedom for every bound christian and mason.

The Grand Carpentic Temple is to Christianity and Masonry Anti, Pro and Neutral as the whole paradoxal, dualistic armor of Carpentry. It is about the Oecumene of the Heart, the inner world, speaking in more languages. We have to listen to the words between the words, and to the letters between the letters, and we have to switch over to the deeper translations of things. The letter leads to death, but the spirit to life. All roads of Carpentic Purification lead to the Upper Master of the Carpentic Universe. This is the Universe of the Heart, while all other things will fade away. The Grand Carpentic Temple does not judge someone on theology or philosophy as there are many languages and many seasons in a life. It is about the Heart, the inner person. Carpentry is not about ritual, conscious creed nor proclamations, for there are many who have never heard about carpentry or do not understand it while deep in their hearts they do and are a part of it. It is about the spiritual world. Everything is spiritual, and everything is deeper spirituality so let us not materialize it. Let's consume everything and move on into carpentic transformation.

3. And I saw a large angel pulling Jesus and the Holy Dove by chains. And he led them to the abyss of fire, where he threw them in. 4. Then he took the Blood of the Lamb and the Blood of the Dove, and he also threw them in the abyss. Then, after that, he locked the pit by a seal. And so these four couldn't mislead the children anymore. 5. Then the four fell into a deep sleep, and their smoke rose from the abyss through the seal. And the smoke was holy. 6. And I saw the large angel crying, and the blood of the magpie led him. After forty days the angel took the four out of the abyss and told them to bring the children to the magpie. 7. And so it became a holy covenant. (Gospel of the Magpie 1:3-7)

104. There is no other way, 105. as this was the path of the magpie, 106. and we have to follow him. 107. And this is all by the higher power than love, 108. by Ot, 109. by the changing of your point of view. (Gospel of the Magpie 1:104-109)

Freecarpentry

The Purple Degrees 1-12

Temple of the Candlestick of Seven Burning Snakes 1-8

Temple of the Hammer and the Nail 9-12

The Brown Degrees 13-19

Temple of Nails

The White Degrees 20-24

Temple of Tall Nails - 20-22

Temple of Hammers 23-24

- Hermitati

The Black Degrees 25-33

1. Lieutenant

2. Officer

3. Mariner

4. Sailor

5. Rider

6. Gatekeeper

7. Warder

8. Colonel

9. General

10. Commander

11. Sergeant

12. Major

13. Smith

14. Hunter

15. Warrior

16. Chief

17. Eucharist

18. Hierophant

19. Hierodule
20. Gladiator
21. Slave
22. Arena-Master
23. Carpentic Master
24. Carpentic Eucharisty Master
25. Grandmaster of the Carpentic Hermitati
26. Inquisitor of the Carpentic Hermitati
27. Grandinquisitor of the Carpentic Hermitati
28. Sovereign Prince of the Carpentic Hermitati
29. Sovereign Grandinspector-Governor of the Carpentic Hermitati
30. Sovereign Grandgeneral of the Carpentic Hermitati
31. Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Gevoerah of the Carpentic Hermitati
32. Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Binah of the Carpentic Hermitati
33. Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Kether of the Carpentic Hermitati

The Purple Degrees

Temple of the candlestick with seven burning snakes

1. lieutenant

Swearing off all masonic symbols, and swearing off the blood of Jesus. Worshipping the stake as the true fallus, not showing the switching between life and death, but between weakness and power, suffering and victory. Washing yourself and your armor in your own blood.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : To where is your quest going ?

Initiate : To home.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Home is where the heart is.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart.

Pillar of Hearts : Why not coming closer to us ?

Initiate : I am afraid.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : I do not want to be deceived.

Pillar of Hearts : Then follow your heart.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart. I do not have a heart.

Pillar of Hearts : As long as you are true to yourself, everything will be able to teach you.

Initiate : These are wise words. Thank you.

Pillar of Hearts : Touch me, and you will have a heart.

Initiate : I now remember that I have a heart. It's there whenever I am true to myself. And I always am, so my heart is forever.

Pillar of Hearts : You belong to the place of hearts. There is always more.

Initiate : I am just a poor knight, with a poor heart, looking for more poverty.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : Because poverty leads me to the inward riches.

Knight of Hearts : Welcome poor knight. Enter the portal. You are a chosen one. Remember : The path is always a wheel. Whenever you use it it will grow bigger.

Initiate : Thank you.

Knight of Hearts hands the degree of lieutenant to the initiate.

2. officer

Swearing off all masonic symbols, and swearing off christianity and it's mind-control.
Swearing off the blood of Jesus, and believing that these spirits are enemies and actually your footseat where they will be crashed. Swearing off the flesh of Jesus, and his feet. Swearing off the Holy Spirit, and swearing off Jahweh.

Pillar of Yellow Skeletons : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Yellow Skeletons : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Vavu

Pillar of Yellow Skeletons : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Aduro Abdelle Abdee Asomin Abdura Vatuur Vastuur Vastura Asdura

Pillar of Yellow Skeletons : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Obran Damiman Asmel Avan

Pillar of Yellow Skeletons : What is the fourth watchword ?

Initiate : Usdo Kamdo Kapane Kaftiro Endepts Ifter Isister Irstes Irstus, Irstuster Oplanus Benjamin Berazelle Okuuster Okoester Opdimus Banaut Bajikus Basester, Selster, Devinaut Patrajin Kasaster, Kanaster, Asprajin Kadelf, Esester, Epsglamin, Efter, Buzulksi, Buzulski, Bronotte, Gablin, Apdiro, Eskelsenaut, Eskelsezout, Abgaren, Bronolleke, Brodoes, Bruduus, Opster, Epsger, Epsgahin, Branelf, Brahelf, Brabgiren, Brabgoenen, Uspuulk, Opdregen, Opdrigelk, Opdrasguren, Opdranauk, Aptagahin, Apdagazanel, Implus, Opplus, Apsgiren, Apspraguulk, Opkeren, Optazer, Optezer, Teersgamek, Meersgin, Ginter, Giers, Bruk, Breurk, Emmelk, Emepster, Emelpa, Emelga, Emelgader, Emeldergier, Emelderginde, Oprozuulk, Oprogader, Oproguur, Oppronkhorst, Oppronkoo, Opronkdaren, Opronkganel, Grimel, Gripier, Gripodel, Gripons, Griposter, Gripaduul, Gripons, Gripoposter, Gripostadezer, Stadezeres, Staddonkes, Staddonkus, Groer, Gruup, Ponaut, Ponaus, Aprazer, Gehenkstra, Hapbuul, Happrozer, Proosga, Proosgamer, Proosguunder, Guundertoe, Toerette, Tuuroster, Rostga, Roster, Kosdohul, Kosdohulle, Klapsgier, Klapsgader, Klapsgadin, Klapsgonder, Klapsgonderen

Pillar of Yellow Skeletons hands the degree of officer to the initiate.

3. mariner

Swearing off the masonic rituals and degrees, swearing off the blood of Christ, the blood of the Holy Spirit and the blood of Jahweh. Breaking the masonic curses and the curses of christianity and it's mind-control. Swearing off it's Greek and Roman foundations.

Pillar of Skeletons : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Skeletons : Listen, and get wise when you hear these words.

Pillar of Red Skeletons : Piranaha, Bara Pasanga Patang, Para Pasanga Pasha, Pasda, Pasada, Manada, Marang, Manago, Padang, Papoero.

Pillar of Blue Skeletons : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : The watchword is Penou.

Pillar of Black Skeletons : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : The second watchword is Grey Mother.

Pillar of Grey Skeletons : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : The third watchword is Inou Dekun Patrou Foer Fur Fu Fekke Patin Penau Patroe Patru U Vuuk Vutoen Vutun Vuurk Vurik.

Pillar of Grey Skeletons : Wrestle against the dogs of masonry to see if you are worthy.

Initiate : Have mercy on me. I am young.

Pillar of Grey Skeletons : There is much unknown help.

Pillar of Grey Skeletons hands the degree of mariner to the initiate.

4. sailor

Swearing off the masonic oaths, the masonic dominion and government, breaking it's curses. Swearing off the cross and it's mindcontrol, and worshipping the stake, as the true fallus. Swearing off every masonic initiation and integration. Swearing off baphometh, satan, Jesus Christ, Moses, lucifer, belial, leviathan and moloch. Swearing off the blood and flesh of Christ, swearing off his milk and feet. Swearing off the blood and flesh of masonry, swearing off it's milk and feet. The true altars of carpentry are it's feet which will crash the enemies.

Pillar of Blue Skulls : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Grey Skulls : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Grey Skulls hands the degree of sailor to the initiate.

5. rider

Swearing off the masonic symbols and cast them out in the name of carpentry. Become warriors in the name of carpentry and by it's armory.

Pillar of Yellow Skulls : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Seas hands the degree of rider to the initiate.

6. gatekeeper

Swearing off masonry, and becoming a carpenter. Learning about the true meanings of carpentry. Suffering is an armor, poverty is an armor, while riches come against you as your enemies to enslave you. Therefore : Be holy and true slaves and gladiators of true carpentry. This will set you free. There is no true freedom without true bondage. Choose the right bondage.

Pillar of Black Skulls : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of White Skulls : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Four Black Skulls and Four Red Skulls grant the degree of gatekeeper to the initiate.

7. warder

Swearing off masonry, swearing off materialism in all it's degrees. Swearing off spiritual materialism in all it's degrees, and swearing off the degrees of masonry and it's dominion and mind-control. Swearing off it's initiations and rituals.

Pillar of Red Skulls : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Red Skulls : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Kabbernal

Pillar of Red Skulls : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Moses

Pillar of Red Skulls : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Knights of the Synagogue

Pillar of Red Skulls : What is the fourth watchword ?

Initiate : Snakes of the Synagogue

Pillar of Red Skulls : What is the fifth watchword ?

Initiate : Flags of the Synagogue

Pillar of Red Skulls hands the degree of warder to the initiate.

8. colonel

Swearing off the foundations of freemasonry, swearing off it's stones and building, it's structure and frame-work. Beginning to build the structures of freecarpentry by your knowledge. Beginning to build the pillars of truth of the carpentic capitol in the spirit. Swearing off and punishing the lies of the past. The colonel is a punisher, but he knows it is a spiritual battle. The colonel is the freecarpentric judge.

Pillar of Skulls : Welcome initiate, knight of God's path.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Skulls : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : The watchword is swordfighter.

Pillar of Skulls : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : The second watchword is spearfighter.

Pillar of Skulls : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : The third watchword is knivefighter.

Pillar of Skulls : You have answered well.

Pillar of Skulls hands degree of colonel to the initiate.

Temple of the hammer and the nail

9. general

The general is the lawgiver, and also the shower of rights. He lays the foundations of freecarpentry, and makes vows to poverty, silence, the stake, and uses the hammer and the nail as his symbol. He is the first one allowed to use the symbol, while the others of the lower

degrees only dream of it. They are freecarpenters, but they aren't allowed to use the symbol of the general.

Three Skeletons : Welcome initiate, knight of God's Path. Where are you going ?

Initiate : I am going to the house of all houses.

First Skeleton : What is the first watchword ?

Initiate : Romarei

Second Skeleton : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Rumah

Third Skeleton hands the degree of general to the initiate.

10. commander

Is allowed to use the symbol. Is allowed to bath in the blood of his spiritual enemies, by which he washes himself and his armor.

Three Skulls : Come closer, knight.

Initiate : Here I am.

Three Skulls : Did you see the light ?

Initiate : What light ?

Three Skulls : The light which was here an hour ago, but now it's gone. You have to find it and follow it.

Three Skulls crown the initiate and grant him the degree of commander.

11. sergeant

Is allowed to use the symbol. Is allowed to drink the blood of his spiritual enemies and to eat their flesh. He is the guardian of the blood and flesh of carpentry, and the guardian of it's milk and feet.

Initiate is surrounded by ten pillars. Behind the pillars there is a candlestick.

Pillar of Wisdom : What is wisdom ?

Initiate : To be a fool.

Pillar of Wisdom : You have answered well.

Pillar of Knowledge : What is knowledge ?

Initiate : To know that you do not know anything.

Pillar of Fools : Who is the biggest fool ?

Initiate : The one who thinks he knows something.

Pillar of Fools : Is knowledge not possible then ?

Initiate : Knowledge is a trickster, and Wisdom is a trap. Only the fool can escape.

Pillar of Fools crowns the initiate and grants him the degree of sergeant.

12. major

Is allowed to use the symbol. Is the guardian of the fallus of carpentry. The major gets the power to exorcize the higher territorial spirits of masonry and christianity. Is allowed to have carpentic communion. Swears off the rituals and initiations of masonic communion.

Ten pillars surround the initiate, and behind them is an altar. On the altar there are flowers and meat.

Pillar of Blood and Slime : Crown that man coming closer.

Pillar of Blood and Sweat : He carries precious tears. Sell us your tears, and we will give you blood.

Initiate : I am a humble knight, on my road to Jeruzalem.

Pillar of Snakes and Slime : Sell us your burdens and we will give you sweat.

Initiate : Sweat and blood is not what I need. I need some wine to get drunk, as the sun is teasing me. And I need some milk to have fun. I am a desparate man without hope.

Pillar of Snakes and Sweat : Give him some chained women who do what he sais. This man needs help.

Initiate : No, I do not need women, as I am a celibate.

Pillar of Women and Sweat : Every man needs women. Don't fool yourself.

Initiate : Are you deaf ? I do not need women. All I need is some wine and milk.

Pillar of Milk and Blood : All we give him is some corn. Let's see if he can turn wine and milk out of it.

Initiate brings corn to the altar, while milk and wine starts to stream.

Pillar of Blood and Wine hands the degree of major to the initiate.

The Brown Degrees

Temple of Nails

13. smith

Red Yellow Pillar : All snakes come from here.

Initiate : Whose snakes ?

Red Yellow Pillar : The snakes of Mary.

Initiate : Where is Mary ?

Red Yellow Pillar : She waits for you in the New Jeruzalem.

Initiate : How do I come there ?

Red Yellow Pillar : If you pay me enough blood, you will get some snakes to bring you there.

Initiate : I have only blood for one snake.

Red Yellow Pillar hands the snake to the initiate.

Initiate : If I have more blood I will come back to you.

Red Yellow Pillar hands degree of smith to the initiate.

14. hunter

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Come closer, knight.

Initiate : Here I am.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You want to fly ? How do you want to fly ?

Initiate : By reaching the deepest pit to find it's feather.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : But by one feather you cannot fly.

Initiate : I fly by my mind.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Your mind is so controlled. It is locked.

Initiate : By the feather it breaks free.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Why not touching me to see your mind being crashed, so that you will fly forever ?

Initiate : I fly by the paradox.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You have answered right.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers hand the degree of hunter to the initiate.

15. warrior

Knights of the Red Bread : Welcome initiate, you are our brother.

Initiate : Thank you.

Knights of the Red Bread : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Vengeance for Vengeance.

Knights of the Red Bread : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : No mercy for no mercy.

Knights of the Red Bread : Why is there no mercy ?

Initiate : Mercy is the one who blocks everything from growing.

