

XII

Heaven says: “man”, but means “servus”. God made Adam from clay and provided him with the soul of a slave. “Mire, mixed with blood” – that is a human being.

“A soul burdened with a corpse” – crowning point of god’s creation.

There is a brand of shame on the forehead of man and it marks his entire slave’s tribe. The brand of dishonour – the intelible brand of plague. Human existence is the most acute form of slavery. It implies unlimited dependence on god.

At seen freedom – golden chains, extending from tight collar to ring, fixed to the stable massif of god’s love of power.

Connivance in freedom of choice – impossibility of alternative: the pleasure of paradise is always preferable to the sufferings of Hell. Metamorphoses of reincarnation through the incarnation in to an angelic countenance; when heavenly ranks and hierarchies are obviously closed for human.

Divine grace is expressed in everything in only one way – the substitution of suffocation for bloodshed.

Promises... Promises...Knout.

Promises of unlimited possibility lying, beyond death line, where no one can wrest man from the strong hands of god, but... Except the Devil in anger, when he is descending, impaling the heavenly spheres and flowing down.

The son of god suffers defeat by defeat from the Devil and crucified by Him on the cross, he presents the hope and new promises to humankind and he talks about the coming kingdom of light, where slave will find well-deserved rest and the Devil will be destroyed.

An ideology of vain hopes feeds man in his last fight for the depreciated paradise. The illusion of promised does not damage his sick soul, and crash of bloodless reality strengthens the levers of autocracy and almost blood ties, binding the slave with his master. The slave of the eternal god is rewarded with immortal core and the fatal hopelessness of snares their similarity.

Its predetermined, that mess of blood and mire with a boggy soul to be an example of the image of humility and resignation in the corners of the bottomless mirrors of the universe, and to bear in inexpressible sufferings the reflection of god, separating his complacency from the pitiful mortality of man.

Man never could love god. This place of sensual domination belongs to the love of man to himself undividedly - love, projected on to god.

The man is like a similarity, and he’s just a defect in the original image.

It does the “honor” of the creator, that he gives as good as man gets: contemplated similarity condemn human being to bring the curse of degeneracy, which is in his loins. Boundary – lines of responsibility for the god’s deeds dissects the cavity of the human soul in to many melted parts, which tear each other like dogs.

They are the embodiment of unrest, flexible symbols of disparity. The peace offering of the lamb, which was a phenomenon of realized hope, it slipped out of man’s hands like a phantom and made them burned with a sense of doom.

And whole the pantheon of the master’s mistakes breeds in the slave the ugly perception of the truth of his existence, and it breeds self-detriment from self-imperfection.

It breeds that twilight cereals of aesthetics of all the hideous. Morbific vision of paradise and Hell deforms, perverts and denies two true beginnings, and bears the chimeras, which are like unstable human nature. They make him more unfree than he is and make his lusted union with

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heaven more difficult. That is the price of burden of slave's shackles. That is the payment for the promised rest.

Cringing under the heel of divine will, shackled with fate, the human being is not able to get free from the shadow of god's hands. He can grumble, rise in blasphemy and drown in the depths of passions and vices. But he knows how godless will be the punishment of god's hand for the effort to break iron links.

He is placed to the Eternity and to the bites of fleshless servants of the Serpent...

In the shadow of an idol of power of god, the pillar of truth, kneeled, drowned in searching of essence of self-existence and burdened with it. The slave. He is nailed to the pillar of shame and merged with it together as one. He eats and defecates right there. There he gets ready to behold promised coming light.

He is dreaming in twilight. He is waiting for...

### XIII

The self-assertion of human being through neglecting god's will, goes on by the ways of cruelty. Cultivated by man, *the human evil* is promoted to the rank of virtues to satisfy his low-lying instincts.

The man of somber destroys himself and everyone like him. He does it an imprudent effort to escape from the shrunken leather, in which he has been dressed by his creator. When self-asserting in this way, he is doomed to repeat again and again countless variations of the bible's stories, cheap scenes of cardboard moralitŭ.

Getting clumping under the monolith of eschatological ideas, dictated by his "alter ego", the human being chooses humiliating ways to his confirmation on his Golgotha.

