

# LUCIFER ON WAR

recorded by

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## 1. THUS SAITH THE LORD LUCIFER

1.1 I, LUCIFER, bearer of light and love, bringer of peace and good will, glorifier of man, speak unto you of WAR; WAR the abomination, WAR the destroyer, WAR the degrader of men, the depriver of life, the harbinger of woe.

1.2 I speak unto you of death, of devastation and of dark despair.

1.3 I bring you a vision, stark and lurid in its terrifying clarity, a vision of death, a vision of searing agony and of irretrievable loss.

1.4 I bring you a vision of WAR.

1.5 Roam with Me over the battlefields of the world, gazing on the mutilated corpses side by side with the still writhing bodies of the mortally wounded. Hear the pleading, helpless, hopeless cries of those who take a long time dying.

1.6 Dying? For what? In the last hours of terrifying pain and anguish; abandoned, alone, forgotten, friendless, on an arbitrary spot selected for his fame by some strutting general, blind to the agonies of human beings and serving at their expense some imbecile government, some paranoid dictator, some meaningless directionless ideal.

1.7 Look again. Hide not your face. These are men in the prime of their glorious youth; beautiful men, strong men, men of courage and skill. Is this their destiny? Is this the purpose of their existence?

1.8 Is beauty made to be transfigured into grotesque ugliness? Is strength created to dwindle into helpless weakness? And is the love of man for man, the brotherhood, the human bond, established to be struck asunder by the plague of WAR?

1.9 Is love destined to become hatred? Is the lifeblood that courses like fire through veins, is it to be spilled and wasted on a battlefield? And is the spark of life, the essence of man's dignity and pride, there to be snuffed out shamefully and in the depths of ignominious disaster, before it reaches the point of its zenith?

1.10 Man is a noble creature. He has had it within his power to stand supreme, the centre of the Universe, the shining star, the master of creation, his love extending to encompass all that moves within his orbit.

1.11 And with his noble counterpart; his partner, his complement, the softness of his strength, the sweetness of his power, the gentleness of his virility, the woman of his manhood, and the Eve of his Adam; with her, to stand complete, ruler of all things, with none but GOD to deny him.

1.12 And is this the being of whom I speak? This groaning, writhing, tortured thing, crying out for a ceasing of its pain, and praying for death to bring it blessed peace? Or

this foul mutilated pile of flesh; torn to pieces, lifeless, still, a frozen cry of ultimate dismay and horror twisting what remains of a human face into a hideous mask? Or this crawling object, one leg gone, ripped out at the root, dragging itself in hopeless lunacy across an endless desert of death, and whimpering for its mother?

1.13 Its mother? Where is she, proud woman? At home; choiceless, pretending to be cheerful, tortured inside by an anguish of hope and fear, dread lurking in her heart, and a helplessness as complete as his is now.

1.14 She does not know as yet. She will never know — not as we do, who have seen the boy in the moment of his final disillusionment, when he wondered in spasms, in the midst of his lonely torment, what could conceivably make such a thing worthwhile; what pointless ideal, what arbitrary political endeavour, what claim, what condemnation, what right, what ruler's whim, what God's demand could balance even one hundredth part of this unspeakable horror, this inconceivable agony, this unimaginable degradation, leading to nowhere but much longed for death, and thence oblivion?

1.15 How could she know? How could her heart contain such knowledge? How could her mind keep hold on sanity?

1.16 She will discover, in time, that he died valiantly in the service of his country, and at once she will see him at rest, at peace, lying in a coffin decked with the glorious emblems of WAR and noble death.

1.17 She will feel the emptiness, the loss, the misery. She will cry because her heart will turn to lead within her, for her son is gone. She will mourn him, fantasise him back with her, and cry again because it cannot be.

1.18 She will long without hope, pray without expectation for a miracle to bring him back to life. And she will move a little closer to her own death — of a different kind. But she will know nothing of the story as it really was.

1.19 But let us return. Our tour is not finished yet. Night; and a group of men, sleeping for moments here and there; afraid, and afraid to show their fear; dreading the dawn that may bring death, or worse; believing each in his heart that all are braver than he; fearing that he will show himself a coward on the field of battle, that in the moment of the final test, his life will seem to him of more consequence than glory or the aims and obligations of his motherland, and wondering wistfully why it is not so.

