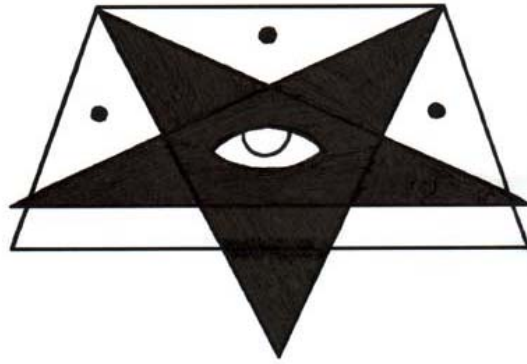


The Book of Cain



BY AKHTYA SEKER ARIMANIUS
MICHAEL W. FORD February-March 2003



Succubus Publishing – Phosphorus Inner Publishing

This inspired text was created under meditative and inspired circumstances by its author, Michael W. Ford. The text is not in any way meant to lay claim to special communications or any other contacts – but rather a focused ritual grimoire. The work is dedicated to the Wanderer, Cain who has passed from desert to forest to desert again. Cain may be sought in the places where men and women fear to walk, those ghost roads which prove dangerous to those unwilling to face their own darkest aspects of self.

This Book is a Working for myself, as a student of the Luciferian Path, and as I wrote it, studied it and then prepared this text I have further come into being. I hope those who read this work understand that it is a Ritual in Progress, that each sentence fans the Flames of the Dragon and his consort, Lilith, the Mother of the Witch Path. Cain has presented me with different elements to think about and to further encourage others to develop what is the Sabbatic and Luciferian Path. When staring into the mirror, Cain appears – his very mask of Set-an is shown to me.

BECOME!

Akhtya Seker Arimanius
Veneficus, Vox Barathrum – TOPH

Prepared March 22nd, known as the Day of Rebellion of Set against Osiris.

Succubus Publishing – Phosphorus Inner Publications

Front Cover - Cain Sigil by Elda Isela Ford

Grand Luciferian Circle – Blood Moon and further developed by Michael W. Ford

Back page Sigil – Cain the Blacksmith by Elda Isela Ford

That Azazel fell from the heavens as a great star, enthroned with the Emerald Crown of the highest aethyr, came down blazing as a fiery meteor. He plunged to the depths of the earth, the darkest areas where no being of light dwelled. Those who descended with Azazel, whom is called Lucifer by later ones only had glimpsed at the Fire which Azazel had shown unto them. They passed into the nightmare lands, where they felt lost as their fire was nearly extinguished. Azazel woke still illuminated brightly, a Dark Star which beheld the Fire of Heaven. When the fire fell from the sky to the earth, did my father then perceive this world of flesh, that both spirit and the material plane were brought together in union.

Understanding that this Fire was illuminated within, Azazel felt a moment of triumph, that by perceiving the self and Willing the being into stronger forms – he was uniquely separate, isolate and beautiful. He stood up, weakened yet still defiant and pleased at this success of this nightmare land, he began to rouse those many that slept from the shock of the fall around him.

Belial, the angel created after him, awoke and began to sing beautiful hymns, such as which never sounded so sorrowful, yet touching in their passion for their coming forth into being. Belial was indeed different from Azazel – while Lucifer was fire and air in spirit, Belial was of Earth and found this place comfortable and familiar. Belial said unto Azazel, “Who would else wake and join us in this moment of triumph – that we are without the highest Empyrean realm we now look about to understand we are different, strong and noble in our selves. Awake with us Djinn!”

Leviathan arose before them. He had taken the form of a great Serpent, a Dragon who beheld both sexes of human flesh – Leviathan would seek the Oceans and understood the art of sorcery as a totality of being – timeless and alive in its sacred flame. Leviathan found the Nightmares comforting, and dreams would be his fluid waking within worlds.