He is afraid of image of the genius of doom. In the shadow of the purity flame he is abjectly delighted with the development of the apocalyptic embryo in himself that places him together with those idols of unrest heaven, which swarm around the Universal cesspits like tamed angels.

Self – humiliating satisfaction has become his religion, the acquittal of his useless and promotion of his amorphous spirit to the rank of god.

He is not fastidious about receiving the gifts from hands, generous in blows. His lips are black from his master's boots, and his knees are abraded to the bone.

Absorbed in to the stream of slavish emanations he voluntarily squeezes himself into the prison cells, which was built by the king of slaves with his attached grandees, the prison that is constructed of commandments, precepts and sermons... But all that is just for him to overstep, and having made this act of disobedience, to have the possibility of beginning new efforts of pitiful self-assertion, before he gets from prayer the forgiveness in inexorable shade of the master's lash, reaping the air. Forgiveness just for one moment, when the slave revels in the touch of rot from the god's veto placed upon the fruit.

As a slave, he does still search for countless ways to be a lazy slave. As a beast, he is mean and dirty. His instincts both, quieted down and rebellious can be detected in every single detail of his beastly dye.

His acquired vices and sins torment his liver, absorb his conscience and make his tongue eloquent in creating webs of flattery.

No of the means accessible to him gives him the success, lusted for, looked for, and wanted.

With the monotonous moan of blasphemous panegyrics and the regular whistle of lashes he chooses extreme methods to enlist forces to his slavish side, which can indulge his longings and be

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partners in his slavish games. He, who died in destitution and grief so many times, crucified on the crosses of Levantian cedar and writhed on the spruce stake – he has perceived the cruel roots of self-assertion completely.

It's beyond his powers.

And until he becomes the marble of the tomb, corroded with time and winds, he offers himself. He is looking for an ally; he is in need of outside help.

His searching stare is looking into us.

### XIV

We have been together with man since the primordial twilight dispersed, when the Fallen Star fell down from heaven and when his birth was proclaimed by the legats of god. Then he was given and stepped in to the matter under the name of man and started the countdown of his way with blood and cruel-hearted milestones.

He, then just new-born, with the naive aspiration to direct our fates and possessing the potential threaten heaven's might – he could become a good party in our merciless "game" with god. He was inflamed with greedy rebellion. He was intolerant to everything that showed him *his* place in the dirt. The Demon of Dark Desires rocked him in a cradle, whispered fairytales to him, and awakened his passions. The Demon bore doubts in him, reopened old wounds and put the concepts of pride and power into his empty ears.

The heart that belongs to man like one face of Dark world creation has been marked with sorrow since he was born. It includes all the harmonies and disharmonies of the Universe, and in this case *some of our side became the human honor*.

It, in spite of all prohibition, led him into battles, pushed him into the fire of Hell.

We have been bound together with man by commixtio sanguis, and with covenant, based on the *freedom of will*.

But everything was in vain. Dirt with parasites of rotten blood corroded the heart of man. The soul of the slave has screamed for redemption and humility of everything that has become sin and fear for the soul.

The culmination of bloody psychomachy opened wide the abyss in man's heart and drowned him in the depths of a weed herbs brew.

He denied everything, when he chose the way of submission and sloth.

Then we turned away from him.

We have delimited his dominions, given him wars and diseases, bequeathed him to passions and sufferings, put weapons and poisons into his hands and taken our places in the amphitheater of Shade...

Since when he was afraid of us, and trampled the spouts of indignation in his soul he proved to the universe *what he is*. God created a slave and the undisputed slave has appeared at the base of his throne.

The leprosy of slavery, absorbing the man deep inside of degeneration through dangerous steps, has destroyed everything, that we created almost an Eternity ago and placed him again before us, raising the theme of covenants older than the sea.

He bought bestial goods for the price of his soul, and we paid the bills of his ruin, denying with scorn his venal servility.

The long game with god is over, when it entered this new phase, rising to the top of merciless butchery in that moment, when bones, flung from the hand of god, became charred,

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fallen with *triple six on top*. God's throw, unsuccessful for man has deceived god's tributer into our hands as redemption.