1.20 One gazes at a picture of his wife; young, beautiful — to him the pinnacle of beauty; and wonders why he is here, waiting to begin a battle of which he knows little and understands less, and in which he plays a part so miniscule, so microscopic, so insignificant as to have no meaning.

1.21 Why should this be the corner of the earth to claim him, where he is nothing, rather than his wife whom he knows and loves? Why should this vast machine of WAR embroil him as a mere cog in one of a thousand wheels, when with her he could be manhood itself, a thing of great importance, a matter of enormous consequence, performing a function of which he alone is capable?

1.22 He could be her life and love as she could be his. But here he is dross, chaff, waste matter.

1.23 With her there could be warmth, closeness, joy and gentle laughter.

1.24 Here there is only the cold night air and the colder dread of what the morning might bring.

1.25 There is no joy, only the memory of fear, the presence of fear and the expectation of fear as long as he remains alive; and laughter, when it breaks the barrier of mirthless dread, is brittle and shallow and seems closer to crying.

1.26 So "why", he asks himself, "am I here?" And he remembers her and being with her, and a tear slips past the dam of self-control. He coughs and blinks it away, and hastily hides the picture from his fragile memory.

1.27 And when the dawn swells up, a glowing, growing, golden ember in the east, flooding the land with light, bringing the warmth of a new day and heralding the sun itself; when the darkness has been scattered from the land, the shadows wiped away, and all awakes; is it for him the beginning of another day of beauty?

1.28 Does he see the incomparable miracle of nature? Does he see the incredible creation that is the world in which he lives? Does he see the flowers, the birds, the trees, the animals? Does he see the mountains and the floating clouds?

1.29 Is he the man to whom all this is given, and for whom it was devised? And does he thank the God that made the gift, thank Him for all the pleasure he can find in it and for another day in which to feel that pleasure?

1.30 No, he sees none of it. How could he? He sees only the weapons of WAR and the figure of Death before him. And he sees an enemy mighty and fearless and trained to an unsurpassed perfection.

1.31 And the enemy — for all these nightmare fantasies — is another such as himself, another man given the beauty of the earth and not seeing it. And both are bent upon a strange and incomprehensible mission; the destruction of one another.

1.32 And in another part, at another time, the two could meet as the sun rises and the day begins, and feel a bond of fellowship, watching the dawn reveal the world for them. Yet they must kill and die in hatred now, and the beauty of the dawn must pass unnoticed by them both.

1.33 And so it is. And the one we watch goes out and dies; and the other goes out and kills, and later dies himself.

1.34 And the one we watch lies dead with a thousand others. And the picture of his wife is returned to her with other things, and with an official note of condolence, as to a thousand others.

1.35 And his death means as much as the note of condolence; nothing. But his life and the picture of her were everything; for together they were the seed of love and joy and happiness.

1.36 And she is mystified; too starkly blankly utterly mystified even to cry. For she too, as another dawn follows a sleepless night in a cold and lifeless bed, asks herself why, and finds no answer.

1.37 Yours not to reason why, for there is no reason why. You're there because you're there.

1.38 Ask not, for you will hear only the echo of your question back to you, and your soul will feel the emptiness of meaningless despair.

1.39 But I, LUCIFER, say unto you; Ask and feel the emptiness. Know the hollowness of WAR, the pointlessness of man's destruction of his fellow man.

1.40 See the ignominy of battle, brother against brother, that brings only death and a mother's grief and widow's mystified despair. See the full horror of man set against man in hatred and fear—and yet no hatred, only love that he seeks to obliterate for no reason whatever beyond a hollow phrase that contradicts another for which others are pledged to kill. (And all are sure — or hopeful at the least — that they kill for truth while the enemy kills for a lie). See the monstrous degradation of mankind inherent in the very concept of WAR.

1.41 And when you have asked, and heard the silence of the answerless void; then see the majesty of man at peace, the dignity of man in harmony. And see man as he could have been; master of the garden of his world, living a life of love and exaltation of his race, greeting the day with joy and expectation, and resting calm and peaceful in the silence of the night, enveloped in the warm glow of soft companionship and mutual love.

1.42 And vow upon the life your God has given you, upon the beauty of the world in which He set you, vow to make WAR on WAR. And in My Name, the Name of LUCIFER, the bringer of light, the bestower of joy, set your seal upon the vow.

