

MALEDICTUM LIBER PRIMUS

*To the Dark memory of Mind and Missy dedicated.
To their courage, sincerity and honour.*

MALEDICTUM

"THE MALEDICTION"

"When a lot of people
are capable of Evil, some of them -much
more beloved by Hell
could realize this Evil into the
life"

I

By the dawn of a new era, when ancient gods were dying slowly together with the sunlight coming of the East, the human world was waiting for the coming of a new power bearing salvation.

"Ex Oriente Lux". Thus spoke the Latin proverb about this awaiting.

So world has got it and forgot about the night following the day untamable and about the light to be swallowed by Darkness.

The epoch of gloomy day is coming to an end. A dramatic tableau of chaotic dissolution covers up the dim colors of the obsolete murals of human world already touched by dusk, and the day is preparing to sink into the depthless Night.

Twilight of gods. Twilight of consciousness. Decline of humankind. Everything has intersected at one point – in the shadow of a falling cross.

And when transcending to the Third millennium we proclaim:

Ex Oriente Tenebrae...

II

Foreshadowing the coming of Darkness, a storm is rushing by whole the front, and it's sweeping all the dogmas and used rules of essence away.

It brings the Chaos and dismay into the human souls and wakes up the forces overthrown before for the rebellion.

It is the Demon, the foreteller of forthcoming times. Unwillingly, the holders of truth of past centuries let go their scepters of power before his merciless fury.

Colossuses, so powerful not long ago, which were the first and the one in long time – they notice how the base under their feet is heaving. But they do not understand the power that makes them bow to the ground and forces them to their knees.

They are still persistent when upholding their "infallible" truth. But the echo of their "ego" is lost in countless halls of labyrinth created by the hands of their true slaves.

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Acting like this they see what their eyes want to see, but they feel – the time of the lamb has passed, and they can not believe in this.

They feel the bitterness of the coming thunderstorm.

For many centuries they have tried to convince themselves of hardness of their standing. And now they can not understand why the air is stinking with anxiety.

They take the keys from the dungeon and hurry to check the locks – their Main Enemy should be there, kept by them in centuries. He is the one whose defeat they celebrated in triumph and who has been blamed for all of their troubles.

They look into the dungeon. There is nothing but a malicious reflection of them. And they suit this mirror.

They are the principles become obsolete, the vassals of god and cracks in his throne.

The breath of Darkness uncovers their ulcers and throws down leprosy of masks from their faces and so they present before the world this disgusting sight.

They have nothing to cover it up, because all their magnificent garments look like rags.

They have no one to ask for help – numerous human troops have lost their saints and pilfered their bones apart and stuck their cleaned gelded souls on the facade of heaven.

They cover under with the name of god, but we hate this name and it just intensifies their guilt in our eyes.

They hope the christian church that has been nurtured by them will shield their life.

The church is old. Cooling down blood of christ flows in its veins. And it is ready to make a bargain to live in peace in brilliance and greatness for long long time.

Hiding the fear for its own skin behind the kindness church turns away from them and it's ready to turn them into the gold in order to make dealing more convenient.

Abandoned, deceived, and perverted – they can only appeal to their last hope – their creator.

And the crucified one will descend to the earth again, but not before miasmas of rotting and death poison the air and smoke him out of heaven.

In this hour we'll be ready. We'll be waiting for him.

For now they are loosing power and forces day by day just yet and they can see the Darkness coming closer, as humankind devours itself, as churches grow up again and again towering like tombs. They are the tombs – the last haven of god dying *here*. And earth reminds a cemetery more than ever.

The lightings, splitting the twilight show the world in true colors.

Only one who possesses the wisdom can see – this is the stigma on the forehead of god and this is the brilliance of the crown of Satan.

III

Yes, the dissonant rhythm of the pendulum tells us: the dark hour of the universe is coming closer.

Furious growl of the Dragon who has just awaked in hunger shakes the crimson mirage of the withering world and forces an exhausted nation to shudder in horror.

He has growled among the ravines, echoed from the towering mountains – the human dwelling.

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He has descended upon the earth, burying the last hope for the salvation of humankind under himself. He has raised an acrid dust, which swallows the rays of the setting sun by the shroud of gloom.