And we have come to take what is *ours*, appeared at the head of the legions of sunset to ratify our rites and rule the Blutrache. The brand of shame on the forehead of the slave should be washed out with his own slavish blood. The period of interregnum throws the soul of the slave into chaos and throws him down at our feet. We do not need slaves, we do not need their absurd life.

*The soul of the slave – just the key to the heart of his master.*

It used to be always: the mendacious gift turns back with serpent jaws upon he, who is blind before the face of betrayal.

No one bargains with a slave and makes a deal on his conditions.

They used to be devoured and forgotten. So that is the last and the shortest essay about humankind – the epitaph to man.

## XV

Now about the human troops, who are compelled to resist our expansion.

Troops of flesh and spirit,  
bones and iron.

They are countless but doomed.

About troops, which have been conscripted by the heavenly order to defend all the ashes of this world, ashes that subsiding in retorts of settled forms;

about troops which are compelled by the instinct for self-preservation and the agile lie of light to be used as pier under the subsiding domes of heaven;

about troops, which are dissected by *fatum* into two sides; and one side is flesh – pleasure and pain, and other is spirit – burden.

The fatal contradictions of the human spirit make the selected martyrs of the human army, push into the twilight way of resistance to us and make them pawns in the forthcoming conflict. The true knowledge which was not inherent in human nature, freedom of initiative and realization of spiritual morality make the recess – the command post of god, from which he flings the waves of cannon-fodder for us, when he is planning to exhaust our forces.

The god, whose name shines upon the labarums of the human troops, concealing the fact that *war rules the development*; he proceeds from an other principle, the principle of the defense of his dominions and tactical maneuvers of diversion. With methods of threats and false victories he makes the barrier of the feeble human soul – the barrier in our way.

And he is among them – the sons of man. He creates the spirit of divine anger.

So that he will never be dragged chained behind the chariot of Satan's triumph, he breaks his own laws and mendaciously given to man the freedom of choice. Saving his own force and power, he throws his puppets against us.

But the nature of the human troops does not meet the requirements placed upon its numerous shoulders.

It shudders at the inevitable threat of our invasion. By all its nature it resists our violent penetration in his tight, but the scattered orders, opposes to us their nature, dispersed on pleasures and the will which weakened from the temptations.

Its discipline that's like a splintered joint, like broken copulas are no longer cemented. It does not fasten parts together, does not make the troops united and formidable.

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That spirit of equality, which is typical for relations between warriors with adherence to a system of hierarchical values, based on respect for leadership and the courage of leaders on battle fields, and trust to them – that spirit is inherent to Hell, and actually is poison from the relations of the human volunteer corps.

The ties of the warriors brotherhood are weakened by the trumpery of all the suits and ranks; by the stick drill of submission; by the demoralizing work of a faithless atmosphere; and by disorientation caused by the unprincipled lie and also by the absence of uncompromising ideals.

That spirit of corporativity of the battle units of the ancient world armies, which was the reason for noble competitions for the honor, to take first place on the fortress wall or to rescue the companion – in arms from death – that spirit has faded away with these armies and conceded the place to the nasty of estrangement and betrayal.

Human troops, which didn't even have the time to stand on the path of resistance, initially are on the verge of collapsing.

O dieu, these are not the kind of armies, which lead the way to the victory.

And in our need to lance an abscess we do not assort and do not see the difference between those burdened with arms and those hiding behind them.

Alien to humankind, the chthonic break tears into the heart of heaven troops standing in avant garde, absorbs them into the fatal revelry of battle, charms them with impetuous steps of a dance macabre.

Our force strains all their internal contradictions, tears into a pieces the tight ball of gray complexity, and in *dividing the black from dirt and crimsoning white* it bares their nerves in a cruel necessity to pulse, drowning everything in the deep wrath of universal confrontation.

## XVI

Yes. The human army is not divine at all... And that thing which the warrior of Satan and enemy of humankind does feel on the eve of the battle – that thing dooms the enemy troops standing along the aflamed borders to death.

The moral superiority of demonic essence, dark will twisted into a spring and the purpose which tore from the deeps of Hell the cuirass of earthly priorities – all these will sweep away the lines of enemy fortification and the pliable forts of degenerated humankind.

Blessed is the aim to which the Evil deeds lead.