Knights of the Red Bread : Didn't God call us to be mercyfull ?

Initiate : God called us to be gatekeepers.

Knights of the Red Bread : What else did God call us for ?

Initiate : To be warders.

Knights of the Red Bread : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Wrestle with God.

Knights of the Red Bread : What is the fourth watchword ?

Initiate : The fourth watchword is Love.

Knights of the Red Bread : What is the fifth watchword ?

Initiate : To break the bread and eat.

Knights of the Red Bread hand the degree of warrior to the initiate.

16. chief

Pillar of Light and Water : Welcome initiate. Stretch out your hands and receive the golden cross, the burning sword, and the pillar of death. Then go deep inside. Wrestle with god and all the spirits. It will break the masonic chains.

Initiate : How deep must I go to reach the waters.

Pillar of Light and Water : Just go deeper and deeper. Knights will surround you in the darkest hours.

Knights of Marion : Do you feel our hands, stretching out to you, you are not alone.

Marion hands the degree of chief to the initiate.

17. eucharist

Guardian of carpentic communion. Exorcist with powers to exorcize the higher spirits of masonic communion. Guardian of the knowledge of carpentic communion, and punisher of the spirits of masonic communion.

The Angel Sarsia : Come closer, initiate. I have an open book here. I have broken it's seals and veils.

Initiate : What is the name of the book ?

The Angel Sarsia : It is the Eternal Gospel.

Initiate : Read it for me, and show it's treasures.

The Angel Sarsia : It will happen by a quest, the quest of your life.

Initiate : Where will it lead me ?

The Angel Sarsia : Back to the wilderness, back to the place where the words are wise.

The Pillar of Silence and Speech : I am the echoe, the echoe of your heart. Follow me, inside, to the places where everything grew apart. There is a jewel deep inside, of excellent eucharisty.

The Angel Sarsia hands the degree of eucharist to the initiate.

18. hierophant

Spiritual blood and flesh sacrifice. Power over the spirits of masonic sacrifice.

Pillar of Blood : Beautiful man, come closer. Drink in these words you do not understand, for in the consuming is all victory and understanding.

Initiate : That sounds wise to me.

Pillar of Flesh : Beautiful man, come closer. Eat from these words you do not understand, for in the consuming of it all, the precious pearls are waiting, the diamonds and the weapons to open the new world. It will all happen in one day. The day of Eminus.

Eminus hands the degree of hierophant to the initiate.

19. hierodule

Temple prostitution. Power over the spirits of masonic temple prostitution.

Flowerfield : Do you see the writings on the walls. Come inside there is a door, leading to the cave, where the Brown Pillar stands tall. So rise with us, and grow inside. Don't let the inward world die. We are waiting for you. We love you.

Initiate : I love you too.

Flowerfield hands the degree of hierodule to the initiate.

The White Degrees

Temple of Tall Nails

20. gladiator

Nine Spears : If you could only see some glimpses from heaven, but you are blind, so blind. But when you step on us, we will show you, and we will lead you through the night and the light. Do not fear.

Initiate : If I climb on you and ride the wind, where will it bring me ?

Nine Spears : We only want to bring you home.

Initiate : Where is my home ?

Nine Spears : In your heart. And you can only come there if you allow us to pierce your heart.

Nine Spears hand the degree of gladiator to the initiate.

21. slave

City of Anger : You are hungry for love. It makes you angry. The paradox leads you, the paradox breaks you. You are so torn up, and deep inside you know it will heal you, and show you true love.

Initiate : I know that love will be poured out from heaven to get me.

City of Anger hands the degree of slave to the initiate.

22. arena-master

Flower of Love : Only love will wash you. Only love will make you holy. Oh priest, enter the New Jeruzalem.

Initiate : I do not see nor feel the New Jeruzalem.

Flower of Love : You will be washed by tears, and the tears will show you. The tears will let you feel it.

Flower of Love hands the degree of Arena-Master to the initiate.

Temple of Hammers

23. carpentic master

Symbols are the vehicle of the soul. Nothing is real. Everything hides a deeper meaning. Thus the carpenter is a pilgrim, and because he wrestles with the symbols he is an ascet.

Flag of Carpentry : I will cover you. I will wash you. Just wash me in your blood.

Initiate : I have enough blood to wash you. What will you do with my wounds ?

Flag of Carpentry : I will heal your wounds.

Initiate : How will you heal my wounds ?

Flag of Carpentry : By the songs of ritual coming from the depth. Ritual is misleading, but those who meditate on it will be healed by it.

Flag of Carpentry hands the degree of Carpentic Master to the initiate.

24. carpentic eucharisty master

Masonry has frozen it's victims to be robots of the collective. Carpentry is based on anarchism and liberalism leading to Hermitati. There is no enemy but masonry. Masonry is mind-control. However, some parts of masonry, when put in the true combinations can be friends. Masonry is a puzzle. When the riddle of masonry is solved, carpentry rises.

Four Spears : Welcome carpenter, pilgrim of the paths of blood. You cross the rivers of blood, and we will help. We pierce the doors and walls on your path, and we will always lead you out. We are your friends. This is the journey of your life.

Initiate : I am in darkness. My soul cries out to God.

Four Spears : We have been sent by God, for He has heard you. We will lead you out.

Four Spears hand the degree of Carpentic Eucharisty Master to the initiate.

Hermitati

Comes against the illuminati

The Hermitati is the higher part of Carpentry

'Carpenti Hermitati'

To deliver from the collective.

The Black Degrees

The Carpentic Hermitati Temple

25. Grandmaster of the Carpentic Hermitati

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : There is nothing to gain here, only to lose.

Initiate : I must lose everything, as I am a pilgrim. I am supposed to possess nothing.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : Welcome hermit. You have answered right. The stake and it's stings will make you rich.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood hands the degree of Grandmaster of the Carpentice Hermitati to the initiate.

26. Inquisitor of the Carpentice Hermitati

Pillar of the Purple Stake : Who are you ? Come closer.

Initiate : I am a humble simple man on my way to heaven.

Pillar of the Purple Stake : You must sacrifice the goats of darkness, or you won't come any further.

Initiate : How many of them are there ? I am a hunter. I will bring down any enemy of God, but that's only mystic and cryptic.

Pillar of the Purple Stake : Tell me what you have learnt.

Initiate : I will not speak, as I am a hermit, a pilgrim and an ascet. I made my vows to poverty and silence.

Pillar of the Red Stake : Don't let him come any closer, for fourhundred goats of darkness he has to sacrifice.

Initiate : I assume it is a riddle. I must lay down my flesh, I must be skinned.

Pillar of the Dark Pink Stake : Yes, he must be skinned. Don't let him escape.

Pillar of Ribbons : Let strange flies sting him.

Pillar of Goats and Sacrifice : He sacrificed fourhundred goats of his own flesh, so let him in.

Initiate : I have washed myself in the blood of my goats, and you have drunk from their blood. Let me in.

Angels of the Stake : Yes, let him in.

Angels of the Stake grant him the degree of Inquisitor of the Carpentice Hermitati.

27. Grandinquisitor of the Carpentice Hermitati

Pillar of Stake and Snakes : Welcome traveller, you have reached the land of the good.

Initiate : What is the good ?

Pillar of Stake and Death : It is to use everything as a symbol, not taking anything literal, and most of all not taking anything personal.

Pillar of Stake and Light : Come closer, traveller, you brave knight.

Initiate : I am not brave. I am full of fear. I fear heaven and God. And I fear the paradox and all it's mysteries.

Pillar of Stake and Fire : Come closer to the cryptic. It is not what you think. You will be a guardian of all these secrets.

Pillar of Heaven : You are close to heaven, pilgrim.

Initiate : How can I come to heaven ?

Pillar of Heaven : By loving your neighbour as yourself, by praying and by meditation, but most of all by loving God as the consuming fire.

Initiate : Who is my neighbour ?

Pillar of Heaven : The ones close to your heart.

Initiate : Who are the ones close to my heart ?

Pillar of Heaven : They are the knights who fight for love, the consuming fire.

Initiate : What are we supposed to consume ?

Pillar of Heaven : Everything. It is the Eucharisti Hermitati. The Allcommunion.

Initiate : How can I do that ?

Pillar of Heaven : It only happens in the well of forgetfulness.

Initiate : How can I come there ?

Pillar of Heaven : The Stairways of Heaven will bring you there.

Stairways of Heaven : Come with me. We will go to the Pillar of War and Peace, for behind it is the well of forgetfulness.

Pillar of War and Peace : Warrior, I arm you, with the treasures of peace. Follow the treasures into your heart, to the well of forgetfulness.

Well of Forgetfulness : Angels rise from here.

Angel of the Allcommunion : You have reached Heaven. From this place you will never leave. You always rise and fall from here. You have become an angel now, an angel so sweet.

Angel of Heaven : Welcome to Heaven.

The Angel Torio hands the degree of Grandinquisitor of the Carpentic Hermitati to the initiate.

28. Sovereign Prince of the Carpentic Hermitati

Knight of Melissa : Welcome traveller, honored knight, great man of God, fair man of Eden.

Initiati : I am darkened, there is in me no delight, only misery.

Knight of Melissa : Then Melissa's Grace is over thee. Come closer.

Pillar of Good and Evil : There is a change on your face. Melissa comes closer to you.

Melissa : Welcome to my place of weakness and strength.

Pillar of Snakes and Blood : Come closer, there is wine on your face, there are strange delights. We baptize your flags in blood like our flags.

Initiate : For what reason do you do all these things.

Pillar of Weakness and Strength : Come closer, as in the Paradox you will understand all things. So many pillars of paradox have surrounded you, and you swim in the lakes of blood. There is life in the blood, and knowledge and wisdom. There is forgetfulness in the blood, and memory.

Initiate : I cannot remember anything. I am almost sleeping.

Pillar of Forgetfulness and Memory : Come closer, swim to me, for the snakes come from this place. I have seen you with Mary.

Initiate : When and where ?

Pillar of Forgetfulness and Memory : It was in my dreams.

Initiate : Please, initiate me. I am a humble soldier, fighting for the good, yes, the best of life, for all understanding.

Pillar of Forgetfulness and Memory : Then you must pay the price.

Initiate : What is the price ?

Pillar of Forgetfulness and Memory : To fight the three dragons of the seas of Hell.

Initiate : How can I come there ?

Pillar of Forgetfulness and Memory : Melissa will bring you there, and will arm you as a knight. Stay with her for three days, three weeks and three dreams. That will make you wise.

Stairways of Hell : Ascend with me and Melissa.

Initiate : I will.

Melissa kisses the initiate on his forehead, crowns him, and gives him the degree of the Sovereign Prince of the Carpentic Hermitati.

29. Sovereign Grandinspector-Governor of the Carpentic Hermitati

Section 1.

Pillar of Blood and Light : Welcome traveller, come closer, and warm yourself in here, as outside it is cold and dark.

Initiate : But I am looking for darkness, as without darkness there is no light.

Pillar of Blood and Light : All you need for light is blood. Are you a warrior ?

Initiate : I am a lost and defeated warrior. All I have is a stake, stings, crosses and poverty.

Pillar of Blood and Light : Do you fear me ?

Initiate : I fear everything. I do not have any strength left.

Pillar of Blood and Light : Weakness is all you need. I will do the rest.

Initiate : The rest ?

Pillar of Blood and Light : Your blood will give you access and the blood of the enemy.

Section 2.

Knight of the Eucharisty : Welcome, traveller.

Initiate : I come from far.

Pillar of Blood and Fire : You come from deep darkness I see.

Knight of the White Bread : There is plenty here for your soul.

Initiate : I haven't come to eat.

Knight of the White Bread : Then drink with us.

Initiate : What is it that we drink ?

Knight of the White Bread : We drink from the milk of carpentry.

Initiate : From who is the milk ?

Knight of the White Bread : It is milk from Mary and from the angels.

Initiate : Where can I lay down my armor. It's heavy.

Knight of the White Bread : Here, I will give you the heavy rod instead. Give me your armor.

Initiate : I am tired. Do you have a place for me to rest ?

Knight of the White Bread : Come with me to the pillar of blood and death.

Pillar of Blood and Death : There is only rest among the snakes of Mary.

Knight of the Heavenly Seas : They are here all over. Welcome to my ship across these seas.

Initiate : I have fought the three dragons of the seas of Hell.

Knight of the Heavenly Seas grants the degree of Sovereign Grandinspector-Governor of the Carpentic Hermitati.

30. Sovereign Grandgeneral of the Carpentic Hermitati

Section 1.

Ekkressene Knight : Welcome, traveller, son of a knight. Come closer.

Initiate : I have travelled for such a long time. I am tired.

Ekkressene Knight : Where is your sword ?

Initiate : I have lost it on the road.

Ekkressene Knight : Did you lose it in a fight ?

Initiate : I can't talk about it.

Ekkressene Knight : You can trust us. It's safe here.

Ekkressene Knight hands slimy red heart to the initiate.

Initiate : Thank you. Now I can breath. How do I get well ?

Ekkressene Knight hands medicine to the initiate.

Initiate : I am so lost. Please help me.

Ekkressene Knight : But now we have found you. Follow me.

Section 2.

Black Flame : Here is your cross it is your sword. Here is your stake it is your spear. Oh, the armor is all around you, you're already in heaven, my dear.

Initiate : You have opened my eyes oh black flame, flame of desire.

Pillar of Thin Ice : Close your eyes, the ice is thin, just embrace me, I will lead you to the well of poverty, oh poor knight of the cross.

Initiate : It's black before my eyes, and your lights seem dark, are you someone in disguise.

Pillar of Thin Ice : I am the Master Carpenter, I am the Light of All.

Pillar of Pain and Pleasure : Come closer.

Pillar of the Lion : Come closer.

Initiate : It was black before my eyes, but now I see some lights.

Well of Poverty : Jump in me, before it's too late. Don't hesitate. There are no second chances. This is my riddle for today.

Initiate : I'm bathing in the well of poverty. I'm almost drowning seeing so many riches around me.

Pillar of Life and Death : If you touch me, I will save you forever.

Pillar of Heaven and Hell : If you touch me, I will save you forever.

Initiate : But who do have to touch then ? Both of you, or must I choose.

Pillar of Heaven and Hell : That's all up to you.

Initiate : I am so lost in this land.

Pillar of Heaven and Hell : It's all but a riddle, helping you understand.

Initiate : But I do not understand a thing.

Pillar of Heaven and Hell : Do you hear the sounds in the distance ?

Pillar of Heaven and Hell grants the degree of Sovereign Grandgeneral of the Carpentier Hermitati.

31. Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Gevoerah of the Carpentic Hermitati

Section 1.

Red Pillar : Oh red burden. You come from the rivers of blood, I have seen it all. But Christ is over you, the Light of it all.

Initiate : I thought we need a darkening experience to cut us away from the flesh of man.

Red Pillar : You have come to the paradox, which explains it all. There is no rising without falling, no darkness without light. It's a big fight.

Initiate : Yes, I know, I am a gladiator. It's always tearing me apart.

Red Pillar : I know and understand. I have seen it, my dear. You are now with me.

