

## From the Masks of Misrule

by Nigel Jackson

### Lay of the Arthame

*This is the Metal: it dropp'd from the sky, A ferrous tear of the Fire-Drake's eye,*

*That burned through cloud and seared the soil and set the furious seas a boil,*

*That lay in ancient pores of earth, Til Blacksmith's brought it to birth,*

*Thrice-purified in Tubalo's fire,*

*It suffered the ordeal of the pyre; cast into waters, hissed it's song,*

*The starry viper's iron tongue was tempered on the anvil-stone,*

*Til radiant as changeless bone, With whispered charge and wordless spell,*

*The gramarye of Azazel. The edge was ground and thus was made,*

*The narrow road of sharpened blade. This is the metal: 'twas shaped by Cain*

*Who wrought the heavenly Arthame.*

### The rite of the fire of Qayin - Being the mystery of the house of Azazel:

The Invocation of the great blood and the mystick Flame, Kindle the mystick Fire upon the Alter and gaze into its heart, brooding upon the inner Fire and fanning it with each inhalation of breath as a blacksmith fans the forge with the bellows. The mystick fire burns at the level of the navel within the microcosm.

*Through the Hollow Reed I bring down the mystick fire from heaven and draw to the earth the Royal Flame of the Sun by my Enchantments.*

The Witch now makes burnt offerings of resinous perfumes and aromatic oils to the fire, worshipping it as the light of the Horned Goat-Angel and also contemplating it as the fiery essence of the Daimon/Genius within.

*Horned Father of the Hidden Craft, mighty TUBAL QAYIN, o Brother of NAAMAH-LILITH, who didst descend as a serpent of the lightning upon Earth's ancient mountains, o Bringer of light, hear the Prayer.*

*In the Brazen Citadel, in the Hall of Flames I call upon thee, Goat-Angel of the Golden Horns, Master of the Primal Fire, AZAEL-QAYIN, appear in thy brilliance.*

*Thou art He: who fell from the Sun to consecrate humankind with Sacred Heat. Thou art He: who led the Hosts of the Watchers, the fair Sons of the Gods to mingle their fiery seed with the beauteous Daughters of Men in the world's morning. Thou art He: King of the Daemons of Wisdom, thine ministers who are the Elder Daemons formed of the fire: SHEMYAZA, ARMAROS, BARAQIJEL, KOKABEL, EZEQEEL, ARAQIEL, SHAMSIEL, SARIEL.*

*Thou art He: who instructed us in the mystery of the metals, the Crafts of Shaping, the Magicks of Transformation: who bequeathed the Wise Blood unto thy Progeny, teaching unto us the Art of Wedding Earth to Heaven.*

*Thou art he: the Scapegoat whose self-sacrifice purifies us of Sin, Ignorance and Illusion, hanging inverted in the night firmament, thy One Eye of the Goat, open and glittering, who lightens our darkness with the fires of the stars, the myriad lanterns and blazing torches of All-Knowledge.*

By the methods of the Art rouse the Inner Fire and fervently invoke the Daimon within by the Ancient Pact. Let the forces of the Goat be raised and the Dragon-Serpent of Naamah-Lilith be stirred through all five senses perfectly focussed upon the Fire within the mortal flesh.

*O Flame-Breathing Daemon and Wizardly Smith, who forgest the iron weapons of victorious Liberation, the precious jewels of wisdom and beauty, hearken to me why am sprung from thy Cunning Seed, the Hidden House of AZAZEL. I am of the Children of TUBAL-QAYIN. Thy Mark burns upon my brow: of thy Clan and Stock am I Cunning-Wo/Man. Waken and feed the Flaming Serpent within my Blood, kindle the shinning Fire of my inheritance. By Goat and Serpent, great TUBALO, Thou Coal-Black Smith, let the warmth of thy sorcerous power glow bright in my spirit and flesh by the Holy Threefold Name*

*AZZA: UZZA: AZZIEL.*

*Strength to my Daemon-Genius in the Fires of the Aelohim  
and the Great Blood of Faerie.*

*Here's to the Horse with the Four White Feet  
The Chestnut Tail and Mane,  
A Star on his Face and a Spot on his Breast,  
And His Masters Name was QAYIN!*