

# **SATAN ON WAR**



**MAN, you have come to the bitter end of your degradation. Drain the drags and leave not a stain in the glass.**

**For WAR is upon you, around you and within you. You are submerged in WAR so totally now there is no escape. Like a cancer it has taken hold on you, crept stealthily among you and become entrenched. No force on earth can remove it. And no force in heaven will. For We, the Gods, give man what man demands, not what he pretends to want. And man who puts on airs and cries for peace and light and love, and claims that his one desire is to live in harmony with those around him, man who clothes himself soberly with proper decency and goes about his business saying: "I am civilized. I am respectable. I am a rational being in control of all my emotions", he is no more an ignorant fool, a hypocrite, a self-deluded imbecile. For all he really wants is death, slaughter, bloodshed, rape, pillage, and the violent hysterical screeching lunacy of WAR. That is the true desire and nothing less will truly satisfy him.**

**Man, see yourself! Know the true desires of your soul. Feel the love of horror, the lust for blood, the ecstcy of watching death stride out upon the earth and take his toll.**

**When is your mind at peace? Only when your body is at WAR.**

**When are you truly satisfied? Only when blood is on your hands, hatred in your heart and the light of battle gleaming in your eye.**

**Deceive yourself not! Death is sheer delight to you. Torture is supreme fascination. Can you drag your eyes from the vision of a body stretched upon the rack, broken on the wheel, or squeezed to lifelessness by the slow agony of the hangman's rope? No, you can only gaze transfixed, every grain of yoyr attention focused on the sight. And can you look away from the writhing monster of a battlefield, close your ears to the shrieks and groans of wounded men, close your eyes to the blood and the mangled flesh? No, you are entranced, entrenched, gleeful at the lurid picture of violent death and slaughter.**

**For this is your destiny, this is your only satisfaction. You are born to die and die you must, and death for you must be utterly cataclysmic. Your very soul demands it.**

**War is your natural bent, your blood brother. You know him, understand him and love him, as nothing else in all creation. With him life becomes worthwhile because it becomes death. WAR is you fulfillment. In WAR you are strong, courageous, vital, dynamic. In WAR you are the soul of action and the source of boundless energy. In War the rules are destruction, and with destruction you are your true self. Creation is alien to your nature, but destruction, devastation ,**

violent mutilation of the flesh and the laying waste of all the land; these are concepts you can understand, these are the actions to which you can give yourself with body, mind and soul, and revel in the joys of their fulfillment. They are your meat and drink, as essential to you as the air you breathe. WAR is your life blood, you have proved it so.

So rise, Man, and be joyful! For WAR you shall have in abundance. Pretend no more to seek after sterile peace that holds no pleasure for your active soul. Revel in the multiple delights of WAR. Feel the bloodlust rising in your veins, the mounting, tense anticipation of the moment before the battle is joined. Feel the firm grip on the sword hilt, the cold hardness of the steady gun butt. Smell the blood and the cordite. Hear the battle cries mingled with the screams of those that die. And see the surging of the armies joined in mortal combat, and in the smoke, the all-enveloping smoke that swirls and billows, and then hangs suspended, blotting out the sun. And know where man's fulfillment lies. Know that life is worthless unless it is lived in the very teeth of death, that peace is nothing except as a fleeting moment in the midst of WAR, that love is empty, save as a transitory oasis in a world of violent hatred, that to create is only meaningful in order to destroy.

I, SATAN, stand for WAR, I glory in WAR, I glory in the magnificence of man in battle, man struggling with life and death, man giving vent to his wrath.

I scorn the weak-will victims of WAR, the hordes of helpless citizens, who cry for mercy as they are driven from their homes and from their lands. They are the fodder for the monstrous WAR machines, the fuel that the great engines of death devour in their relentless march over the face of the earth. They deserve no better than their lot, for they have no strength or courage of their own, no will to rise and fight, no fire within their souls to drive them into battle. They were born to a futile death, a miserable death, a worthless feeble destiny of nothing. They were born to be trampled upon, to be cut down by the mighty sword of the conquerer. And such is their fate, significant only as it is part of the game of WAR.

So Man, waste no more time with the crawling on your belly in the dust. Stand up and cast aside the trappings of a civilized facade. Throw off the cloak of meaningless respectability. Strip yourself bare to the roots of your bestial nature. Let the animal loose in you. Become as you are: the Beast, naked and proud, teeth bared and eyes aflame, your feet planted firmly on the ground, your face towards the enemy. Release the Fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and ruthless, and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty.

Come forth in your savage might, rampant with the lust of battle, tense, and quivering with the urge to strike, to smash, to split asunder all that seek to detain you. And cast your eye upon the land before you. Choose what road of slaughter and violation you will follow. Then stride out upon the land and amongst the people. Rape with the crushing force of your virility, kill with the devastating precision of your sword arm, maim with the ruthless ingenuity of your pitiless cruelty, destroy with the overwhelming fury of your bestial strength, lay waste with the all encompassing majesty of your power.