Blessed is the soil we sow the wind into...

We, who hold the chalices of sorrow and the scales of losses in our hands, we dispassionately measure off the consequences of all the wars of the Universe, and the fight for the earth domination won't be an exception.

Burdened with their own evil the scales of human victory bow to the ground, and they are trampled into it in their struggle with Demonic Evil. Deprived of their crowns, and naked in powerless, as in the hour of their birth, the myths of the invincible human army disappear before our stare. The vision of its essence, our scorn to every false and vague mirages of might and self-humiliation inflame the expression of our invasion. Expression, which almost brought to perfection, streams through the roads of the industrial Hell of human fantasy slippery with blood. The notched paradoxes of humanity's broken fate are quite in spirit of epoch *exhausted from waiting for the end*. Something that is used to unite – does divide, something that scatters to different poles of experiential world – does unite together.

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They are still the same, as they were centuries ago, although dressed in the armor of final battle. They bring confusion and ruin to the watchers of exhausted ideals, transcend from inside into outside, keep the fire burning which we ignited in the secret places of the human heart crowded with lumber.

We see as absence of spiritual rears and of initiative inspirations of rebellious will determines positions of human army and marshy area of its dislocation, and this situation doesn't leave an opportunity for the warriors of human blood desert to the other world, to the promised land.

They, who have been placed here by the puppet existence and the legacy of god: between us and heaven, between hammer and anvil, they, who had the courage to look in the eyes of the personified spawn of their own superstitious fears – they are in store for war, where won't be a victors among the sons of man, and mercy won't be woven of their moans.

Mortals will get no benefit from the forthcoming war. In their blindness they polish with the patterns of fate on their fingertips, the bas-reliefs of our titanic achievements and they are left with the eroded stumbling-block and closed labyrinths of cyclic decay. Mortals would prefer to continue the fighting with each other for their own values, intimate to them, desired for and constant. But it could be real if the horizons of their hopes for well-being were not scorched with the blazing storm of our aggression.

But not the dignity of their nature makes them chosen, and not the wasted potential gives the right to unsheathe the sword. Not the call from an Archangel's trumpet, but the call of the struggle of pride and false aspirations smashes their isolated hordes in fatal resistance.

Having no reason for their existence, the human warriors creep 'pon the ground like weed, becoming denser entangling our feet, but they can't prevent our next step and decisive attack.

Our success is better and faster, when they stand against us more and more. We toward the Alarich: "The mower is not afraid of dense grass", - could not stand those troops, where under the mask of the victorious flesh of every soldier, a microcosm of slavish degeneration does dwell, and inside it the spirits of contradiction and delusion are interlaced in fight, for to determine the winner, who will furrow the bog of the dead world undividedly. So those are the gods of their wars.

Those are the messiahs, leading them to fight.

With our curved insignias, with sweeps of our sickles we greet for the last time sick human souls and transitory bodies of numerous human troops.

We foretell – the war against them won't exhaust us and won't crown us with new glory.

Burning won't escape the ash.

Hell guaranties the victory.

## XVII

Every moment of our time costs a lot of human souls.

By the beck of Satan we've moved our immortal legions to the way of Chavajoth, which is extended through the front of Darkness to the high folds of Empirium. Up to the shadow of the final Earth's Million the mess of human armies will be living in luxury on our account, wasting our time, destroying themselves with that time.

Their methods of struggle, methods of resistance are older than the sea, such as sinful flesh of Adam, and they're as useless as rays of his glory fading away.

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Raw passages of their counteraction crippled improvisation - toward the reprise written in the times of Hammurapy, Old Testament and XII tables.

And here are the things they won't renounce:

The harps of fear...

Sharp razors of propaganda...

Shame of "justice"...

Prisons and executions...

Everything, of which they have personal experience, everything that they use against the outcasts of human society – they are ready to pounce upon our heads, when they see us as a pestilent wind blowing, as a conflict of their social system. But when they search our beloved lair coming the way of streaming blood – they'll get the gaping holes of earth's spirituality, the grottoes, where everything is saturated with Evil and Cold.

...and impaled with this Cold they will fall.

The same distorted vision of war by their own rights and on their territory hides the tremor of their souls concealed and compels them to strike our cold shades.