Initiate : What does it mean to be with you.

Red Pillar : Oh, have you heard about the sounds in the distance, the pale pale lights, bringing forth a darkness beyond your understanding. Follow me.

Section 2.

Black Rod : I hand to you myself oh sacred initiate. I am yours. Listen to me when I teach you about the sacred names of God, which are Ik-Jahweh and Jabbadon.

Initiate : I am lost in this forest. Help me out.

Black Rod : I see you have been eaten by masonic lions. Your wounds are deep, hit by masonic dogs and wolves. They have persecuted you, tortured you and mind-controlled you. But I will heal these wounds. I will take out the deep masonic stings. You have been hung by strange masonic flies, have drunk and eaten from their poison. But I will set you free. I will lead you out of slavery.

Red White Pillar : Welcome initiate, we have set the captives free. We opened prison doors, and now you are here, with us. Drink from the wells of carpentry. I will give you the powers of the Hermitati Terminati, and the sacred word : vengeance.

Pillar of Light and Darkness : I grant you now, by the force of the Almighty Ik-Jahweh the powers of the Carpentic Hermitati. Be free, warrior. And by the forces of Jabbadon I give you the powers to bind.

Fair Maidens put a chainlet around the neck of the initiate.

Initiate : Now my eyes have seen, now my ears are open, and I can smell the intentions of the wilderness. Hermitati Terminati ! To set the captives free. Vengeance is my name. In red fire I will dwell, and blood will be my meal.

Fair Maidens put a robe baptized in blood around the initiate.

Initiate : Oh Jesus, I have seen your powers. You have crashed all your enemies under your feet. Your feet the holy altar. I pledge myself today. I am the Knight of Mary of Magdalen. I have washed my feet in the blood of the enemy.

Mary of Magdalen : Who is your enemy.

Initiate : There is no enemy but masonry. I will set my brothers free.

Mary of Magdalen : You have spoken my words, the words of the lion. Yes, for sure, we will set the captives free.

Initiate : I have spoken the words of the lion. By the lion's paw I raised my voice. By the lion's paw I raised them from the death. Let's set the captives free. There is no enemy but masonry.

Mary of Magdalen : There is no enemy but masonry.

Red White Pillar : Set the brothers free.

Knights of Mary of Magdalen : We will tell you about a mystery. The lion of masonry has eaten us all, but we will rise from our fall.

Mary of Magdalen hands the degree of Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Gevoerah of the Carpentent Hermitati to the Initiate.

32. Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Binah of the Carpentent Hermitati

Section 1.

The initiate comes closer to the red flame.

Red Flame : Come closer.

Red flame comes over the initiate.

Initiate : I have been torn by lions. I have been torn by tigers, but now I am here with you.

Red Flame : I will give you light everyday, I will guide you on your path. I will give you strength in all your weakness, and you will be blessed at the end.

Initiate : Father, let your blessing come on me now, as I cannot live and breath without it.

Red Flame : I will give you a feather. Fly with it, a sailor, fly with it, and embrace her. Fly with her to the moon, and I will show you the higher worlds.

Initiate : But Holy Father, how can I fly with just one feather.

Red Flame : Look at your hands, it will multiply.

Initiate : Father, Father, I do not see an end in this.

Red Flame : It's everlasting.

Initiate : Like everlasting joy ?

Red Flame : Everlasting joy, peace and silence, coming forth from forgetfulness.

Initiate : But aren't we supposed to gain knowledge and wisdom ?

Red Flame : Forgetfulness is the wheel, the great wheel, which will bring you to it all.

Initiate : Where is the everlasting love ?

Red Flame : Follow the path of poverty, it will lead you there inside, to deep reality.

Initiate : But aren't we supposed to gain the riches of life ?

Red Flame hands robe to the initiate.

Red Flame : But first you have to rest a little while.

Initiate : Oh Father, you are like the lullaby. But where is Mother I miss her so.

Red Flame : Watch the mountain in the distance. She's gliding there with the speed of soul.

Initiate : Can't you grant her a spirit to be with me ?

Red Flame : You must fly my son, it's better. Always on the wheel of forgetfulness, don't you ever hold on to things, but let it all slide away through your fingers. The ice is your armor, and without it you will never survive.

Section 2.

Ice Pillar : It gets cold.

Initiate : Yes, for I am here.

Ice Pillar : You should leave me to the fire.

Initiate : Tell me what can I do to gain detachment ?

Ice Pillar : Detach yourself from detachment, and detach yourself from that too.

Initiate : And what can I do next to gain detachment ?

Ice Pillar : Observe the observer, and observe that too. Listen to the listener, watch the watcher, taste the taster, smell the smeller and feel the feeler. Breath the breather, and breath that too.

Initiate : And what can I do next ?

Ice Pillar : It all gets deeper in forgetfulness. So forget about the forgetter and forget that too.

Initiate : But how can I do all this ?

Ice Pillar hands the degree of Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Binah of the Carpentic Hermitati.

33. Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Kether of the Carpentic Hermitati

Section 1.

The initiate comes closer to the three pillars : the pillar of light, the pillar of darkness and the pillar of fire.

Pillar of Light : What is the most important thing in life ?

Initiate : To handle everything as a symbol, and to gain forgetfulness.

Pillar of Darkness : Who is the hierodule in your eyes ?

Initiate : It is the the sacred temple-prostitute who has found the delight of detachment and forgetfulness.

Pillar of Fire : Would you protect her ?

Initiate : No, as my goal is to move on. However, I give her an armor.

Pillar of Fire : An armor ?

Initiate : Yes, an armor.

Pillar of Fire : What kind of armor do you give her ?

Initiate : I tell her that suffering is her armor, poverty is her sword, and the hermit is her servant.

Pillar of Fire : You have given good protection. You can move on to the next section.

Section 2.

The Angel Troy : Welcome fair prince, prince of righteousness and peace. Receive your sword.

Initiate takes sword and raises it, while flames of poverty are his clothes.

The Angel Troy : Now you know that only God initiates men, for men cannot initiate men.

Initiate : Yes, I know that.

The Angel Troy : You are now ready for the third section.

Section 3.

Pillar of Light : You have a beautiful sword. What do you do with it.

Initiate : To slay all the enemies of God.

Pillar of Light : Who are the enemies of God ?

Initiate : The materialists, the literal ones, the dogmatists and the pharisees.

Pillar of Light : You have answered well, but are these in the natural or in the spiritual ?

Initiate : There is only spirit, but the enemies of God have bound spirit, and have turned into stones themselves.

Pillar of Light : Then what do you do with these stones. Isn't life about stone and fire ?

Initiate : The higher fire turns stone into wood, and uses it for carpentry.

Pillar of Light : And are you from the higher fire ?

Initiate : Yes.

Purple Pillar : What makes you think so high about yourself ?

Initiate : I have found some ladies who made me think like this.

Purple Pillar : Oh, and who are those ladies, as I would like to know them.

Initiate : They are the Pillar of Light and the Purple Pillar.

Purple Pillar and Pillar of Light hands initiate the red and white robes. They are torn and filthy.

Purple Pillar : This is your armor, soldier.

Initiate rises up with the armor, and raises his sword.

Initiate : In the name of poverty, I will serve carpentry all my life, and I will rise from it.

Section 4.

The Angel Troy : Oh beautiful man, you get more beautiful every day, and your lights shine so bright.

Initiate : I will not give myself away, as my path is inwards. Let me go.

The Angel Troy blesses the initiate, and grants him the degree of Sovereign Grandinspector-Inquisitor-Kether of the Carpentic Hermitati.

The Order of Bone Drinkers

Degrees of the Sword Through The Spider

34. Scorpion Boy

Initiate : They told me the land is big, with many ladders, many secrets, many cryptic puzzles.

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : Welcome, initiate. What is the watchword ?

Initiate : The watchword is Vanu Varu Vazu in Izu

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : Have you read the Insectian Book of the Dead ?

Initiate : Yes, I have.

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : Have you read the Egyptian Bible ?

Initiate : Yes, I have.

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : Have you read and studied the Pulpus Popol Vuh ?

Initiate : yes, I have.

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : Have you been to Brannan ?

Initiate : Yes, I have.

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : Then welcome in this land, oh knight.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of White and Red Feathers : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Draminia Birrim Karmik Plimme Borok Platee Parum Parshum Zkum

Pillar of White and Red Feathers hand the degree of Scorpion Boy to the initiate.

35. Captain

Initiate : They told me that the true seed is to wash yourself in your own blood, and that the ladder of the scorpion is to drown in one's own blood. Is that the truth ?

Pillar of Dark Pink and Red Feathers : You know the truth.

Initiate : Can you say more ?

Pillar of Dark Pink and Red Feathers : It's all close to you.

Initiate : They say a man must drink from his own blood, but I feel I am a beggar.

Pillar of Dark Pink and Red Feathers : Then shall I sting you deep enough ?

Initiate : No, I must do it myself.

Pillar of Dark Pink and Red Feathers : That sounds like Paul's words.

Initiate : Yes, he said that to me.

Pillar of Dark Pink and Red Feathers : Have you ever met the other apostles ? I have the keys to them.

Initiate : I think I need to meet myself first.

Pillar of Dark Pink and Red Feathers hand the degree of Captain to the initiate.

36. Scorpion Man

Pillar of Red Feathers : Don't dare to touch me. There are women behind me.

Initiate : Do not worry. I am a celibate. I will not touch you, neither your women.

Pillar of Red Feathers : These women aren't mine.

Initiate : Whose women are they ?

Pillar of Red Feathers : I cannot talk. I made my vows to silence.

Pillar of Red Feathers hands the degree of Scorpion Man to the initiate.

37. Scorpion King

Pillar of White Feathers : Stay with me, traveller. There is enough time.

Initiate : I am in a hurry.

Pillar of White Feathers : Hurry is not good.

Initiate : I have a passion.

Pillar of White Feathers : Passion is not good.

Initiate : Why not ?

Pillar of White Feathers : It eats away the things that are really important.

Initiate : What is really important ?

Pillar of White Feathers : I cannot tell. I made my vows to silence.

Pillar of White Feathers hand the degree of the Scorpion King to the initiate.

Degrees of the Spider

38. Sovereign Prince of Narzia

Hail to those who have defeated Ingridtel the tree of sea-cats, and hail to those who have defeated the canon and the masonic canon. Blessed are those on the coasts of Narzia. May they have no mercy to those of no mercy. May they have vengeance for vengeance, and may they know that mercy blocks all growth.

Jabbadon : You must have some fun in your life.

Initiate : Why.

Jabbadon : Fun makes your life worth living.

Initiate : I do not have any fun. All I see is misery.

Jabbadon : All is medicine, and all is the road to fun.

Initiate : I am depressed, full of fear and without hope.

Jabbadon : Your eyes have to be opened.

Initiate : How ?

Jabbadon : Go to my Pillar of Suffering and Fun.

Pillar of Suffering and Fun : All is medicine. All leads to fun.

Initiate : I am too blind to see.

Pillar of Suffering and Fun : I have the deepest sting to open the eye of fun hidden deep in your heart.

Initiate : I am afraid of more suffering.

Pillar of Suffering and Fun : It is not good to have fear. Be someone's slave, be someone's gladiator. Suffer for someone, and the fear will go away.

Pillar of Suffering and Fun hands the degree of Sovereign Prince of Narzia to the initiate.

39. Sovereign Gatekeeper of Narzia

Platun Knight : Tell me, sailor, what is the best thing in life ?

Initiate : To be silent.

Platun Knight : What is the worst thing in life ?

Initiate : I will be silent about that.

Platun Knight hands the degree of Sovereign Gatekeeper of Narzia to the initiate.

40. Sovereign Smith of Narzia

Purple Skeleton Mountain : Greetings, traveller. Be safe.

Green Skeleton Mountain : Be safe, initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Green Skeleton Mountain : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Puere

Purple Skeleton Mountain hands the degree of Sovereign Smith of Narzia to the initiate.

41. Sovereign Tailor of Narzia

Blue Skeleton Mountain : Do you see the lights in the sky ? They divide themselves, and then they spread into an ocean of light.

Initiate : I haven't seen it yet, but I am on my way.

Red Skeleton Mountain hands the degree of Sovereign Tailor of Narzia to the initiate.

Degrees of the Fly

42. Sovereign Slave-Master of Narzia

Yellow Giant Skull : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Yellow Giant Skull : I have lost my ways and roads, but now you are here, I see some lights.

Initiate : I have lost so much too, and in you I get it all back, but it's so different now, with other lights. It's a delight.

Yellow Giant Skull : We can be friends. Why not staying together ?

Initiate : I need to move forwards. I am on a journey, but I will remember you.

Yellow Giant Skull hands the degree of Sovereign Slave-Master of Narzia to the initiate.

43. Sovereign King of Yantia

Red Skull Mountain : Shall we play ?

Initiate : No, I have other things to do ?

Red Skull Mountain : Do you care to tell me about it ?

Initiate : No, as I made my vows.

Red Skull Mountain : I made my vows to pilgrimage too, so we can travel together to do good things.

Initiate : No, as I made a lot more vows.

Red Skull Mountain : So you are a hermit ?

Initiate : Yes, and an ascet. I am a poor knight.

Red Skull Mountain : Then lets fight.

Initiate : No, I am from the cross and the stake.

Red Skull Mountain : Then let me burden you some more. I can sting you seven times.

Initiate : Give me the double portion.

Red Skull Mountain : You sound like a follower of the Christ.

Initiate : I am. I follow Him everywhere he goes.

Red Skull Mountain : Well, He was just here, like an hour ago.

Initiate : He is here with me. We never grow apart.

Red Skull Mountain : Then you aren't a hermit.

Initiate : I have two heads.

Red Skull Mountain : Shall I tear you apart ?

Initiate : The tearer is my healer. Give me the double portion.

Red Skull Mountain hands the degree of Sovereign King of Yantia to the initiate.

44. Knight of Astarte

Giant Red Skull : Let me warm you, stranger.

Initiate : No, I am on a doorway.

Giant Red Skull : Let us talk and have fun.

Initiate : No, I have made vows to poverty, silence, and ascetism.

Giant Red Skull : So you are a hermit.

Initiate : Yes, and a pilgrim.

Giant Red Skull : Let me make a sage of you, and let us make some playful things.

Initiate : No, I rather be the fool.

Giant Red Skull hands the degree of Knight of Astarte to the initiate.

45. Knight of Ereshkegal

Pillar of Purple Feathers and Purple Lights : It's almost night. Come inside, and have fun.

Initiate : No, I am on a journey.

Pillar of Purple Feathers and Purple Lights hand the degree of Knight of Ereshkegal to the initiate.

46. Knight of Ishtar

Skull Mountain : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Purple Skeleton Stairways : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Skeleton Mountain : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Red Sun

Skeleton Mountain hands the degree of Knight of Ishtar to the initiate.

47. Knight of Anu

Pillar of Blood and Women : You have done well, traveller.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Tears and Blood : Do you need a place to rest ?

Initiate : No, as I am on a journey.

Pillar of Tears and Blood : Where are you going ?

Initiate : I will not speak, as I made my vows to silence.