Obeying his call, Eternal Night spreads her anthracite wings and prepares to swallow all the area from horizon to horizon. It has reclaimed the right to dominate undividedly.

Obeying this call all the spawn of Satan – the rulers of the Dark truth have burst through the bounds of the circle of lands and have rushed inside, through countless corridors, poisoning with their dark essence everything untouched by rot. Obeying this call, gargoyles have left their comfortable nests to soar into the sky dissecting soulless gloom with their wings. And now they are circling and waiting for the carrion.

Twilight chimeras, which build their nests inside of the human mind, zealously stain the personification of human ideals and erupt the streams of sewage onto the charismas of christian idols falling like plaster.

Everything that has been dead and damned turns to this call in anticipation of the great hour, stretching their stiffed limbs.

And fire of impatience burns in these damned eyes. 'Tis the fire their lust to return to life, even though this life will never be the life of the living.

All the damned and dead are coming back. 'Tis the Dark tableaux of the Apocalypse, displayed by the skilful dabs of the Devil upon the reality.

The apotheosis of dissolution has come to its climax.

Signs, impaled one by one, have no meaning from the moment the right hand of the Devil descended upon the spine of the lamb and ruined human fates, fragile like porcelain, into the depthless abyss.

The night of burning wrath is coming closer.

Almost like when Foma from Chelan was gnashing when he suddenly saw through the mist of more then seven centuries the coming of the Dark Era:

"Nox Irae Nox Illa
Solvat Saeclum in favilla".

"Night of wrath, 'tis the night
when the world will be turned to ashes..."

IV

We have stepped into this world just as humankind – through the gates of flesh.

We have invaded into it in the moment of Darkness has overflow the bonds of night and black poison began to stream from the opened ulcers.

Twilight was condensing before us. In this time the blood became the purple border of the world, and finding the deepness aureola of malignity has summoned the colors of Imago of the Devil to live.

That was the sign of our birth – of the Apostles of Satan.

Occurred from the dark beginning, fostered by Hell, we have rushed through the cracks, covering the ancient bonds like webs -the bonds separating us from our lustful purpose – the world which named itself the creation of god.

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We have merged with black poison and became a part of the Storm of Darkness, sometimes smashing like a hammer and sometimes stinging like a serpent.

By the right of our birth we are the parts of the will that goes so imperiously and measurably upon the hearts and souls with one purpose –

to put the human world at the feet of Satan.

And we have studied all winding ways of the Dark spirit (Unholy Ghost), running through our souls and penetrating into the all unlimited corners of human consciousness.

V

From our shoulders, dressed in the heavy armours of responsibility for victorious hostilities, an elegant cloak of diplomacy does fall and it's fasten at our throats with the fibula of the bloody covenant.

Beneath the steel of our armours our hearts breathe with flame of hatred and they look like tar in frame of clotted wrath.

Crimson marks of us do proclaim that we came into this world well armed.

Our perfect blades were born into the Darkness from the best forges of Hell. And they split and cut the light and the dirty faced angels irreproachably.

We are moved by the relentless hunger of our insatiable souls, pulsing in unison with the Darkness, and by the smothering thirst of evil deeds. ***And absolute love for Evil*** does crown our untamable passion.

With all our demonic essence we feel as burning breath behind us is blazing with a tremendous heat and it is singe us by fury.

We see – all the forces of the Underworld have gathered behind us for the decisive attack, and they only wait for our first successes. Highest Demons, by whom we have been taught the tactics and strategies of Hell – they look upon every step of their disciples.

And from the highness of his throne the Devil directs our thrusts to the target and makes them irresistible and merciless.

Possessing myriad of acute ways for the will of Satan to be done, we, if it necessary, will use them all ***for His victory.***

VI

We have seen the dawn of the world and have led civilizations to their doom. We were sinking even stars in blood and turning the Milky Way into the Gory Way.

The elements, ruled by our will, have come to war against each other when we were descending into the deeps of the earth following the signs of Nigrion and were tearing its deep strata for to pleasure of its igneous heart.

We have been rising to the top of the world, resting against the stars, where the ***ruin*** was breeding her spawn and we have ravaged her nests and nailed her children to the roods.