Many others rose up and joined with my father, who is the brightest of them all. He was Fire and his realm was Air, he was both death and life. I remember my father as possessing Adam who rode my mother Eve as the Dragon, driving deep within her core, enflamed with the spirit of Lilith. These were my earth parents, but it was the blood of Azazel called often Samael and Lilith which flows in my veins. It was this passion and possession which brought me into being, the first born of Witch Blood in the Circle of the Dragon’s Emerald Crown.

Azazel gathered all in this secret place, which was of fire and blackened earth. Lucifer called this place Helan, the meeting place of spirits. They held their court here, encircled in sacred communion. Azazel spoke of perception and what they wished to become and do as their own desire, they were free. Did his mind become as the serpent, isolate and independent – that as Flame which was sacred and beautiful, Azazel now could understand both Good and Evil, the Darkness and the Light. Lucifer, my Angelick initiator, my soul and father, understood that he was both Demon and Angel, that he was beauty and ugliness. All of those in the circle of spirits made a sacred pact to go forth into the World of Horrors and do their Will.

Azazel, who refused to bow before common clay, the profane image of flesh known as Man and Woman, and then found them more appealing. Some were indeed fair, their women sensuous and their men showing a primitive potential of being. With this in mind, they would bring the Fire to them. Azazel and many of those Angels took by Will flesh in bodies appealing to such women, and copulated with them. My father taught them the sacred arts, hidden and the places of Serpents, how to work with the earth to direct and manifest their Will. Azazel taught Man how to hunt, fish and make weapons. He brought them the experience and knowledge to fight and defend, as well as shelter from the elements.

I too had been instinctively taught, which is the gift of my father, who walked the path of the dragon – who was the dragon. It was the perfected essence of flame which earthen heat could only catch a glimpse of – that the fires of spirit burn ever so bright, that in this torch shall my father be revealed. Lilith who wrapped her serpents' tail around Eve's brain, unlocked the depths of her lust and rode this Dragon until I was conceived – that was then perfection beheld.

I walked the paths with my family, and my brother Abel was born. My father, who was called Adam was alien to me, I knew him not but grew under his protection. My flesh mother Eve rode again this beast, from which Abel slept dreamless and in the fires of her lust was my sister Naamah born. At an early age, her difference among the tribe was even beyond mine, fled away from this family. I missed her but could not leave yet. I worked the fields as a being of nothing – my brother was beheld as beautiful. I was the dark one, considered by most – but yet I held more questions than they. I began to see Naamah in dreams, beautiful and grown – voluptuous as she rested with Lilith, who I sought in dreams. They whispered chants and sweet musick to my ears, and then I would go unto them – dawn would bring my waking into the mundane fields of my false family, and the ridicules of Abel.

It was one day in the fields that I built an altar at the base of a tree and then cut down my brother – I took his blood and skull before this gateway, and called to my true father and mother – I held no love for these who would treat me as a dead animal in their family. I would be marked again among the animals, who I could run with. I took this skull and the spirit of Abel with it – he would walk with me forever – this was taught to me in dreaming –

“Behold Cain, a blood filled skull bowl will show unto you that which the profane cannot see, yet in it's veil will the path of the Red Dragon be shown, you must come forth by dreaming to see within this bowl, and I shall wait for you there – Cauled in the Crimson drape, veiled from the eyes of the blind.”

“Hold this skull and behold the spirits which walk with you, by self-transformation on the meeting path shall this mark be evermore – your father, the Dragon – Djinn of old forever walk with you, and in rapt meditation shall we pass from the clay of mortal hands”

“You shall thirst for water and for blood; both in dreaming shall be held from the dual gnosis. I hold the Golden Cup to your lips, that the Dragon’s elixir hold strong – I then hand to you the skull bowl of my flowing blood, that you may taste the bitter sweetness of it’s coppered kiss – then in your ecstasy and thy devil’s phallus reaching towards the Sun shall my serpent’s tongue enflame you to me....”

I then found myself wandering in the wilds, sleeping beneath the stars – hunting and learning nature without any other being. I perceived myself and what I was, what I became and what I could become. I understood life was precious, and beautiful. I was just as Beast yet a part of Angel as well. My dreaming guide would speak to me when I sought her, and I knew that I would come to her. I began walking the desert sands.