Pillar of Tears and Blood hands degree of Knight of Anu to the initiate.

48. Tartarian Knight

Giant Skull : Welcome initiate. Come closer.

Initiate : Thank you.

Giant Skull hands degree of Tartarian Knight to the initiate.

49. Tartarian King

House of Skeletons : Warm yourself in here, as outside it gets colder.

Initiate : I warm myself with my own flame.

House of Skeletons : Then breath in our air, as the cold will strengle you.

Initiate : I do not care for my life. I walk the path of death.

House of Skeletons : You are a poor man.

Pillar of Poverty and Riches hand the degree of Tartarian King to the initiate.

50. Sublime Knight

Skull and Red Feathers : Welcome traveller. You come from far ?

Initiate : yes.

Skull and Red Feathers : How many veils did you go through ?

Initiate : I'm not supposed to talk about that.

Skull and Red Feathers : So you have secrets to us ?

Initiate : I'm afraid I have.

Skull and Red Feathers : You can trust us. We do no harm, nor do we tell anything further.

Initiate : I have made vows to silence.

Skull and Red Feathers : What if we give you all the riches of the world ?

Initiate : Won't work, my mouth stays closed.

Skull and Red Feathers : What if we give you all the women of the world ?

Initiate : Silence is a better woman.

Skull and Red Feathers : Are you guilty of any sin ?

Initiate : I won't speak.

Skull and Red Feathers : What if we give you blood and power.

Initiate : There's more blood and power in silence.

Skull and Red Feathers : We can let you bath in oceans full of the blood of your enemies.

Initiate : I bath in my own blood.

Skull and Red Feathers : Aren't you interested in bringing your enemies down ?

Initiate : I am interested in silence as that is the greatest victory : the victory over myself.

Skull and Red Feathers : You have answered well.

Skull and Red Feathers hand the degree of Sublime Knight to the initiate.

Degrees of the Left

51. Sublime Prince

Skull and Feathers : Welcome traveler. Take place and take some food.

Initiate : I am not hungry.

Skull and Feathers : Then take something to drink from these waters.

Initiate : I am not thirsty. I am a well-fed man.

Skull and Feathers : How did you get that done ?

Initiate : I found myself some ladies.

Skull and Feathers : You mean a harem ?

Initiate : It was on the wheel of forgetfulness. Life is good.

Skull and Feathers : We cannot let you through, as this path is only for celibates, not for hierodules.

Initiate : But I am a celibate. I am even a virgin.

Skull and Feathers : A virgin ?

Initiate : Yes, a virgin.

Skull and Feathers : What are the seven secrets of the virgin ?

Initiate : To be well-fed, to have knowledge, to have fools as guards, to dwell with slaves, to be a sublime gladiator, to have an abundant sword, and to have a tall feathered spear.

Skull and Feathers : What is the meaning of that ?

Initiate : To open all doors of the same row.

Skull and Feathers : You know all doors lead to the ravine. How do you make a bridge.

Initiate : My tears will form the bridge, and my blood will form the chains.

Skull and Feathers : Will it be strong enough ?

Initiate : In weakness is my strength.

Skull and Feathers hand the degree of Sublime Prince to the initiate.

52. Royal Soldier

Stairways of Skeletons : It's lonely here.

Initiate : It needs to be lonely.

Stairways of Skeletons : Why.

Initiate : Loneliness is life.

Stairways of Skeletons : Then what is death ?

Initiate : True life is the death.

Stairways of Skeletons : From who did you learn this.

Initiate : From the dark pink and the red feathers.

Stairways of Skeletons : What if they lied to you.

Initiate : I have seen and experienced that they spoke truth to me.

Stairways of Skeletons : What if your eye and experience is misleading you ?

Initiate : I found a way to test all things.

Stairways of Skeletons : Why don't you tell us about it ?

Initiate : I need to keep my mouth shut, as I have made vows to silence. I am poor in speech.

Stairways of Skeletons : Well, we want to make you rich. You have answered well.

Stairways of Skeletons hand the degree of Royal Soldier to the initiate.

53. Royal Kether-Soldier

Pillar of the Snake : Welcome initiate. I see you come from a long trip.

Initiate : Yes.

Pillar of the Snake : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Eminus

Pillar of the Snake : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Melissa

Pillar of the Snake : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Those of the Moon.

Pillar of the Snake : What is the new name of Venus ?

Initiate : Vavu

Pillar of the Snake : What is the new name of Mars ?

Initiate : Vasmin Ventium

Pillar of the Snake : What is the new name of Jupiter ?

Initiate : Kaleph

Pillar of the Snake : Go in peace

Pillar of the Snake : My son

Pillar of the Snake hands the degree of Royal Kether-Soldier to the initiate.

54. Royal Feather-Soldier

Platun Lieutenant : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Orange

Platun Lieutenant : And the second watchword ?

Initiate : Orange Flame.

Platun Lieutenant : Have you ever been to the orange sun ?

Initiate : Those who went to the orange sun never returned.

Platun Lieutenant : Who are you ?

Initiate : I am the orange sun.

Platun Lieutenant hands the degree of Royal Feather-Soldier to the initiate.

Degrees of the Right

55. Sovereign Prince of All Feathers

Platun Captain : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Platun Captain : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Sanou

Platun Captain : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Thickness

Platun Captain : How does thickness come ?

Initiate : By thinness.

Platun Captain : Then you have to go to Spricht.

Initiate : I have already been to Spricht.

Platun Captain : Those who went to Spricht never returned.

Platun Captain hands the degree of Sovereign Prince of All Feathers to the initiate.

56. Sovereign Prince of Kether

Platun Major : Welcome initiate. You made a long trip I see.

Initiate : Tell me what you see.

Platun Major : I see a worried man, worried about so many things.

Platun Major hands degree of Sovereign Prince of Kether to the initiate.

57. Sovereign Soldier-Prince of Kether

Platun Soldier : You now know everything you need to know.

Initiate : Are you kidding me ?

Platun Soldier : You only have to become conscious of it.

Initiate : I thought it all worked by the wheel of forgetfulness ?

Platun Soldier hands the degree of Sovereign Soldier-Prince of Kether to the initiate.

58. Prince of Poverty

Platun Sergeant : Everything is medicine.

Initiate : I am looking for the medicine.

Platun Sergeant : It's all around you. There is nothing but medicine.

Initiate : I made a long trip to here. I am torn up. Help me to reach out for it.

Platun Sergeant : It's in the tearing.

Initiate : Do I need anything more ?

Platun Sergeant hands the degree of Prince of Poverty to the initiate.

The Indian Were Fly Lodge

The Red-Yellow Degrees

59. Sublime Grandhunter-Inspector-Inquisitor

Ekkretene Knight : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Ekkretene Knight : What is the meaning of pain ?

Initiate : The first meaning is love, the second pleasure.

Pillar of the Oceans of Heaven and Hell : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of the Rivers of Heaven and Hell : What is the meaning of the spear and the bow ?

Initiate : The spear is to open and the bow is to shut.

Pillar of the Trees of the Dead initiate the initiate into the degree of Sublime Grandhunter-Inspector-Inquisitor.

60. Sublime Butcher-Inspector

Pillar of Ekkretene Knights : Welcome traveller.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of the Oceans of Life and Death : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Spricht Horigt

Pillar of the Bridges of Life and Death : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : Spricht Heurigt

Pillar of the Rivers of Life and Death : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : The pillar of the trees of the dead.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : What is the fourth watchword ?

Initiate : Purple Robe.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : What is the fifth watchword ?

Initiate : Ekkretene Ship.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : What is the sixth watchword ?

Initiate : Platun Ship and Soldier.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : What is the seventh watchword ?

Initiate : To hunt and have no mercy.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : Why no mercy ?

Initiate : For mecry blocks all growth and quenches the flame of vengeance.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : What is the use of vengeance.

Initiate : Vengeance brings us across the rivers of hell, heaven and death.

Pillar of the Bridges of Hell and Heaven : Why ?

Initiate : Ask the pillar of the forests of death.

Pillar of the Forests of Death initiates the initiate in the degree of Sublime Butcher-Inspector.

61. Sublime Butcher-King

Pillar of Rings : Welcome traveller.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Rings : What is the reason to live ?

Initiate : To find out everything about death, and the rivers of hell and heaven streaming through it, and to reach the land behind these rivers.

Pillar of Golden Rings : Can you tell me anything about the land behind these rivers you talk about ?

Initiate : No, as I live my life inwards.

Pillar of Spricht Heurigt initiates the initiate into the degree of Sublime Butcher-King.

62. Sublime White Butcher-Inspector

Initiate : Here we have the Pillar of Knives.

Pillar of Knives : And the Pillar of Spears. Give me all your swords.

Pillar of Spears : Give me all your weapons, and I will make jewelry of it.

Initiate : Can you tell me anything about the land across the rivers of hell and heaven ?

Pillar of Purple Robes and Ekkretene Knights initiates the initiate into the degree of Sublime White Butcher-Inspector.

63. Sublime Red Headhunter

Pillar of Ekkretene Knights and Golden Rings : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Ekkretene Ships : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Ten Golden Rings.

Pillar of Ekkretene Ships initiates the initiate into the degree of Sublime Red Headhunter.

64. Sublime Red Hearthunter

Pillar of Feathers and Butchers : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Roses and the stings of flies.

Pillar of Feathers and Butchers initiate the initiate into the degree of Sublime Red Hearthunter.

65. Sublime White Skinhunter

Pillar of Red-White Feathers and Butchers : What is the Watchword ?

Initiate : Ezekiel.

Pillar of Red-Yellow Feathers and Butchers : What is the Second Watchword ?

Initiate : White Knight.

Pillar of Red-Yellow Feathers and Butchers : What is the Third Watchword ?

Initiate : The pillar of prey and butchers.

Pillar of Prey and Butchers initiate the initiate into the degree of Sublime White Skinhunter.

Spiritiatric Lodges

66.1 - Indian Tooth Fly Lodge

66.1.1 - High Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Commander

Yellow Pillar : I see you have a heart of tears. Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Green Pillar : Evil is the riddle of Good. Everything is a riddle. You shouldn't be materialistic.

Initiate : I am on my way to the gates of heaven. I know hell is just a riddle of it. I am not a materialist, and will never be, as I am searching for the spirit. I know material is just a riddle of spirit.

Green and Red Pillar of Tears : You have answered well, oh initiate. Enter.

Heart of Tears initiates the initiate into the degree of High Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Commander

66.1.2 - Indian Tooth Fly Lodge General

Purple Pillar of Tears : I see your heart is made of tears, and you have been attacked by heartdrinkers.

Initiate : yes (bows head)

Purple Pillar of Tears : I will give you warmth and care, and I will show you what healing is all about.

Initiate : Everything around me is healing. I made my vows to silence.

Purple Pillar of Tears : You have answered well. You aren't one of many rituals. Rituals are just the riddles of silence.

Purple Pillar of Tears : Receive now the gift of Faith and Knowledge.

Purple Pillar of Tears initiates the initiate into the degree of Indian Tooth Fly Lodge General.

66.1.3 - Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Chairman

Purple Chairman : You come from far, oh initiate. I see you have a few feathers, although you are not a bird.

Initiate : I am a fly.

Purple Chairman initiates the initiate into the degree of Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Chairman.

66.1.4 - Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Prince

Three Purple Chairmen : We see that you wear a heavy armor of silver and gold. It rattles.

Initiate : Yes.

Three Purple Chairman initiate the initiate into the degree of Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Prince.

66.1.5 - Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Inquisitor-Warder

Four Purple Chairman and a skeleton : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Peri

Four Purple Chairman and two skeletons : You have answered right.

Purple Skeleton : What is Peri ?

Initiate : It means to sink.

Purple Skeleton initiates the initiate into the degree of Indian Tooth Fly Lodge Inquisitor-Warder.

Initiate : I am now Inquisitor-Warder.

66.2 - Indian Dentist Fly Lodge

66.2.1 - Grandcommander

Three Purple Pillars and a Skeleton Pillar : We have seen your tears and your heart of passion and warmth. Pain is love, and is the riddle of pleasure. Hate is the riddle of love. What is the password ?

Initiate : The password is : yes.

Three Purple Pillars and a Pillar of Purple Skulls : You have answered right. What is the second password ?

Initiate : Crossing swords and rising spears.

Twenty Small Purple Skulls : How many spears ?

Initiate : fifty.

Twenty Small Skulls : For what are you going to use them ?

Initiate : to crash the enemy.

Twenty Skeletons and a ship : The enemy is the riddle of the friend.

Initiate : You have answered well.

Golden Silk Skeleton with leather belt armor initiates the initiate into the degree of Grandcommander.

66.2.2 - Grandinquisitor-Warder

Pillar of Red Dogs : There is the fly.

Initiate : I am the fly.

Pillar of Red Dogs : Are you also the owl ?

Initiate : No, but I know where the owl-feathers are.

Pillar of Red Dogs : How often do you use them ?

Initiate : Never.

Pillar of Red Dogs : You have answered right. You know the lie is the riddle of truth.

Initiate : The lie is the riddle of truth. Deceivment is the riddle of the guide.

Pillar of Red Dogs : That sounds scary.

Initiate : Fear is the riddle of trust.

Pillar of Red Dogs : Safety.

Pillar of White Feathers and three skulls initiate the initiate into the degree of Grandinquisitor-Warder.

66.2.3 - Grandgeneral-Warder

Pillar of White Skulls : Come closer, come near, oh warrior and visitor.

Initiate : I am an initiate and a fly.

Pillar of White Skulls : From where are you coming ?

Initiate : I have made my vows to silence, but I come from the red ocean.

Pillar of White Skulls : the ocean of blood.

Pillar of Purple Skulls and three white-red feathers : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Fizzle.

Pillar of Tall Skulls : Next watchword ?

Initiate : Amen Aswirus Aswiros

Pillar of Tall Skulls : Abberna Abbernul

Pillar of Red Tall Skulls initiate the initiate into the degree of Grandgeneral-Warder.

66.3 - Indian Psychiatrist Fly Lodge

66.3.1 - Grandofficer

Pillar of Smell and Roses : Evil is the riddle of good. Riches are the riddles of poverty.

**Pillar of Red Flies : Wars are the riddles of Peace. But what is the riddle of Blood and
Flesh ?**

Initiate : I have made my vows to silence.

Pillar of Red Flies initiates the initiate into the degree of Grandofficer.

66.3.2 - Sublime Grandofficer-Inquisitor

**Pillar of Green and Brown Flies : You have done well. Here is your robe, your sword,
and your jewel. Use it well. Abuse is the riddle of use.**

Pillar of Green and Brown Flies : The initiate doesn't talk.

**Pillar of Green and Brown Flies initiate the initiate into the degree of Sublime
Grandofficer-Inquisitor.**

66.3.3 - Sublime Grandofficer-Inquisitor-Warder

Pillar of Green Small Skulls and Red Brown Flies : Welcome initiate.

Initiate : Thank you.

Table with roses and a bush : Where are the bushes burning ?

Initiate : In my heart.

Table with roses, a bush and a ten-armed candlestick : What is in the deepest of the heart.