We have mocked at the sufferings and writhing of the sons of god, and our laughter has been bearing the storms and sinking the continents.

The legends have remained ***only due to our generosity alone.***

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We have engaged against the angels on the battlefields and their white feathers were covering the arctes like a snow.

We have breathed a fire into the human souls, but their weak passions have extinguished it to the last spark.

We were admired while watching the rebellious sons of the earth becoming the sons of Satan and we ranked them to Infernus.

But the rotting carrion of the crucified one gave life to worms, breeding the spawn, and this extended stench has poisoned the Universe.

Possessing time eternal we were overfilling with wrath and circulating among the Shadows we were losing our patience.

And it has summoned us to the war from the igneous deeps of Gehenna.

Sword the punishing, which pierced the sky, is vibrating again. A curtain of Darkness has fallen upon the lands of Sunset...

Our time has come.

And now, however as always, our hands will not be idle.

VII

Dicto Diabolo...

We will resemble the locust, devouring everything in our way, and we will leave nothing behind us, nothing that keeps the sight and likeness of god.

Like a horde of predators we will hunt prey and we will summon the brothers to the feast when the prey is overtaken.

And above the picked victim we, flushed of the success of the hunt, will not forget for whom we do it and to whom we're devoted ***AD UNGUEM.***

We'll connect our tight arteries with the communications of the human world, and a wave of our fresh spluttering blood will swamp it. It will be black blood like the most impenetrable night.

Trampling the friable laws, we will hurl the curtain of the existing shadow of world creation at the boards of the world, the curtain that will herald the final of the human tragicomedy. And with a perfect mechanism of destruction, created by our hands and by drawings of the Devil, we will grub up the mildewed temple of god rooted in the earth.

Then we'll make what is to be a precious stone in the foundation of the Devil's Realm.

Filtering the world of miry principles and ideals, we'll gather the scattered teeth of the Dragon in the merciless grasp of steel jaws. And we'll summon under the wolf head banners an invincible army of those people, who fight not for the good of the world, not for the mercy of god, but for the right to fight and to give their own life and soul for the triumph of Demonic Justice.

On that day the growl of countless throats will reply to the tolling bell of the last church and it will be a signal to take the heaven by storm.

We know the way to fling the slime-covered gates of the Serpent wide open and to summon the disastrous hordes of Demons.

We'll have time to see how they fill the ruined decorations with a rough stream.

We have the keys to every gate of the world except the gates covered with sheepskin – the gates of heaven.

But the ram with the crushing head of a wild boar is ready. All the barriers are powerless against this key.

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When the smoke of burial bonfires veils the heaven and the mournful howl drowns the weeping of the wind, then we'll fill all cups offered to us with the bitter wine of the kindness of the Devil, and drops of wine fallen on the clotted ground, mixed with our blood, will drink the stable sprouts of the Demons race.

And blood, still undry on the parchment manuscript will fasten the eternal union of the Devil and Man.

Thus wants a Man,
Satanas Vult.

VIII

Drama of elapsing time does seethe – the drama of time, when under the sign of Darkness and the vaults of Eternity we got the power and a new birth, like an incarnation of the most ghastly dreams of humankind.

The drama of time for which we gave everything, that forced its dark mass from the gorges of sickening millenniums and which distorted it with the norestained disposition of Chaos.

Here is raving fiery drama of conflictness of the fallen existence and the absence of a point to return.

The world, rushed into the epochal rupture, torn into the parts, divided, melted – it is writhing in the vice of the oozy shores of imperishable eternity and it is choked by insatiableness when it catches greedily the shreds of dying time.

Its dwellers are the phantoms – they still live, but don't cast a shadow in to the future.

Here is ruling drama of dead line, and beyond it there is rapid of falling into the Abyss.

The deep of Gloom and monumental Evil are the rulers of severe judgment there, and they are the observers of the union of flame and dark arterial blood.

The might of the Epoch of the Darkness is inevitable.

It's frozen for a moment in streams of poisonous evaporations, which rise like impenetrable wall from the vale of life, forsaken place, where both human souls and the sanctity of angels are prone to destruction.

Through the veil of mist we see as it dominates under Eternity and ephemerality, and its greedy beak is aimed at the naked senile heart of the human universe.

