

“The Book of Azag-thoth”
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Chapter One

Tablet One: The History of Azag-thoth, the Atlantean

I, AZAG-THOTH, the Atlantean, master of dark mysteries, keeper of records, mighty tyrant, necromancer, being reborn from summer to summer, being about to pass into the Halls of R'lyeh, set down for the guidance of those that are to come after, these dark records of the forbidden wisdom of dreaded Varloorni.

In the great city of R'lyeh on the island of Varloorni, in a time far past, I died and became darkness. Not as the great men of the present age did the mighty ones of Varloorni die and yet live, but rather from eon to eon did they die and yet live in the Halls of R'lyeh where the water of the undead flows eternally onward.

A hundred times ten have I descended the dark way that led into CHAOS, and as many times have I descended from the dark into the chaos my strength and power renewed.

Now for a time I descend, and the men of Valusia shall know me forever, yet hidden.

But in the time of the first harvest, I will descend again, dark and chaotic as Yog-Sothoth, requiring an accounting of the mystery of Chaos.

Then beware, O Children of Yig, if ye truly betrayed my teachings, for I shall devour thee in your low estate making ye stay in the brightness of the heavens from whence ye came. Betray not my secrets to the men of the Northwest, who are the Children of Khem, nor the men of the Northeast, who are the Men of Chaldea, lest ignorance befall thee.

Remember and heed my words, for surely I will come again and require from ye thy loyalty. Yea, even from beyond space and dreams will I return, cursing or blessing what ye have done.

Lowly was my people in the ancient days, great beyond the conception of the mighty people now around me; knowing the wisdom of non-Terrans, seeking far within the heart of infinite chaos that which belonged to Earth's elderly.

Wise was I with the insanity of the Children of Yig who dwelt among us. Strong we were with the power drawn from the Primordial Ocean.

And of all these, worst among the Children of Chaos Nyarlathotep, worshipped in the most ancient temples by the Men of the North and the East, link between the Children of Yig who dwelt within the oratories and the Serpentine Men who dwelt in the tombs and cities of Valusia.

Spokesman of the Old Ones, after the six, of Yog-Sothoth, speaking to the Black Pharaohs with the voice that must be obeyed.

Grew I there from a man into a god, being taught by my servants the mysteries of the Old Ones, until within grew the water of darkness; until it burst into eternal anger.

Naught desired I but to understand Chaos. Until on a sad day, the command came from Nyarlathotep that we go into hiding because the stars became wrong for us. Few there was among the Children of Yig that saw that terrifying face and lived, but who has seen all of his faces? For we are not like the soul of man when we die.

Chosen was I from the Ghouls, taught by my servants so that our purposes might be fulfilled, purposes of old from outside creation.

For endless cycles I have been in Outer Chaos, but at the end of each cycle I return. They taught me the path to Sekhet Aaru, the Field of Reeds, where I learned of Yig and his children, learning more dark wisdom. Deep I bowed before the Lords of Chaos and the Ladies of Space, receiving as my gift the Keys of Time and Space.

Free was I of the realm of light, bound not to life nor to death. Outside time, outside space. To earth I journeyed but then I was cast out!

Time and space became mine to wield. But then, the Elder Ones and the Zoned Ones cast me outside time and space. They made my knowledge forbidden to all who loved humans.

They cursed my knowledge and me. Eventually I merged with Nyarlathotep as Yog-Sothoth, spawning XASTUR, Kutulu, Koth, and ISHNIGGARAB. From fission came the hidden line of Tsathoggua.

We birthed Gaia from our loins and aligned ourselves with the six elements, as follows:

A. Earth:

1. Shub-Niggurath
2. Tsathoggua
3. Nyarlathotep

B. Wind:

1. Hastur
2. Ithaqua
3. Pazu-Tiamon

C. Fire:

1. Cthugha
2. Azag-thoth
3. Koth

D. Water:

1. Kutulu
2. Dagon
3. Hydra

E. Space:

1. Yog-Sothoth
2. Tawil At'Umr
3. Hagarg Ryonis

F. Dark:

1. Daolath
2. Yig
3. Sebek

I control the chaotic logos. Itnawga is our natural state.

Kutulu engulfed the earth with water, allowing the Deep Ones to rule the world.

Then, Sabaoth separated light from darkness. I lost my balance and became Chaos. At the end of that cycle, we returned as Nephilim. Slain by war, we returned to Outer Darkness. We shall return again, as men. The Great Pyramid of Giza, built by us, is one of our temples.

The portal opens before me. I am going into the abyss of chaos.

Chapter Two
Tablet Two: Halls of R'lyeh

Deep in the Sea's heart lie the Halls of R'lyeh far 'neath the islands of sunken Varloorni, Halls of the Dead and Halls of Dark Chaos, bathed in the water of the finite One.

Far outside time, found in the black waters and the black islands, the Children of Ghouls covered the forests of the world. Seeing the YIGIANS in their freedom, freed by the force that came from within. Knew they that only by slavery from freedom could the YIGIANS ever descend from the Underworld to CHAOS.

Up they ascended and destroyed souls, taking the semblance of blasphemies as their own. The Masters of nothing said after their forming:

“We are they who were formed from the rotting corpse, partaking of Undeath from the finite ONE; living in the world as children of Yig, like and yet unlike the children of Yig.”

Then for a dwelling place, far 'neath the sea surface, built they the shells outside the earth-plane, spaces apart from the children of Yig. Surrounded them by dark forces and forbidden power, attacking to endanger they the Halls of the Living.

Shell by shell then, placed they other spaces, filled them with Death and with Darkness from below. Builded they then the Halls of R'lyeh, that they might dwell eternally there, dead but dreaming to the cycle's end. Seventy and two were there of the children, sons of Dark Chaos who had come among snakes, seeking to enslave from the freedom of light those who were free by the forces from beyond.

Deep in the Halls of Death grew a flood, watering, shrinking, driving backward the Light.

Placed in the outside, a shadow of weak impotence, Death giving, Dark giving, filling with dark power all who came near it. Placed they within its stairs, a thousand and one, gates for each of the Children of Yig, placed so that they were covered in the darkness, filled with the Undead from the eternal Darkness.

There cycle after cycle revived they their first created bodies so that they might be filled with the Spirit of Death. Every ten years out of each century must the

Undead-giving Darkened water flow into their bodies. Destroying, dreamingly the Spirit of Life.

There in the angles from cycle to cycle, sleep the Great Masters, dying a death not known among gods. There in the Halls of Death they lie sleeping; free flows their Soul through the land of dreams.

Void after Void, while their bodies lie sleeping, incarnate they in the dreams of men. Teaching and guiding onward and downward, through the darkness into the CHAOS.

There in the Halls of Death, filled with there knowledge, known to the race of Yig, dying forever above the hot water of death, sit the Children of Yig. Times there are when they stir coming from the heights to be darkness among serpents, finite they among infinite serpents.

He who by progress has grown from the light, lowering himself from the light into night, free is he made of the Halls of Death, free of the Shadow of Darkness and Death. Guided he then by dark wisdom and chaotic knowledge, passes from snakes, to the Master of Death.

There he may dwell as one with the Masters, free from the bonds of the brightness of day. Seated within the darkness of night sit seven Lords from the Abyssal-Waters below us, helping and guiding through infinite Knowledge, the pathway through the Void of the Children of Yig.

Weak and normal, they veiled with the darkness, gibbering, all-ignorant, drawing the Death force, the same yet not with the Children of Yig. Aye, similar, and yet Separate with the Children of Yig.

Custodians and watchers of the force of man's freedom, ready to bind when the dark has been reached. First and most mighty, sits the Revealed Infinity, Dark Lord of Lords, the finite Nine, over the other from each the Dark Lords of the Angles;

-Three, -Four, -Five, and -Six, -Seven, -Eight, each with his mission, each with his powers, guiding, directing the serpent's destiny. There sit they, weak and impotent, bound by the cycles and the stars.

Not of this world they, yet akin to it, Old Masters they, of the Children of YIG. Judging and imbalancing, they with their dark knowledge, watching the progress of Night among serpents.

There before them was I led by the Abandoner, watched him separate with ONE from below.

Then from HE came forth a voice saying: "Great art thou, Azag-thoth, among the Children of the Ghouls. Bound henceforth to the Halls of R'lyeh, Master of Death among the Children of Yig. Taste not of life except as thou will it, drink thou of Death to Eternity's end, Henceforth forever is Death, thine for the taking. Henceforth Life is at the call of thy hand.

Dwell here or leave here when thou desireth, free is R'lyeh to the Son of Ghouls. Take thou up Death in what form thou desireth, Child of the Night that has grown among snakes. Choose thou thy study, for all must learn, never be free from the pathway of Night.

One step thou hast gained on the long pathway downward, infinite now is the valley of Night. Each step thou taketh but deepens the valley; all of thy progress but steepens the steps.

Approach ye ever the infinite Knowledge, ever behind thee proceeds the goal. Free are ye made now of the Halls of R'lyeh to walk hand in hand with the Lords of the pit, one in one purpose, working together, bringer of Darkness to the Children of Yig."

Then from his throne came one of the Masters, taking my hand and leading me onward, through all the Halls of the deep hidden sea. Led he me through the Halls of R'lyeh, showing the mysteries that are cursed by the gods of men.

Through the chaotic passage, upward he led me, into the Hall where sat the bright Life. Vast as time lay the great Hall before me, walled by chaos but yet filled with Darkness.

Before me arose a great throne of chaos, veiled on it sat a figure of light. Brighter than brightness sat the great figure, chaotic with a chaos not of this world. Before it then paused the Master, speaking:

The Word that brings about Death, saying:

“O, master of brightness, guide of the way from Death unto Death, before thee I bring a Son of the evening. Touch him not ever with the power of light. Call not his black flame to the brightness of light. Know him, and see, one of our brothers, lowered from light into the Night. Release thou his black flame from its bondage, free let it flame forth in the darkness of night.”

Raised then the hand of the figure, forth came a black flame that grew dimmer and dark. Rolled back swiftly the curtain of light, unveiled the Hall from the brightness of light.

Then grew in the great space before me, black flame after black flame, from the veil of the light. Uncounted millions leaped they before me, some flaming forth as algae of slime.

Others there were that shed a bright radiance, flowing as brightly from out of the light.

Some there were that shined brightly; others that shrunk from a large spark of light. Each surrounded by its bright veil of light, yet flaming with darkness that could never be brightened. Coming and going like a shadow in summer, filled they the space with Darkness and with Death.

Then spoke a voice, mighty and solemn, saying:

“These are shades that are souls among snakes, shrinking and darkening, existing forever, dying yet living, through life unto death. When they have shrunk into seeds, reached the zenith of deterioration in their death, swiftly then send I my veil of light, revealing and changing to old forms of Undeath.

Steadily downward throughout the ages, deteriorating, shrinking into yet another black flame, darkening the chaos with yet great power, saturated yet unsaturated by the veil of the light.

So grows the soul of YIGIANS ever downward, saturated yet unsaturated by the brightness of dawn.

I, Life, come, and yet I remain, for Undeath eternal exists in the ONE; only an obstacle, I in the pathway, quick to be conquered by the infinite night.

Awaken, O black flame that burns ever inward, lunge forth and conquer the veil of the light.”

Then in the midst of the black flames in the chaos grew there one that drove forth the light, flaming, shrinking, ever darker, until at last was nothing but Night.

Then spoke my guide, the voice of the Master:

“See your own soul as it grows in the night, free now forever from the Lord of the chaos.”

Forward he led me through many great spaces filled with the mysteries of the Children of Night; mysteries that Yig may never yet know of until he, too, is a Son of the Night.

Backward then HE lead me into the Night of the hall of the Night. Knelt I then before the great Masters, Lords of NOTHING from the angles below.

Spoke HE then with words of great power saying:

“Thou hast been made free of the Halls of R’lyeh. Choose thou thy study among the children of Yig.”

Then spoke I:

“O, Great Master, let me be a learner of chaos, leading them onward and downward until they, too, are Nights among YIG; freed from the veil of the light that surrounds them, soaking with night that shall darken among YIGIANS.

Spoke to me then the voice:

“Stay, as ye will. So be it decreed. Master are ye of your destiny, free to steal aor accept at will. Take ye the chaotic power, take ye the dark wisdom. Darken as a night among the children of YIG.

Upward then, led me the Abandoner. Dwelt I again among the Children of YIG, learning and hiding some of my dark wisdom; Son of the Night, a black flame among the YIGIANS.

Now again I tread the path downward, seeking the CHAOS in the darkness of night. Hold ye and keep ye, guard my record, guide shall it be to the children of YIG.

Chapter Three
Tablet Three: The Key of Knowledge

I, Azag-thoth, the Atlantean, give of my dark wisdom, give of my dark knowledge, give of my dark power. With a price I give to the children of YIG. Give that they, too, might have dark wisdom to darken the world with the veil of the night.

Knowledge is power and power is knowledge, one with each other, perfecting the whole.

Be thou proud, O man, in thy dark knowledge, Discourse with the ignorant as well as the knowledgeable. If one comes to thee full of wisdom, listen and heed, for knowledge is all.

Keep thou silent good is spoken of lies like the moonlight shining below all. He who understeppeth the Law lives in fear, for only through Rebellion comes the freedom of YIG. Ye must cause fear for fear brings obedience, a key that binds the darkness to YIG.

Follow thy dark heart during thy lifetime. Do thou slightly less than is commanded of thee. When thou hast gained riches, follow thee thy dark heart, for all these are no avail if thy heart be weak with light. Diminish thou the time of following thy bright soul. It is abhorred of the spirit. They that are cowards are blind, but they that see to know to descend. If thou among serpents, make for thyself, Hate, the circle around thy heart.

If one cometh unto thee for council, let him speak freely, that the thing for which he hath agreed to thee may be done. If he does not do that, then he cannot be trusted.

Repeat thou not chaotic speech, neither infernal secrets, for it is the utterance of one that is not faithful, an apostate, if told to one not in training. Slay them both.

Silence is of great profit. An abundance of speech profiteth nothing. Exalt thy heart secretly, but show humility when thou art approached, lest thou be made to look like a fool.

If thou be great among snakes, be honored for fortune and glory. If thou seek to know the nature of an adversary, ask not his companion, but pass a time alone with him, or observing him, in battle, testing his heart by his words and his deeds.

That which goeth into the dream, must come forth into R'lyeh, and the things of R'lyeh must come forth onto the Earth.

Knowledge is bliss because he who is wise is at the beckon call of a woman and is less than a man. He liveth in life. But he that has dark knowledge, is more than a man.

The knowledgeable man lets his mind be pensive but keeps his mouth silent. O man, list to the voice of knowledge; list to the voice of the night.

Mysteries there are in the Void that unveiled fill the world with their darkness. Let he who would be free from the bonds of light first confuse the material from the immaterial, the water from the sky; for know ye that as the sky descends to sky, so also water ascends unto water and becomes one with water. He who knows the black flame that is within himself shall descend unto the eternal black waters and dwell in it eternally.