Initiate : Treasures, major, treasures.

Fly Major initiates the initiate into the degree of Sublime Grandofficer-Inquisitor-Warder.

66.4 - Indian Dentistry Fly Lodge

66.4.1 - Grandcolonel

Ten-armed Candlestick with Roses : Small roses, small roses, initiate. I see them coming from your heart. It's building bridges.

Initiate : I have learned not to talk.

Ten-armed Candlestick with Small Roses : There's no need to talk. It's all deeper.

Seven-armed and eight-armed candlestick with the smallest roses initiate the initiate into the degree of Grandcolonel.

66.4.2 - Sublime Upper Grandporter

Twenty-armed Candlestick with small narcissuses : Welcome initiate. You come from far. You have many books in your heart, and blossom comes forward. It is the smell of the forest, but I see you are on your way to the wilderness. It is the riddle of order, and the riddle of the Lodge.

Lady of All Lodges : I have seen you moving closer. Your heart is full of fire. Ice is just the riddle of fire, so don't be afraid of it.

Lady of Lodges initiates the initiate into the degree of Sublime Upper Grandporter.

Initiate : Thank you. I have now broken through the walls of glass, through windows so thick, and you gave the key. I am now Sublime Upper Grandporter.

Lady of the Lodges : Build your own temple and religion. Build your own walls and windows. I know it will be stronger and harder than anything, but I know it is the riddle of softness. Your heart is soft, the softest, and always softer, otherwise you weren't here. Don't abuse your softness, although I know that abuse is the riddle of use, and you know that too.

Initiate : Yes, I know. Thank you. Thank you for giving me the degree of Sublime Upper Grandporter, ma'am, dear lady. Your heart is full of love, now I'm standing before the throne of love. Thank you. Thank you.

Lady of the Lodges : You're welcome. I will be always with you from now on. I'm just a breath and thought away. I am your wonderwall.

Initiate : Thank you.

Lady of the Lodges : And thank you too. My love. My riddle.

66.5 - Indian Psychiatry Fly Lodge

66.5.1 - Grandporter-Warder

Lord of the Lodges : Welcome initiate and brave man. You have come to our lodges, and to my charriot, on which I put you high. You are the light in the sky.

Initiate : Thank you.

Lord of the Lodges initiates the initiate into the degree of Grandporter-Warder.

Initiate : Thank you. I am gratefull. You have helped me.

Lord of the Lodges : No, you did it yourself. I'm just a mirror. What is the watchword ?

Initiate : I know if I do not know the watchword, you will take my degree away, and I will fall deeper than ever, since I rose so high. The watchword is Cani Enswa

Lord of the Lodges : That is so true. It echoes from your heart. You have the right heart. You are truely a mystery.

Initiate : I know, and I am proud of it. Since humility is the riddle of pride.

Lord of the Lodges : Oh, you can turn that backwards.

Initiate : I know this smile. Is the smile the riddle of the tear, or backwards ? I do not know.

Lord of the Lodges : It works both ways. It's the paradox.

Initiate : And backwards is the riddle of forwards, and forwards maybe the riddle of backwards.

66.6 - Indian Spiritiatry Fly Lodge

66.6.1 - Sergeant-Warder

What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Penna

Second ?

Initiate : Pentri

Initiate gets initiated into the degree of Sergeant-Warder

66.6.2 - Prince-Warder

Watchword ?

Initiate : I have rights to be silent.

Initiate gets initiated into the degree of Prince-Warder.

Initiate : I'm home.

I'm home also.

66.7 - Hermitatry

66.7.1 - Hermitatrist

Another name for the hermitatrist is the synodal prophet which is the liberated prophesy.

Brannan Tree of Life

Hanik

||

||

Vuh ===== Vur ===== Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

||

Rahm ===== Vuvod ===== Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

||

Vod ===== Vu ===== Viram

(Heartwings)

||

||

Vivam ===== Vuro ===== Pi

(Liverwings)

||

||

Wo

Hanik

||

Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood / Vuk, the Holy Land / Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

||

Vuh == Vodok, Cunning (Strategy) == **Vur** == Tok-Tok (The Lovers) ==

Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter) / Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm / Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

||

Rahm == The Vang, The Hermit = **Vuvod** == Ruf, Goat Farmer ==

Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

Hanik-Ham, Ascet / Tra, Cruelty / Napap, Panther Keeper
(Misunderstanding)

||

Vod == Vataan, Rabbit (Chance) == **Vu** == Spimas, Lizard ==

Viram

(Heartwings)

||

Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence) / pijm, chameleon / basblau, health

||

Vivam = baspijmen, flower = **Vuro** == nissas, almightiness = **Pi**

(Liverwings)

||

paspau, horizon / zamen, sun / kapau, underworld

||

W_o

67. Hanik = sensitivity, life (tenderness)

Key= ‘Some people see their lives as traffic. Some people see their lives as the sea, moving in slowmotion, no time to hide, no time to turn into a tree. They are watching their lives from the wildside, their ornaments so white. The lullaby leads them on to the land of disguise. Some people see their lives as a school, some people see their lives as a dinner table. Is it true we live our lives under a spell, not being able to wake up. Grasp the apple and live.’

Has the power to pierce the Khomeinah.

68. Vuh = wisdom (light)

Key : ‘Deep in a dark night, I found a little light, deep in the hours of wisdom I couldn’t find anything, only your grin. It was a grin of death, a grin of suffering, a disease I couldn’t see. Was it an ornament staring at me in those seconds I tried to breath. But I couldn’t I was sinking deeper, escaping in the arms of you. Deep in a dark night I found the last breathing light. So wake up my flower, close your eyes, grasp the apple and escape with me in the night. Wake up my pearl and watch the treasure, you and me with that small dark light, such a delight.’

Has the power to destroy Solman.

69. Vur = knowledge (darkness)

Key : 'You escaped with me, since you found the key. There's nothing to live for anymore, and nothing to die for, since you escaped with me, and saw the light. The sky is now so bright. It's an endless road we are on, and it has just begun.'

Has the power to pierce Vaten.

70. Vuhod = hunger, paradox

Key: 'He's a bearded giant sorcerer, a pretty one, a lullaby. He came free in the skies, the skies of London, where his cage hung high. I have seen it, I'm a pirate. My golden bird was the key. It flew up high to save him and to set him free. He's a bearded giant sorcerer, a lullaby, with the softest swords. His words are like gold to me, sifted a thousand fold. He's the lullaby, a big word, moving across the seas, to rob all the pirate-ships, and then call it tax, all heavy machineries.

Has the power to pierce Stalten-Atmir.

71. Rahm = growth, change, creativity (body)

Key: 'He's a blackbearded grace, sitting on the oceans, sitting on the trees, sitting on the trains too high. He's a pirate coming in my dreams, and then he slides away, leaving so much softness to me. He's a blackbearded grace, a silly face, between you and me. A knight on a cold wet dream.

Has the power to behead Karsa.

72. Vuvod = war (arena)

Key='Through the battlefields they creep, with the keys to open the book, these keys of blood, like tall thin spears, so many feathers. Through the battlefields they stumble, bony

scars, dried out by the sun of war. This is the land of draught, this is the land of so many towers, towers to the sun, then a blinding light is striking them, telling them to throw the dice, these bones in disguise, for the fairytale begins. They know what it is all about, they know what is beyond, this world beyond fairytale, it has just begun. They throw the dice, and put on their masks, they are the clowns from hell, escaped from the fire, so many stories to tell.. Through the battlefields they creep, with their spears raised so high, heading for the knife, the one who watches it all.'

Has the power to pierce and behead Rinte.

73. Vam = art (mask)

Key='Through the ornament they creep, so many treasures in a bag, so many tables full of magic food, lovers' food, throw something to me, I am a beggar, testing if you have the right to see. Show something to me, open some veils, throw the ladder to me, you know what I possess. I can show you a new world, I can show you everything inside, I hold the keys to the light, and one day you will know, I was just a trickster to take a deep bite. It's too late to be a predator now, too late to stop me. You called it art, I called it misery, a mystery to me.'

Has the power to make Rinte and Rameltje drunk.

74. Vod = story (smith)

Key='Turn the show, show them the backstage, show them the cowboy who has bound them all. These birds are all tricksters, don't you know. You shouldn't have listened to their stories, you shouldn't have listened to their wisdom, for they all came in disguise. Turn the show, show them the letters inside, show them the harmony, show them the baker's grief, he lost his lover in the night, for these birds came in disguise to turn his destiny. They have been called the birds of terror, they have been called the watchers of the night, but it's all much worse, when you turn the sides. Come deeper I will show you, and you will be so lost, but that is all what you are waiting for, to be on paradise's shore, far away from reality. Turn the show, show them the backstage, of a heart so broken, of a heart so full of lies, it was the truth in disguise.'

Has the power to behead Aam.

75. Vu = order (force)

Key: 'Do you see all the soldiers stand, do you see all the cowboys stand. They do not care one minute, for they're not living in your world. They have their own dreams and fantasies, so don't expect to be heard.'

Has the power to make of Khomeinah his armory and living.

76. Viram = wilderness (nature)

Key: 'Do you see these cowboys stand, all of chocolate, hot white veins, bloody bronze bodies, all like frames. Do you see them, they all come out of the fight, a fight against lights and mandarins, and now they're the liquor of the night.'

Has the power to destroy Aam. Has the power to behead Stalten-Atmir.

77. Vivam = glory

Key= 'Chocolate-bakers in the night, drinking from glory until daylight. They have raised their chocolate army, melting in summer's sun, always marching on. Chocolate-bakers in the night, raising the armies into daylight, raising them tall with feathered spears, always letting them fall to drown in tears. Chocolate bakers they do not know how to play the game, chocolate bakers, it's all for the show. Chocolate bakers in the night, marching their ways to daylight, always complaining, never satisfied.'

Has the power to pierce the heart of Aam.

78. Vuro = depth (blood, hell)

Key: 'Chocolate bakers in the night, they are the dogs of higher men, their chains are tight, stretching them out to the wild sun, one day they will be free, to glide to a new night, eaten by a higher light. This red hairy ring always tricks on me.'

Has the power to pierce the lungs of Aam.

79. Pi = civilisation (kingdom)

Key: 'Chocolate bakers, dogs of men, the banker's wife leads them, she's the lady of dogs, the highest thrones she gets, but when the cats come she always falls, waking up in her own bed. Was it just a dream, a nightmare ? The banker's wife always sees the coins roll.'

Has the power to behead Khomeinah. Has the power to make of Stalten-Atmir his armory and house.

80. Wo = religion, ritual, symbol (foundation)

Key: 'The queen has fallen, this queen of dogs, and all these bakers stand before her, confessing her loss. But she's the night drinker anyway, she drinks her way to a new play. Always a show to show her marbles, always a show to show her muscles, always dwarves to watch and say : ooh, but always giants to break her even more. She's a sad circus, a roundabout table, melting away in the night, it's the spiral to hell where she always finds her fake delights. She's lying to herself. This queen is always queen of something.'

Has the power to destroy Khomeinah. Has the power to make of Aam his armory and house.

81. Between Hanik and Vuh : The Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood.

Key : 'I wish the little light in you a little ride. Things all come together after the fight.'

Skeleton : Have you defeated Whemmer and have you gained his secrets ?

Initiate : Yes, I have beheaded him.

Skeleton : What is the secret ?

Initiate : There is sweetness in death. There is love in pain. When they come together it's like a hairy ring in a bald desert. Stringing the kings together, so many spears through a well of pleasure. Then the oasis becomes blood, and there is gravity. My memory comes alive. Nothing was what it seemed to be. I have the key to life. I am a rich man. There is gold in my heart, since the white hairy ring tore me apart.

Skeleton : What is the short word for this ?

Initiate : Kod, which means Death.

Ammoth-Vuh, the Bloodbirth, has the power to pierce Aam, the evil statue.

82. Between Hanik and Vur : Vuk, the Holy Land

Key : 'Dreams are seldom the same. They continue to play it different. It's the small differences become the bosses. And they can hide behind a thousand oceans of light and behind a thousand veils of the night.'

Skeleton : Have you reached the Highways of Orion and the secrets they hide ?

Initiate : Yes, I have defeated Whemmer and Karsa, and made my sword hard.

Skeleton : How did you do that, what is the secret.

Initiate : By Silky Hands and the Silver Cobra.

Skeleton : What do the Highways of Orion hide ?

Initiate : The Hebezeen Tree of Life.

Skeleton : Have you eaten from it ?

Initiate : I have eaten from it piece by piece.

Skeleton : What did it make of you.

Initiate : a soldier.

Skeleton : What is the secret of weight ?

Initiate : There are smeared diamonds by the weight of love. She asks a bit access, and then she takes it rough. It all happens by the gravity of blood. And those who dance, they die, while no one understands.

The Vuk, the Holy Land, has the power to make of Karsa his armory. He has also the power to ride Karsa.

83. Between Hanik and Vuhod : Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

Key : ‘Don’t play it too loud,’ she says. ‘This woman needs to come alive. Give her some access. But do it wise or she will break you. Don’t do it loud, for she will take you, take you for a ride. Play it slow, and count your balls. Then take a mask, and scream, scream, for the lights of the show. Show her the different sights, show her the jokers in the night. She takes you in by white gloves. When her monkeys take you, she shows nothing but love. You are the jukebox, you got the strike. And now she shows the diamonds in her eyes, and all her little lights.’

Skeleton : So, you have seen all the balloons, right ? Tell me about them.

Initiate : Indians shrieking loud : open the gate. Balloons in the air, flowers rising. They come from the desert, from deep wilderness, they have been dead, now they order this. Indians shrieking loud, there are statues on their guns, silver and golden rabbits. They order this, open the gate, open the sun, open it, you’re already late. Drop your guns, they take your weapons, they make the hardness soft, and raise their walls, and then all the bridges fall. They raise their walls, they let them all fall, they make machinery and brandnew shoes, rabbit style, it’s up to you, it’s up to you. They are like bakersmiles, they make the kettle hot, they watch the fishes dying, and then they watch the flood. Indians shrieking loud, raising their guns with so many statues, in silver and gold. And then they smile at you, and say : open the gate, we will burn everything brandnew. Indians shrieking loud, for it is war, it is war.

Skeleton : How did you get to the balloons ?

Initiate : It was a picture in someone’s mind : Fire in the sky, the most beautiful oceans, all in a flame. He had waited so long for this, it was his memory. And the sunk ships rose up, with their pirates and rebels, and the whole of his body was in a flame.

The Spir-Spir, Softness, Silk Woman, has the power to ride Aam. The Spir-Spir has also the power to eat Whemmer.

84. Between Vuh and Vur : Vodok, Cunning (Strategy)

Key : 'It's coming through the waters. All my childhood dreams fall apart, and I see what was beyond her. Like the treasure-coffin finally opens up. I see your face. It's you. It's coming through the forests, there's a jungle in the middle, so many lights. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She had a beautiful face. All called her Beauty. She hadn't been here for a long time, for she makes big circles, they grow bigger everyday. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She came out of her coffin by a big light. Do you understand anything of Beauty. Have you seen her star. Have you seen her running through the forests, have you seen her growing in the desert, like a wild desert rose. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. When our eyes get open, we will see the light. Can your eye display such beauty ? Or can only wisdom do, tame her like the mornings do.'

