

# The self immolation rite - Text

## THE SELF-IMMOLATION RITE

“&hellip;disembodied art thou&hellip; sunk into the black pit, the dark night of the soul. All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses and broken souls and gibbering idiots. Be not a gibbering ape! For all who traverse these dark spheres and explore their shadow selves will emerge as Gods! I say this with my mouth, which trembles in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind. But now, heads roll past my feet, encased, in pastry! THE GATE HAS OPENED! Enter dark angels, enter&hellip; Prepare Ye for the Self Immolation Rite!”

### The sphere of Luna

“&hellip;before you, is a silver crescent moon, touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere, of luna. This, is earthy, fertile land, a moist cavernous terrain. A young maiden approacheth wearing a crescent moon headdress and a blue robe. She, is, beautiful! She offers her hand in friendship. Touch her hand. Ah!. Smooth porcelain, the dew of the moon on her cheeks. But this is a lovely place, instantly she transforms&hellip; into a dark horned beast, vague in shape but clear in nature. The horn&hellip; proceeds to impale You! Gouging your intestines! Rupturing your stomach! Blood and bile, vomits from your splitting torso! The horn, has shattered your vertabrae! The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws. You see briefly, the face of a woman, wracked with laughter, mocking your very essence. She too is now gone into the black, that gnaws at your astral bones. This is the sphere of hidden knowledge. The blood that continues to gush, has formed a glowing red pool. Scry now, into the pool. It will show you secrets of what you are, of what you want to be, and what you can be. Keep this information clear, in your mind. you will need it later. The thick, liquid stirs&hellip; look&hellip; LOOK! Look into the pool You filthy regenerates!”

### The sphere of Mercury

“&hellip;WITH A BLAST, OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL, YOUR WOUNDS! Before you the yellow sigil of mercury. Touch it. Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool, you are now entering the dark sphere of mercury. This is a desolate place. Heath blasted by fiery tempest, scorpions eating charred animal. See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds! The air congeals and chokes. Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail! This is the sphere of transformation. But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your features. Instead, be indulgent, remember all that you saw in the bloody pool, remember you deepest desires. Before you now is a black inverted pentagram. This, is the womb of mercury, the eye of Satan. This, is the gateway, of transformation. The pentagram will begin to move closer&hellip; you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis, your form cracking, shedding and mutating, as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous sphere. Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the pentagram, and emerge on the threshold of the next sphere, as that, which you desire to be. Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through. Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror. But hark! The pentagram grates forth. TRANSFORMMMMM!”

### The sphere of Venus

“&hellip;before you, is the green sigil of venus. Touch it. Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere. You are standing up to your waist, in a freezing river. The torrid waters rushing through a valley, of white lillies. In fruitful groves and barren plains, the empty shall drink, and the drunk, shall be empty. What passion is this, that tears the sky with storms of blood and flame? This, is the sphere, of Ecstasy, and Love. Facing you, further up the river, is a naked woman&hellip; corpse white skin, and long black hair. She crouches astride the river and menstruates into the water. The blood forms itself into a human figure floating beneath the surface. With your hands, begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover, fashioning, every part of it according to your cerebral and animalistic desires. Now&hellip; take your lover by the hands. Come! Fill the flowing bowl, and consummate into the waters &lsquo;neath the raging sky&hellip; drink now, your fill of love&hellip;”

### The sphere of Sol

“&hellip;with your lover, by your side, I put before you, the gold sigil of the sun. touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere of sol. The swords, that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise&hellip; draw back, to reveal mountain ranges, majestic against a sky, of flame. You are standing on the edge of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones. Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog and contained by the mountains. Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond! Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction, the corpse of your former self, discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre. Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse! This sacred

shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal! It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for pleasure, but, look closer. The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted, these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the mountain peaks. Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority and divine disposition. They light a protective circle of fire around the stones. This, is the sphere, of vision, understanding, and prophecy. Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top. Here, you will see your kingdom, surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase. See your temples! Your riches! Your works! All in progress&hellip; and contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve in your journey so far, as a dark messiah. Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple&hellip;&rdquo;