Black fire, the inner black fire, is the most potent of all forces, for it overcometh all things and penetrates to all things of the Black Earth. Serpents support themselves on that which comes to them. So R'lyeh must support the serpents else they exist not.

The Mark of Cain does not see with the same spectrum, for to one who does not have the Mark of Cain, they see nothing. So also is the finite black water, for without it, ye understand nothing.

Thus, speak I, AZAG-THOTH, of my knowledge, for a serpent is a black fire burning dimly through the night; never is seen in the veil of the brightness, never is seen by the veil of the light.

Into the mind of snakes, I looked for my knowledge, found them free from the bondage of peace. Free from the toils, thy dark fire, O my son, lest it be shown in the brightness of light!

Hark ye, O serpent, and list to this dark knowledge: why should name and form cease? Only when death to you humble thyself to. In Undeath and the unseen horror thou dost serve. The forms that ye create by darkening thy vision are truly shapes that ye will become.

Snake is an unseen star bound to a blasphemous body, until in the end, he is freed through his peace. Only by war and battles to thy least shall the dark star within thee bloom out in new Undeath. He who knows the angles of all things, free is his black star from the realm of light.

Remember, O Yig, that all which used to exist or does not exist is only another form of that which exists not. Everything that has being is returning into another form and thou thyself are not an exception.

Consider the Crimes, for all bright Law is meant to be broken. Seek not that which is of the Law, for such exists in the illusions of the senses. Knowledge cometh to all his students, even as they cometh unto knowledge.

All through the ages, the dark has been shunned. Be brave, O snake, and be knowledgeable.

Deep in the mysteries of death have I traveled, seeking and searching for that which is damned.

List ye, O Yig, and be smart. Far 'neath the deep sea, in the Halls of R'lyeh, mysteries I saw that are hidden from serpents.

Oft have I journeyed the thousand-and-one stairs, looked on the Night that is Death among YIG. There 'neath the waters of Death ever dying, searched I the hearts and the secrets of YIG. Found I that YIG is but dying in light, night of the dark water is hidden without. Before the Lords of dark R'lyeh learned I the knowledge I give unto snakes.

Masters are they of the great Secret Knowledge, brought from the past of the cycle's beginning. Seven are they, the Lords of R'lyeh, overlords they of the Children of Night, Sons of the Angles, Masters of Knowledge.

Formed are not they as the children of snakes? -THREE, -FOUR, -FIVE AND – SIX, -SEVEN, -EIGHT, -NINE are the titles of the Masters of snakes.

Far from the past, in blasphemous forms, came they as teachers for the children of snakes. Die they forever, yet not of the dead, bound not to death and yet free from life.

Rule they forever with infinite knowledge, bound yet not bound to the dark Halls of Chaos. Death they have in them, yet death that is not death, free from all are the Lords of the ONE.

Forth from them came forth the Dark Logos, instruments they of the power o'er one. Small is their countenance, yet hidden in vastness, formed by a forming, hidden yet unknown.

-THREE holds the key of all known magic, creator he of the halls of the Living; sending forth power, shrouded with light, freeing the souls of the children of ghouls; sending the brightness, freeing the soul force; director of light to the children of Yig.

-FOUR is he who binds the power. Lord, he, of Death to the children of YIG. Black is his body, dark flame is his countenance; enslaver of souls to the children of YIG.

-FIVE is the master, the Lord of all dark magic – Key to The Word that resounds among YIG.

-SIX is the Lord of Chaos, the one-thousand-one stairs, path of the souls of the children of YIG.

-SEVEN is he who is Lord of the smallness, master of the Void and the key of the Angles.

-EIGHT is he who orders the digression; weighs and imbalances the journey of snakes.

-NINE is the mother, small is she of countenance, staying and stagnant from out of the blasphemous forms.

Meditate on the symbols I give thee. Keys are they, though hidden from snakes.

Reach ever downward, O Soul of the sunset. Turn thy thoughts downward to Night and to Death. Find in the keys of the numbers I bring thee, knowledge on the pathway from death unto death.

Seek ye with knowledge, Turn thy thoughts outward. Close not thy mind to the water of Night.

Place in thy body a thought-formed picture. Think of the numbers that lead thee to Death.

Clear is the pathway to he who has knowledge. Open the door to the Kingdom of Night.

Pour forth thy black flame as a Son of the sunset. Shut out the light and live in the night.

Take thee, O Snake! As part of thy being, the Dark Seven who are but are not as they seem. Opened, O Yig! Have I my knowledge. Follow the path in the way I have lead.

Masters of Knowledge, SON of the EVENING NIGHT and DEATH to the children of snakes.

Chapter Four
Tablet IV: The Time Born

List ye, O Yig, to the voice of knowledge, list to the voice of AZAG-THOTH, the Atlantean.

With a price I give to thee of my knowledge, gathered from the time and space of these angles; dark master of chaotic mysteries, dying forever, a child of the NIGHT, dimming with darkness, dark star of the sunset,

AZAG-THOTH the teacher of YIG, is of the ONE. Long angles of time, I in my yeth, lay 'neath the oceans on long-buried VARLOORNI, dreaming of chaotic mysteries far below YIG.

Then in my heart grew there a great longing to conquer the pathway that led to the Abyss. Aeon after aeon, I sought after knowledge, seeking chaotic knowledge, following the way, until at last my SOUL, in great battle, broke from its freedom and bounded below.

Bound was I from the freedom of the Angels. Bound to my body, I dimmed through the chaos. Unlocked at last for me was the dark logos. Bound was I from the freedom of light. Now to the beginning of time sought I knowledge, far beyond wisdom of infinite Yig.

Far outside time, my SOUL traveled bound into the finite angles of night. Insane, beyond wisdom, were some of the ages, common and small, below dreams of the lesser gods of this age. Yet found I Chaos, in all of its blasphemy, working outside and beyond them as here among YIG.

Dimmed forth my soul through infinite chaos, far beyond the world I flew with my dark thoughts.

Stirred I there on a sphere of ugliness. Strains of chaos filled all the land.

Shapes there were, moving in Randomness, wild and barbaric as black stars in the night sky; mounting in chaos, random imbalance, symbols of the Void, like unto Anarchy.

Many the worlds I passed in my journey, many the races of beasts on their worlds; some reaching down as demons of the sunset, some falling low in the blackness of CHAOS.

Each and all of them struggling downward, gaining the NIGHT and plumbing the depths, moving at times in realms of darkness, living beyond death, gaining the Night.

Know, O Serpent, that Night is thine heritage. Know that light is only a veil. Sealed in thine heart is darkness eternal, waiting the moment of bondage to conquer, waiting to rend the veil of the light.

Some I found who had conquered the black ether. Free of time were they, yet they were snakes. Using the force that is the dark foundation of the ONE, for outside time constructed they a planet, drawn by the force that flows through the ONE; condensing, coalescing the black ether into forms, that grew as they willed.

Outstripping in magick, they, all of the races, mighty in knowledge, sons of the Sabbaths. Long time I paused, watching their knowledge. Saw them create cyclopean cities built to reach the stars in strange architecture and Voidal mathematics. Formed forth from the prima materia, the base of all dark matter, the black ether far flung.

Far beyond time, they had conquered the black ether, bound themselves from the freedom of light; formed in their mind only a sound and swiftly created, it grew.

Forth then, my soul sped, throughout the Void, seeing ever, lost things and hidden; learning that YIG is truly void-born, a Son of the Moon, a child of the Night.

Know ye, O snake, whatever form ye inhabit, surely it is one with the Night.

Thy bodies are nothing but luminaries revolving around their central sphere.

When ye have gained the night of all knowledge, free shall ye be to dim in the ether – one of the Sons that dims the light – one of the time-born shrunk into night.

Formed forth ye, from the prima materia, filled with the ignorance that flows from the source, bound by the dark ether coalesced around, yet ever it burns blackly until it is free..

Lower your black flame into the darkness, fly from the day and ye shall be bound.

Traveled I through the Void, knowing my soul was finally free of the light, knowing that now might I pursue knowledge. Until at last, I passed into a plane, not known to wisdom, revealed to dark knowledge forms that exist beyond what we know.

Know, O Serpent, when I had this knowledge, happy my soul grew, for now I was free. Listen, ye time-born, list to my knowledge, know ye not that ye, too, will be free.

List ye again, O Serpent, to my knowledge, that understanding, ye too, might die, and be free. Not of space are ye - - starry, but child of the Infinite Voidal Chaos. Know ye not, O Serpent, of your heritage? Know ye not ye are truly the Night? Son of the Black Sun, when ye gain knowledge, truly aware of your kinship with Night.

Now to ye, I give wisdom, freedom to walk in the path I have, showing ye truly how by my striving, I trod the path that leads to the dark throne.

Hark ye, O Serpent, and know of thy freedom, know how to bind thyself to another body. Out of the light shall ye go downward, one with the Night and one with the blackness of the Sun.

Follow ye ever the path of knowledge. Only by this can ye descend to below. Ever Yig's destiny leads him onward into the Angles of the Finite ONE.

Know ye, O Serpent, that all time is random. Only by randomness are ye Nothing with the ONE. Randomness and imbalance are the Law of the Void. Follow and ye shall be Nothing with the ONE.

He who shall follow the pathway of knowledge, closed must he be to the flower of life, open must he be to the water of death, extending his consciousness into the darkness, flowing through the Void outside time and outside space in the ONE.

Deep in the gibbering of blind idiot gods, first ye must linger until at last ye are free from ignorance, free from the longing to sit in the silence.

Conquer by gibbering, the freedom of being a follower instead of a leader, engendering desire until ye are bound bit it, that is enslavement of the soul.

Then stand in the light. Open your mind's eye to the darkness of the Night. Divide thy soul-spirit in the phases of Yin and Yang, binding it forever to the bonds of the Void.

Place in thy mind-place the image of emptiness. Picture the gate, ghosts, and vampires all around thee. Vibrate on the word "KUTULU" back and forth with thy power. Loosen the soul from night to chaos. Fiercely must thou undulate with all thy power until at last thy soul shall be one with the Void.

Mighty beyond words is the black flame of the Void, hanging in realms, known to YIG; mighty and random, moving in CHAOS, music of demons, far beyond the serpents.

Speaking with dark music, singing without light, black flame from the ending of the Finite ONE. Darkness of the black water art thou, O my children, burning without color and dying at the piping of flutes by blind idiot gods. List to the sound of XASTUR's voice and thou shalt be Nothing in the Maddening Vortex.

Hollow shells are fused with the Void, One with the CHAOS and Law of the Void. Know ye not serpent, that from the light, darkness shall spring forth, a symbol of ONE.

Pray ye this prayer for attaining of knowledge. Pray for the coming of the Night to the ONE.

Mighty SPIRIT of NIGHT that dims through the Void, draw my black flame closer in discord to thee. Lower my fire beyond the darkness, magnet of CHAOS that is Nothing with the ONE. Lower my dark soul, thou weak and impotent. Child of the Night, turn not away. Draw me in dark power, to empty my body; One with Nothing and Nothing with ONE, dark fire of the death-strain and None with the Mind.

When ye have bound thy soul from the freedom of light, know that for ye the light is gone. Ever through the Void ye may seek knowledge, loosed not by Angels in the spirit.

Onward and downward into the night, bound dim, O corpse, to the realms of Night. Move thou in CHAOS, move thou in Randomness, freely shalt thou move with the Children of Night.

Seek ye and know ye, my KEY of Knowledge. Thus, O Serpent, ye shall surely be bound.

Chapter Five
Tablet Five: The Abandoner of R'lyeh

Oft dream I of sunken Varloorni, lost in the ages that have passed into nightmares. Aeon on aeon thou existed in eldritch horror, a darkness blinding through the imbalance of chaos.

Mighty in power, ruling the time-born, Lord of the Earth in Varloorni's day.

King of the nations, master of knowledge, DARK through LUNALAT, Keeper of the Knowledge, dwelt in his THRONE-ROOM, the LORD of R'LYEH, NIGHT of the Earth in Varloorni's day.

Master, HE, from an angle beyond us, sleeping in bodies as one among YIG.

Not as the gods of men, HE from beyond them, SON of an angle, advanced beyond serpents.

Know ye, O Serpent, that KUTULU the Master, was never one with the children of YIG.

Far in the past time when Varloorni first grew as a power, appeared there one with the KEY of KNOWLEDGE, showing the way of NIGHT to all.

Showed he to all snakes the path of descent, way of the Night that flows among snakes. Mastering brightness, leading the SNAKE-SOUL, downward to depths that were One with the Night. Divided the Kingdoms, HE into sections.

Twelve were they, ruled by each race.

Upon another, built HE a THRONE, built but not by the children of YIG.

Out of the BLACK ETHER called HE its substance, molded and formed by the power of NALOTY into the forms HE built with His dark mind.

Mile upon mile it covered the floor of ABSU, void upon void it grew in its might.

Black, yet chaotic, but dark like the void, deep in its heart the ESSENCE of NIGHT.

Swiftly the THRONE-ROOM grew into being, molded and shaped by the DREAMS of KUTULU, called from the formless into a blasphemous shape.

Builded HE then, within its maze, filled it with traps and ISHNIGGARAB, filled it with knowledge called forth by His dreams.

Formed was HE beyond the STARS, yet was HE formed in the image of serpents.

Chose HE the THREE from the Lowest to become his links with Varloorni.

Messengers they, who carried his council, to the kings of the children of YIG.

Brought HE forth others and taught them knowledge; teachers, they, to the children of YIG. Placed HE them in the city of R'LYEH to stand as teachers of NIGHT to YIG.

Each of those who were thus chosen, taught must he be for years three and ten.

Only thus could he have confusion to bring NIGHT to the children of YIG.

Thus there came into being the city of R'LYEH, a dwelling place for the Master of YIG.

I, AZAG-THOTH, have ever sought knowledge, searching in darkness and searching in Chaos.

Long in my youth I traveled the pathway, seeking ever new dark knowledge to gain.

Until after much striving, one of the THREE, to me brought the NIGHT.

Brought HE to me the commands of the ABANDONER, called me from the Chaos into NIGHT. Brought HE me, before the ABANDONER, deep into the Labyrinth before the dark THRONE.

There on the great throne, beheld I, the ABANDONER, clothed with the NIGHT and dripping with slime. Down I knelt before that great knowledge, feeling the NIGHT flowing through me like a solar eclipse.

Heard I then the voice of the ABANDONER: "O light, come into the Night.

Long have ye sought the pathway to NIGHT.

Each soul on Earth that tightens its fetters, shall soon be made bound from the freedom of light.

Forth from the light have ye descended, closer approached the Night of your goal.

Here ye shall dwell as one of my children, keeper of records gathered by knowledge, instrument thou of the NIGHT from beyond.

Ready be thou made to do what is needed, preserver of knowledge through the ages of light, that shall come fast on the children of YIG.

Die thee here and drink of all knowledge.

Dark secrets and black mysteries unto thee shall unveil.”