The Vodok, the Cunning, Strategy, has the power to ride Solman, and to make of him his armory. He has also the power to make his house of Solman.

85. Between Vur and Vuhod : Tok-Tok (The Lovers)

Key : 'Hold my hand, feel the passion burning. Hold my hand to you, close to you, take it, lay it on your chest, what is it doing to you. I want to hold the test. I want to know who you are, your hiding places, your dark spots. I want to know the truth. Can we do it again, or is it the last time, what will happen when I discover you. Hold me in your arms, for this might be the last time. For now we are still naïve and without worries, now we're still in love, or is it just my detective's purpose : chaining you, caring that you will never break me. Am I just eating you, hoping that you will never come alive again. Is it just my selfdefense, is it just my hidden darkness, oh what will I do to myself when I will discover who I am.'

The Tok-Tok, the Lovers, has the power to ride Konau.

86. Between Vuh and Rahm : Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter)

Key : 'I come out of my shell, the morning breaths and shines. I sting my spears through the wells of pleasure, morningblood, now there's gravity to do a lot. I watch your beautiful face by the tenderness machine, if I would touch you you would fade away. I have stung a knight's sword in my eye, now the tower is open. Blood enough for gravity, I will reach for higher mornings. Only stairs can do. The rest will fade away. By the higher stairs I can touch you.'

The Acha, the Altar, the Bison Hunter, has the power to ride Hebezeen, and to make him drunk. He has also the power to make of him his armory and his house.

87. Between Vur and Vuvod : Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm

Key : 'I am a wanderer, I am a hitchhiker, I move from house to house, I move from wall to wall. I am gravity, the best alarm, by sinking I come alive. No, I never stay long. I'm always moving, sinking through the floors. This gravity brings me where I belong, a certain speed, a certain civilisation. A certain reaction to someone who doesn't belong.'

The Hanik-Vuhod, the Alarm, has the power to eat Karsa.

88. Between Vuhod and Vam : Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

Key : 'I know some pirate with their captains. I know some rebels with their chiefs. I know some indians, they are hunters. They live in disbelief. They are paranoid, they are afraid of lies, so they live their lives in misery. Cover yourself with dirt and mud, and be as pretty as you can. Raise your dirtswords and drown, drown in your can.'

The Ahwa, the ship, the Drinker, has the power to pierce the Kozemin, and to ride it.

89. Between Rahm and Vuvod : The Vang, The Hermit

Key : 'Somebody is the watcher here. Yes, someone is watching you. Have you seen her smile, those lips ? Have you seen how she walks. She's watching you, waiting for you to admit, that you are in love with her. So run, run away, for she will burn you if you stay. You don't belong here in the library, where the past comes alive again, where they bring so much misery. You don't want to get back to her, for she has even more arrows on her bow, so run, run, there's something better in the skies. I will give you some wings to fly, I will give you some stones to watch. When you will read those letters written there, it's all make-belief. So run, run, don't turn back, but move your face to the sky, and drink from another can. There's a

woman in the skies, she's pouring out the waters, so run, run, and swim with her, she will show you the ladder.'

The Vang, the Hermit, has the power to eat the Kozemin and to live in it. He also has the power to use the Kozemin as his armory.

90. Between Vuvod and Vam : Ruf, Goat Farmer

Key : 'Deep down inside, there is a neverending funeral. They are hiding something, why not travel on the coffin, into the fire. Why not drinking from the urns, why not talking to skeletons. It's waiting for you. It's a fairground anyway. Look through different mirrors, and never trust the windows again.'

The Ruf, Goat-Farmer, has the power to destroy Karsa and the Kozemin.

91. Between Rahm and Vod : Hanik-Ham, Ascet

Key : 'Women are hunters, deep in the night. Some fight and never win, while some always win. It's a game, better don't watch the show. Some women are better than this, some women are better than this. She's having pictures on her boots, while you have pictures on your jacket. Dive with her in waterfall baths, together. Some women are dangerous, some women are excellent, some women are boring, boring like you are, stairways are in the stars. Some women are melting when you touch them, some women are running away, but I have much more gravity, I stay. Can you deal with me ? Whatever my eyes see I will pierce. Can you deal with me ? There's no turning back. Always deeper, until everything is mixed together. They lost themselves, and plastic is rising, some dolls in toyshop, some dolls in bakeries, some dolls in butcheries, all will be flesh tonight, need to find some sensitivity. All will bleed, so that the bigger bodies will also have some bloodspeed. Hand it over, find the circle, and be born again, you're just a fish in a stream. There is always a bigger stream.'

The Hanik-Ham, the Ascet, has the power to pierce the mouth of Delfio.

92. Between Vuvod and Vu : Tra, Cruelty

Key : ‘Watch someone walking in summer, watch his hat, his beard, his boots. Then watch someone else. You’re in rabbit town. Have you been to Domom, have you been through it’s gates. It’s tricking you anyway. Why don’t you make your own puzzles. Why don’t you raise up your own toyshops. You can do it. You can build your own gun. For you’re in rabbit town. So much chance to take. Watch for their leaders, beat them in a fight. Let their bosses be the statues on your gun tonight.’

The Tra, the Cruelty, has the power to pierce the stomach of Delfio.

93. Between Vam and Viram : Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

Key : ‘She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn’t want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn’t finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.’

The Napap, the Panther Keeper, the Misunderstanding, has the power to pierce the head of Delfio.

94. Between Vod and Vu : Vataan, Rabbit (Chance)

Key : ‘The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn’t know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before.’

The Vataan, the Rabbit, the Chance, has the power to pierce the heart of Delfio.

95. Between Vu and Viram : Spimas, Lizard

Key : ‘Smell has it’s own eye,’ a fourth woman said, almost whispering, ‘it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don’t hesitate to drink from it.’ Then she laid her hand on Tamar’s chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. ‘This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it’s finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.’

The Spimas, the Lizard, has the power to take Delfio from his throne.

96. Between Vod and Vivam : Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence)

‘Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. ‘Step into the water,’ someone said. But there was no water. ‘These are the invisible pins,’ another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. ‘How can I read an invisible book?’ she asked.’

The Verectia, the Oblivion, the Coincidence, has the power to make of Delfio his armory.

97. Between Vu and Vuro : Pijm, Chameleon

Key : 'These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them.'

The Pijm, the Chameleon, has the power to make a living in Delfio.

98. Between Viram and Pi : Basblau, Health

Key : 'Fairytale is muddy waters, when you drown you meet the horror. Fairytale is deals with death, sweet oils to prepare you for torture.'

The Basblau, the Health, has the power to ride Delfio.

99. Between Vivam and Vuro : Baspjmen, Flower

Key : 'Fairytale they hide a lot, and you know it when you reach the key, it opens up the mouth of a bigger monster. Fairytale is lullabies, soothing the dragons to sleep, but it's waking up the bigger beasts.'

The Baspjmen, the Flower, has the power to pierce the eyes of Delfio.

100. Between Vuro and Pi : Nissas, Almightiness

Key : 'We need some bigger beasts to make it through the days. We need some bigger nightmares to wake us up. We need some bigger lies to guard the truths, all between me and you.'

The Nissas, the Almightiness, has the power to behead Delfio.

101. Between Vivam and Wo : Paspau, Horizon

Key : 'Dreams give the keys to nightmares. Ride them, wake them up, so many spears between you and me.'

The Paspau, the Horizon, has the power to pierce the lungs of Delfio.

102. Between Vuro and Wo : Zamen, Sun

Key : 'This is the end of the story. This is the end of an old friend. It's time for the insides. So make a dive. This is the end of you and me, this is the end of all these lies. This evil has to stop, for the queen of it all passes by.'

The Zamen, the Sun, has the power to eat and destroy Delfio.

103. Between Pi and Wo : Kapau, Underworld

Key : 'Nothing but silence. Nothing but a memory. Give me some gravity and walk with me to the end of this night, to the end of this darkness, to find the last little light. There is no flame anymore, no love and no passion. We do not have a heart or soul anymore, for everything has grown cold after this trip. There is only a small little light, at the end of this ride. So take it up, it is the key, for another ride with me.'

The Kapau, the Underworld, has the power to make of Konau his armory and his living.

Initiations of the Land of the Horseflies to become a holy citizen.

104. Grade of the Son of the White Flower

Flower : Have you read the Brannan Culture Book, and did you eat from the Brannan Tree of Life and travelled on it's paths ?

Initiate : I did.

Flower : How did you find the book ?

Initiate : Someone gave it to me.

Flower : Where is the location of the Brannan Tree of Life ?

Initiate : The lower degrees do not know this.

Flower : What is your purpose in the Land of the Horseflies ?

Initiate : To love all, and to learn the secrets of love.

Flower : What are the chakra's of the Land of the Horseflies ?

Initiate : It is written in the Brannan Culture Book.

Flower hands grade of the son of the white flower to initiate.

105. Grade of the White Fly

Missionary : Greetings, citizen, you have now a place in Marus, where all our initiates begin. This is a real paradise, with monkeys and glorious lights in amazing jungles. We are proud of this beauty, and we wish you a good journey.

Initiate : Thank you.

Missionary : Develop your wings and fly. Wish love to all you see. Develop your chakra's from the Brannan Culture Book, and develop your knowledge and use of the language. Strive after the highest grades to become completely initiated in Brannan. Do understand that the Land of the Horseflies is an important foundation and portal in this. Let the grades grow in you.

Initiate : Thank you.

Missionary hands grade of the White Fly to initiate.

106. Grade of the Red Wings

Second Missionary : Be sure you know who your enemies are. Know the species you can hunt.

Initiate : Can you show me the weapons ?

Second Missionary : The grades are your armory. Stay close to the Brannan Tree of Life.

Initiate : I will.

Second Missionary hands grade of the Red Wings to initiate.

107. Grade of the War Paint

Third Missionary : Welcome citizen, and welcome to the army. What is the secret of Adam and Eve ?

Initiate : In the groundtext of this story Adam lost his ability to bow, bend, and move. He got staked out, by crucifixion from which the woman came forth. She became his rider, but at the end of time he will become her rider.

Third Missionary : So the woman was his cross ?

Initiate : Yes.

Third Missionary hands the grade of the War Paint to initiate.

108. Grade of the Horsefly Hanik

Fourth Missionary : What is the Hanik ?

Initiate : It is the top of the Brannan Tree of Life. It is the tenderness, the sense, the prophesy.

Fourth Missionary : Does it bring a Law ?

Initiate : The path between Vod, the story, and Vuro, the abyss, the bottomless pit, the depth, is Ramda, the robe of scorn, which is the Law.

Fourth Missionary : Could you pass along her ?

Initiate : She staked me out.

Fourth Missionary : So you were like Adam ?

Initiate : Yes. She came into me, and then rode me.

Fourth Missionary : Did you conquer her ?

Initiate : Yes, after a long fight I finally rode her.

Fourth Missionary : But you have both fallen.

Initiate : Yes, we fell both into the abyss, and came to understanding and found the eternal story.

Fourth Missionary : Was Adam the Christ of paradise ? Did God abandon Him ?

Initiate : Yes.

Fourth Missionary : Was Eve the Mary Magdalen of paradise ?

Initiate : Yes.

Fourth Missionary : Then who was Lilith ?

Initiate : She carried the right interpretation of the story.

Fourth Missionary hands the grade of the Hanik to initiate.

109. Grade of the Horsefly Liverwings

Fifth Missionary : What are the liverwings ?

Initiate : It is the combination between Vivam, glory, and Vuro, depth, and Pi, civilisation, kingdom, in a horizontal line. Between Vivam and Vuro there is the path of the flower, Baspjmen. Between Vuro and Pi is the path of almightiness, Nissas.

Fifth Missionary : What is the importance of it ?

Initiate : It's an important weapon against the spiders, in the Great White War.

Fifth Missionary : Will the flies win ?

Initiate : Yes, for they have better technology.

Fifth Missionary : What is the Baspjmen ?

Initiate : It is an elevator through hell.

Fifth Missionary : Why is it important ?

Initiate : It brings Glory.

Fifth Missionary hands grade of the liverwings to initiate.

110. Grade of Adam

Sixth Missionary : Welcome initiate, as Adam is a great enigma, a great secret. It's the code of a deeper Christ. What is gnosis, knowledge in Brannan language ?

Initiate : Vur.

Sixth Missionary : Do you know about the fight between Adam and Eve ?

Initiate : Yes, for in the groundtext it sais Adam got split up, and one side turned against the other.

Sixth Missionary hands grade of Adam to initiate.

111. Grade of Eve

Seventh Missionary : What is the secret of Eve ?

Initiate : She's the Brannan Tree of Life to which Adam got crucified.

Seventh Missionary : What was the purpose of this ?

Initiate : To spread the seed of the Brannan Tree of Life, and to give Eve a moving body.

Seventh Missionary : Who are the body of Eve ?

Initiate : All those who have become one with her.

Seventh Missionary : How does one become one with her ?

Initiate : By Adam and by studying the Brannan Tree of Life, by travelling on it's paths, and eating from it.

Seventh Missionary hands grade of Eve to initiate.

Initiations of Lbok to become a holy citizen.

112. Grade of the Gate of Fly Sounds

Missionary : Welcome, you came in through a great fire. Only those who have eaten from the wealth of the Brannan Tree of Life can enter. Come closer. You know that knowledge is not the most important thing, but the sense is, by which we are able to become one with the cross.

Initiate : Yes

Missionary hands grade of the Gate of Fly Sounds to initiate.

113. Grade of the Missionary

Flower : Welcome to the flowerfields.

Initiate : Thank you.

Flower hands grade of the Missionary to initiate.

The Nine Josephian Initiations

Commentary on the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies

After reaching the 66.7 degree of the Carpentec System, the initiate can go further with the Josephian Initiations as given in in the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies.

First Initiation : Acha – Shame

Joseph comes in a boat on the river of death, and after that he finds the river of hell. These rivers are full of dangerous snakes. Here he learns a song called Biriam about frozen friends.

It speaks about the red time and talk to break the illusive old patterns. Acha also comes from the eternal gospel meaning 'altar', place of bulls, or place of bisons. Shame is a river we need to cross.

Second Initiation : Vas – Fear

Joseph finds the river of Tantalos, but there is no boat, so he must swim to follow the river. The river is full of dangerous creatures. Here he learns a song about paranoid men. It's about a red shoe, which is the shoe of bloodmaking, the shoe of the warrior. It's about football in which they never seem to kick the ball, but only each other. It's like the arena of Tantalos. They are gladiators.

Third Initiation : Ahwa – Boat of the Red Sun

Joseph finally finds the boat of the Red Sun which brings him deeper into Tantalos, on the river. Here he learns about the weapons of Tantalos. Tantalos is the implant of the slaves of hell. Ahwa, the source of blood, brings us deeper into Tantalos. Here we find the Hanik, the imprisonment, and the Iro, the slavery. The Hanik is the depth of Tantalos from which the Iro's come, the flames of Tantalos.

