



Senatorius Sacerdos
Harpyiae

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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

The Point

On the razor edge we walk.

Before us, the vanishing point of eternity,
Behind us, the receding spark of beginnings.

On our right, the abyss of doubt,
To our left, the abyss of fear.

About us, the universe expands.
Within us, the universe expands.

One foot seems to follow the other,
Aimless.

Mindless.

Why?
It is nothing to ask this question.
Only the fool waits for an answer.

What vanity seeks purpose.
What arrogance desire for significance.
Deception.

The mystic peers through misty veils,
And sees what?
Phantasmal forms.
Whirling in what aethyr?
The chittam of the mind.

There is no truth.
There is no lie.
Neither is known.

There is no virtue.
There is no vice.
Neither is known.

From nowhere we came.
To nowhere we go.
There is no where.

What dreams we devise to lighten the passage.
Soothed by the words of the prophets.
Thought allayed.
Why, whence and whither is not our concern.
We are but duty bound, to be what we are.

But who asks the question,
And in folly awaits the reply,
May yet regret.
For the answer is nought.

At first glance,
This seems no answer.
But in its shimmering circumference
Is the essence of all.

Fear nothing.
For we are nothing.
The point in the circle.
The singularity in the void.

The fool ascends to God,
Or so he thinks.

Time and motion are relative.
Relative to what?
There is no relation.
Neither are known.

The man descends from God,
And, feet on the Earth,
Content.

Is it wrong to decry faith?
Right. Wrong.
There is no difference.

To think is to know misery.
Nihilism without end.

A happy thought? A contradiction.
A pleasing act – ah, yes.

To a sheep the grass is pleasing,
To chew its only aim.
Can this be so for man?

No thought of purpose disturbs the sheep.
Man asks and is content with God.
Fool seeks God, finds a void.

God is the beginning and God is the end.
God is the sum of our doubts and our fears.
God is that which lies beyond knowledge.

So what?
A choice.
To spread joy. Illusion.
To speak your truth. Madness.
Maintain the myths. Palliative – we die.

There is no reason to deny.
Destroy God absolutely.
Annihilate.

- Adamas 161

Love is the Law. Love under Will