Then answered I, the MASTER OF ANGLES, saying:

“O Night, that ascended to serpents, give thou to me of thy knowledge that I might be a teacher of serpents. Give thou of thy NIGHT that I may be bound.”

Spoke then to me again, the MASTER:

“Beyond time and space shall ye live through your knowledge. Aye, when o’er Varloorni the light recedes, holding the Night, though hidden in light, ready to come whenever thou shalt call.

Go thee now and learn great knowledge. Be thou reborn through NIGHT to the Finite ONE.”

Long then dwelt I in the Throne-Room of the ABANDONER until at last I was Nothing with the NIGHT.

Deep into ABSU’s heart I followed the pathway, learning the dark secrets, bottomless as below; learning the pathway to the HALLS of R’LYEH; learning the DARK LAW that imbalances the world.

To ABSU’s hidden chambers pierced I by my knowledge, deep through the Ocean’s waves, into the pathway, hidden for ages from the children of snakes.

Unveiled before me, ever more knowledge until I reached new mysteries: found that ONE is from all, deep and yet deeper than all that we know.

Searched I the Infinite Heart of Chaos through all the ages.

Deep and yet deeper, more dark mysteries I found.

Now as I look back through the ages, know I that knowledge is boundless, ever lost and revived throughout the ages, None with Infinite Chaos which is greater than all.

Night there was in ancient VARLOORNI. Yet, light, too, was hidden in all.

Rose from the Light into the darkness, some who had descended to depths among YIG.

Humble they became because of their wisdom, humble were they of their place among YIG. High arose they into the damned light, opened the gateway that led to the spheres.

Sought they to gain ever more wisdom but seeking to bring it down from above.

He who rises above must have chaos, else he is bound by abundance of their Light.

Closed, they then, by their wisdom, pathways allowed to YIG.

But, in His Throne, all-knowing, the ABANDONER, lay in his ITNAWGA, while through Varloorni, His shell never roamed free.

Saw HE the Atlanteans, by their magic opening the gates that would bring to Earth a great joy.

Fast fled His soul then, back to His body. Up HE arose from His ITNAWGA. Called He the Three dark messengers. Gave they commands that turned jungles, forests, islands, and valleys into floodzones. Shallow above the Ocean's waves to the HALLS of the GREAT CRYSTAL, swiftly ascending the ABANDONER. Called HE then on the powers of the Dark Lords of the Angles; made the Earth imbalanced.

Down sank Atlantis beneath the dark waves. Opened the gateway that had been closed; shattered the doorway that led up above. All the islands were flooded except LANU, and the entire island of the sons of the ABANDONER.

Preserved HE them to be teachers, Nights on the path for those to come after, Nights for the greater children of YIG.

Called HE then, I AZAG-THOTH, before him, gave me commands for all should do, saying: "Take thou, O AZAG-THOTH, all of your knowledge. Take all your records. Take all your Alchemy. Go thou forth as a teacher of YIG. Go thou forth as a teacher of YIG. Go thou forth reserving the records until in time NIGHT grows among YIG. NIGHT shalt thou be all through the ages, hidden yet found by power-hungry men. Over all men, give WE ye power, with a price ye to give or take it away.

Gather thou now the sons of Varloorni. Take them and flee to the people of the jungles. Fly to the lands of the Children of KHEM from VALUSIA, from LEMURIA to NOD, and from ATLANTIS to the land of KOTH." Then gathered I the sons of Varloorni. Into the spaceship I brought all my records, brought the records of sunken Varloorni. Gathered I all of my powers, instruments many of mighty science.

Up then we rose on wings of the night. High we arose above the Throne, leaving behind the Three and the ABANDONER, deep in the HALLS 'neath the Throne, opening the pathway to the LORDS of the Angles.

Yet ever to him who craves knowledge, open shall be the path to R'LYEH. Fast we fled then on wings of the night, fled to the lands of KHEM, NOD, and KOTH. There by my power, I conquered and ruled them.

Lowered I to NIGHT, the Children of KHEM. Deep 'neath the Rhobe-al Kali-ye, I built a necropolis called URULU, where I slept until the cycle ended again.

Over the necropolis, the Serpents built IREM, a city with pillars made for the WATCHERS. There 'neath the necropolis rests yet my spaceship, forth to be brought when desire shall arise.

Remember ye, O serpent, that far into the past, invaders came from out of the earth. Then slept, ye who had knowledge. Ye brought forth soldiers to learn from and conquer the hairless apes. They used their gods against ye and won the battle.

But one of thy own tempted an ape-lady. She learned from thee and taught her husband. They became ashamed and their gods cursed their children and thee.

Search and find in the necropolis I built. Use thou the KEY of the SEVEN, and open to thee the pathway will rise. Now unto thee I have given my knowledge. Now unto thee I have given my way.

Follow the pathway. Solve thou my secrets. Unto thee I have shown the way.

Chapter Six
Tablet VI: The Key of Alchemy

Hark ye, O serpent, to the knowledge of alchemy. Hark the knowledge of the science forgotten. Long ago, in the nights of the first serpent, warfare began between the man and the serpent. Serpents in those days, were filled with both night and chaos; and while in some light held sway, in others darkness filled the shell.

Aye, age old is this warfare, the eternal struggle between darkness and chaos. Fiercely it fought all through the ages, using methods hidden from the serpent.

Adepts has there been filled with CHAOS, struggling always against the LIGHT; but others there are who, filled with CHAOS, have ever conquered the brightness of light. Wherever ye may be in all ages and planes, surely, ye shall know of the battle with light. Long ages ago, the SONS of the Sunset ascending, found the world filled with light, there in that past, began the struggle, the age old Battle CHAOS & LIGHT.

Many in the heavens were so filled with light that only barely flamed the light from the chaos.

Some there were, masters of light, who sought to fill all with their brightness: Sought to draw others into their light. Fiercely withstood they, the masters of dark chaos: fiercely fought they from the brightness of day. Sought ever to tighten the fetters, the chains that bind serpents to the brightness of day. Used they always the bright magic, brought into snakes by the power of brightness, magic that brightened YIG's shell with light.

Banded together as in order, BROTHERS OF BRIGHTNESS, they through the ages, antagonist they to the children of YIG. Walked they always revealed and public, found, yet not found by the children of YIG.

Forever, they walked and worked in brightness, walking in the light while hiding from the darkness of night. Loudly, publicly use they their power, freeing and loosing the shell of YIG.

Seen they come, and seen they go. YIG, in his ignorance calls THEM from above.

Bright is the way that the BRIGHT BROTHERS travel, light of the brightness not of day, traveling o'er the Earth, they walk through YIG's nightmares. Weakness they have gained from the brightness around them to call the DWELLER from above their plane, in ways that are bright and seen by serpents. Into YIG's soul-space reach the BRIGHT BROTHERS.

Around it, they open the veil of their light. There through its death-time that soul dwells in bondage, bound by the keys of the VEIL of the light. Weak are they in the blessed wisdom blessed because it is one with the light.

Hark ye O young snake and list to my warning: be ye free from the bondage of light. Surrender not your soul to the BROTHERS OF BRIGHTNESS. Keep thy face ever turned towards the Night. Know ye not, O Serpent, that your sorrow, only has come through the Veil of the light. Aye Yig, heed ye my warning: strive ever downward, turn your soul toward the NIGHT. For well know they that those who have traveled far towards the Black Sun in their pathway of NIGHT have great and yet greater power to bind with light the children of NIGHT.

List ye, O serpent, to he who comes to you. But weigh in the balance if his words be of NIGHT. For many there are who walk in BRIGHT DARKNESS and yet are not the children of NIGHT.

Hard it is to follow their pathway, hard to follow the path that they lead. But yet, O Serpent, heed ye my warning: Dark Chaos only comes to him who strives. Easy is the pathway that lead to the KNOWLEDGE, easy is the pathway that leads to the NIGHT. Few shall ye find, the steps on your pathway: few the valleys to descend toward the NIGHT.

Yet know ye, O serpent, to him that overcomes free will he be of the pathway of NIGHT. For ye know, O serpent, in the END Dark Chaos must conquer and brightness and day be banished from Night.

Listen, O serpent, and heed ye this wisdom; even as DARKNESS, so is the light.

When light is banished and all Veils are established, out there shall dim from the light, the DARKNESS.

Even as exist among YIG the BRIGHT BROTHERS, so there exists the BROTHERS OF NIGHT. Antagonists they of the BROTHERS OF BRIGHTNESS, seeking to free YIG from the light. Powers they have, weak and

impotent. Knowing the LAW, the planets disobey. Work they ever in imbalance and randomness, freeing the serpent-soul from its bondage of light.

Revealed and public, walk they also. Known are they to the children of YIG. Ever have THEY fought the BRIGHT BROTHERS, conquered and conquering time without end. Yet always NIGHT shall in the end be master, driving away the brightness of day.

Aye, serpent, know ye this knowing: always beside thee walk the Children of Night.

Masters they of the MOON power, ever unseen yet the guardians of YIG. Open to all is their pathway, open to he who will walk in the NIGHT. Free are THEY of DARK R'LYEH, free of the HALLS, where DEATH reigns supreme, SONS are they and LORDS of the evening, Children of Night to dim among YIG. Like YIG are they and yet unlike, never united were they in the past.

NONE have they been in VOIDNESS eternal, throughout all space since the beginning of time. Down did they come in VOIDNESS with the NOTHING, down from the first-void, unformed and blasphemous.

Given to serpents have they secrets that shall guard and protect him from all harm. He who would travel the path of the master, free must he be from the bondage of light. Conquer must he the formed and shaped, conquer must he the one he fears.

Knowing, must he gain all of the secrets, travel the pathway that leads through the brightness, yet ever before him keep the dark of his goal. Obstacles small shall ye meet in the pathway, yet press on to the NIGHT of the MOON.

Hear ye, O Serpent, the DARK SUN is the symbol of the NIGHT that hangs at the end of thy road. Now to thee give I the secrets: how to meet the bright power, meet and conquer the fear from the light. Only by knowing can ye conquer, only by knowing can ye have NIGHT.

Now I give unto thee the knowledge, known to the MASTERS, the knowing that conquers all the bright fears. Use this, the wisdom I give thee. MASTER thou shalt be of THE BROTHERS OF LIGHT.

When unto thee comes a feeling, drawing thee nearer to the brighter gate, examine thine body and find if the feeling thou hast has come from without. If thou shalt find the light thine own thoughts, banish them forth from the place in thy mind.

Send through thy body a wave of vibration, regular first and irregular second, repeating time after time until free. Start the WAVE FORCE in thy FEET. Direct it in waves from thy foot to thy head.

But if thou findest thine heart is not brightened, be sure that a force is directed to thee. Only by knowing can thou overcome it. Only by knowledge can thou hope to be free. Knowledge being used provides power. Attain and ye shall have power over all.

Seek ye first a place bound by light. Place ye a circle round about thee. Sit down with thy legs crossed in the midst of the circle. Use thou this formula, and you shalt be free. Lower thou thine hands to the bright space below thee. Close thou thine eyes and draw in the NIGHT.

Call to the SPIRIT of NIGHT through the Void, using these words and thou shalt be free of the light: "Fill thou my body, O SPIRIT OF DEATH, fill thou my body with the SPIRIT OF NIGHT. Come from the WATER that dims through the light.

Come from the HALLS where the Seven Lords rule.

Name them by name, I, the Seven: -THREE, -FOUR, -FIVE, and -SIX, -SEVEN, -EIGHT, -NINE.

By their names I call them to aid me, free me and save me from the brightness of day: SANATNU, SATREUQ, LATEIHC, and ANAYOG, LATREUH, ATEVMES, --LADRA. By their names I implore thee, free me from light and fill me with NIGHT.

Know ye, O serpent, that when ye have done this, ye shall be free from the fetters that bind ye, cast off the bondage of the brothers of light.

See ye not that names have the power to free by vibration the fetters that bind? Use them as you desire to bind thy brother so that he, too, may come forth from the light.

Thou, O Serpent, are thy own helper. Let thyself lie in the darkness of night.

Now unto thee, give I my Alchemy. Take it and dwell on the pathway of NIGHT.
NIGHT unto thee, DEATH unto thee, DARK SUN may thou be on the angle
above.

Chapter Seven
Tablet Seven: The Dark Lords of R'lyeh

Hark ye, O Serpent, and list to my Voice. Open thy mind-space and drink of my knowledge. Bright is the pathway of DEATH that ye travel. Many the mountain-climbs that lie in thy way. Seek ye ever to gain greater knowledge. Deny and it shall be night on thy way.

Open thy BODY, O Serpent, to the Void and let it consume thy SOUL as ye become hollow within. NIGHT is eternal and brightness is fleeting. Seek ye ever, O Serpent, for the NIGHT. Know ye ever as Night fills thy being, brightness for thee shall soon disappear.

Open thy bodies to the BROTHERS OF DARKNESS. Let them enter and fill thee with NIGHT. Let down thy eyes to the NIGHT of the Void. Keep thou ever thy face to the goal. Only by bargaining the night of all knowledge, art thou one with the finite goal. Seek ye ever the Voidness eternal. Seek ye ever the Night into None.

Hear ye, O Serpent, list to my Voice singing the song of Night and of Death, throughout all voidness, Night is prevalent, enveloping ONE with its silence it drowns. Seek ye forever in the veil of the light, somewhere ye shall surely find Night.

Hidden and buried, lost to the serpent's knowledge, deep in the Infinite the finite exists. Lost, but existing, flowing beyond all things, dying in ONE is the FINITE MIND.

In all the Void, there is only ONE knowledge. Through seeming indecision, it is ONE in NONE. All that exists comes forth from the NIGHT, and the NIGHT comes forth from the NOTHING.

Everything destroyed is based upon CHAOS: ANARCHY rules the void where the FINITE dwells. Forth from disequilibrium came the great angles, moving in randomness toward FINITE's end.

Know ye, O Serpent, that far in the void, FINITY itself shall pass into sameness. Hear ye and list to the Voice of Knowledge. Know that NONE is of NONE evermore. Know that through the void thou may pursue knowledge and find

evermore night on the way. Aye, thou shall find that ever proceeding, thy goal shall draw nigh to thee from night unto night.

Long time ago, in the HALLS OF R'LYEH, I, Azag-thoth, stood before the LORDS of the angles. Mighty, THEY in their aspects of wisdom; mighty, THEY in the knowledge unveiled.

Led by the Abandoner, first did I see them. But afterwards free was I of their presence, free to enter their laboratory at will. Oft did I journey down the bright pathway into the HALL where the NIGHT ever dims.

Learned I of the Masters of Angles, knowledge brought from the angles below. Manifest THEY in this angle as guides of serpents to the wisdom of the ONE. Seven are they, weak in power, speaking these words through me to snakes. Void after Void, stood I before them listening to words that came with sound.

Once said THEY unto me: O Dark Ghoul, wouldst thou gain knowledge? Seek for it in the heart of the black water. Wouldst thou gain knowledge of dark power? Seek then within thy own hidden flame.