And stand supreme upon the earth, lord of all creation by the right of conquest. And burn what offends your eye, eradicate what spoils your pleasure, take all unto yourself and punish most cruelly and without mercy all who seek to stay your hand. For the world can be yours, and the blood of men can be yours to spill as you please. And you can have your pleasure of the world through violence and the wielding of the sword. And your lust can stride upon the face of the land, taking whatever it desires and discarding the empty husks when you've sucked them

dry.

**WAR and violence are your heritage, and now is the time to stake your claim upon them, to unmask the lurking shadows of your fiendish soul, expose them, hold them like banners before you, and shout your battle cry before the world.**

**SATAN's army is ready in the field and slaughter is the order of the day. For I, SATAN, am master of the world, and My law is death. Who follows Me must ultimately conquer all. For I am master of WAR, the lord of all conquest, and the ruler of all violent conflict.**

**Hear My voice, for the time is short. The ultimate phase of WAR is about to begin. Be there in the forefront of the line of battle. Be not a worthless pawn, a feather blown by the wind. Be not still. Ask not for peace and rest for these can be no more. And stillness is already of the past. Seek not to be left alone, to escape the burning slaughter of the holocaust, to hide from the final wrath of the vengeful Gods. But rise and march to the center of the raging chaos. Defy the cataclysm! Don your gleaming armor and stride with the engines of death. And watch the gradual spreading of slow disease. See the lingering death of the latest phase of WAR. And revel in the agonies of man brought low, man deprived, man humiliated, man trampled into the ground, and utterly degraded to the point of dismal decay and a futile death. And gorge yourself on the horrors of irretrievable loss; the miserable fate of the victims that still remain, the helpless bewilderment of their despair, the pitiful cries of their useless supplication and the wailing anguish of their bereavement. And grind your heel into the face of their stupidity. Burn the chaff of humanity! For such is its desire and its dessert. And dance the dance of a dervish around the leaping flames.**

**Again I say; Release the Fiend within you!**

**Release the Fiend! Release the Fiend!**

**And the Fiend shall conquer, and the chaff be burned.**

**The Fiend shall slake his monstrous lust upon the helpless body of the wasted earth. And the chaff shall be consumed.**

**The Fiend shall wield a mighty cutlass, and the land shall be lifeless in his wake.**

**And the chaff shall blow as smoke in the wind of his passing.**

**The Fiend shall devastate the earth, and his mighty roar shall rock the heavens so that the very stars shall feel his presence. And the chaff shall vanish and be forgotten.**

**I, SATAN, shall stalk with the Fiend. We shall stalk the earth together, lending strength to the flashing saber and unerring accuracy to the speeding missile. We shall be on every battleground and every scene of devastation. And our might shall be on the side of the mighty; strength for strength, power for power. And to him who possesses, more shall be given. On him who destroys with power, a greater power for destruction shall be bestowed. And for him who massacres with strength, more victims for his ruthless slaughter shall be provided. But he that has nothing, and wilts before the rising tide of WAR, from him shall be taken even the little that he has. For such is his desire and his dessert. And even what strength he has pleaded for mercy shall be denied him, and his tongue shall disobey him at the final moment, and he shall be cut down.**

**And the mother that pleads weakly for her child shall see it slain before her. And the woman that pleads piteously for her miserable virtue shall be struck down and raped. And he that fearfully pleads for his life shall be cut to pieces.**

**The final march of doom has begun. The earth is prepared for the ultimate devastation. The mighty engines of WAR are all aligned and brought together for the End. The scene is set.**

The Lord LUCIFER has sown the seeds of WAR, and now weeps to see them take root and flourish in the fertile ground of man's destructive nature. The Lord JEHOVAH decrees the End and the violence of End. He prophesies the harvest of monumental slaughter. And I, the Lord SATAN, with My army of the damned, have come to reap that harvest, and to feed My furnace with the souls of the fearful. For in the great cataclysm of the latter days shall the world be split, and man shall be divided. And those who are weak in spirit and in mind, those who cringe and cry out to be spared, those who adopt the air of the victim, the sick demeanor of the lost and helpless, those who crawl and crumble, tremble with abject terror and complain that others but themselves controlled their destiny, those who bewail their sad predicament and disclaim all responsibility for their fate, they are the dross of the universe, the useless futile miserable dross, that stands for nothing, lives for nothing, aims for nothing and shall ultimately receive nothing. For they shall be swept away in the whirlwind of the great disaster, they shall be scattered like dust upon the ground, and then caught up in a mighty vortex and sucked into the depths of Hell.