#### The sphere of Mars

&ldquo;&hellip;I put before you, the red sigil, of mars. Touch it. You are now entering the fifth dark sphere. You are still in the tower, but see, how a long despairing shadow, now falls over you. cast from above by a black, angel. What horror is this? What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions. Look! The sky, is blackened with smoke! &hellip;Have you enjoyed the scene so far? Consider again your kingdoms&hellip; THEY&rsquo;RE BEING EATEN BY FLAMES! Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage, and become bloated on the torrents of blood and the anguished disembowelment of your minions! (two words~unintelligible~) &hellip;and the hideous dead arise to strangle the living. Eaten, necks and heads split, broken on strange scaffolding to spew out vile jelly! The shrieks of the dying, fill your ears until they bleed, blood, also pours, from your mouth, that hangs open, in horror! This, is the sphere of sacrifice, death, and destruction. Your hair! Is falling out! LOOK DOWWWWWWNnnn!! Entities, are now dismantling the tower. And they look hungry. But someone&hellip; is missing. There, by a sacrificial stone, your lover, is being hung, drawn and quartered, by black rot skeletons and other such animated carcasses! Sanity! Leaves! In the gouge! Of an eye! Repulsive entities, have torn you to the ground, but they are saving you til last, when you will be given special, and lengthy treatment. For now, they wish you to watch the destruction, of all that you are&hellip; delighting in your contorting face, that bleeds, and weeps, and becomes as a mask, of death. I will have to leave you here, for not even I can bear such terrible sights&hellip; I may be back in time to save you, but, don&rsquo;t count on it&hellip; Solace, for the wretched? Nay! There is only damnation!&rdquo;

#### The sphere of Jupiter

&ldquo;&hellip;I HAVE RETURNNNNNED!! And I see you, twitch, with life! Verily thou art strong of mind. Which is the food that will raise a few. Here, I give you, the violet, sigil, of jupiter. Touch it, and enter the calm wilderness, of the sixth, dark, sphere. Here, there is soft sand and silence. The crimson sky is starry and peace fills you, like cool water in your skull. Stretch out your limbs, recline, like the albatross that rests its heavy beak, on the graciousness of the hedge. Relax. But mind the various chasms that lead to a shattering of limbs upon vicious rock formations. Every sphere needs amusement. All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered&hellip; do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover, death too is a natural process. Reliable. Honourable. And endearing. This, is the sphere of wisdom. Running towards you now is a child, made entirely of a white brilliance. Its stands before you, and the light becomes as a mirror, which reflects only you, devoid of those things that you thought would bring power and respect. The power within begins to stir. You begin to realise, that you do not need, anything. Just your self is enough. Stay a while in this sphere, and meditate upon self-reliance, self-love, self-power, and the kingdom, within&hellip;&rdquo;

#### The sphere of Saturn

&ldquo;&hellip;now, before you, is the indigo, sigil, of saturn. Touch it. You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere. You are standing on a hill, beneath a clear night sky. Directly above is the star known as Naos. It pulsates, and grows, illuminating and expectant. The land around is strewn with the burning shards of a dying aeon, suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express, when the appearance is burned to ash. And the essence is revealed. This, is the sphere of chaos! You have become all that you have learned during this journey of self-evolution, you are the essence of everything. And via this alchemical process, you understand, that power presides purely, in the quality of self-honesty. With this, you have the choice to alter your life and the world in whichever way you feel, is necessary. With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky! Blow winds! Crack the temporal! See how the sky splits open at your command! A purple rent, tears its way across the heavens. Agios O Atazoth! Black, nebulous shapes, descend from the rent, to gradually envelop the hill. The gates, are aligned! They are returning! Now, is the New Aeon! Now, is Chaos! Vindex! Est! Venturus!&rdquo;

&ldquo;&hellip;embodied art thou! You have earned your cross. You have dragged yourself up, from the excrement, that was your life! And now &lsquo;lo your black wings do unfurl, so go forth dark messiah! The world is yours!

Destroy! And create!"