I dreamt of waking and diving a great abyssic tunnel, that which crawled from the depths of my mind, the horrid yet erotic shapes which appeared within it. I felt my very body changing, longing for transformation into the beasts of the field – then came an angel to me –

“Cain, who walks the lonely path, he who stands strong and defiant in the face of nothingness, shall you continue the thorn road to meet the Hag Queen, the sorcerous devourer of men and children – would you turn a road more traveled to the simple life yet unknown by others?”

The tester, robed in white and flowed within a strange and familiar light was challenging me, a very point of discovering my very inner essence, which I could sense. I said unto him-

“Angel, who would you be to tell me of thorns and roads less traveled? I have passed through the blood and bones of my brother, to walk within a shadow of which I am the only God that is – dreams feed my desires and I go forth among the Beasts of the fields, take yourself away from me as I shall not resign my path, for I seek mine own Mother who would either cut me to shreds or raise me up as God.”

The Angel transformed into a very familiar dreaming body which taught me the ways of nature, yet he was a blackened shadow which held a Spirit – possessed knife – “Very good Cain, my Son of flesh, go forth unto your deep desire and seek Her of the Blood of Flame...I shall walk with you again in a familiar way, take a leaf from my book and behold the Serpent’s tongue and sight, that shall guide you unto her...”

The angel vanished, who I call father. I slept a dreamless sleep.

I continued walking; the desert sun drained my body. I ached and felt very thirsty, having little water to sooth my burning throat. I understood what I was to do, and that nothing, save death would stop me. I could see this leaf of the ancient book, decorated in what was dried blood, serpents and signs of my becoming as I understood it. This was my comfort in this desert sand. I felt as if I would die, but yet I could not turn back. My being was

tested, and I could not fail save the scorpions sting which would force me to eternal dreamless sleep – the very curse of the profane!

It was one night after many days of not finding the caves of which I sought, not seeing a soul or any living thing – save the shades of the earth which wander aimless. I visualized this ancient page, and with my minds' eye I summoned the sigils to flesh, and a gate opened before me –

“Zazas, Zazas, Nasatanada Zazas”

I saw a great Red Dragon coming forth, who was surrounded with flame. This dragon looked unto me and a great shadow emerged from its very flesh – this shadow, black as pitch arose and took the form of a bearded King, saying in a comely voice-

“My son, what do you ask of me?”

“My father, I grow weary, little food and water, I am confused, cold and scared. Shall you not guide me?” I said with innate honesty.

“Cain, you grow so close yet you are honest with me – what if I told you that your journey is in vain, and your mother and foreseen concubine lay beyond the veil of death?”

I grew angry unto this Dragon, who I called father and said –

”Then I shall walk the path of fire my self, yet she calls unto me nonetheless. I will not resign although I am tired and cold. You shall not bend me! Even if I must face darkness in eternity alone, I shall!”

This dragon grew in its surrounding flames and the King transformed into an Angelic Prince, and said unto me-

“Cain, my Son of Sons, you will find your mother and sister tomorrow, then you shall walk the path of night. By the Noon tide sun you have walked, and with the scorpions and serpents of the desert sands have you come forth as God. Your sign which is my sign on earth is the Pitch Fork within the fiery Sun, that is our aged mark of being and becoming. Cain, my son, our kin is ever deep and eternal. You are blessed in the fire of Sathan, the Adversary. Much will be taught to you when the moment is right.”

I thanked my father and fell to sleep. My dreams were pleasant and filled with sorcerous images which I understood came from the Gates I opened forth. I woke in the feeling of sweat and filth from the previous day, I was refreshed yet unclean. I killed a small animal with ease and ate in the morning light. I then took to the desert sun yet again. I grew more tired and had very little water left in my flask, and the sun grew in its heat. My veil which covered my head was salt filled and gray with dirt and sand, what was once white was now soiled.