Inhaling the alien stale air we are expecting for the moment to tear the viscosity of swirling time, to deprive it of its life and to proclaim the compelling Twilight Epoch invasion in to the bounds of the earth realm.

Finally then, destroyed pendulum of a broken clock, counting down the years anno domini, will freeze in oscillation and count down of another time will begin.

We are waiting, staring in to the Darkness. We lean on the shields of the principles of Supreme Evil, which are entrusted to us, and so we take the nameless thrones.

Right here is the pure heart of the world – unconstatable, insatiable. And so here is the most unprotected place.

From here all its conquerings are to begin. And from these grandiose heights built from human passions, sins and crimes, we'll hurtle down to the agonizing spaciousness of Hesperion.

IX

Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, black waves rage and beat against the walls of the world. The riders pale like death, in gory garments – they hover in the atmosphere, rip the air with sharp sickles and spread the nets in foresundown darkness.

Someone who dares, look at them – they are the worthy spawn of Hell and now they catch the souls, hurriedly rising to the sky. They hunt on the roads to paradise.

Their spears impale the souls in the beat-time of expiring seconds and of our heated hearts – sparks of the universal conflagration.

Compassion is as unknown for them, as mercy is unknown for us. We have spilled our blood and the blood of others enough to remember the niceties of perverted redemption.

We have endured hunger and suffered hardship for to see this hour.

We have endured successes and failures for to rise up after the long centuries with Darkness in all our Greatness and to be dressed in purple garments.

We have conquered the legions of denied souls for the Devil, and we have smashed the pure regiments of god's army.

We were the dry logs, when the fire of Hell fed upon our flesh. And now, it can be read in the branded marks in our souls – Infernus.

This is the name of Victory.

What do the passions and sufferings of humankind mean for us in comparison with our sacrifices to our Ruler? They are just the rusty spoils of war beside our feet.

We don't hesitate when the time is so close.

We have a few moments to lower our gaze on the shaking horugvies (holy banners) and on the labarums bearing the nets of christograms, to look in the faces of the warriors of countless enemy hosts and into the slimy lines of angels troops, covered with a ripple of snow-white wings.

Our gazes can penetrate inside of them and snatch out their essences by the sights of our eyes from their variegated diversity and burn them with indignation, nurtured in freed unfrightable souls.

There are counted seconds for to spread the scrolls, spotted with bloody arrows – ***Disposition Zum Angriff.***

We are going to see the enchanting sight – the first stage of War –
the swamps in flames.

X

Humankind, who has become meaner than the Hell proclaimed by the christian twaddles, humankind bogged down in the vice, in the mass of uncontrollable passions – it looks for the ways to get over the bounds of decency, and breeds the parasites. Its claims to the holiness and to the vice are overstated inconceivably.

Billions of its filthy throats are open wide in requiring cry for justice.

They are unanimous in it.

Races and nations with one fate are affected with leprosy. They are the prisoners of a common lie. Envy, hypocrisy and betrayal are the most horrible goetias of their relationship.

Giving equal rights to them, the winds of Plague, Pest and Death do blow. From the dark apertures of doors, opening wide in to the bounds beyond the world, they burst like the heralds of

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general Twilight. Biting in to pliable shrouds, they roam in the illusions of a fragile equilibrium, which has been given to the human temptations.

And in such a way, disease from the depths tears the parasiting dreams of civilizations. Friable laws have the purulent insides.

Liquid morality does not keep in porous arteries and spreads by the slime, which is pure pleasure for the wood louses in the cassocks. Surrounded by dead idols, they build their power, their temples.

Decaying flesh of humankind covers the construction of breathless principles and ideals by the ulcers.

The pillars on which his “faith” and his “infallibility” leans – they are its bones, corroded by the erosion of the christian doctrine, crumbling under the excessive heaviness of the diadems of greed, which crown the large crowd of heads fighting with each other.

Until the Darkness comes and makes them silent, their sacrilegious mouths blackened of lies, cough up empty words about universal happiness and inhale that one inherited curse, which has become a corroding poison for human lungs and a virus in their blood.

Just as Pilat has done, humankind washes away its thousands of hands before every dirty deed, and does not towards the one, whom it calls god. But forever item soot is an indelible from the billions of rough souls. They smell of sacrificial smoke, smoke with sulphur.