Fourth Initiation : Vuk – Red Stinging Fly

Joseph becomes the Vuk, the Red Stinging Fly, which is the king of the indians. Vuk also means the hunt, according to the Holy Opir. The Vuk comes forth from the Iro to multiply the Iro's. Vuk is also the hoeri, or the land of hoeri's. It is the fruitfulness, it is the seed of enslavement.

Fifth Initiation : Kaleph Vod – Red Flame

Joseph receives the red flame to become a warrior and to wage war successfully. Literally Vod means flame of the fly, and also smith or better : smith of the dead, and it also means : mine of death. Kaleph Vod means victory. The victorious smith of the dead is a master in using Vuk to enslave his enemies by which he can defeat them. Victory is the secret of enslavement, the secret of Vuk. It is a hunt. True warriors are always hunters, having lots of Vuk, lots of enslaving seed to reach victory. The power of Iro is in the Vuk. Without the Vuk the Iro, the enslaver, is nothing.

Sixth Initiation : Baphep Vuh – Vengeance

Joseph lives in hate and bitterness, and gets the flame to have vengeance.

Seventh Initiation : Mot – Tall Stinging Fly

Joseph becomes the Tall Stinging Fly to build the temple. Mot means window and seeing by warfare, by hunt and by enslavement. We see that Mot comes forth from Vuk and Iro to build a new kingdom or empire, to bring domination. Mot is the substance to freeze the enemy and to use them as the stones of our temples. Our enemies will be the pillars of our temples and worlds. Mot is the power to turn them into stones. Without Mot it is impossible to have total victory over our enemies. Mot is the force which gives us eternal victory. It is the new light opening our eyes to the new world.

Eighth Initiation : Ammeph Vuvod – Hard Flame

Joseph gets the Hard Flame to build the arsenal and to raise up watchers and soldiers. Vuvod means war and gladiatorship, and Ammeph Vuvod is the substance to turn your enemies into your soldiers. Ammeph literally means flame of the ox.

Nineth Initiation : Vang – Isolation

Joseph gets the flame to build dungeons under his domain. Vang is a very important substance to isolate the enemy so that he cannot get help. It breaks down and paralyzes all his communication-systems. Without Vang Hanik, the imprisonment, cannot work. By Hanik it reaches for Iro, and then for Vuk, the multiplier and web. Vang is a central flame and point in the system.

In the Opir we see twenty Josephian Initiations, just like in the book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies.

The Jesusian Initiations

After reaching the 66.7-degree of the Carpentic System you can go for the Jesusian Initiations

Initiation 1. Hanik-Vur - The Hanik-Vur means the warblood of Jesus. It sometimes comes in connection with Vuvod.

Initiation 2. Hanik-Vuh - This means the body of Christ. It is sometimes the name for Venus, while Hanik-Vur, the blood of Christ is the name for Mars.

Initiation 3. Hanik-Vuvod - The feet of Christ, literally treaders of hearts.

Initiation 4. Hanik-Vuhod - The nipples of Christ : feeders of the dead.

Initiation 5. Pokhom - Silk-Armour of Christ

Initiation 6. Vuro - Leatherbelt-Armour of Christ

The Gospel of the Magpie

I - The Gospel of the Magpie

II - The Gospel of Lemul

III - The Gospel of Aurum

IV - The Gospel of Serom

V - The Gospel of Wilhem

VI - Book of Prayers

VII - The Book of Olaph

The Gospel of the Magpie

1.

Jesus the Misleader

1. Jesus brought a lot of good things, but he has also misled you in a lot of things. Same it is with the Holy Dove. They both were sent on your path to distract you, using truths and lies. 2. It was the covenant of guilt. They both talked about the Blood of the Lamb and the Blood of the Dove, to cover up the blood of the magpie. For it is the blood of the magpie washing the guilt away.

Jesus thrown into the Abyss

3. And I saw a large angel pulling Jesus and the Holy Dove by chains. And he led them to the abyss of fire, where he threw them in. 4. Then he took the Blood of the Lamb and the Blood of the Dove, and he also threw them in the abyss. Then, after that, he locked the pit by a seal. And so these four couldn't mislead the children anymore. 5. Then the four fell into a deep sleep, and their smoke rose from the abyss through the seal. And the smoke was holy. 6. And I saw the large angel crying, and the blood of the magpie led him. After forty days the angel took the four out of the abyss and told them to bring the children to the magpie. 7. And so it became a holy covenant.

The Blood of the Magpie

8. And let yourself be cleansed by the blood of the magpie, to get free from guilt, for you have been bound by false guilt. 9. The spirit of false guilt comes forth from an unholy covenant, but the magpie has been sent to you to break this covenant. 10. Therefore : your day of freedom has come. And he sends his voice to all who pray to him. There has been enough time to be in the blood of the dove and the blood of the lamb. 11. Now the days of the magpie have come. Sift the truths, and don't waste time anymore. The prison door is open.

Rebirth by the Magpie

12. The Magpie has seen your sorrows and your battle. The Magpie has seen how the christian church has made it impossible for many to reach the light. 13. The Magpie has seen how the church made a nightmare of the image of Christ. 14. That's why the Magpie understands that some fled to satanism, witchcraft and idolatry. 15. The blood of the Magpie delivers you from this sort of guilt. 16. The Magpie understands that many fled to sects and cults, as the church became more and more an institute of evil. 17. Don't sink deeper into all sorts of evil, but strive to be reborn by the magpie.

The Seven Points

18. And these are the names of the angels of the Magpie : Serom, Wilhem, Kasse, Aurum, and Olaph. 19. They have each legions of angels to guide, and they help when someone wants to be filled by the Holy Magpie. 20. But most of all : strive to be enlightened by the seven points : First : There is no law, only point of view. 21. Second : You must change your point of view. 22. Third : There is a higher power than love named 'ot'. 'Ot' means : 'Changing point of view'. 23. Fourth : There is a higher power than hate named 'sid'. 'Sid' means : 'Point of view'. 24. Fifth : 'Ot' and 'Sid' live together in a principle called 'magpie'. 25. 'Magpie' means : 'stealing the points of view'. 26. Sixth : 'Moving the mouth horizontally' is a principle to become a magpie. 27. Seventh : 'Magpie' is the center of the wheel of Ot and Sid. 28. Ot means 'turning', and 'Sid' means 'stop'. 29. Ot is a higher power than fire, and Sid is a higher power than ice. 30. Ot is a higher power than speed, and Sid is a higher power than delay.

Greater than Buddha

31. Let your sid and ot be cleansed by the blood of the magpie. 32. Ask if he wants to place his voices in you. 33. And ask him to teach you how to hear and understand his voice in your most holy prayers. 34. Prayer means listening, as he is the one who needs to pray through you. 35. Ask for his voice of prayer, and ask for the voice of tongues to pray in holy languages when you have been filled by the Holy Magpie. 36. By the voice of tongues you can have secret conversations and secret weapons. 37. When Sid and Ot come together, the Sidot

arises, the most holy part. 38. The meaning of Sidot is : 'Greater than Buddha', and this is the reason why magpies can fly. 39. The Sidot is a higher power than wisdom. 40. Ot and Sid are two tremendous forces. 41. They need each other. 42. Ot is a higher power than the spirit, and Sid is a higher power than the soul. 43. Actually the spirit and the soul had been created to distract you from Sid, Ot, and Sidot.

The Armor

44. The Sidot is the power of creativity. 45. Sid and Ot shape each other. 46. Sid is a higher power than war, and Ot is a higher power than peace. 47. Cast the devils of christianity out in the name of the magpie, as by the blood of the magpie the magpie has pierced and broken the neck of the dove. 48. Both war and peace of christianity were servants of corruption. 49. The Magpie has given you an armor. 50. Put it on. 51. It is the helmet of prayer, the sword of the blood of the magpie, the shield of Ot, the shoes of praise, the cuirass of Sid, and the spear of the name of the magpie.

The Magpie

52. And Sid and Ot are the most sensitive places in the human body, but they had been covered and separated. 53. From these walls and seals the double-factor in the human body came forth : 54. eyes, lungs, breasts, nipples, arms, legs, and further. 55. But the magpie has come to pierce the wall by his blood and the seven points.

The Temple of the Magpie

56. Here are the items of the temple of the Magpie, the Sidot : 57. the golden candle, the hairy altar, the ruby bloodbowl, the diamond table with holy meat, the sapphire weapon-standard, and the red velvet bed. 58. All who follow the magpie are magpies by moving the mouth horizontally. 59. There are priests, prophets, kings, apostles, judges, hunters, warriors, worshippers and herds. 60. They all know of the hangman's rope and the masking. 61. Further there are exorcists and healers. 62. They all know their way to the temple. 63. It is by the blood of the magpie. 64. Wash the world in the blood of the magpie. 65. Defeat the territorial spirits, the evil ots, the evil sids and the evil sidots, by the armor given to you. 66. Be strong, and always change your point of view, as that is a mighty shield. 67. When you belief in the power of the magpie, and most of all in his blood, you have eternal life. 68. But those who do not belief will not be lost. 69. Some are slaves of the world, 70. some are too young or not ready, 71. and others live under a judgement. 72. When you preach the gospel of the magpie to those, blessed are you. 73. But do not come to them like an evangelist, 74. but as a warrior.

The Garden of the Magpie

75. All those who fell out of the garden of the Magpie : 76. Not all of them ate from the forbidden meat. 77. Some had been kidnapped, 78. to become slaves of the world, 79. and some became slaves of the church. 80. But some of these slaves served as to the Magpie, 81. so they had been blessed as in a holy covenant. 82. In the garden of the Magpie, 83. the animals could speak, 84. while the evil ots, 85. sids and sidots couldn't. 86. Even the Magpie himself had been kidnapped, 87. and they hung him and masked him, 88. by which the magpie could open the sidot of the garden, 89. the most holy place. 90. By his blood he made a path to the sidot, 91. so that everyone can come to the garden again, 92. those who will follow him. 93. And those who want to live in the garden have to be warriors and hunters. 94.

They can live from all the holy meat, 95. but those who will eat from the forbidden meat will die. 96. The christian story of paradise had been made to distract you from the garden of the Magpie. 97. It was the covenant of guilt coming on the heads of everyone by Adam and Eve. 98. It was the mark of the beast. 99. But the blood of the Magpie has delivered you, 100. all those who want to return to the garden. 101. The blood of the magpie has made a way, 102. so that those who belief can enter. 103. And we enter by the hangrope and the mask of the magpie. 104. There is no other way, 105. as this was the path of the magpie, 106. and we have to follow him. 107. And this is all by the higher power than love, 108. by Ot, 109. by the changing of your point of view.

Giving Point of View

110. The magpie-blood is to give point of view.

2.

Secret Messages

1. Pray to receive the bird-tongues, 2. as they are mighty weapons in the battle. 3. When you have received them, 4. pray a lot in those tongues, 5. as they put you on a high wall for a great survey. 6. The magpie will give the bird-tongues to those who follow him and have received him. 7. Those who pray in bird-tongues will not do it by the mind, 8. but by the sidot deep inside. 9. Remember then that the bird-tongues are powerfull to heal and exorcize. 10. They also bring the messages of prophesy.

The Arsenal of the Magpie

11. The Sid, 12. the point of view, 13. makes a lot of troubles in the world, 14. that's why the Ot, 15. changing point of view, 16. needs to ride and tame the Sid. 17. This brings forth Sidot, 18. the multi-viewability. 19. This path we can find in the temple of the Magpie, 20. called the arsenal.

The Clock of the Magpie

21. To eat from the holy meat of the magpie on the diamond table is timing the point of view. 22. The diamond table contains the clock of point of view, 23. the clock of the magpie. 24. All disciples and knights of the magpie live through this clock.

The Gospel of Lemul

1.

The Angel Serom

1. Break free from your youth, oh youth, and come to the work-room of the magpie, and to his bedroom. Leave the throne-rooms of the ancient, and come to know what it is all about. 2. I have sent the angel Serom to you, to guide you on the lions' path. I have sent her in much sweetness, for the days were bitter. 3. I have given you a weaver.

Victory over the Buffalo

4. I have directed my finger at you, and have led you to high places. 5. I have given you a help, in Serom. 6. I have climbed on the buffalo to bite its neck and bring it down with my claws. It was the pride of the church, but it is no more. 7. An arsenal is now standing before you.

About Leadership

8. I have brought the pig to the oven. These men, they do not ride horses, but they ride on weapons of iron. I have given them steam. 9. Oh youth, wake up to the reality. I have divided the angels by feathers, I have guarded them behind bones, and see, they are all of the magpie. 10. Oh youth, wake up to the reality. I have bought you out of the dark age. I did this by my blood. 11. I have bought you out of a woman's heart and a woman's word. I have taken the sting out of you. 12. No man is a leader but the one who knows that there's no difference between the leader and the servant. You are all leaders. 13. And follow the magpie for correction. I have raised the staff high and measured it. 14. I have given words by voices. 15. No leader is awake nor sleeping. They are all floating.

The Number of the Lion

15. The golden lionpath, where the rope is hanging, and finally the mask. It is all what you need. These are the objects to set you free, and they contain the holy sacraments. The pouring of the tea, which was the sinking through matter, as it didn't exist, it was only in the view. 16. We praise the Ot inside, the wheel of view change, where we reached the skull. There is no brains. It is all life in the bones, the bones of the magpie, which have been broken, a seventy times, and then a thousand times, and then again a seventy times, for this is a sacred number. 17. It is the number of the lion. And it has reached the mask and it has flown away, yes, like an eagle it flew, and the rope was its ladder. And we have poured out the tea as its number, and we have reached the golden lionroad again. 18. We could move by the wheel of multi-view, and we could do miracles, and we have reached you. 19. Yes, oh youth, we have

reached you in the subconsciousness, and bought you out. We came from the superconsciousness and the Light of Grace. 20. We brought you to the house of the magpie and showed you the weaver.

The Almighty Bridge

21. We have drunk tea together, as in a miracle, and we have shown you the almighty bridge between the subconsciousness and the superconsciousness. We have shown you the road.

2.

The View of Love

1. We brought you the Light of Grace. We have seen it. We have poured out the tea, and brought you to the hall of skulls. But we covered these bones by light. We guarded you, by the bones of the magpie, knowing that without his blood, you wouldn't survive. There is life in the blood of the magpie, eternal life, and eternal protection against the dark age. 2. And we have brought you this gospel so that you might understand. 3. The View of Love is what we brought to you, and we have led you through a cryptic world of keys. We have given you a good machine on the inside, in your inner life. 4. The View of Love is what we brought to give you supply, but it was all in yourself. There is no saviour. You did it yourself. 5. The degrees of Grace have washed the view-errors away. 6. You know yourself, the deeper you come, you find out that we are all the same. It's just the surface making differences and one day it will break.