Hands of their Cains became coarsened from the field of fratricidal wars, and again, closing their eyes before our might, they turn to us their arms and weapons, sharpened in street fighting.

Fixed the guns on the gun-carriages of their laws they load them with the case-shot of invidiousness and lie for to shot us in the back.

They send the sheeps in wolf's clothing being prepared in elite units of their reconnaissance.

The "Sanctum", is there where the vultures of their rights observe.

Counting their lambs, counting their sacrifices on our altars, they lust to squeeze our flesh with pincers.

But where we rule by our rights – the laws of god and humans are not powerful, *and never will the World see one of us in chains.*

*Only in purple, or in crimson.*

That is the End of each Beast, who shoulders the responsibility for all manifestations of Evil, revolting in the fleshs of everything dwelling on the earth.

Here deadly toys, like a center of gloomy human spells could not crush our armor of alloyed Faith, Will and Devotion to Hell.

And tangles of words of their truth town-crier will become fatal with the grinding mechanisms of their perverted mendacious propaganda.

Not dirt of marauding, nor lust of outrages; nothing will soil our robes and the honor of the true sons of Darkness, bringing performing Evil, like the Crown, and immortal in this exalted Evil.

## XVIII

### Vae! Vae! Vae!

Where messengers of Elnahashiim – serpents of our hate wriggle in rings, there we let black ravens go forward – the birds of universal sorrow, scooping with their wings the muddiness of human tragedies, which had not been experienced with drowning in this stench of regular savior of humankind.

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Merciless are the eyes of the horrible spirits of truth, spirits, which never knew rest, and dispassionate are the shades of the oracles of Hell, which harness the horses of our anger to the chariot of wrath, seething with the unrestrainedness of the Beast.

All the deaths come though us regularly one by one like shades, shredded by Hasasel, like a congestion of murders, it hits the mark in the infinite vast of heaven in confusion.

Where militant Minerva with her adherents wages war, there it is too late to turn the face away in confusion, when there is a smell of overflowing blood of the lamb in the wisdom of the Beast.

Pronounce the words of threat.

**Vae!** Woe betides the human army, ignominy to its horugvies.

When they bring their banners from repositories in to the temples and appeal to the Holy Church for support, where they idolize the generousities of war – there symbols of military Virtus and Fides dissolve in rites.

Realizing the program of god the christianization of the human army units goes on, and the warrior - Saint Gregory or Devilcrusher Andrey – as the integrity of the divine in man, as a single-handed winner - as the next corpse in line to pave our ways by themselves.

And christian warriors would not resurrect neither the maiden by the name Goan, nor Thivian legion, cursed by Herculies.

While the human soldiers pay the inherited duty under an unceasing cannonade of slogans to the realm which gave them the arms and to which they belong, in this time we capture their cities, and take them on the spears and feast the clots of their most precious blood.

Our invective clear words make the breaches in the delirium of the Realm and Foundations, and our Malediction steps hand in hand with Evil deeds in this crescendo of the storm tocsin of the Universe, playing the final coda of Marche Funebre.

**Vae!**

## XIX

In the days of Abbadon and the hours of Lyilath thousands of chests breath out, shake the oceans in foam, turn over the crimson horizons, open wide the deeps and bring away the ashes and dust of murdered souls.

We rule by a steadfast hand the cooling vitality of spaces, fastening its seized parts together with the armorial seals of Satan.

Our name – the legions. The faceless, dense hosts of our names, hidden till this time now it is the break from inside of the Unified, Eternal, and Relentless.

This is like the scream of awakening,  
like a whisper in Darkness.

Now we are everywhere, we are inside of Him and inside ourselves, we are where the strata of world creation are opened and the stones of foundations are shaken. We are inside of everything and everyone, who has no power under his will, and inside of those, who are devoted to Hell by good (Evil) will, by soul and power.

When we wage the war by the right of the primordial, hidden in false matters, we move the endless line of Infernal cohorts along the edge of human reality, between the blocks of flesh and spiritual aspirations, corroded with baseness. We swallow the atrophied tissues.