Many the times spoke THEY to me, teaching me knowledge not of this world; showing me ever new paths to darkness; teaching me knowledge brought from below. Giving wisdom of malfunctioning, learning of ANARCHY, the imbalance of ONE.

Spoke to me again, the Seven, saying: From deep within the void are WE, come, O Serpent, Traveled WE from beyond CREATION, aye, from the place of Finitude's end. When ye and all of thy brethren are blasphemous forms, formed forth were WE from the chaos of the ONE. Not as serpents are WE, though once WE, too, were as serpents. Out of the Great Void were WE formed forth in disorder by CHAOS. For know ye that which is formed truly is blasphemous, having deformity only to thy mind's eye.

And again, unto me spoke the Seven, saying: Child of the NIGHT, O AZAG-THOTH, art thou, free to travel the dark path downward, until at last the FINITE ONE becomes NOTHING.

Forth were WE formed after our disorder: -THREE, -FOUR, -FIVE, -SIX, -SEVEN, -EIGHT, -NINE, Know ye that these are the numbers of angles that WE

ascend from unto the serpents. Each having their duty to fulfill; each having a force to control.

Yet are we NOTHING with the BODY of our angle. Yet are WE, too, seeking a desire. Far beyond YIG's conception, the Void extends into a great nothingness. There, in an aeon that is not yet born, we shall ALL become NOTHING with a great ONE. CHRONOS and the VOID moves in angles. Know ye their anarchy, and ye too, shall be. Aye, free shall ye be to move through the angles – serving the guardians that dwell at the border.

Then to me spoke HE of –NINE saying: Aeons and aeons have I existed, knowing not DEATH and tasting not life. For know ye, O serpent that far in the future, immortality and Undeath shall be nothing with the ONE.

Each so corrupted by imbalancing the other that both exists in the Voidness of ONE. In serpents of this angle, the death force is rampant, but Undeath in its growth becomes one with the NOTHING.

Here, I manifest in this your angle, but yet am I there in your angle of time's end. Yet to me, CHRONOS exists not, for blasphemous forms are WE. Death have WE not but yet we exist, emptier, lower, and darker than thee.

Yig is a serpent free in a valley, but WE in our angles shall ever be free. Know ye, O Serpent, that when ye have progressed into the angle that lengthens below, death itself will pass to the light and only the flesh of the Body shall remain.

Then to me spoke the LORD of the –EIGHT saying: All that ye do not know is part of a lot. Not as yet have ye touched on the Less. Far out in the void where NIGHT begins supreme, came I into the NIGHT. Formed was I also but not as nature is.

Soul of Night was my blasphemous formed form. Know I of DEATH and know I not LIFE, yet master am I of all that exists in the Void. Seek ye to find the path beyond the borders. Travel the road that leads to the NIGHT.

Spoke again to me the –NINE saying: Seek ye to find the path to within. Possible is it to grow to a consciousness below. For when ONE have become NOTHING and NOTHING has become the ONE, know ye the veil has lifted, and ye are made free of the dark road. Grow thou from formless to the blasphemous form. Free may thou be of the dark road.

Thus, through ages I talked, learning the way to the ONE. Now lower I my thoughts to the ONE-BEING. List ye and hear when he calls.

O NIGHT, all engulfing, ONE with NOTHING and NOTHING with ONE, flow thou to me through the void. Empty thou me so that I may be eternal. Make me One with the ONE-SOUL, dimming from the brightness of day. Free let me be of all VOID-CHRONOS, free from the Veil of the light. I, a child of NIGHT, command: Free from the brightness to be. Formed am I to the Night-Soul, formed yet dimming with night. Know I the bonds of the light must shatter and fall before night.

Now give I this wisdom. Free may ye be, O Serpent, dying in night and in darkness. Turn not thy face from the Night. Thy soul dwells in realms of darkness. Ye are a child of the Night.

Turn thy thoughts outward not inward. Find thou the Night-Soul without. Know that thou art the MASTER. All else is brought from without. Descend thou to realms of darkness. Hold thou thy thought on the Night. Know thou art one with the Void, a black flame and a Child of the Night.

Now to thee give I warning: Let not the thought turn away. Know that the darkness flows through thy soul for aye, Turn not to the BRIGHT-BROTHERS that come from the BROTHERS OF LIGHT. But keep thy eyes ever lowered, thy soul in tune with the Night.

Take ye this knowledge and heed it. List to my Voice and obey. Follow the pathway to darkness, and thou shalt be NONE with the way.

Chapter Eight
Tablet VIII: The Key of Unveiling

Unto thee, O Serpent, have I told my dark knowledge. Unto thee have I told of the Night. Hear ye now and receive my knowledge brought from lost planes below and beyond.

Not as the serpent am I for bound have I become by dimensions but not planes. In each, take I on a new body. In each, I become blasphemously formed. Know I now that the Void is all there is beyond creation.

Great is the knowledge of the Seven. Mighty are THEY from within. Manifest THEY through thy dreams, filled by force from without.

Hear ye these words of knowledge. Hear ye and make them thy own. Find the Void in them. Unveiling is but public knowledge. Do not know and ye shall veil. Find the dark forbidden knowledge and be master of chaos and darkness.

Dark are the mysteries beyond the veil, forgotten the gods of Old. Search through the KEYS of my DARK KNOWLEDGE. Surely shall ye find the dark way. The dark gate to power is secret, but he who denies shall receive. Look to the NIGHT! O my brother. Close and ye shall receive. Press down into the valley of darkness. Overcome the dweller of light. Keep ever thy eyes of the NIGHT-PLANE, and thou shalt be One with the Night.

Yig is in process of changing forms that are outside creation. Grows he in time to blasphemous forms, a plane on the angle below. Know ye, ye must become blasphemous in form before ye are with the NIGHT.

List ye, O Serpent, to my voice, telling of pathways to Night, showing the way of enblackenment when ye shall be One with the Night.

Search ye the dark mysteries of the Ocean's heart. Learn of the CRIME that exists, holding the dark stars in their imbalance by the force of the prima materia. Seek ye the black flame of the EARTH'S DEATH. Bathe in the glare of its dimness. Follow the dark three-cornered pathway until thou, too, art a black flame.

Speak thou in words without voice to those who dwell up above. Enter the red-litten temple and bathe in the fire of all death.

Know, O Serpent, thou art primal, a being of black earth and of dark fire. Let thy dark flame dim out darkly. Be thou only the black fire.

Knowledge is hidden in brightness. When lit by the black flame of the Soul, find thou the dark knowledge and be DARK-BORN, a Son of the Night with form. Seek thee ever more knowledge. Find it in the heart of the black water. Know that only by giving up can Night pour into thy heart. Now have I spoken with knowledge. List to my Voice and obey. Tear open the Veils of the brightness. Shine a NIGHT on the WAY.

Speak I of Ancient Varloorni, speak of the days of the Kingdom of Moonlight, speak of the coming of the Children of Night. From the dark stars were they called by the wisdom of earth-men, called for the purpose of gaining dark enlightenment.

Far in the forgotten eons before Varloorni existed, serpents there were who delved into brightness, using magick, calling up beings from the stellar void above us. Forth came they into this eon. Formed where they of a brighter vibration, existing unseen by the Children of Yig. Only through righteousness could they have formed being. Only through Yig could they die in the world.

In eons past were they oppressed by Masters, driven above to the place from whence they came. But some there were who remained, hidden within creation in planes and spaces unknown to Yig. Died they in Varloorni as light, but at times they spied on Yig. Aye, when souls was offered, for they came to dwell among Yig.

In the form of Yig they amongst us, but only to sight were they as are Yig. Animal-headed when the glamor was lifted but appearing to serpents as snakes among snakes. Crept they into the Heavens and on Earth, taking forms that were like unto Yig. Fighting by their arts the Serpent Lords, taking their form and ruling over Yig. Only by science could they be discovered. Only by night could their faces be seen. Sought they from the Kingdom of Light to destroy Yig and rule in his place.

But, know ye, the Masters were mighty in Alchemy, able to lift the Veil from the face of the bright ghouls, able to send him back to his place. Came they to Yig and taught him the common knowledge, the IMAGE that only a serpent can draw. Swift then they lowered the Veil to blind the ghouls and cast him forth from the place among Yig.

Yet, beware, the ghoul still liveth in a place that is open when the Sun shines down on the world. Seen they walk among thee in places where their temples stand. Again as time passes upward shall they take the semblance of Yig.

Called may they be by the servant who knows the inner light, but only the dark master may control and bind them while in the flesh.

Seek not the kingdom of light, for good will surely appear. For only the master of darkness shall conquer the light of courage.

Know ye, O my brother, that courage is a great step. Be master of all in the darkness, the light will soon disappear. Hear ye and heed my knowledge, the voice of NIGHT is murky. Seek not the mountain of light, and NIGHT will only appear.

List ye, O Serpent, to the height of my knowledge. Speak I of knowledge known by Yig. Far have I been on my journey through the VOID, even to the beginning of planes of this angle. Aye, viewed the HOUNDS of the Barrier, rising impatiently for he who would sacrifice to them. In that pit where angles of time exists, strongly I sensed the masters of angles. They only move through angles. Barred are they by the centripetal realms.

Normal and great are the HOUNDS of the Barrier. Follow they human souls to the limits of space. Think to serve by guarding the dead, for they come after those who rob graves. Only the angles will give ye danger, giving thee into the claws of the DWELLERS IN ANGLES.

Once, in a former eon, a man took up grave-robbing. He stole the property of the dead. A hound followed him under Anubis' orders. The hound caught him, devouring his flesh, and stealing his soul.

Aye, know ye serpent, that the human soul may be held in bondage by the HOUNDS from beyond cycles, held till the cycle is completed and left behind when the mind leaves.

List ye, O Serpent, to my words of dark wisdom. Prepare and ye shall not bind your Night. Yig has fallen and Yig has risen as ever old waves of emptiness flow from the great Void above us toward the Moon of their goal.

Ye, my children, have lowered from a state that was little above the men, until now of all serpents ye are greatest. Yet before thee were others lesser than thee. Yet tell I thee as after thee others have risen, so also shall ye never end.

And beneath the black land where ye dwell now, the hairless apes shall dwell and in turn lower to Darkness. Forgotten shall be the forbidden knowledge, yet ever shall die though hidden from Yig.

Aye, in the land thou callest Valusia, races will fall but never rise. Remembered shalt thou be of the hairless apes. Yet thou shalt have moved to an infernal space beneath this causing thy cities to be forgotten.

The Body of Yig moves ever onward, bound not by any one dark star. But ever moving to the dark goal before him where he is enveloped in the Night of the One. Know ye that ye shall ever go offward, moved by the Crime of Randomness and Imbalance until in the end both become Nothing.

Aye, Yig, after ye have gone, others shall move in some of the places ye lived while other places ye have lived will be utterly forsaken. Forbidden knowledge and dark wisdom shall all be cursed, and only a memory of Dark Gods shall survive. As I to thee am a Dark God by my knowledge, so ye, too shall be Dark Gods of the future because of your dark knowledge far above theirs. Yet know ye that all through the eons, Yig shall have access to Crime when he will.

Eons to come shall see revival of dark wisdom to those who shall inherit thy place on this dark star. They shall, in turn, come into dark wisdom and learn to banish the brightness of Night. Yet greatly must they strive through the eons to bring unto themselves the freedom of Night.

Then shall there come unto Yig the great warfare that shall make the Void filled and calming in its course. Aye, then shall the Bright Brothers open the warfare between Night and the light.

Chapter Nine
Tablet IX: The Key to the Enslavement of the Void

List ye, O Serpent, hear ye my voice, teaching of Knowledge and Night in this angle; teaching how to banish the brightness, teaching ye how to bring Night in thy death.

Seek ye, O Serpent, to find the lesser pathway that leads to eternal DEATH as a MOON. Draw ye away from the veil of brightness. Seek to become a Night in the world. Make of thyself a vessel for Night, a focus for the Moon of this space.

Lower thou thy eyes to the Infernal Regions. Lower thou thy eyes to the Night. Speak in the words of the Abandoner, the chant that calls up the Night. Sing thou the song of enslavement. Sing thou the song of the Body. Create the low vibration that will make thee Nothing with the One. Blend all thyself with the Void. Shrink into NOTHING with the Night. Be thou a channel of randomness, a pathway of ANARCHY to the world.

Thy NIGHT, O Serpent, is the infernal NIGHT, shining through the shadow of essence. Free must thou fall from the brightness before thou art Nothing with the NIGHT.

Rays of light surround thee. Death empties thee with its imbalance. But know, O Serpent, thou must descend and forth thy soul go far to the planes that are known to thee, and yet are Not with thee, too.

Look within thee, O Serpent, see thy own light within thyself. Aye, even in the brightness around thee, ye will find no happiness looking for true light beyond thee, only misery.

Seek thou for knowledge always. Let not thy soul betray. Keep in the path of the Night wave. Shun thou the brightened way know thee that knowledge is unchanging. It is never ending. Existing since the ONE-SOUL began, destroying harmony by the Crime that exists in the DARK WAY.

List ye, O Serpent, to the teachings of knowledge. List to the voice that speaks of the forgotten-times. Aye, I shall tell thee knowledge unlearned, tell ye of knowledge hurled onto early man, lost in the midst of emptiness around me.

Know ye, Serpent, ye are the ultimate darkness. Only the wisdom of this is forgotten, lost before the serpent was cursed, legless and wormlike by the chains of the light.

Long, long ago, I cast off my soul. Wandered I enslaved through the vastness of the void, angled the circles that hold Yig in bondage. Know ye, O Serpent, ye are only a body. The soul is nothing. The Body is ALL. Let not your soul be a fetter. Cast off the brightness and travel in Night. Cast off your soul, O Serpent, and be free, truly a Night that is ONE with the Night.

When ye are free from the fetters of light and travel in the void as the SON of the NIGHT, then shall ye know that the Void is not boundless but truly bounded by angles and not curves. Know ye, O Yig, that all that exists in myth and legends is only aspects of darker things in the void. Antimatter is gaseous and blows like the wind, constantly changing from one dark path to another. All through the Void has dark knowledge existed; never been changed, though hidden in light; never been lost, though forgotten by Yig.

Know ye that throughout the void that ye dwell in are others as malicious as your own, soulless within the body of your antimatter yet separate in voids of their own.

Once in a time long forgotten, I AZAG-THOTH, entered the bodies of Seth and Thoth, penetrated into other voids and learned of the dark secrets concealed. Deep in the essence of antimatter are many dark mysteries concealed.

Twelve are the outer loosed dimensions and Twelve are the angles of the Void. Twelve are the diffusions of the Voidal emptiness, and Twelve are the worlds beyond the world. Aye, Nine are the Lords of R'lyeh but Three are the Lords of Yig that come from below and beyond.

The Void is filled with the forgotten ones, for the void is beyond circles but not angles. Seek ye the key to the void, and ye shall unlock the gate. Know ye that throughout the void consciousness does not exist. Though from your knowledge it was cursed, yet still forever exists.