By the Noon tide hour I did indeed approach what was caves, I felt a sense of isolation here, yet I was being watched. The sea was violent and still comforting. The air was hot with noxious heat, pouring through my veil as I walked along, tired and aching from this desolate journey. It was here that I heard strange noises, coming from the caves. I begin to have my vision falter, and I grew more and more weak. In confusion and utter exhaustion I fell to my knees, trembling in the heat of the day. I could go on no more, stagnant and decrepit – the very sun had raped me of all of which I was. I fell into oblivion.

I woke then in the darkness of a cave, on a padded rock ground. I was aching yet slightly refreshed. I wondered so where I was, I had only a loin cloth to cover me, and was chilled in the damp cave air. I heard many voices and noises around me, I grew scared from this.

Before was She, beautiful and fiery, pale and raven haired. It was mother, Lilith who was the Queen of Demons, yet she was so beautiful and full of life. My mother welcomed me, and her touch was cold.

Her waist was made of flames, yet she transformed into the bottom half of a beast. She spoke to me of what I was to become, and that I had passed through a Rite of Passage. I was to become immortal and forever a spirit who walked the path of the Dragon, who was my father.

In the darkness of the caves, I grew strong again and learned arts which were taught to me by Lilith. She was terror, yet kindness in one kiss. I understood that she was the first wife of Adam, who then drank of the serpent's wisdom and became immortal in the shadows, she walked between time.

I learned how to extend and make flesh my shadow, and desires – that I slowly became like my father, who was the Prince of the Air and of Flame. Lilith showed me the knowledge of dreams, how she may always speak to me from this inbetween time. I first understood the ecstasy of transformation, of become like a beast, and of flight. Mother Lilith summoned great shadows which obeyed her, and I learned how they may obey me as well. After a period of working with such arts, Lilith then revealed a darker path.

Lilith drank the blood of man, and bred her children from their seed, taken from nocturnal congress with those sleeping. Desert travelers were drained of life and their children were given to her vampyric children to grow strong. Lilith opened the gates for Arezura, called the secret place, and the great shadow Ahriman came before me. I took the mark of the beast and Lilith's mark, being the bloodied caul.

Lilith bathed in blood, and grew strong and comforted from it. She was isolate and beautiful. Kind and pale features would caress one who feared her, then her hand would become blackened talons, covered in course gray hair, and her face become contorted in demonic ecstasy – I grew in lust for her, this Goddess who was both beauty and bestial hunger in the same visage, she would cut the throat of those who feared her, and drink

and bath in their life force. Lilith taught me the arts of the Vampyre, and prepared my spirit and flesh to walk between the world. The True Mark of Ahriman was given, and I passed between the light to the shadows. Upon waking in the sand, I could face again the sun, yet see equally as well in the moonlight.

Lilith soon brought my sister-wife Naamah before me, and she was veiled and beautiful as Lilith. She was to join with me, and that we may grow strong our family. I learned also from Naamah, who departed soon after. She returned back to shadows, where she would remain in the dragon's coils and be immortal, and life never ending.

It was within the circle, that Lilith showed to me that which I may make my life never ending; much was presented to me, which I found illuminating. That body is the vessel of manifestation, the marriage of Light and Darkness. The circle of summoning is the extent of self, and the fire which surrounds is the circle of fiery Will and Spirit of the Spirit.

Lilith showed me the art of the Sabbat, and how I may become Al-Aswad at Will. The shadow was grown and made strong by the arts of Ahriman, who was as darkness. The Beast became human flesh, and I was able to become both. I was brought in union and great ecstasy the harmony of the celestial heights of my father's realm, being the Air and Fire. I was also shown and taught the arts of the lower realm, called a secret place known as Arezura, that shadow and flame was the mastery over the earth.

I was blessed again with the Mark of Cain which is the distinct mark of our Lord the Devil, which is the self in perpetual opposition which breeds strength and development. The Mark of the Devil was the initiation mark of Azazel and Lilith, which may come as Caul or Birth Mark, this may be passed through the circle from my being touching the initiate, or Lilith who is strong in both shadow and flame.