Trampling the earth, standing apart, like peaks of a ridge, we rule, united with each other with myriad of hordes of the fleshless tribes of Darkness, acting from outside and standing among us.

We, who are in bodies, visible and enfleshed, but not less grim than the Demons of Hell.

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We, who are bound together with fire by our primordial elemental relationship. We dwell in rocks and ravines, in the heights and bottoms of the human spirit and gift to it the pleasure of seeing the Eternal Horror of Hell.

We are the countenance of Evil in the Eden, impressed in soot.

We tempt the egregors of the world, when tempting them to nothing.

We gather the dispersed and prepare our apostles for the human world – apostles, who are rearing on our blood for to keep the hearts of Hell in the places of Abaddon's bursting.

Hell reigns by their hearts.

They feed the Hell.

They feed it with souls, blood and Evil deeds. They lay the citadels and build the roads and violently sweat the divine might.

They remember and know about their time – eternal time, which towards the end of three Dark Stars.

And the Will of Hell, the Laws of Hell – that is what unites those, who are on the way to Satan, who fight for Him.

## XX

Swarms of Demons-flies and winds-destroyers – troops of Baal-Zebul, have stepped in to the swamped land beyond the clouds, and all the spawn of night – retinue of the Lilith – like dark streams, clasped the place Aharon – Milhamah, they whirl the splinters of shameful commandments and grind, dividing, select and gather the noble black quartzes, attracting the most worthy granules of Inferna to the Infernus through the castellums of Devils might and due to Them.

Piercing and clinging disharmonies, condensing with batons of Power in sephers of the divine tree inherit the Will of Hell in the palaces of stars congestion and on the ruins of human civilizations.

Sulphurous mercurian smokes rise to the cold dominions of the Moon, draped in shadow. They rise in the moment when Lilith, enthroned on the earth, overflowing with anger violently press the Universe into the walls of a prepared tomb.

The signs of Astaroth in the bents of agile reptiles, and the principat of the spirit, scraped from the oxide of its own souls, are cut clarity and readiness, they are exhaust by wisdom and passion, the divine shades, crucified in the womb of anxiety.

And just by our first heart we are passionate, and by our second and principal one we are cold and impenetrable and homogeneous with Imperium, where we are like a receptacle for its principles and deposit, like a cradle of Officium.

There is a bloody burden in our hands – the longing of discretion particles. It oozes out between our fingers, falling down to the ground, bordering by it the place where anger and rebellion reign, where every inch of burned soul is penetrated with power.

And we are blind and all-seeing, closing our eyes before the wounds around our fleshs and looking through the chaos of shades on the surviving stratum of world creation.

We are the essence of ruins and the oppression of the outcast. And we really have royal scorn for every trouble on our way and devilish patience when pursuing our aims.

Inhaling the smells of human tragedies we absorb their sufferings with blood and sins, scope their power and get it inside of us for to reject the mercy in ignorance, showing the highest inhumanity and sacrilege of the Beast's privileges.

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Fighting against god, misanthropic ideologies, which execute humankind, are always welcome by us and coming from us. And Demons, Demons – burning winds, sequorors of Azazel had no rest and tiredness in their destructive art, and hate was at the head of affairs.

Following the signs of wars and spells, in the hearth of hostilities; we come again tireless through deadly wounds and crimson breaks in the alien Universes, and we are steeled in cruel battles.

Legions of Sunset, united with us – legions Muscae and legions Lacustae grind the details of attacks sharp edge and cut in fury the spine of the X-th denarius of angelic troops, caught in confusion by Hell. Under the banner of Behemoth they shake the flesh with the march of the Beast and stretch the lions down at our feet with legacy of

Adramelech, when tearing the tendons of stiffed sphinxes and ruling the third kingdom of the dead.

And again Asmodei had stepped on the earth and everywhere the spear of the archangel Michael encounters the resistance of the shield of Archystrategist Samael – the leader of all the satans and protector of the unholy.

Lonely forposts, chapels-seals, scattered above the fatal cores of the living earth, restricted with unsteadiness – they won't keep their oath to god, when powerlessly yielding to the power of Belial, enthroned in the godless pantheon on the throne made of gods bones.