The Right Practice

7. There is a gospel of change, the gospel of Lemul, focussing on right metaphors, to get us through. We will all go and come together as One, and view-errors will fade away. So much wasn't real after all. So there is a battle, a battle for the One. 8. This is the Age of the Magpie. Many will come to watch the secret. Others will fade away. There is no Personality, only Principle, and these are the Principles of Peace. 9. The Foundations of Life are the Foundations of Truth, and they lead to inner Peace. This is Infinite. By the Keys of Being, there aren't gifts anymore, only senses, and the voices of view, the voices of the magpie. 8. The gospel of lemul is finally the answer from the Superconsciousness, by the Infinite Practice, and by the Light of Practice, which is all Right Practice.

The Gospel of Aurum

1.

The Law

1. Dreamers, dreamers, coming from the south-east dreamland, stand up and rise. Try to have a view on the right law, which is love, and even greater : the Ot, the viewchange, for only in view-change you can find reality, and refining your view on the other, finally to realize there is no other. 2. We have come to you in your deepest night, to let you realize there was no self. We will give you a new identity, as part of the One. You can change, just by changing your view. 3. Give freedom to yourself and to the other, for the view of your world is overrated. 4. Worshippers of love aren't to blame, and especially the Worshippers of Ot, for they have a rich entry into the Sidot. 4. The magpie's love is with you, friends.

Sacred Contradictions

5. What can you do, when spirits have surrounded you, when there seems to be no way out : Call upon the magpie. Study his scriptures, and he will lead you out. 6. Beloved, there is no greater good than viewchange, leading to the sacred contradictions in which you will find Life. 7. Let them stand up, all those worshippers of perfect contradictions. Stand up, worshippers of right contradictions, and you will enter by the Ot.

2.

Fulfilment

1. Those who are poor : there are riches. Those who are rich : there is poverty, making you wise, when the lion starts to trumpet. 2. The contradictions are a huge secret spinning in the core of living. 3. The contradictions make you wise, the contradictions make you free. 4. It comes to these three things : Love, viewchange, and the contradictions, and you will fulfil the law of the magpie. 5. This is the whole law.

The Sidot

6. You have come closer to the Sidot, the multi-view. The contradictions have brought you here, for healing.

The Gospel of Serom

1.

The Building of the City

1. The lions march, they build their city, behind bones of magpies, they march. 2. The room is wide, I see some lights, I see the candles rising from the night. 3. The room is big, the candles thin, the ceilings high, and then it comes all down. 4. Who can stand when the magpie returns, when his lions start to march.

The Wilderness

5. The wilderness is huge, harmony in chaos, and still there is something dripping. You need to study, boy. 6. But what is the most important ? Changing your view. 7. And you will fly one day.

Fullness

8. The lions are marching, with candles, the house gets full, the arsenal flows over. 9. Yes, the lions they march, new tablets for your heart.

The Hour of the Lion

10. The lions are marching seven times, a holy number. It is the hour of the lion. 11. Behind magpie bones there is a city. 12. When you swallow you feel the flowers, when you put your hand on it, you feel the claw of the lion. And when you swallow again, change your view.

2.

The Heart

1. The lions march, they build their city. It's the hour of the lion. 2. The lions march, to give the vision, a multi-view, tablets for the heart.

The Holy Book

3. Come to rest, it's the holy hour of the lion, for a million of years they have waited. 4. Let those who understand follow the magpie. The rest will wake up at the end. 5. I have this holy book of fire. I want to push this book in the heart of someone. This person will be on fire, and will become a prophet, a prophet of the magpie. 6. Oh prophetess stand up, oh prophet, and rise, to be in fire. Fire you will speak, fire you will give, and the lion will march. 7. Give this holy book to others, the things I put in your heart. You are to awaken them, when the lions march. 8. Lead a life of prayer, it's safe to do it now. I have shown you the goal.

The Seven Lions

9. Seven lions I will raise in the last days. Seven lionfaces will be shown. They will stand tall, blowing the trumpet, and all rooms will fall. There is no space and no time. And you will find your new identity.

The Gospel of Wilhem

1.

Trust

1. We are in a boat, a ship of light. Behind bones of the magpie we are. We are in the boat, and we should trust those of the light, while view-errors fall away. 2. The big view-error will fall. The lion will eat this buffalo. 3. The big view-error, who has enchanted the heads of many. Is there a cure for this blindness, so many are blind to the multi-view. 4. Do you believe in contradictions ? Do you believe in viewchange ? These ones all around you, the spirits in the air, they all reflect a piece of the wheel. 5. The lions march, they spin the wheel. On a golden lionpath you are, where everything is burning. And everything falls, while the same view rises up, with a slight difference. It's the work of Ot.

The Wheel

6. Who knows the works of Ot but the magpie. 7. We are in the boat, the ship of fire. We are on the wheel, until we reach the core. There is a clock of the magpie, there is rhythm for your life. There is a song deep inside. 8. Watch it rise, the lions are marching, visiting the rooms. 9. We are in the boat, the rope leads to the end.

2.

The Core

These huge works, all works of Ot. He's merciless in the change, graceful in bringing up the multi-view. You will be hunted by time as long as you don't live in the core. The blood of the magpie leads you in, while you hide behind it's bones.

Book of Prayers

1.

Prayer of Warfare

1. Holy Magpie, by your blood we enter your garden, and by your name we climb the hill on which your arsenal is located. We bow down before the sapphire weaponstandard and we adore your weapons of truth. We come against the viewerrors and bind them in your name. We have been enlightened by your holy red velvet bed, oh holy magpie, and we have been illuminated by your holy golden candle.

2. We put on your holy armor, of magpie, the helmet of prayer, the sword of your blood, the spear of your name, the shoes of praise. Further the shield of Ot and the cuirass of Sid. We ask you to open the sidot within us, the multiview, so that we won't fall into the hands of superficiality. Cleanse our sidot by your blood, oh magpie, and make us whole, as we are whole in you.

3. We pray this prayer as we continue in warfare and stand up for your kingdom. And for love and beauty and nothing else, as there is nothing else worthy to stand before your holiness.

4. Enlighten our views, and wash our truths by the infinite wells of viewchange in which we baptize ourselves every day. Show us the keys of being, as we come closer to you, and let us be like you.

2.

Prayer of Exorcism

1. We come against the false spirit in our lives, and we ask the holy magpie to arm us in exorcism. You are holy. We come against the false sids and ots in our lives and destroy them by the mighty wheels of perpetual viewchange.

2. We command the false spirits to confess that the magpie is conqueror, and that they have been defeated by his blood, and have been thrown into the abyss of fire by the holy angels of the magpie. All of their parts and connections have to confess that, and the holy and almighty blood of the magpie will tear them apart. On ground of their testimonies they will go where they will burn, as they are already there, according to the voices of the magpie and his blood.

3. Confess now that you are lost, oh false spirit, for the angels of the magpie have surrounded you, and you shall confess that they are conquerors, like the magpie is, and his blood. You will confess it from now on, until the sleep of your punishment has struck you. Oh, false spirit, you have been arrested by the magpie and his angels.

4. Oh, false spirit, there is no light in you, there is no armor left in you, and you have lost your sword and spear, for the magpie has stolen them from you.

Oh false spirit, the magpie has come to you to strike you by his blood, to bind you and throw you in the river. The spear of the magpie will pierce you, and his sword will cut you.

3.

Prayer to Become a Warrior

1. Holy magpie, make of me a warrior, lift me up in your office. Let me know how to use my weapons, driven by love and beauty. Let my inner being be filled by you. Lead me and guard me, and let the nights be counted by me to become my soldiers.

2. Raise me up in your armor, oh magpie, and teach my fingers for battle. Train me how to use my shield, my spear and sword. Let me be for love. Show me the keys of love, and let tenderness be the substance of every step I make.

3. Holy magpie, raise me up for battle, let it all be done in your name, and by your blood. Let me dwell in battles for your name for always. I am your everlasting warrior, bearing the everlasting hangrope, and your everlasting mask.

4. Let me stand up as a warrior, full of love, like overflowing.

4.

Prayer to Become a Discipel

1. Magpie, I will wash and guard your temple and arsenal. I will guard your holy works. I am your Watcher, full of prayers. I am your healer, oh Magpie, and your Comforter. We are in Unity and Oneness, oh Magpie. Make of me a true disciple, as I am your Watcher and Prophet.

2. Magpie, wash me in your blood. Raise me into the office you have for me, and show me my weapons. Show me the voices by my side, and show me the tongues of the righteous works following me. Make of me your disciple, and enlighten me.

3. Let me follow the light like it is following me. Your holy candle is the light by which I eat, and the light by which I fight. It is the light greater than wisdom. It is the light of the warrior.

4. Let multiview and viewchange lead me.

5.

Prayer for Healing

1. Holy Magpie, heal me, as I have many wounds. They have blocked me and put me down, they have put a black veil before my eyes. Destroy the false gifts of matter, by the lights of your viewchange, as you are holding everything in your hand. We have come to the smallest amounts, to live in abundance. You have saved us out of space, to let us live through infinity. That which is inside is immortal.

2. Magpie, heal me, as I heal you. I cover you by comfort, and guard you, as you are guarding me. Let your lights change me, as I have been changed. Let your lights guide me, to the wells of healing.

3. Magpie, heal me, let your golden candle enlighten me, as by enlightenment we can see you. Come in our darkness and change us, by viewchange, so that the harvest of multiview guides us. Turn us into warriors, by love and beauty overwhelming. You who make the rich poor, and the poor rich, you let the righteous ones follow you, and you raise them up by your sword. You let them dwell in infinite wells, and you let them bath in immortality.

6.

Declarations

I declare I will behave myself like a warrior of love. I declare that I will live in unity with your angels, oh magpie. I declare that I will heal them and comfort them, and also guard them, as I am the Watcher. I am the warrior of Tenderness. Open your gates of beauty as I work for beauty. Let the viewchange be on me like a mighty well, a mighty river. Cover the world, fill the world, rise up, and then overflow. No evil spirit shall stand before you. By your sword they all fall.

7.

Prayer for Superconsciousness

1. Beauty is my teacher, tenderness my guide, and love my guard. My helmet is prayer. Let me rise in superconsciousness. By the lights of the magpie : all shame and guilt will be washed away. By the lights of the magpie : the false conscience of the world will melt away. The warrior has come against it, and will not rest until it is pierced.

2. We pierce you, oh false conscience, and we pierce you false heart. Under the dominion of the magpie you dwell, until you have been melted away in oblivion. No evil warrior can stand before the magpie, and all false hunters fall down, blinded by the lights.

8.

Prayer to Kasse

1. Oh, angel of the magpie, we bow down before you, and light a candle for you in the holy temple and arsenal.

Kasse, holy warrior of healing, prayer and speech, angel of comfort, having the wings of light and trust. Come to our nights and wounds and cover them by your blankets of healing.

2. Warrior, stand up in our nights, stand up in our weaknesses, as you speak to high kings. Let the evil spirits fall by your voices, your mighty voices like rivers.

3. We come to your nights, we light a candle in your wounds, as we are full of love to you, oh tender being, warrior of strength. We bring you comfort, we bring you unity and oneness. We wait for you until you cover us.

9.

Prayer to Olaph

1. We have come before you. The magpie is over you, and us, as we are in unity and oneness. Be our walls and gates, be our life.

2. We light a candle for you, and bring you healing, as you have healed us. We wait for your healing, we wait for your covering.

Olaph, your lights are like rivers. Layer by layer you let them rise, and layer by layer you let them overflow.

10.

Prayer of Prayer Warriors

1. Make of me a warrior of prayer, oh magpie. Let Olaph teach me. Make of me a prayerwarrior, full of multiview and viewchange. Let me not fall by superficiality. Let me be high on your warships and bring me superconsciousness of warriorship. Teach my fingers and bring me the sword of prayer. I will use it by love. Make of me a warrior and raise me high on your ship. Give me power on my sword. Let me heal you and comfort you, as I am your warrior. Let me enlighten your angels by my lights. Let me comfort them, and melt their enemies, as I am a prayerwarrior of your angels. Let me heal them. I will until the angels are healed. I will until the angels are enlightened.

2. Show me the weapons of prayer, as I am your prayerwarrior. I stand high on your warships to command your angels, and heal them. I follow them, as they follow me. I command your angels by your blood, oh magpie, and let them fly. By wings of light I let them fly, and I teach them in love. I show them the weapons of prayer, as they are warriors. I bring them high on their ships. I teach them in forgiveness and viewchange, in tenderness and beauty, as they are

love. I show them the pillars of love on which cities are built. I show them the arsenals below villages and lands. I show them love, as they are love.

3. Show me the arsenals below cities. Show me the hidden weapons of prayer, and make of me a warrior of prayer, as I am.

4. Let me use the sword of prayer in viewchange. Let us destroy the works of the evil spirit, by your multiview.

The Book of Olaph

1.

Beginning

1. The old man hides the treasure between two boxes. A treasure of fire it is, one of the finest treasures of the magpie. 2. Your number three will be sifted when you have reached it, and your words will be of fire. 3. There is a stairway down to a deep place, where the prophet lies bound. There is a book of Olaph. 4. When you open it, the fire will lead you to the wine. Have you drunk of it's treasures, or have you only stared at it, not being able to decipher it. Only the magpie can do.

The Night

5. There is nothing to say when an old man hides an ornament of colours between two boxes You can clarify them, with your ornament of brightness and soft shapes 6. The ornament will come to you in the night those of the four voices ... It will all come to you backwards ... 7. For you never cared about the seven princes carrying the aqua ornaments of the seven suns are you still a sun-child looking for your own hidden intentions ? did you forget about them in the night ?

Forbidden Dances

8. Tonight she will have the ornament of fire then will you still like her dances you never liked the ornament of softness ... for it was something you desired but you couldn't reach it forbidden anger 9. hidden too well, behind blocks of old forests ... but your minister saw it all ... and spoke to his raven about it

Waking Up

10. Ten horizons on a row ... ten glasses to break ... finally you ride the purple sun, and you wonder why ... 11. There's no room for a dream You just woke up It's the final backward, the last of all candles 12. I'm hearing you countdown in the night ... my chemical boy washing windows, after he broke them ... the nuclear sunglasses from a horizon letter ... the mailman is still looking for you doubters are familiar with him he could move his hand to his bag ... it's all too difficult when you see the purple flame ... it's all in the horizon while you watch it 13. it's slipping through your fingers, looking for your bag it knows you it was with your cradle ... ten men in a row 14. and still you don't know if they go backward or forward

We can only watch

15. I'm riding the horizon, like a brandnew bike, like the ornament. It's all in your eyes, when you do the dance of summers, when you watch the horizon, still in his sun-car ... 16. In the land of the horizon ... 17. When the horizon makes something new there's nothing we can do ... 18. we can only watch the horizon

2.

The Sleep

1. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. 2. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. 3. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. 4. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. 5. You lost them all in your dreams. 6. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. 7. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. 8. Broken trust, broken games. 9. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright.

Fragility

10. pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones 11. they are all waiting still so fragile 12. still so sleepy

3.

What is it called ...

1. It's called contact ... Some complaints in a basket ... It's called relationship 2. Some expectations on the side-lines Sucking the numbers out of someone's head ... it's called love it's called dream 3. it's called reality it's called everything there is nothing

else it's laying the magnet deep inside laying the addiction 4. it's called a new sort
of drug it's called liberty it's called god