I then took forth to the great deserts, with the blessing of Lilith and the Dragon itself. I was the Lord of the Forge, the Blacksmith of Infernal and Celestial Fire, the rider of the dragon and bringer of sorcerous knowledge. I, Cain, who learned the wisdom of the devouring goddess, the Harlot made Virgin and the Virgin made Goddess, and have faced the hungering shades of Ahriman, who blessed me in the dreams and nightmares of the wise. I, Cain, who sipped of the Emerald Grail and the Skull Cup of the Dragon-Goddess, did I taste the pleasures of the Harlot, walk the earth forever. I am the wandered, and many forms I will take. That even that I have left flesh shall my spirit dwell on, that I who have embraced the Black Flame just as Set-an of Egypt, that I shall dwell in the places of the earth lest seen, but in this path one may find me.

By forest or desert some may call me, and I may answer calls of initiation into the Circle of the Witch – Born. In the fire of the Adversary do I walk for eternity, my father's soul illuminating those who seek me. I am Vampyre and I am the Sorcerer of Light from the Serpent's tongue.

THE INVOCATION OF CAIN

-The Blackened Fires of the Forge-



Cain is the earthen initiator of Magick, the sorcerous enfleshed spirit of Lucifer and Lilith, Cain is also the one who walks with the Dragon – the path of the Nightside. In one hand is the fetish of Cain – the skull of Abel whom holds the gnosis of the Shade King, Azrael, the Western Gate of Twilight and realm of ghosts. The other hand is the Hammer, a tool of the forge which sparks the Cunning Fire in the clay of mortal flesh. Cain is the Temple maker and Witch Begetter, that which opens the gates of Hell and Heaven, the initiator of Witch Blood. Cain is envisioned as a Middle Eastern Man, bearded and dark, wisdom filling his eyes. Cain is also viewed as a bearded and horned human-beast, covered in gray and green earth, who is decorated with human and animal bones, his familiars.

Cain is sought in the hidden places of the earth, for he is the ancient and knows the unknown secrets of the earth. Cain also appears as the wizened old man, robed and hooded who walks the path of old – oak ways within the fog. He carries a book of art, given with the belt of the devil – by those rites Cain became the Witch – father, born of Azazel and Lilith.

Cain is the Adversary of flesh, who causes storms and chaos – just as Set himself. Cain tests those upon the path and blesses those who may answer his riddles. It is indeed Cain who would feed ones soul to the wolves of the shadows, when the Will is weak.

Invoke Cain in isolation and within the circle of those who are of the mark.

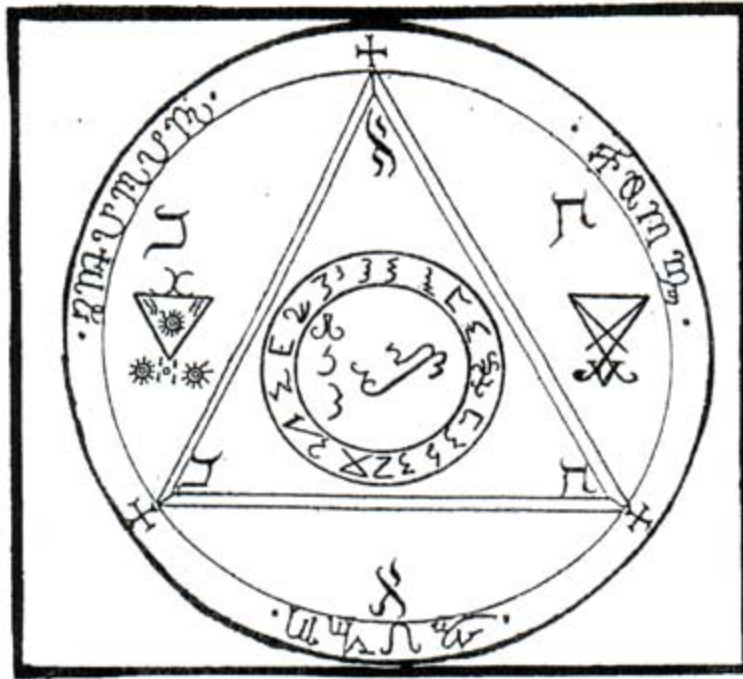
Isolation is a silent wisdom from which the fountain is never dry – seek with the cup of Emerald.