In smokes, fires and the fumes of blood there are the ways of Devils – the Rulers, which crossed the sickleshaped thresholds of the Gates we have opened, scope our evil will and confirmation of lawfulness.

And we are opened wide before Hell by our flame and Underworld, unable to betray or to reject, to retreat or to give up. We are opened wide before Satan by our devotion and honor, by that thing which we are: Hell.

In fire and ashes, in curses and pain, we storm the highest. And in this fight we are supported by the sword-bearers of Hell,

Possessing Steps, united with us

Ordinis tenebrarum, level mark-graffen, Infernas – these are the items of Infernus, treacherous in the faithlessness, conquering in the anger.

**For the laws of Hell be done.**

**For the benefit of underworld.**

**As before as in Eternity.**

## XXI

We can possess everything, but nothing and no one but the Devil can possess us.

There is no place for divine love, egoism, for the miry Devil in the miasmas of misery and fleshy domination. And there is no way to pride through leniency.

Majestic Infernus kneels only one knee and only before his Father and he has no agents between Satan and the Underworld in his heart.

Dedicated, but not using, he discharges his duty, binding the darkest energies into the regular cocoon of Hell.

In Infernas the spirit of harmony and mutual respect reigns in a descending and unraveling way. This is the spirit of solidarity in one concern – concern for the good of Hell.

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Not by caprice, not by despotism – according to the Laws of Hell, we generously render all the services rendered to Hell, where the highest reward for the disinterested – a reward, which is worthy of their effort – the right to be dedicated to Satan, where one devoted is much more precious for Him than a lot of captured.

And not every soul can get a place in the Realm of the Devil. The eliteness of this place is measured with responsibility for evil deeds done, and only an igneous spirit is worthy of Infernus.

The rank-and-file of the Satanic Army is equal in cost to the quantity of the souls he ruined, but any his claim is lawful, if it is for the good of Hell and corresponds to his means.

Solid cuirass of united shields, circled with the nakedness of arms – monolith of unity of Hell under the Imperium of Highest Evil, worshiped in this Universe under the name of Devil and Satan.

And our law and highest ideal is dedication to this Evil, dedication to Satan.

In search of the new ways for Evil, when creating Hell here, why should we be wicked when we are Evil, why should we distort to justify in the malice of our disposition, when we are one with all the Evil in Universe.

Yes. Sometimes we are cruel and it offends our aesthetic feelings, but does not disturb our morality, and we are as we are, and if we change our selves – we are just proceeding from who we are.

We repudiate human love based upon egoism, and we keep demonic devotion to each other and to Hell and follow it devotedly.

We feed the spirit with our souls, and when abolishing the lust of creation, we destroy the shadow of divine thrones everywhere, and in the might of Hell we could not wash off our hands from blood and give up for idleness.

We are the axes and spokes of the Universe, which has turned into the Abyss; from slumbering prelude to smoking postlusion, from the fragments we wrenched out of the tomb of timelessness – to the landscapes of Hell.

We destruct everything which resists the development, growth and expansion of the Dark spirit, by coming not well-trodden way, by igneous paths and by insatiability of our nature.

***Thus we increase, and do transform***

***Everything in whole of all***

***In to Evil.***

We are praised as the messengers of a Lie. That's right. Sometimes we make others lie, but never Hell did fall to lie to even a single mortal.

*Our word – that is our pledge of honor*

Mortals lie to each other and don't see the falsity by their looking eyes. Keeping trump cards up their sleeves, they play against themselves, dealing, and they lose them selves in ignorance and sloth. They keep their code of rotting dogmas, where purity means only inexperience, but not the triumph over the temptations.

We are the lie in the method of display, but nothing more. We exist and don't exist. We are the grandiose trick under the veil of masks, the colossal process of contiguities of Hell with any reality, and that's why we never lie in trivialities, and making the lie of the size of Universe we bring much more truth than the creators of truth and we ruin the illusion of collapsing agony. We are dressed in purple, dressed in human, provided with demonic nature and we are the manifestation of Devil Spirit.

It is discomfort for us to wear human masks, covering but not hiding, what is impossible to hide our true essences.