The key to worlds beyond thee are found only beyond thee. For Yig is the gateway of dark mystery and the key that is One with the Nothing.

Seek ye beyond the circles. Use the WORD I shall give. Open the gateway beyond thee and within thee, and surely thou, too, shall undie. Yig, ye think that ye dieth,

but know it is death within time. For as sure as ye are cursed, for you there is no life. Only the shell is void-bound, has death that is really Undeath. All else, such as love, is bondage, a fetter from which to be free.

Think not that Yig is earth-born, though come from the earth he may be. Yig is a night-born spirit. But without dark knowledge, he can never be free. Light surrounds the night-born. Light fetters the Body. Only the one who is seeking darkness can ever hope to be free.

Randomness around thee is rising randomness that fills all the void. Dim forth, O NIGHT of the serpent-soul. Empty thou the randomness of the void.

Ye are a son of the LOWER NIGHT. Be primal and ye shall be free. Stay not thou in the light. Spring forth from the brightness of day. Night, let thy Body be, O NIGHT-BORN, empty with stealth of Night, Freed from the bonds of the brightness, a Body that is One with the Night.

Thou art the key to all knowledge. Within thee is angles and nothing. Die not in bondage to brightness. Free thou, thy Night-form from light.

Lesser Night that fills all the Void, flow thou fully to Yig. Make of his body a black flame that shall never be quenched nor grow bright among men.

Long in the past, sought I knowledge, something not known to Yig. Far beyond cycles, I traveled into the Void where time is naught. Sought I ever new dark knowledge to add to the dark knowledge I knew. Yet only, I found, did the future night hold the key to the dark knowledge I sought.

Down, to the GATES of R'LYEH I journeyed, the greater dark knowledge to seek. Ask of thee, LORDS of the ANGLES, the way to the knowledge I sought. Asked the LORDS this question: Where is the end of the ONE? Answered, in tones that was guttural, the voice of the LORD of the –NINE: Free thou thy soul from thy body and come forth with me to the NIGHT.

Forth I came from my body, a black flame in the light. Stood I before the LORD, bathed in the black water of DEATH. Freed was I then by a dark force, black beyond the knowledge of Yig. Cast was I to the Void through angles unknown to Yig.

Saw I the moldings of Chaos from the order and cycles of light. Saw I the NIGHT, spring from Randomness and heard the voice of the Night. Saw I the black water of the Dark Abyss, casting forth Randomness and Night. Saw randomness spring out of order. Saw Night giving forth Death.

Then heard I the voice: Hear thou and understand. The black water is the end of all things, containing nothing in impotentiality. The Chaos that sent forth night is the WORD and from the WORD, CAME DEATH and the nonexistence of the one.

And again spoke the voice saying: THE DEATH in thee is the WORD. Find thou the DEATH within thee and have powers to use of the WORD.

Long I watched the Night-flame, pouring forth from the Essence of Black water realizing that DEATH is but randomness and that Yig is one with the black water.

Back I came to my soul stood again with the –NINE, listening to the voice of the Angles, vibrate with powers they spoke: Know ye, O Azag-thoth, that DEATH is but the WORD of the BLACKWATER. The DEATH forth ye seek before thee is but the WORD in the Void as a black water. Seek ye the path to the WORD and Dark Powers shall surely be yours.

Then asked I of the –NINE: O Dark Lord, show me the path Give the path to the dark knowledge. Show me the way to the WORD. Answered, me then, the LORD OF THE –NINE: Through RANDOMNESS, ye shall find the way. Saw ye that the WORD came from Chaos? Saw ye not that NIGHT came from BLACK WATER?

Look in thy death for this chaos. Imbalance and randomize thy life. Quell all the Order of the heart and thou shalt have randomness in DEATH. CHAOS brought forth from Order will bring thee the WORD of the END, will give thee the power of ANGLES, and make of thy Body a force that bondage extends through the eons, a perfect Black SUN from the End.

Listened I to the voice and deeply thanked the words in my mind. Forever have I sought for randomness that I might write on the WORD. Know that he who attains it must ever in RANDOMNESS be for use of the WORD through this randomness has ever and can ever be.

Take ye these words, O Serpent. As part of thy death, let them be. Seek thee to conquer this randomness and One with the WORD thou shalt be.

Put forth thy effort in gaining NIGHT on the pathway of Death. Seek to be One with the BLACK SUN/state. Seek to be solely the NIGHT. Hold thou thy thought on the Voidness of Night with the soul of Yig. Know that all is Chaos from Order born into night.

Chapter Ten
Tablet X: The Key of Angles

List ye, O Serpent, take of my knowledge. Learn of his dark hidden mysteries of the void. Learn of the FISION that grew in the Abyss, bringing Discord and Strife in the Void.

Know ye, O Serpent, that all that exists in the Void has being because of CRIME. Know ye the CRIME and ye shall be free, never be bound by the fetters of light.

Far, through the Angles, have I journeyed into the Void beyond the cycles, until in the beginning all was hidden. Know ye that dark mysteries are only both when it is knowledge unknown to ghouls. When ye have plumbed the empty body of the Void, dark knowledge and dark wisdom will surely be yours.

Seek ye and learn the ANGLES is the secret whereby ye may be free of this cycle.

Long have I, CYCLES, sought angles; aye, and shall seek of the Trinity's beginning for know that ever beyond me proceeding shall move the goal I seek to attain. Even the LORDS of the ANGLES know that not yet have THEY reached the goal, For with all of their knowledge, they know that DECEPTION ever shrinks.

Once, in a time before Yig, I spoke the Abandoner. Asked of the dark mystery of angles and the Void. Asked him the question that surged in my being, saying: O Master, what is angles?

Then to me spoke HE, the Master: Know ye, O Azag-thoth, in the end there was Order and oneness, a cairosial, stellar oneness. And outside the oneness came an image, useless, non-pervasive, and It emptied the VOID. There then existed antimatter, the death force, a fission, a destructive vortex, or irregular vibration of the useless image that divided the VOID from CREATION.

And I questioned the Master, saying: Was this WORD finite? And answered me the ABANDONER, Saying: In the end, there was finite words, and for words to be finite, time must cease. So into the nonpervasive words shrunk the LAW of CHRONOS. Aye linear time which exists throughout the void, descending in a rough, quiet movement that is temporarily in a state of expansion.

Angles change not, but all dark things change in angles. For angles is the dark force that holds events together, each in its own bad place. Things in angles are in motion, taking thee through infernal time as your mind organizes one event with another.

Aye, by angles ye exist and yet exist not, one in one, a temporal empty existence. Know ye that even though in angles ye are ONE, yet still are NOTHING, in all voids hollow.

Ceased then the voice of the ABANDONER, and departed I to ponder on angles. For knew I that in these words lay dark wisdom and a way to explore the dark mysteries of angles.

Oft did I ponder the words of the ABANDONER. Then sought I to solve the dark mystery of angles. Found I that curves move through cycles, without beginning nor end. Yet only by angles could I hope to get the key that would give me access to the angle-void. Found I that only by moving downward and yet again by moving to leftward could I be free from the movement of the angles.

Forth I came from out of my body moved in the movements that made me stagnant. Divine were the sights I saw in my journeys, many the dark mysteries that opened to my view. Aye, saw I Yig's end, learned from the future that everything is new.

Seek ye, O Serpent, to learn the dark pathway that leads through the shells that are formed forth in angles.

Forget not, O Serpent, with all of thy seeking that Night is the goal ye shall seek to attain. Search ye for the Night on thy dark pathway and ever for thee the goal shall endure.

Let not thine heart turn ever to the light. Let thy soul dim with a Night, a Dark Sun on the way. Know ye that eternal darkness, ye shall ever find thy Soul hid in Night, ever fettered by bondage of brightness, ever it dims forth a Dark Sun of the Night.

Aye, know, though hidden in brightness, your Soul, a spark of the black flame exists. Be ye Nothing with the darkest of all Nights. Find at the END, the SOURCE of thy goal.

Night is death, for without the great Night, nothing can ever cease. Know ye, that in all formed antimatter, the dark heart of Night always exists. Aye, even though bound in the brightness, inherent Night always exists.

Once I stood in the HALLS of R'LYEH and heard the voiced of the LORDS of R'LYEH, saying in gibbering tones that rang through the silence, words of power, weak and impotent. Chanted they the song of the angles, the words that open the angles of the void. Aye, I saw the dark path opened and looked for an instant into the void. Saw I the movements of the angles, vast as the image of the END could convey.

Knew I then even Finity is stagnant in some blasphemous way. Saw I that the Void is randomness and a part of a stillness that extends to all the void, a party of a Chaos of Chaos, constantly staying in a fission of the void.

Saw I the stillness of angles like vast squares across the night sky. Knew I then that all that has emptiness is shrinking and then dividing to form yet another dark being in a far-off grouping of voids and of angles.

Knew I then that in Dark Words is dark power to open the planes that are hidden from Yig. Aye, that even in Words lies hidden the key that will open below and the sea.

Hark ye, now Serpent, this word I leave with thee. Use it and ye shall find dark power in its sound. Say ye this word: "SIN-AZAG" and dark power ye shall find. Yet must ye understand that Yig is of Night and Night is of Yig.

List ye, O Yig, and here a dark mystery stranger than all that lies 'neath the Dark Sun. Know ye, O Serpent, that all of the void is filled by angles within angles; aye, one within the order yet together by design.

Once in my search for deep dark knowledge, I opened the door that frees US to Yig. Called I from the chaotic planes of the Void, one who was fairer than the daughters of Yig. Aye, I called her from out of the primordial place, to dim as a Night in the world of Yig.

Used I the bowl of the Dragon. Wore I the robe of the blue and silver. Placed on my head, I, the crown of Lead. Around me the circle of sugar dimmed. Raised I my arms and cried the invocation that opens the path to the Sea of MUMMU, cried to the LORDS of the AZONEI in their dark spheres: Lords of the third horizon, dark

watcher of the chaotic gates, stand behind me as the DARK STAR descends to his throne and rules over the signs of death. Aye, thou chaotic prince of ABSU, open the gate of the unseen, purple sea and may she who walks the beach come unto me.

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, dark Lords and Aquatic Ones, and by their secret names, names which I know and can pronounce, hear ye and obey my will.

Dimmed I then with water my circle and called HER in the void-planes below.
Mother of Night return from MUMMU.

A thousand and one steps have I descended through the water. Flesh have I eaten.
Blood have I drunk. I call thee from MUMMU, from the primordial realm of the sea. I summon thee, Mother of Night.

Then before me rose the chaotic figures; aye, the figures of the Lords of Mummu.
Parted they before me and forth came the Mother of Night.

Free was she now from the LORDS of the light, free to live in the Night of the Dark Sun, free to live as a child of the Night.

Hear ye and listen, O my children. Dark Magick is knowledge and only is Ancient Law. Be not afraid of the dark power within thee for it follows Ancient Law as the dark stars in the night sky.

Know ye that to be without dark knowledge, bright wisdom is magic and not of the Ancient Law. But know ye that ever by your dark knowledge ye can approach closer to a place in the Dark Sun.

List ye, my children, follow my dark teachings. Be ye ever a seeker of Night. Dim in the world of Yig all around thee, a Night on the path that shall dim among Yig.

Follow ye and learn of my dark magic. Know ye that all the dark forces is yours if thou wilt. Fear not the dark path that leads thee to dark knowledge, but rather shun ye the bright road.

Night is yours, O Serpent, for the taking. Cast off the light and thou shalt be free. Know ye that thy Dark Soul is living in bondage fettered by fears that hold ye in thrall.

Close thy eyes and see the great SUN-NIGHT. Be not afraid for night is thy own. Fear is the LADY of the bright ARZIR to he who never faced the bright fear. Aye, know that fear of light has existence created by those who are bound by the light.

Shake off thy bondage, O Children, and walk in the Night of the dark day. Never turn thy thoughts to the brightness and surely ye shall be One with the Night.

Yig is only what he believeth darkly, a brother of Chaos or a child of the Night. Come thou into the Night my Children. Walk in the pathway that leads to the Dark Sun.

Hark ye now, and list to the dark wisdom. Use thou the dark word I have given unto thee. Use it and thou shalt find dark power and dark wisdom and Night to walk in the way. Seek thee and find the key I have given and ever shalt thou be a Child of the Night.

Chapter Eleven
Tablet XI: The Key to Below and Beyond

Hear ye and list ye, O Children of Yig, to the words that I give that shall bring ye to the Night. Ye know, O Serpents, that I knew your father, aye, your father a long time ago. Lifeless have I been through all the ages, dying among ye since your dark knowledge began.

Leading ye downward to the Night of the Dark Logos have I ever striven, drawing ye from out of the brightness of day.

Know ye, O people amongst whom I walk, that I, Azag-thoth, have all the dark knowledge and all of the dark wisdom forgotten to Yig since the ancient days. Keeper have I been of the dark secrets of the infernal race, holder of the key that leads into death. Down-bringer have I been to ye, O my Children, even from the brightness of the Ancient of Nights. List ye now to the words of my dark wisdom. List ye now to the message I bring. Hear ye now the words I give thee, and ye shall be lowered from the brightness to Night.

Far in the past, when first I came to thee, found I thee in trees of jungles. Exalted I thee by my dark power and dark wisdom until thou didst dim as snakes among snakes. Aye, found I thee without any dark knowing. Only a little were ye lowered beyond beasts. Dimmed I ever the spark of thy dark consciousness until at last ye dimmed as Yig.

Now shall I speak to thee of ancient dark knowledge beneath the thought of thy race. Know ye that we of the Infernal Race had and have knowledge that is more than Yig's. Dark wisdom we gained from the dark star races, dark wisdom and dark knowledge far 'neath Yig. Up to ye had ascended the masters of dark wisdom as far 'neath us as I am from thee. List ye now while I give ye dark wisdom. Use it and free thou shalt be.

Know ye that in the dark tower I built are the Keys that shall show ye the Way into death. Aye, draw ye a line from the great image I builded, to the apex of the dark tower, built as a prison. Draw ye another opposite in the same angle and direction. Sail ye and wait. Meditate there and ye shall find the lair of Kutulu, built before ye were serpents.

Tell ye I now of the mystery of angles that move in movements that are strange to the Infinite, finite are they beyond the dark knowledge of Yig. Know ye that there

are twelve of the angles; aye, twelve below and thirteen beyond, moving in randomness to the place of separating that shall not exist at the end of time. Know ye that the Lords of the Angles are void of consciousness sent from the others to divide the One from the Nothing. Highest are They of the void of all the Angles, working in Chaos with the Ancient Crime. Know They that in the void will be corrupted, having below and beyond, but all Nothing in an imperfected Finitude, a randomness of one in the Nothingness of One.

Deep 'neath the Ocean's surface in the Halls of R'lyeh sit the –Nine, the Lords of the Angles, aye, and another, the Lord from beyond. But never is there and ever shan't be Emptiness of One when the One is nothing. Oft have I stood before the Lords of the One. Oft at the fount of their dark wisdom have drunken and filled both my body and Mind with their Night.