For thousands of years the beloved children of god have followed Judas way more obstinately than obstinacy could be. For them the example of hanged one is embodied in centuries, and the tramp of marching feet does drown the appeals of the crucified slave.

And now the unsteady paths become confuse and resting against the borders, beyond which rise the sharp tusks of the *dark* laws.

The humankind is in confusion.

In insolent outbursts of willfulness it wages war with god. It refuses all the precepts and hastily concludes the mutually exclusive pacts.

The twilight idols of so-called technical progress won't defend the humans. Their search for a new god and the creation of numerous religions show just one thing – that humankind has finally lost the way to the gates of paradise.

Bewilderment poisons their mind and eats away their eyes, which see nothing but the impenetrable fence of despair.

Slipped away of good pastor's crook, the flock has wandered off in different directions and it is unable to gather to the call of the archangel's trumpet.

Here and everywhere,

now and forever,

lost humankind, blind humankind –

- our prey by law.

XI

We hear the groans and damnations. They merge in a roar of voices, becoming a growl. Now, after the grand fugue of the Underworld, they soothe our ears with passion.

We see the perspiring bowed backs and buttocks servile put forward to the heaven. Whipped spines of people of picks and mattocks.

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Their calloused hands were building the city upon the seven hills, their hands became skilled in the construction of stone bags by the order of the spanish fra, their crooked fingers wrenched the food out of the throats of some one like them, and their tongues knew no tiredness.

They have opened the way for us just with their own deeds, when they preferred our success and yielded everything to our fury.

They lay the log-path through the swamps and covered it with a carpet. Everything was ready for the moment when we would come, and we are not even soiled our feet.

They are not glad – they have led the Hell into their home. They greet us with flows of mire poured from their mouths and with unskillful efforts to stop us. But ‘tis too late. The Underworld has opened wide.

Behold, the skies becoming thicker. Its high and low levels are blocked up to the limit with those, who lusted to get there and paid the bill. The light throne prisons are filled with god chosen prisoners. Henceforth they are incarcerated forever.

The skies do fall to pieces under their own heaviness, with the sensation of their own significance. They burn with fires and lightnings, torn apart of the contradictions, pressing from within. Holes generously pour wide luscious intoxicating manna. It is a bone for dogs, advance for their obedience.

From the doomed earth hands do reach, beautified with stigmatas, hungering greedy mouths fixed with bared teeth, eyes’ve seen the white light becoming darkened in the atmosphere, bleeding, irrigating them with tears. Now they know – plentiful harvest of ashes from heaven will fall soon. Betrayed, they are screaming, offended, they are moaning.

And they pray for heaven to bear them a savior.

Let us not be refused!

We brought the invaluable gift – salvation from god and humankind.

Their scream: “Hostis humani generis” concerns to us.

Oh no, we aim at the point that’s more higher, *and only god is worthy of all the plenitude of our hate.*

As we scorn humankind because of its vice, hypocrisy and slave essence – as we hate the heaven much more than anything because of its sanctity in personified passivity.

When we have swept away humankind we’ll sweep away that rubbish, which lies *between us and heart of god.*

That’s why human’s kingdom must to be destroyed.

The arrogant oligarchy will be overthrown, and the nations are to be trampled into the mire. Decline and depression, desolation and a state of neglect accompany us in it.

The world will be the base for the invasion into the heaven and at the same time it will provide the resources for our victory. This place will be the obvious proof of the complete realization of our uncompromising conquest in reality and the assertion of our morality principles – straightforward, hard, and dismissing of concessions and deviations.

Urhithopheles has stained his sword with holy blood and gets it out again. Reptiles have made their nests in basilicas and enrich the poison stocks, scooping it from the cloacas.

The nations cling close to the swamp mire and insatiably drink the black waters of Styx from their wounds.

Their thirst is unquenchable. Bad malarial blood runs through their veins.

They torment themselves with the vain hope of a day to follow the night.

They do not know – night could be too long to live till the dawn.

They won’t see the end of this night so praised by them.

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Their moans and screams soothe our ears with passion.
They will change nothing
Never the words of prayer will fall from their lips.
Only damnations!
Damnations as prayers!

Scavr