And the stong and the mighty and the ruthless, creatures of the Fiend that follow him, they shall stand at the core of the raging chaos, spreading death around them and embracing it themselves like a long lost brother. And those that die in the glory of battle, those that kill before they die, those that meet death as an equal and not as a pale suppliant, those that stay proud and strong, and die as they have lived, those that revel in the sheer delights of death instead of fleeing helpless before its inexorable avalanche, they are My people, the men of SATAN, born of the underworld and reared in the dark chasms of the Pit. And these shall be My at the End; rank upon rank of black-hearted angels from the depths of Hell. And when the great holocaust of man's destruction sweeps over the face of the earth, destroying all before it, then My army shall appear, streaming up from the bowels of the world and following in the wake of the all consuming fire.

And the land shall be black. No tree shall stand green and elegant rising from the ground. Here and there a blackened stump will mark the passing of a forest. And all shall be charred and scorched, and nothing remains save a monstrous festering wound that can never heal. And the earth shall open, and Hell shall be freed from within.

And fire shall spring forth and cover the land, and behind the fire the army of SATAN shall spread through the blackened world to occupy it. And all the hideous creatures of the Pit shall be given the freedom of the earth, and I, SATAN, shall rule the world in might and majesty as is My right. And Mine who fought and died or fought and did not die, Mine who took pleasure in the final cataclysm, who stood in the midst of the chaos and reveled in the might of WAR, Mine shall not be forgotten. For they shall have earned their heritage.

And the world shall belong to Me, for it will be Mine by conquest. SATAN in man shall have triumphed at the End, and the earth shall be My footstool. And those who have walked with Me shall rule with Me. And those who have fought by My side shall sit by My side in majesty.

Go Forth! Prepare for the day of reckoning!

And he that shall meet the day steeped in the blood of his enemies shall be raised up and magnified in strength and power. He that shall be found in the very midst of battle, reeking of death, lip curled in ultimate defiance, shall be reborn to rule immortal in the world of SATAN. But he that is seen to run and hide, he that is heard to cry out for mercy, he that collapses in helpless despair, all shall be doomed to endless toment for their weakness.

And the earth shall be utterly destroyed and the sky polluted, and the darkness shall cover the land. Corpses shall litter the ground, and cities, laid waste, shall smolder lifelessly. No creature of the natural order shall be left to witness the devastation. But monsters of the Pit shall stalk the land. And My people shall be rulers of this world of death.

And from this scorched and blackened citadel, the eyes of My people shall look outwards to the universe. And when the time shall come, I, SATAN, shall again gather my army together, and with the power vested in My shattered world, I will set forth in conquest of the stars.

And I shall spread terror through the universe. And my people shall go before Me, and WAR will spring up in every corner of the vast incalculable multitude of worlds that stretches beyond time itself.

And as I shall rule the world, and My people with Me, so shall I rule the universe, and My might and My power shall know no bounds. And the stars shall be Mine and the planets also. By the incontrovertible right of superior strength shall the whole universe come under My jurisdiction.

And I, SATAN, shall destroy the universe. For My destruction shall reach out like a cancer from the Earth and spread its taint of slaughter and decay amongst the stars, till all is destroyed, all matter dead and destroyed, all physical existence crushed to a formless pulp.

Then shall we roam eternity unshackled by the burden of material creation. For when we cease to lie beneath the world of men, submerged in a morass of putrid flesh, when we have plumbed its depths, wallowed in its screeching senses, ripped it apart and thereby burst from its crippling clutches, then shall we transcend its boundaries and rise to the utmost heights of spiritual fulfillment. For I, SATAN, embody both lowest and highest. I am the God of both ultimate destruction and ultimate creation. Mine are the hideous black demons of the Pit, and Mine also are the white angelic hordes that transcend Heaven itself. I am the epitome of both death and life. I am the body in the depths of dark depravity, and I am the soul in the heights of sublime spiritual ecstasy. The legions of the damned are of Me, as is the great company of archangels. And when the bonds of matter hold Me no more, then shall I and My people, My army, My legions, all My followers, rise from the depths of the blackness of the Pit and transcend the stars. I am the body and the soul of man. Whilst the Fiend of the body is enslaved by the fearful mind, the soul is imprisoned. Only when the Fiend is released can the soul be free.

So I, SATAN, am come to release the Fiend, to let him loose upon the earth for the latter days, so that the world shall end with nothing less than the ultimate destruction of total WAR. And those who accept the End and play their part together with the Fiend in bringing about the End, those who stand proud and fearless in the midst of the End and wield with Me the sword of ultimate destruction, they shall rule with Me when humanity is dead, and after seek freedom with Me in the conquest of the universe. But those who seek to stay My hand, to chain the Fiend, to cripple the engines of death and prevent the inevitable End, they shall be doomed to failure; dismal, futile, worthless failure. For the End must be, and none shall prevent or postpone it.

So rise and prepare for the final battle. Stand proud in the monstrous presence of violent death, and sound the trumpet of WAR.

Invoke the cataclysm!

And on the signal, when the heavens burst and a burning, blinding, raging, all-enveloping fury sweeps the Earth:

**Release the Fiend!  
And stride with SATAN'S army to the End.**

**as recorded by Robert Degrimston 1966  
of the Final Judgement**

**copyright Process Church**