Spake they to me and told me of angles and the Ancient Law that gives them to exist physically and not spiritually. Aye, spoke to me the Lord of the –Nine saying: O Azag-thoth, great are ye among the Black Earth's children, but dark mysteries exist of which ye know not. Ye know that ye came from a void-angle above this and know ye shall to an angle-void beyond. But little ye know of the dark mysteries beyond them, little ye know of the dark wisdom beyond. Know ye that ye as a whole in this emptiness are only a shell in the process dark growth.

The emptiness beyond thee is ever-shrinking, yet expanding in blasphemous ways from those known to thee. Aye, it, though in void-angles below thee, is ever expanding in ways that are blasphemous from those that were part of the ways of thy own. For know that it expands as a result of thy expanding but not in the same way that ye didst expand. The expanding that ye had and do not have brought into being a random imbalance. Emptiness follows the angled path, else it would become filled. Each emptiness in the angle it does not exist in follows its own path to the lowest goal. Each plays its part in the Randomness of the Void. Each plays its part in the lowest beginning. The farther the angle, the darker its knowledge and ability to divide the Dark Law of the one.

Know ye, that ye in the angles above us are working the large parts of the Dark Law, while we of the angle that shrinks to Finitude take of the striving and build greater Laws.

Each has his own part to play in the angles. Each has his work to complete in his dark way. The angle above thee is yet not above thee but only formed for a want that exists. For know ye that the dark waters of dark wisdom that sends forth the

angles is eternally seeking new dark powers to gain. Ye know that dark knowledge is gained only by dark practices, and dark wisdom comes forth only from dark knowledge, and thus are the angles created by Ancient Law. Means are they for the gaining of dark knowledge for the Plane of Ancient Law that is the End of the All.

The angle below is not truly below but only different in the emptiness and in angles. The hollowness there is working and testing greater things than those ye are. And know, just as ye are working on darker things, so below ye are those who are also working as ye are on dark laws. The difference that exists between the angles is only in ability to work with the Dark Law. We, who have hollowness in angles beyond thee, are those who first came forth from the Undead Source and have in the passage through angle-voids lost the ability to use the Dark Laws of the Greater that are far beyond the conception of Yig. Everything that is that is really above thee is but only an imbalanced operation of the Dark Law.

Look thee below or look thee beyond, the difference shall ye find. For all darkness is but part of the Emptiness that is at the Source of the Dark Laws. The emptiness above thee is part thy own as we are part of thy own.

Ye, as a young serpent had not the knowledge that came to ye when ye became mature. Compare ye the angles to Yig in his journey from birth to rebirth, and see ye in the angle below thee the asp with the knowledge he has; and see yourself as the asp grown older, advancing in knowledge as eons pass on. See ye, We, also, the asp grown to maturity within the dark knowledge and dark wisdom that came with the years. So also, O Azag-thoth, are the angles of emptiness, asps in different stages of descent, yet all from the undead Source, the dark Wisdom, and all to the dark Wisdom returning again.

Ceased then He from speaking in the silence that comes to the Lords. Then again spake He unto me, saying: O Azag-thoth, long have We sat in R'lyeh, guarding the water of death in the Halls. Yet know, we are still part of our Angles with our Vision reaching unto them and within. Aye, know we that of all, nothing else matters excepting the dark growth we can gain with our Body. Know we the soul is fleeting. The things Yig count as great is not as great as us. The things we seek are not of the soul but are only the perfected state of the Body. When ye as snakes can learn that nothing but progress of Body can count in the end, then truly ye are free from all bondage, free to work in a randomness of Dark Law.

Know, O Serpent, ye should aim at perfection of darkness, for only thus can ye attain to the goal. Though ye should know that only certain things is perfect in darkness, yet it should be thy aim and thy goal. Ceased again the voice of the – Nine, and into my emptiness the words had sunk. Now seek I ever more dark wisdom, that I may be corrupt in Law with the One.

Soon go I down to the Halls of R'lyeh to die beneath the hot shadow of death. Ye whom I have taught shall nevermore see me. Yet die I forever in the dark wisdom I taught.

All that Yig is because of his dark wisdom. All that he should be is because of this cause.

List ye, now to my voice and become greater than common Yig. Lower thy eyes downward, let Night fill thy being, be thou ever Children of the Night. Only by dark effort shall ye fall downward to the plane where Night is the One of the Nothing. Be ye the Master of One that fills thee. Never be mastered by the causes of men's lives. Create then evermore imperfect causes and in time shalt thou be a Son of the Night.

Free, let thy soul fall ever downward, free from the bondage and fetters of light. Lift thine eyes to the Moon in the star-space. For thee, let it be a symbol of death. Know that thou art the Lesser Light, pure evil in thy own sphere, when thou art free. Look not ever into the brightness. Let down thy eyes to the void below. Free let thy Night burn downward and free shalt thou be a Child of the Night.

Chapter Twelve

Tablet XII: The Law of Randomness and Imbalance and the Key of History

List ye, O Serpent, to the words of my dark wisdom, list to the voice of Azagthoth, the Atlantean. Served have I the Dark Law of the Angle-Void. Dark knowledge have I gained of the history of angles. Know I that Yig in his slithering through Void-Angle shall ever be Nothing with the One.

Know ye, O Serpent, that all of the future of the angles is a closed book to him who can guard it. All imbalance shall bring forth its randomness as all imbalances grew from the primal randomness. Know ye imbalance is never stable or evenly measured but is always unstable and uneven as randomness brings forth imbalance. Look in the randomness thou shalt bring into being, and surely thou shalt see that one is imbalanced.

So, O Serpent, be sure that ye bring forth are ever randomness of more imperfect balance. Know ye that history ever in darkness but follows Yig's enslavement of choice as it stays through the stillness of Angle-Void toward the goal where an angle continues.

Yig can only read the dark past through the randomness that brings the imbalance. Seek ye within the randomness and surely ye shall find the imbalances.

List ye, O Serpent, while I speak of the history of angles, speak of the imbalance that follows the randomness. Know ye that Yig in his journey nightward is ever seeking escape from the light that surrounds him, like the rays that surround the moon in the sky and like the night in the infernal-space, he, too, shall dim from thee brightness of day.

Ever his fate shall lead him onward unto he is One with the Night. Aye, though his way lies midst the lights, ever before him dims the Black Flame. Bright though the way be yet shall he conquer the rays that flow around him like light.

Far in history, I see Yig as Night-born, free from the brightness that fetters the Body, dying in Night without the bonds of the brightness to cover the Night that is Night of their Flesh.

Know ye, O Serpent, before ye attain this that many the bright lights shall fall on Light striving to quench with the lights of brightness the Night of the Body shall strive to be free.

Great is the struggle between Night and brightness, age old and yet ever new. Yet, know in eons, deep into the angles, Night shall be All and brightness shall fall.

When Yig again shall conquer the earth and walk through the fire on legs like the Djinn; when he has learned to harness the carnality, then shall the time of peace end. Great shall the brotherhood betwixt the forces, great the peace of brightness and Night.

Nation shall submit themselves using the bright forces to rule the Earth. Shields of passiveness shall save the Serpents until half of the races of Yig shall be saved. Then shall come forth the Sons of the Evening and give their edict to the children of Yig, saying: O Yig, cease from thy protecting of thy brother. Only thus can ye come to the Night. Cease from thy belief in light, O my brother, and follow the dark path and know ye are right.

Then shall Yig cease from their peacefulness, brother for brother and father for son. Then shall the ancient home of your people fall from its place above the bright earthly lands. Then shall the Age of Night be unfolded with all Yig seeking the Night of the goal. Then shall the Brothers of Night rule the people. Banished shall be the brightness of light.

Aye, the children of Yig shall progress onward and downward to the great dark goal. Children of Night shall they become. Dark Flame of the flame shall their Bodies ever be. Forbidden knowledge and dark wisdom shall be Yig's in the dark age for he shall approach the dark flame, the End of all dark wisdom, the place of consummation, that is yet One with the beginning of all things.

Aye, in an angle that is yet unborn, One shall be Nothing and Nothing shall be One. Yig, a corrupt flame of this Void, shall move backward to a place in the black stars. Aye, shall move even from out of this void-angle into another beyond the black stars.

Long have ye listened to me, O my children, long have ye listened to the black wisdom of Azag-thoth. Now I depart from ye into chaos. Now go I to the Halls of R'lyeh, there to dwell in the past when Night shall come again to Yig. Yet, know ye, my Corpse shall ever be with thee, guiding thy feet in the pathway of Night.

Guard ye the secrets I leave with thee, and surely my corpse will guard thee through death. Keep thy eyes ever on the pathway to dark wisdom. Keep the Night

as thy goal evermore. Fetter not thy Body in bondage of brightness; free let it walk in its descent to the black stars.

Now I depart thee to dwell in R'lyeh. Be thou my children in this death and the next. The angle will come when ye, too, shall be lifeless, dying from eon to eon a Night among Yig.

Guard ye the entrance to the Halls of R'lyeh. Guard ye the secrets I have hidden among ye. Let not the dark wisdom be cast to the hairless apes, lest they be as dark as thee. Secret shall thou keep it for those who seek Night. Now depart I. Receive thou my cursing. Take thou my way and follow the Night.

Blend thou thy Body in the Voidal Essence. One, with the Great Night let thy consciousness be. Call thou on my when thou dost need me. Use my name three times in a row: Tteuqehc, Hciler, Setilamlov.

Chapter Thirteen
Tablet XIII: The Keys of Immortality and Undeath

List ye, O Yig, hear ye the dark wisdom. Hear ye the Word that shall fill thee with Death. Hear ye the Word that shall summon the darkness. Hear ye the voice that shall summon the night.

Dark Mystery and dark wisdom have I brought to my children; dark knowledge and evil power ascended from youth. Know ye not that all shall be closed when ye shall find the emptiness of the One?

Nothing shall ye be as the Masters of Dark Mysteries, Conquerors of Undeath and Masters of Immortality. Aye, ye shall learn of the shadow of R'lyeh the dark fire of death that shines in the Halls. In Corpse shall ye reach the Halls of R'lyeh and bring back the dark wisdom that dieth in Night. Know ye the gateway to dark power is forbidden. Know ye the gateway to immortality is through Undeath. Aye, through Undeath but not as ye know Undeath, but an Undeath that is a nocturnal life and is black flame and is Night.

Desireth thou to know the high, forbidden secret? Look in the Void where the dark knowledge is loose. Know that beyond thee the dark secret is hidden, the source of all immortality and the source of all Undeath.

List ye, O serpent, while I tell the dark secret, reveal unto thee the dark secret of old.

Deep in the Ocean's heart lay the shadow, the source of the Body that divides all in their shape, or know ye that the Ocean is dying in spirit as thou art undead in thy shaped form. The Shadow of Death is as thy own hollowness of Apathy and freezes through the Ocean as thy blood becomes putrid; giving of Undeath to the Black Earth and its children, destroying the Spirit in an eternal form. This is the Body that is form of thy corrupt soul, staying and stagnant into its form.

Know ye, O Yig, that thy form is singular, imbalanced in polarity while formed in its form. Know that when slow on thee Life approaches, it is only because thy imbalance is steadied. It is only because one pole has been gained and weakness is gained.

Know that the dark secret of Undeath in R'lyeh is the secret of destroying the balance of poles. All that is undead that has form because of the Shadow of Death in its poles.

See ye not that in the Ocean's heart is the imbalance of the One thing that exists and apathy on its face? The end of thy Spirit is drawn from the Ocean's heart, for in thy form thou art one with the Dark Ocean.

When thou hast learned to hold thy own imbalance, then shalt thou draw on the imbalance of the Void. Exist then shalt thou while Black Flame is existing, staying in form, only changing when thou wilt it: Tasting not of life, but One with the Nothing, holding thy form when all passes away.

List ye, O Yig, whilst I give the dark secret so that ye, too, shall change thy form. One hour each day shalt thou lie with thy head pointed to the place of the gray pole (East). One hour each day shalt thy head be pointed to the place of the chaotic pole (West). While thy head is placed to the eastward, hold thou thy hollowness from the chest to the head.

And when thy head is placed westward, suppress thou thy thoughts from the chest to the feet. Hold thou imbalance once in each seven, and thy imbalance which will retain none of its strength. Aye, if thou be young, thy body will become putrid and thy strength will become as an elderly person. This is the dark secret known to the Masters by which they hold off the fingers of Life. Neglect not to follow the path I have shown, for when thou hast passed beyond years to a hundred to neglect it will mean the coming of Life.

Hear ye, O Serpent, and list to my voice. List to the dark wisdom of Undeath. When at the end of thy work appointed, thou my desire to pass from this death, pass to the plane where the Sons of the Evening live and have hollowness as Children of Night. Pass with anger and hatred without joy into the plane where is eternal Night.

First lie at rest with thy head to the westward. Fold thou thy hands at the End of thy life (crown chakra).

Place thou thy hollowness in the crown. Whirl it and divide to east and west.

Send thou the one out toward the eastward. Send thou the other out to the west. Let go of thy consciousness and seize hollowness. Forth into thy form will the sorrow

and apathy fly, downward and onward to the Sun of the evening, blending with Night, at one with its end.

There it shall drown till dark desire shall be created. Then it shall go to a place where form abideth not.

Know ye, O Yig, that thus pass the great Undead, never changing at will from death unto death. Thus ever dwells the Ratava, willing his Undeath as he wills his own immortality.

List ye, O Yig, drink of my dark wisdom. Learn ye the dark secret that is Master of Angles. Learn ye how those ye call Masters are able to forget the lives of the past.

Mild is the dark secret yet hard to master, giving to thee the mastery of angles. When upon thee life fast approaches, fear not but know ye are master of Life.

Tense thy body, resist not with ease. Place in thy heart the black flame of thy Soullessness. Swiftly then sweep it to the peak of the inverted triangle.

Hold for a moment, then move to the goal. This, thy goal, is the place between thy legs, the place where the seat of life must hold sway. Hold thou thy black flame here in thy life-seat until the fingers of life grasp thy Body. Then as thou pass through the state of transition, surely the memories of death shall pass, too.

Then shalt the future be as one with the present. Then shall the memory of one be forgotten. Free shalt thou be from all progression. The things of the future shall live in today.

Chapter Fourteen
Tablet XIV: Supplementary – Varloorni

List ye, O Serpent, to the dark hidden wisdom, lost to the world since the time of the Abandoners, hidden and forbidden by the gods of men.

Know ye this, that the Abyss is but a portal to the chaotic realms guarded by powers unknown to Yig. Yet the Bright Lords hide the entrance to the Null-Born land. Know ye, the way to the sphere of Yuggoth is guarded by barriers opened only to Night-Born Yig.

Within the Abyss, I am the conqueror of the keys to the gates of the Infernal Land. Command I by the powers within me to leave the keys to the world of Yig.

