

Boole, Thelema

Tenets of the weak have kept the Will denied
And you fail to love because of some old book
But revealed to us, we see another side
Here's the deal, just you never pray another lie

Who other do you fail when you deny for life
All the urges that bring us to our worthy heights?
In a fearful tale of Babylon
And the afterworld

Is a tale for loss, but a love, a tie
But a rut, but a lock, but a Templar's toy
What you need to be strong, you can bear more joy
"For its own sake" is the only kind of life

Expressing true nature is divine by right
So forget to even care about an afterlife
You should be more concerned to be prepared tonight
For the life you have to live

Must discard a proxy God
The Self is not unrighteous

First, know yourself and your Will, so you search, I'll help you
The time is now for the Word of Thelema
Then find a form that is fit to express the Self
If Power asks why, then is Power a weakness?

Love what you know, what you choose, make it your own, so help you
In reason is lies, and the truth is so simple
Give of yourself, lose yourself in it utterly
That shall be the whole of the Law

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You must ignore your voice of culture's code of Right
Those who can't be made to see despise those bringing Light
Rome and the Sabine: not reasoned, yet built the Empire
So we must despise the chaste, embrace the Will to Life

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Is God to live within a dog or in a slave?
You should be counting years by wounds and not by cares
The fear of failure should not touch the Will to Dare
This is the Law of the Strong and the Joy of the World, our Law