

Ofermod, Khabs Am Pekht

I direct and I behold...
The golden light descends at Will
Veil of restriction unfold...
Holy, silent and still
I am, thou art, in extension...

Grant me the vision of thy chosen few
the strenght of a Devourer
Very god of very god born anew
All-absorber, all-deflowerer
nothing is in extension...

And I beheld and I saw
The selfless self dwelled within
and struggled Mehmh
Ever Seeking, ever searching
through the deepest Mummu
to descend in emanation

through wombs of shining with radiance
of their serpent, of their death
and other seals, secrets to me yet unknown
seals of splendour, seals of great mystery

Still, a vain effort was the search
for the primum mobile encountered
the vast Thom, not through effort
but by will

Be my prophet, O new-born
that is the root of heavenly fire
Illuminated, pure and anointed
In all aspects like unto god...
...in extension...

And Behold
I saw Tiamtu, the watery deep
yes, the ancient serpent of chaos
in all it's horrid glory, raging relentlessly
at the fire that had become the self
being slain... and born again
naught in extension...