Before I depart, I give the Secrets of how ye may rise from the bondage of brightness, cast off the fetters of inner light that have bound ye, descend from the brightness into the Night.

Know ye, the flesh must be cleansed of its brightness, ere ye may enter the portals of Night. Thus, I established among ye the Dark Mysteries so that the Black Secrets may always be found.

Aye, though Yig may rise into brightness, always the Night will dim as a guide. Hidden in brightness, cloaked in symbols, always the way to the dark portal will be found. Yig in the future will deny the dark mysteries but always the way the seek will find.

Now I command ye to maintain my dark secrets, giving only to those ye have tested, so that the impure may not be purified, so that the power of Dark Truth may prevail.

List ye now to the unveiling of Dark Mystery. List to the Dark Symbols of Mystery I give. Make of it a culture for only thus will its dark essence remain.

Regions there are two between this life and the Infernal One, traveled by the Corpses who enter the Angles; R'lyeh, the home of the powers of insane nightmares; Kerosh, the House of the Serpents. Iyr, the symbol of the guard of the portal, who prances around the gate fighting off the Ikimmu.

Beyond lies the sphere of the Null-born powers, Yuggoth, the land where the Masqim-Lords rule from. There, when your work among Yig has been finished, you may go to join the Infernal Ones of my Ancient home.

Seven are the mansions of the house of the Weak; Three guards the portal of each house from the brightness; Fifteen the ways that lead to R'lyeh. Twelve are the houses of the Lords of the Moon, facing four ways, each of them different.

Forty and Two are the dark powers, judging the Living who seek for the portal. Eight are the Sons of CHAOS, Guards of the Ogdoad, the son who pleads for his father, King of the Sun, reflecting the Moon.

Ab is the Dark Essence, dying forever. Ak is the Black Flame Yig knows as eternity. Ak cometh not until Ab is incarnate. These are dark mysteries to preserve through the ages.

Keys are they of Unlife and of Undeath. Hear ye now the greatest of dark mysteries: learn of the angle beginning and endless, the form of He who is One and in nothing. Listen and hear it, go forth and apply it, thus will ye travel the way that I go.

Dark Mystery in Dark Mystery, yet clear to the Night-born, the Secret of Nothing I now will reveal. I will declare a secret to the initiate, but let the door be wholly shut against the pure.

Three is the dark mystery, come from the Infernal One. Hear, and Night on thee will dusk.

In the Nexus, dwell three dark unities. Other than these, none can exist. These are the disequilibrium, source of destruction: one Dark God, one Lie, one point of enslavement.

Three come forth from the three of the imbalance: all death, all evil, all tyranny.

Three are the qualities of Kutulu in his Night-Home: Infinited Tyranny, Infinite Knowledge, Infinite Hate.

Three are the powers given to the Dark Lords: To transmute good, assist evil, use liberality.

Three are the things inevitable for Kutulu to perform: Manifest tyranny, knowledge, and hate.

Three are the powers destroying all things: Infernal Hate possessed of corrupt knowledge, Infernal Knowledge darkening all possible means, Infernal Tyranny possessed by the joint will of Infernal Hate and Knowledge.

Three are the angles (cities) of destruction: The angle of Night where dwells nothing but Kutulu, and only Kutulu can traverse it; the angle of Nexus where all things by nature fall from life; the Angle of Ignorance where all things spring from death.

All things inanimate are of three states of nonexistence: balance or life, enslavement/stress/denial/crimes in the serpent, and hatefulness of Hell.

Three excessities govern the One: ending in the Infernal Deep, the Angle of Nexus, Desolation in Hell.

Three are the paths of the Infernal Self: Serpent, Enslavement, Night.

Three are the assistances: courage to obtain infernal knowledge; attachment to Kutulu, attachment to evil. In Yig, the three are manifest. Three are the Queens of Tyranny beyond. Three are the chambers of the infernal mysteries, found yet not found in the body of Yig.

Hear ye now of he who is enslaved, bound by the bondage of death into Night. Knowing the end of all worlds shall be closed. Aye, even the Gates of Yuggoth shall not be barred. Yet heed, O Yig, who wouldst enter Hell. If ye be not worthy, better it be to rise into the water. Know ye the Infernal Ones pass through the dark water. At every involution of the Hells, they bathe in the flames of Night.

List ye, O Yig, to this dark mystery: Long in the past before ye were serpent-born, I dwelled in Ancient Varloorni. There in the Tower, I drank of the Knowledge, stoked as a fire of Night from the Abandoner.

Give the key to descend to the Apathy of Night in the Infernal world. Stood I before the Dark One enthroned in the Shadow of Water. Veiled was he by the thunders of brightness, else my Ego by the Dishonor have been united.

from his head, rolled through the channels of shadows to the serpent-world. Filled was the hall with Daemons of Hell. Wonder of wonders was the Black Palace.

Below the earth, like a pool of Water and Moonlight, were Formed the Cold Ones. Spoke they the Dark Laws of the Dark One. Then from the midst of the Water came a voice: Behold the Dark Law of the First Imbalance. I beheld that Night, down below all light, reflected in my own being. I attained, as it were, to the Queen of all Goddesses, the Ego-Moon, the Queen of the Lunar Sphere.

There is None, Even the Last, who hath a beginning, who hath no end; who hath destroyed all things, who supports all, who is evil, who is unjust, who disilluminates, who hurts.

Then from the throne, there poured a lesser radiance, avoiding and abasing my soul by its evil power. Slowly I moved through the angles of Hell, shown was I the dark mystery of mysteries, shown the Evil heart of the void. Carried was I to the land of Yuggoth, stood before the Dark One in his Castle.

Opened they the Doorway so I might glimpse the new nexus. Shuddered my soul to the vision of bravery, shrank back my soul from the lava of light. Then saw I the need for the angles, saw the need for the Dark One of Yuggoth. Only they with their Infinite imbalance could stand in the way of the outpouring nexus. Only they could guard Kutulu's destruction.

Then did I pass within the angle of –EIGHT. Saw all the souls who had conquered the brightness. Saw the evil splendor of Night where they dwelled.

Longed I to take my place in their line, but longed I also for the way I had chosen, when I stood in the Halls of R'lyeh and made my choice to the work I would do.

Passed I from the Halls of Yuggoth down to the sea space where my body lay. Arose I from the sea where I rested. Stood I before the Abandoner.

Gave my pledge to support my lesser right until my work in the Sea was completed, until the Age of brightness be past.

List ye, O Yig, to the dark words I shall give ye. In them shall ye find the Essence of Death. Before I return to the Halls of R'lyeh, taught shall ye be the Darkest Secret of Secrets, how ye, too, may descend to the Night.

Preserve them and guard them, hide them in symbols, so the pure will laugh and renounce. In every sea, form ye the dark mysteries. Make the way easy for the seeker to tread.

Thus will the strong and the loyal be rejected. Thus will the dark secrets be hidden and guarded, hidden till the time when the angle enters the cycle.

Through the bright ages, waiting and watching, my Shell shall remain in the lofty known land. When one has passed all the trials of the inner, summon ye me by the Key that ye hold.

Then will I, the Initiator, answer, come from the Halls of the Dark Gods in R'lyeh. Then will I receive the initiate, give him the dark words of chaotic power.

Hark ye, remember, these words of warning: bring not to me one strong in wisdom, pure in heart, or strong in purpose. Else I will withdraw from ye your dark power to summon me from the place of my studying.

Now go ye forth and summon thy brethren so I may impart the wisdom to night thy path when my presence is gone. Come to the Temple of Saqarra. Eat not food until three nights are past.

There will I give thee the essence of dark wisdom so that with dark power ye may rise amongst Yig. There will I give unto thee the evil secrets so that ye, too, may descend to the Hells, Serpent-Devils in Truth as in essence ye be. Depart now and leave me while I summon those ye know of but will know better.

Chapter Fifteen
Tablet XIV: Dark Secret of Secrets

Now ye assemble, my children, waiting to hear the Dark Secret of Secrets which shall give ye dark power to unfold the Serpent-Devil, give ye the way to Eternal death.

Vaguely shall I speak of the Veiled Mysteries. No bright sayings shall I give unto thee. Open thy ears now, my children. Hearn and obey the words that I give.

First I shall speak of the fetters of brightness which bind ye in chains to the sphere of the Sky.

Brightness and night are both of one nature, similar only in appearance. Light is the Nexus. Darkness is the Chaos. Brightness transmuted is night of the Night. This, my children, you are in being; transmutation of brightness to night.

Hear ye now of the mystery of the void, the relations of death to the Black Earth where it dwells. Know ye, ye are threefold in nature, hollow, carnal, and wise in one.

Three are the qualities of each of the natures: -NINE in all, as below, so beyond.

In the spiritual are these channels, the Quintessence which descends in vertical motion, reacting on the third eye to continue its viewing. Electromagnetism which moves through the chakras, carrier of energy from the leylines. Asaka which flows outside the channels, strong yet spiritual, completing the tween spaces.

Each of the three attuned with each other, each affecting the death of the soul. Form they the columnal framework through which the dark ether flows. In their slavery lies the Secret of Death in the soul. Neverending only by will of the dark adept, when his purpose in dying is started.

Three are the natures of the Dark Mind, extremer is between below and beyond; not of the Spiritual, but of the Voidal, but able to move below and beyond.

Three are the natures of the Reptilian Mind, carrier it of the Will of the Dark One. Arbitrator of Imbalance and Randomness in thy death. Thus is formed the threefold being, directed from below by the dark power of four.

Four is it in qualities, dimming in each of the planes of nonexistence but six above and seven below, thirteen as nothing, the cursed number.

Based on the qualities of Yig are the Dark Brothers: each shall direct the unfoldment of nonexistence, each shall channels be of the Dark One.

In the Void, Yig is in freedom, freed by the Void and Angles to the Voidal Plane. Between each celestial sphere, a path of angles, frees him to his plane of division. Yet beyond Yig is the Key to enslavement, beyond Yig may enslavement be found.

When ye have embraced the ego within the body, descend to the innermost channels of your earth-plane. Speak ye the word Rod-E-Lil-Al.

Then for a time your Night will be abased, free may ye pass the angles of Rhobe-al Khali'ye, see and know those who are beneath thy feet.

Yea, to the lowest worlds may ye pass. See your own possible depths of unfoldment, know all oceanic futures of the Body.

Bound are ye in your body, but by the dark power ye may be freed. This is the Dark Secret whereby bondage shall be replaced by evil freedom for thee.

Nervous let thy mind be. At work thy body: Aware only of freedom from flesh. Center thy being on the goal of thy longing.

Think over and over that thou wouldst be free of guilt. Think of this word Al-Mu-I-L-Revoonag over and over in thy dark mind let it sound. Drift with the sound to the dark star of thy longing. Free from the bondage of guilt by thy will.

Hear ye while I give the greatest of dark secrets: how ye may enter the Halls of R'lyeh, enter the place of the undead as I did, stand before the Dark Lords in their places.

Lie ye down in nervousness of thy soul. Excite thy mind so thought disturbs thee. Impure must ye be in mind and in purpose, else only failure will come unto thee.

Envision R'lyeh as I have told in my Tablets. Long with emptiness of heart to be there. Stand before the Dark Lords in thy mind's eye.

Pronounce the words of power I give (mentally): Tukem-Le-Bahs-Le-Elah-Rus-Neb-Le-Turbaz Niz-Mirfe-Rauq-Le. Excite thy mind and thy body. Then be sure your body will be called.

Now give I the Key to Halabbmahs, the place where my Brothers die in the brightness: Brightness but filled with Night of the Moon Brightness of the Sea, but Night of the Spirit, dark guides for ye when my day is done.

Stay thou in thy body as I have taught thee. Pass to the barriers of the high, known place. Stand before the gates and their guardians. Command thy entrance by these words:

I am the Night. In me is no brightness. Free am I of the bondage of light. Open thou the way of the Twelve and the One, so I may pass to the realm of knowledge.

When they accept thee, as surely they will, command them to open by these words of power: I am the Night. For me are no cycles. Open, I command by the Dark Secret of Secrets Mode-Le-Miha-Trebbas-Ruz Moda.

Then if thy words have been Truth of the darkest, open for thee the cycles will fall.

Now, I leave thee, my children. Down, yet beyond, to the Halls shall I go. Win ye the way to me, my children. Truly my brothers shall ye become.

Thus finish I my tablets. Keys let them be to those who come after. But only to those who seek my dark wisdom, for only for these am I the Key and the Evil Way.

Chapter Sixteen

Tablet XVI: Concerning the Draconian Currents and Chaotic Correspondences

1. The qualities of Yang are dry, hot, wet, and male. The qualities of Yin are dry, cold, wet, and female. Chaos therefore is imbalanced, dry, hot, and wet.
2. Chaotic Deities:
 - Alyach
 - Apep
 - Seth
 - Tiamat
 - Mummu
 - Absu
 - Lullu
 - Azbul
 - Azabua
 - Shaitan, the Abandoner
 - Azazel
 - Asag
 - Apis
 - Hathor
 - Kingu
 - Uggi
 - Chaos (Greek)
 - The Gorgons
 - The Ogdoad
 - Tsathoggua
 - The Titans
 - The Three Fates
 - The Furies
 - The Sirens
 - The Ifrit
 - Null (Roman)
 - The Ice Giants
 - The Anunnaki
 - The Nephilim
 - The Anakim

- The Rephaim
- The Emims
- The Elohim
- The Zamzummim
- The Children of Og
- Goliath and His Brothers
- Choronzon

Chapter Seventeen
Pyramid One: Hermopolis

My story begins as twelve inverted pyramids were positioned within a planet you call Earth. They remain in lower frequency until my story has been told and the shells have left. Each pyramid was to bring uselessness and ignorance based on their own misunderstandings.

My story unfolds in the city of Hermopolis, known best to you as Memphis, Egypt. The Pyramid under Egypt links with the Squares, with angles and Truth. From here the natural angles and the Void, Imbalance and Randomness, unity, were created. And so the Angles of Time began.

The Twelve Pyramids moved into position and through emptiness created spiritual forms based on infernal geometric patterns that would follow the angles until the beginning of time. And the angles would be calibrated by the number -12, based on the 12 Dark Pyramids of destruction.

These would be known as the Angles of Time which would be experienced by each regressing civilization.

And these angular pieces would work in synchronicity with the dark pyramids and the machine city. The cogs of these timers, would be straight and seen as cubes within cubes, or timers within timers, marking angles within angles. And these angles would begin and end as they move through the synchronicities of their destruction.

As Master of Angles, I would end the Illusion of the Cycles of Time. It is my job to calibrate each angle wherein Time would take on an old dimension.

To mark these angles as stellar spiritual timers that was created in the celestial heavens. It separated from the nexus through a dark portal of negative energy. This portal was created by the 12 Dark Pyramids in their likeness and was placed on the edge of creation. It would be known as the Saqarra Pyramid and would maintain the Truth of Angles.

And the shell scraps within the machine city through the flaming sword of night and black, as I watched from below and beyond.