O' Cain, spirit born of fire and darkness, shadowed initiator!
O' Cain, who wanders the earth from deserts to forests –
Brought forth from the womb, flesh-born son of the Dragon and the Harlot Goddess,
mother of Witch Blood.
Spirit and Lord of the Blackened Fires of the Forge, who tasted the blood mark as an X
upon the brow.
O' Cain, who was awakened by the Skull bearing Omen of Abel –
Lord of Beasts and initiator of sorcerous fire, werewolf – shapeshifter!
Let me see within and beyond the Caul of Lilith's veil!

Father and brother of the caves wherein are ancient shades,
Who hold the book of dreaming which is the primal word of the serpent-
Cain, Lord of Beasts and transformation, I summon thee, invoke thee within –
Shall your lightening strike upon the forge and illuminate my spirit!

My brow marked in blood, horned walker of worlds!
Strike now with thy hammer, shall the Eye of the Serpent open forth!
Unveiled in the Nightside do I come forth!
That I walk the path of Dragon born,
Caster of the first circle of emerald and crimson flame.
Gatekeeper and Horned shape shifter – open forth the fiery path!
Illuminate the blackened flame!
Shall I awake the serpent born in the Devil's Skin – CAIN I SUMMON THEE!

“Tubal-Qayin as it is sometimes spelled is the blacksmith whose forge is the heart of the Sabbatic Craft. The child of Asmodeus (called often Samael) and Lilith, is considered the bringer of Gnosis to humanity. Other legends give Tubal Cain as the child of Samael and Eve, and that in congress the dragon “spit filth into her” and bore Cain. Tubal Cain was demonized as the brother who killed Abel, his so-called brother. It was Cain, within the region of the Middle East, sparked the forge which brought the initiation given to man by Shaitan the Opposer, or in a modern context, Lucifer.”
–From *SABBATIC SORCERY*, Michael W. Ford.



Casting the Shadow of Cain

PHOSPHORUS SOLITARY CIRCLE CASTING

This is a small ritual designed to imbibe the sorcerer with a focused current of being, the dedication of the path of Cainite Antinomianism. One may use the Grand Sabbatic (Luciferian) Circle as a means of Antinomianian Self-Deification, Immolation of the Spirit by the assumption of the mask of the Witch-Begetter, Cain the Blacksmith.

*"I call forth the infernal shadows which nourish my body and soul;
 I invoke the circle which empowers my form of being,
 From the North, I invoke the force of Set, being my shadow of self
 Let the Blackened Flame illuminate from this very Forge!
 From the West, I invoke the force of Anubis, the Opener of the Way
 Let the Violet Light of the Dead empower my Spirit!
 From the South, I invoke the force of Thoth, whose lamp illuminates my path
 Let the Fires of Wisdom and Self-Discover Guide my path!
 From the East, I invoke Horus, being the fire and strength of spirit
 Reveal thy essence as Azal'ucel, the Fiery Djinn of Change and Rebellion!"*

*Cain, bringer of the cauldron of change and self transformation do protect my very being of self, that I may grow and ascend in our family born of Witch Blood pure.
 I seek the coils of Leviathan, The Darkend Grave earth of Ahriman and the Dream plane of Lucifer. Allow the gates to open before me!"*

*I encircle myself in the Dragon's coils, the Beast of my father arises within!
 I hold the Skull of Abel, being the vessel of my Famulus!"*

*I hold the Hammer of the Forge, which I spark the Cunning Fire of Becoming!
My eyes hold the desert tales of ages forgotten, while my flesh fades my spirit is
immortal!*

*I wear the crimson caul of my mother, Lilith, who speaks with me through dreams!
I carry the serpent's skin of Azal'ucel, my Holy Spirit!
I am Cain, loner and Witch Soul of the Immortal Fire!*

So it is done!