2.1 BLOOD is the currency of WAR, and nothing less than bankruptcy the stake.

2.2 Death is the master of the game; not death at the end of life when life has been lived and glorified; not as the natural termination when all has been fulfilled; but death when life is just beginning, death when joy is on the threshold, death when only life is meaningful.

2.3 And the rules are a jumble of meaningless contradictions, a mixture of high-flown phrases and empty undertakings. They are thrown from hand to hand, tossed in the air, flung upon the ground and trampled under foot. They are honoured and spat upon, obeyed and disobeyed, revered and ridiculed; a parody of nothing; saying nothing, signifying nothing, implying nothing, promising nothing and creating nothing.

2.4 And the materials of WAR are men; strong men, noble men, brave men, handsome men, lords of all creation. And in WAR they are nothing. They are as meaningful and significant as the rules by which they are compelled to play the game. They are fodder for the gaping mouths of monsters; pawns and broken pieces, that are pushed hither and thither; expendable, destroyed and replaced, massacred and then forgotten; as the game itself goes on, feeding itself on the blood of the slain and the shrieking agony of the slowly dying.

2.5 And as the wheel of evolution turns, relentless, the game enters upon a new and ghastly phase. A rule more horrible than any ever introduced before, looms up and dominates the scene; the rule of mass destruction.

2.6 WAR to be played not with soldiers breathing their hopeless last on an abandoned battlefield, but with great crowds of citizens, whole populations, men, women and children alike, by purely geographical selection; the rule being: who can cover the widest area with the greatest devastation in the shortest space of time.

2.7 And in the centre of the cataclysm, instant death; and farther out, a lingering death; and farther still, disease, decay and madness; life, but a slow disintegration and a creeping paralysis of the mind. And farther yet, the utter horror of the devastation, the misery of loss, the terror and the poverty of civilisation overturned and hurled into confusion.

2.8 And then all over the earth, the guilt, the shame, the degradation of mankind in fathering so vile a monster.

2.9 Who can escape the effects of this new era of WAR?

2.10 The cancer is inexorable, and few will be left untainted by the ghastly slaughter as it sweeps the earth. All beauty will vanish and in its place a hideous twisted ugliness will spread and cover the land.

2.11 Nature will die. The once fertile earth will be charred and barren. Only the most grotesque and sinister plants will grow, not fostered by the rich red earth of former times, but sprouting straight from Hell.

2.12 Creatures of the Pit will roam abroad, no animals of grace and lithe vitality for man's delight, but monsters, deformed and venomous, spawned in Hades and set free to dominate the world.

2.13 For this new game is WAR as it has never been, and once it has been, can never be again.

2.14 And with the victory of the lower side, the triumph of man's self-hatred, all will be lost; the game of life will be over and nothing gained; devastation and destruction everywhere the rule, the order of the day.

2.15 What day? No golden dawn revealing the beauty of the land and waking all from sleep with promise of the sun's warm rays. No flame-red sunset paling into purple dusk and bringing out the stars to grace the night. Only a cloak of poisonous dust and vapour, and greater or lesser darkness everywhere.

2.16 This is the toll of the new game of WAR. Not only the death of men, but the death of the world, the death of all life, all beauty, all magnificence. Not only man returned to dust, but the whole earth and the sky around it, and everything that lives.

2.17 Who can take upon himself the burden of guilt for not at least *attempting* to prevent such utter devastation?

2.18 Alas! With what hope of success? The moving finger writes, and having writ that WAR shall be, then WAR shall be, and none shall say otherwise.

2.19 Yet each man can choose to play the part that fits him best. A man may glory in the fast approaching cataclysm, play his part to bring it closer, ferment it, sow the seeds of its totality; or he may lie down beneath it, helpless, hopeless, sunk into apathy, submerged by a sense of purposeless futility; or he may fight to the end, not with weapons of death

but with weapons of life, with love, with beauty, with gentleness, with joy and with the pleasures of being alive.

2.20 He may set himself apart from the struggles, the strife, the bitterness, the rancour of the warmongers, place himself above the despair of the hopeless, and move to the End with head held high. For none must doubt that the End is nigh.

3.1 I, LUCIFER, proclaim the End.

3.2 It is neither My choice nor My will that the End should be. But it is written in the annals of time — and none shall erase it — that man shall decide his destiny. And now the wheel has turned full cycle, and the moment is not far off when the sound of the trumpet shall herald the last move in the game.