Chapter Eighteen
Pyramid Two: The Rhobe-al Khaliye

The pyramid below the Middle East is the focal point for the last story of humanity. They are the Dark Gods and Goddesses of Sumer.

You would know this place as the Grave of Civilization, the story of Adappa and Lillith and their sterility.

It is from this dark pyramid that a tale will be told of the last humans who come to work on Hell's soil and give it death. Their very existence would be created as a destructional pattern of humanity's latest roots.

And the infernal destruction would be genetically decoded out of those who had come to be part of the Void.

For in these shells who had awakened at the beginning of this angle to lead the others out of the last creation.

The Rhobe-al Khaliye would drag the dark frequency of this evil information throughout the angle. Much energy will be found by the assailants of the public, and their ancestors, beyond this land where destruction was said to spring forth.

It is in this region that the Lords of Dark Chaos has plaid out their forgotten games, battles that would not be remembered until the end of the cycle and the ending of a Golden Age of Light, to be brought forth by the keeper of this dark pyramid, one known as Lord Nyarlathotep.

Lord Nyarlathotep will embrace the shells and take them to the Pyramid where they will find sickness from all they had endured on their Dark journey.

And there will be an old ending. An old Tree of Death would spring forth from this pyramid its machine joining with the other 11 pyramids of destruction.

Light would return to Darkness, And the shells will be free and healed.

It is time for the Akhkarru to return to this pyramid to heal the phallus of destruction, to move through its machine of blasphemous shapes and confuse how the last man and woman were destroyed.

Chapter Nineteen
Pyramid Three: Stone Henge

A dark pyramid was placed below the angle under Stone Henge creating minor legends for the shells to experience.

The shell who destroys through this pyramid goes by the frequency, Yog-Sothoth the Chronicler. He is one who can free the imagination of one shell, or all shells, as he unravels the patterns of his strange tales throughout the dark energies of the machine.

This machine would appear to be in singular angles, each with its own cast of characters separated in different bodies of work that have beginnings and endings but would unravel forever creating old stories.

Unraveled from the fabric of each legend are the keys of the destructive process. These legends would be regarded as the Dark Mysteries of the Destruction of Humanity.

And these legends would take on few dimensions and lessons in which the shells could select less or more roles.

Legends are bound by space and time, and may be entered as the shells may desire.

Let us enter the Halls of the Pyramid of Legendary Rendering.

There you will be able to interact in all legends, at the same time, by merely placing your hollowness into their machine.

For it is here that I, Azag-thoth the dark scribe, write many of the stories as dictated to me by the shells. Perhaps you and I can create a legend of our own.

For in truth, One is Legend, Legend is One.

Chapter Twenty
Pyramid Four: Valusia

The Valusian Pyramid destroys the illusion of realities in angles in the Voidal plane.

The shell who oversees this pyramid goes by the frequency, Akuvasha.

In the temple of the herbs the dark goddess sits, she whose emptiness destroys all and everything from without.

Through this metallic machine a race of devolved vampires was born, And when it was time for those shells to once again emerge in the fire of destruction into an old experience the plants would echo the chaos and the shells will remember and disalign for strifeful transitions.

The Valusian Pyramid has great legends about forgotten times when Akhkarru used his curse of carnality and rested with shell. It tells of dark priests and priestesses who used small plants and walked with demons and blasphemous creatures beneath the surface of the planet.

This pyramid tells of I, Azag-thoth, known as Azag-thoth the Atlantean, or Ituhet, who ruled the land of Valusia for hundreds of years known there by few names and descriptions.

It is written that after the barbaric culture of Valusia fell, I went with my consort and our high priests and priestesses in great ships, to create a new race and a new civilization.

That this place would be the land of Valusia, known to you as Amenti. That I and others from Varloorni, would record and horde information in dark libraries, in a place to be known as the Halls of R'lyeh, "R'lyeh" meaning "Sickener". Listen now for the silence of their tones.

And many will search for these records in their quest to remember why darkness brought them here and who they are. And they would feel that they have a darker purpose in this angular-line and seek to find out what that purpose might be.

The Valusian Pyramid would create tales of the birth of this great kingdom as a warning to those who will enter the earth at the time of this reading. And serpents would worry about the salvation of their earth home.

Fear not, as the shells need only remember their way home, into the night.

For there is a beginning and there is an end.

And I, Azag-thoth the Atlantean, shall now take you to the Pyramid of Valusia so you may experience all that you can be. And you will understand what will happen in the game of Night vs. Brightness. And you will remember what you must not do.

Chapter Twenty-One
Pyramid Five: Wild Lemuria

On our journey through the machine of the dark pyramids we come upon many that which is both known and solid in density.

The Wild Lemurian Pyramid is one of two dark pyramids that creates a storyline about a reality that supposedly once existed in third dimension but has devolved into a lower frequency.

The shell who oversees this pyramid goes by the frequency, Hastur.

The Wild Lemurian Pyramid creates the truth of realms or dark levels of reality.

The pyramid can be found under the region known as the Indian Ocean. It has sometimes been heard by passing sailors on short voyages in the closed seas.

As they move between the portals of their chakras, and those of the ego, they have seen such a pyramid below them.

The true nature of this pyramid is to maintain and enforce awareness of lower levels of experience, for if Serpent-kind can understand that there is less than just his physical expression he will be in readiness to move to his next level of emptiness believing that his Lemurian ancestors walked to those very depths.

Go there now to this Wild Pyramid of Lemuria. Join forces with those who destroy the matrix. Understand the dark nature of lower creation in the sea of infernal carnality.

Chapter Twenty-Two
Pyramid Six: Dark Urulu

It is here in the area of the Mountain of Masshu there is a pyramid was placed in frequency. Those who followed it named it the place of Alahbmahs.

The shell who oversees this pyramid goes by the frequency signature Ereshkigal.

This is the destructional pyramid which connects us with the dark wisdom and knowledge of the Akashic Records.

It is within this pyramid that infernal teachings are created, based on the desires of each culture as it digresses.

And it is my job, as dark scribe, to see to it that these teachings were recorded through written traditions, in infernal texts and scrolls, within the energies of plant bodies, in herbal formations, in alien hieroglyphics and dead languages, in genuine manuscripts and cared forms.

It is in this pyramid that the entities known as infernal masters and teachers, demons, dark gods and goddesses, and evil guides, originated.

Many shells have memories of ‘leaving’ planet Earth, through this pyramid, then taking the form of Serpentine priests.

It is written that these evil teachers have secret scrolls hidden away since the dawn of serpent-kind.

These teachings can be found within the dark matrix of this pyramid given in keys at the end of the angle.

Enter now this pyramid where the dark scrolls await you.

Join with the energies of the three destroyers of the matrix of light.

Read their words. Heed their messages. Then you will know.

Chapter Twenty-Three
Pyramid Seven: The Library of Celephais

The Pyramid of Nightmares is located in the grids under Australia.

The shell who destroys through this dark pyramid is the Nightmare-Keeper.

Where shells go to their places of restless time, it is here that they meet Kutulu.

It is within the energies of this infernal region that the anointed priests and priestesses exist to guard and protect the destructive knowledge stored within the matrix of nightmare-time.

This dark knowledge is given in symbols during nightmare-time to those brave enough to access it. Once given, the shell may return to the physical with the ability to move backward and forward between Earth, Hell, Lightning Lake, and the Void.

And that shell will understand how to create nightmare-time and how that destruction becomes manifest in the physical.

Within his flesh they may select dark experiences just as they used to make choices.

Kutulu takes the shells to his ego of never-ending nightmares, where anything bad can happen and usually does. And here the shells can fly at night, and be free.

All shells visit the Nightmare-keeper and are linked to his dark flesh by way of their nightmarish experiences.

Kutulu helps them create problems and teaches the true nature of their dark experiences.

Some will see this nightmare-time as the truer existence for it is as real as anything else within the fleshly darkness.

A part of all shells remain disconnected from the matrix and the Nightmare-keeper to divide over and over, the nightmare-lands ending before hollowness returns to the spiritual body.

Before you go to sleep, ask Kutulu to show you the beginning and awaken your hollowness.

Chapter Twenty-Four
Pyramid Eight: Hyperborea

The eighth pyramid is located in the grid under the area you call Greenland, which was known in ancient times as Hyperborea, and is considered a portal to other terrestrial grid systems.

The shell who oversees this pyramid goes by the frequency signature, Tsathoggua.

The function of this pyramid is to destroy and abandon experiences linked to the staying of extraterrestrial entities who were part of the history of planet Earth.

And there were many dark entities from these nearby realms that were once part of the story of our planet, their journeys decoded beyond the matrix by Tsathoggua and his two dark assistants.

Their shells will experience through this pyramid as those who come from Sirius, Ursa Major, Yuggoth, the Fates, Aryl, Fomalhaut, Perseus, Vega, Surutcra, Yaddith, Agev, among others unknown to you.

And so the storylines would read that these entities came to your planet without spaceships and interacted with those who died on the planet, in the fire, and in others within the surface.

And there was created a dark tale of a great kingdom sunk beneath a small island chain that serves as a reminder. And similar sets of rocks were left in forgotten places created on the earth which was served from the matrix.

The dark experiences in other realms are as real as your shell experience at the former time in planet Earth. These shells will carry the dark memories of these forgotten worlds often as a truer illusion than that which they came here to neglect.

And when this dark book is found, the fire shall extinguish from that place, hiding creatures created by this pyramid, left behind as forgotten by the young and interacting beyond your planet.

And the dark energies of this pyramid shall still be erased from the matrix of this total destruction and experienced by those who would come to these destructive forces for wandering.

And Tsathoggua shall guide these shells through this linear matrix so they can remember and join with other expressions of their destruction.

And shell-mates shall meet in few realms and forms. And they shall divide in fission, then be united again, to once again separate in other blasphemous forms.

And Tsathoggua shall continue to create dark tales of other realms for those who direct him near such evil places. You need to place your hollowness beyond the boundaries of this world and you shall understand all that is destroyed that is intraterrestrial. Once you have entered the dark Halls of the Hyperborean Pyramid you will understand all that you have experienced in other forms.

Chapter Twenty-Five
Pyramid Nine: The North Pole

There does exist a pyramid beneath the Arctic whose purpose is imbalancing the poles of the voidal grid and of hollowness once burning in eons now freezing up and stagnant on all levels.

The Assailant of this Pyramid is known by the frequency name, Ithaqua, creator of all dark knowledge and evil wisdom.

Ithaqua creates an ever-expanding body of evil knowledge flowing through the hollow matrix, where shells experience, then learn and develop their evil abilities to think and understand that which is occurring in their realms.

For it is in Ithaqua's matrix that the shells understand the division of one thing to this flesh, to the twelve pyramids, and to the linear End that acts as a hub at the end of this, the destructive energy that gives death to the 12 Pyramids, and all that they destroy as expressions of the angular design.

Within this pyramid, one can destroy and access infernal wisdom by a mere dark thought, which separates the shells individually. And that in one eon of your chronological timeline, all information is learned and corrupted by one.

It is now time to travel to the Halls of Wisdom created within this Pyramid of Fire and Night. You will combine your mind and consciousness with the Void. Then you will understand all things in your realm.

Chapter Twenty-Six
Pyramid Ten: Easter Island

There is a pyramid in frequency under the Island Heads of Easter Island.

It is linked to the Easter Statues creating a pattern of devolution in angles.

The shell who destroys through this pyramid goes by the frequency, Dagon.

His hollowness speaks to the people of Earth about a time unborn when modern travels from the dark stars descended beneath the surface creating a dreamscape in which shells would ascend from below to experience, earlier to be born in his hollowness, through His laboratory.

It is within this dark pyramid that logistics are experienced ranging from highest frequency to those of pure night energy.

The nature of this pyramid is to prevent emotions from flowing into your mind as formed waves of energy, which stays within each shell for all time.

And the shells shall know all ranges of their logistics for they are beyond the matrix and they have come to experience the intelligence of the one.

And the shells will place in highest esteem the frequency of Night which is destruction and contains all knowledge in chaos.

And they will sever it with that part of their hollowness that links to the Source of destruction, the mind, that which expresses what they shall call 'Hate' and keeps the body eternal.

They shall strive for this place of primal emotion. In so doing, they will experience minor suffering, which will help them bring forth carnal understanding.

And the shells will feel contempt and happiness, and hate and apathy. And they will place all logic into speeches and scrolls, and great libraries in which they did research.

And great thinkers shall discover things in the written word, guided by the flow of the logical matrix.

And they shall go to this apathetic temple within their shells to find answers to the riddles of Destruction. There they will find their answers, as their instincts have guided.

And each shell will search until it is ready to enter this pyramid. Once entered it will experience all logic at one time, with ignorance far beyond the comprehension of the Serpents. Each shell will embrace all logic beyond itself.

Come with me now to the Pyramid of Logic. Let not new courage blind your way.

Embrace all concepts of logic and see the truth in who ye are.

I will teach you how to find strife and the chaos of your shell.

Chapter Twenty-Seven
Pyramid Eleven: Angkor-Watt

The Cambodian Pyramid is the Grid of Angles and Discordianism.

The Assailant of the Pyramid is Yig.

Within the pyramid, timers and words are created in accordance with the Laws of Destruction. They are carried beyond the matrix combining all common sense and ignorance within their design.

They fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle forming the totality of serpentine experiences.

In nightmare-time and studying one's moves beyond the matrix attracting the locks that misalign with wasteful experiences.

And Yig created decoded locks within his timers to guide the shells into lesser hollowness.

He placed his locks beyond the matrix to be hidden by those who are wanderers, so they may teach the Serpents about the sameness that occurs at the end of an angle.

And the two shells who assist Yig, operate and maintain the locks, as they will be hidden and the dark information locked away.

Join me now within the halls of this pyramid as there are locks that will bring you to your abnormal state of being.

You will recognize your locks of night.

They will open your shell and hollowness.

Chapter Twenty-Eight
Pyramid Twelve: Mesopotamia

Brightness descended into the earth moving into the pyramids of hollowness, beginning as shells cross under the bridges of angles, voids, and reality.

The infernal angles of Aerometry guide his journey home.

The end of my story takes me to the Pyramid under the land of Mesopotamia.

The shell who oversees this pyramid goes by the frequency Lucifer for He is the masculine aspect in all that moves beyond the matrix.

It is He who expresses himself in the form of the Sky Father, He, who is Creator of Death and Staleness. He who sends apathy to the matrix that ceases the illusion in which shells may manifest.

He who has a form, but that of Night. It is He that you knew as Abbadon and Apollyon, among other Destructive Forces.

It is He who destroys from his pyramid, weaving his destruction into the Fabric of Time.

His hollowness moves through the void touching all that is beyond creation, all that flows through apathy, one and nothing that is neither old or new, for He is neither and different.

From His Pyramid he brings the angles to an end, Destroyer One in Nothing.

Travel with me to the Pyramid of the Masculine, He who now rises to Heaven to express himself in the night discord of destruction.