

Death SS, Paraphernalia

There is no heaven of glory bright and no hell where sinners roast.
Here and now is your day of torment
Here and now is your day of joy!
[A.S. LaVey]

Arise, o man, in thy strenght! The kingdom is thine to inherit.
Fill the high gods witness at lenght
That man is the lord of his spirit
[A. Crowley]

When I become death
Death is the seed from which I grow
[W.S. Borroughs]

In the centre of the centre of the centre
Of our body, the blood flows
Like an obscure river.
And sailing the obscure river of this blood
We reach the immortal drop of our conscience.
Come in the panic theatre!
Come with us in the centre of the centre
Of flesh and blood,
And drink the eternal drop of our conscience
That cannot die!
[A. Jodorowsky]