3.3 And I, LUCIFER, shall be there at the End. And those who have known the End and set themselves truly apart from the End, have proclaimed the beauty of life and the senselessness of violent death, those who have followed My road to the last, and have worshipped love in the very midst of hatred, they are My people and shall come to Me.

3.4 But one thing I pray: choose not blindness.

3.5 Choose not to be blind to WAR or to the imminence of WAR. See it, feel it, know it. Do not allow it to be reasoned out of your mind, rationalised into non-existence.

3.6 Whatever choice you make, take not the blinkered road, the road of ignorance, the road that says: "All's well with the world and humanity. There will be no devastation." For therein lies the way to a hell that is worse than Hell, to a fate and a destiny beside which WAR itself is nothing but a gentle reprimand. For that road is more than a simple rejection of GOD. It is the very denial of truth, a blanket of ignorance cast over everything, so that life becomes a tortuous lie.

3.7 The man who says: "I spit upon GOD", finds retribution. But the man who says: "There is no GOD", when his lie is exposed, finds infinitely worse.

3.8 And so it is with the way of all blindness. When eyes that have been tight closed, so that fantasy can rule unchallenged, are finally forced open to the harsh light of irrefutable reality, then comes an agony so inconceivably intense, that were I to describe it, you would become faint with the horror of its magnitude. And that agony, reserved for those who meet the Day wrapped in a grey mist of "rational" ignorance, is for all eternity.

3.9 So open your eyes and see and know, and make your vow in My name. For I, LUCIFER, bringer of light, shall not desert My people at the End.

3.10 Fear not the horror of WAR, but stand beyond it, rise above it.

3.11 There is beauty within the mind for those who will see it, love within the heart for those who will feel it, and peace within the soul for those who will partake of it. And I, LUCIFER, bring all these.

3.12 Mourn with Me the fate of the earth, the loss of the incomparable loveliness of all creation.

3.13 Weep for the destruction of man and the end of the human game, the degradation of what could have been dignity itself, and the humiliation of supreme magnificence.

3.14 Breathe sorrow for the wilful devastation of all living creatures, as they flee helpless before the inexorable avalanche of total WAR, and are finally enveloped and consumed.

3.15 Bemoan the victory of man's baser side and its legacy of ultimate disaster. But play no part in claiming the fearful heritage.

3.16 Detach; and condemn the inevitable conflict. Express the dignity of man in the very face of his final humiliation.

3.17 Display his strength at the very moment when his weakness triumphs. Show his beauty when there is little left but ugliness.

3.18 Make love your master when all men are ruled by hatred. Create when all about you is destruction.

3.19 And when the last futility descends upon the earth and all is nearly done, show the degraded remnants of a ruined race, awaiting death in disillusioned misery and dark despair, show them the pride, the majesty, the noble strength, the courage and the swift vitality that man in the image of his God could have been.

3.20 And at the End, when all is finished and the game is lost, call upon the Name of LUCIFER.

3.21 And for those who live by the light that LUCIFER bears, for those who honour the joy that LUCIFER brings, there are other games to be played, other lives to be lived, other worlds, other ideals and countless other joys.

3.22 And they shall belong to those who worship life, and can rise above the horrors of death, even the death of all mankind together with the world in which he lives. And they shall go on with LUCIFER, and a new life shall begin with a new creation.

3.23 So choose whilst there is still time. Choose between Life and Death, to be free or to be the slave of WAR.

3.24 And if your choice is Life, then I, LUCIFER, shall rule your destiny, for you are Mine, your will is My will. And in My Kingdom is the essence of Life; My legacy is immortality.

3.25 For he who loves is beloved, he who grants life receives life, he who gives joy is joyful, and he who sees the beauty of this world and seeks to preserve it, is himself endowed with beauty and preserved. But he who destroys is in his turn destroyed, who kills is killed, who hates bears only the legacy of hatred.

3.26 For men reap only that which they have sown, and then in abundance. This is the Law of the Universe.

3.27 So stand apart from the sowers of death, the worshippers of WAR. And cherish the seeds of life in the joys of living.

3.28 And when the harvest comes, and those who sowed the seeds of slaughter reap their own irrevocable destruction, stand aside and accept the reward that is reserved for those who worship life. I, LUCIFER, shall be there to bestow it upon My people.

3.29 The world is dead, the human race destroyed. Long live the new world and the new creation, for it shall be devised of immortality.