As a death-mask can be the true face of man and the waggon of an executed one can become a triumphal chariot – the final moment of the battle on the earth will be such a moment of agony of

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our bodies, and when we throw them away we'll be undressed, standing in the nakedness of our nature, in the primacy of our Evil and well armed with our unmarked principles. And turning to the fight in heaven we will stop the lie and throw down the masks.

*Hell is in movement, truth is in cognitiance of Hell.*

Infernas move, restless, bound by the will of the Devil they initiate the Evil, let Gehenna come.

And there is no fate, grimmer than the fate of the Demon in his ungovernable essence. The weight of the cross of the crucified one becomes the weight of a chip if it is compared to the burden of bearing in struggle the diversity of mights which are feeding the Chaos.

In memoriam de...we wear the weed colors on our helmets, when we pour the pain out of opened but never healed wounds, and praise the Devil of Sorrow.

And again we appeal to everyone to rise from the graves. We appeal to those, who lay his face down to Hell, and we adjure to return to fight from every Abyss.

We are unephemeral Evil, and we can possess everything, but nothing and no one but the Devil can possess us.

We don't care how we are reflected in the splinters of the broken worlds.

We have no term, no limit and there are no barriers we can not destroy, rising in Satan under the Highest Banner and following the Highest Law in concern for the development and good of Hell.

## XXII

The mark of the Beast lays in source of human number. In the soft hand of clay there is the mark with sigillum of Devil on the other side, burned with burning breathing displayed sight of the Beast.

Archenemy of all orthodoxes, aroused from the ruins and ashes, the eternal antagonist of all prosperity, winged caco-daemon of humankind, Beast of the divine – has risen.

Where the spawn of Babylon summoned the ravens to feast on its own remains, where the walls of the new Akkada bare its teeth – there *he* rides in on four prophets, harnessed to *his* chariot and there *he* marries with Babylon Harimtu.

*He* rules the crossroads forking at *his* feet, *he* rules the basalts of the earth and the swells of the cosmos and *he* dominates, displaying *his* alien perfection through the leaves of the soulless temple into the opening Spiritual Evil. From the crests of Leviathan's spine *he* directs the primary elements to the highest hegemonies and leads the stars from the surfaces of dark waters into the spirals of Abbadon, round dances of the Abyss.

With *his* sickening breathing the cities crumble to dust and legions burn away in the wind; *he* put to the front all *his* essences – undisputed in their cruelty signs of *his* presence, and *his* shade contends with *him* for to possess the baton of inheritance.

Risen for the twilight of millions, *he* curbed the elementals, *he* crushed the blessed, handing the elements repudiation to the human heart, so that nothing sanctified and holy will survive in bounds of *his* power and where *his* chthonic birds rise up with moans.

From the center of bleeding deeps *he* brought out the spirit of the conception of the Holocaust, when *he* destroyed the cramps of life and marked the shackled into the human flesh with sacrifices and awaked those, *who are like Him*.

Fatal armies march after *him*; behind *him* the hunger, pest and wars are interwoven on the edge; the Queen of the Night talks to *him* with winds, laying the storms before *him*, hiding in her

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nakedness the completeness of *his* might. But as eroded are the bounds of her mercy, as the limits of *his* anger are unknown.

*He* expresses a will to Evil, dominating in Power, taking the highest place in the circle of Satan, - vice-leader of the Might of Darkness in the Universe; and countless are the steps of superiority, grim gestures of *his* manifestations.

Human blood seethes in *his* veins, but this is the most dangerous blood.

*He* stares into the Flesh, penetrates into the temples and soars above the realms, curbing the instincts of creature, feeding the number of men with the Grimness of Hell.

Because *he* is – Antichrist, personification of Satan’s Will in earth’s perspectives, not the essence, but the principle dwelling in the Beast – Manifestation of World Evil in uglified flesh. And *his* hunger is everywhere, where *his* crimson roots break through, where *his* predatory nature is restless.

It’s the truth, *he* is insatiable – ancient Beast, spirit of eternal Satanic necessity.

Hanged in the wings on to the axis of all damned in the Universe, *he* does not divert *his* eyes and keeps the silence of what is beating in *his* vice, charms with ruin, leading to identification with Chaos, everything, which is penetrated with the towering pulse of the Beast and into *his* dispassionate stare...

**Scavr**