



THE HYMN TO THERION

Rejoice in the loathsome lust of Night,
O Man with the number of a Man!
Venture forth into sight
From the tribe of Dan! The tribe of Dan!
I worship Thy name,
Foursquare, mystic, wonderful,
Triple number of the Sun:
To Mega Therion!
Wanderer of the Wastes,
Thy name on thy thigh,
O goat-legged Beast,
Take thy seat in the East!
Come forth post-haste,
Upon the soul of man to feast!
Thou Man of Sun, Life of the Moon,
I lure Thee with the billowy tune!
I who am all purplish pleasure,
Mutter the powerful, passionate prayer

That summons to life the dead man's stare!
From death to life anew,
From decrepit bone to living sinew,
I call on Thee, Ankh-af-na-Khonsu!
Whose words are Truth!
The Soul of God & Beast,
Let mingle in the globed priest!
Let it be! Let it be!
Come Thou unto me!
Devil or God as it may be,
Come to me! Come to me!
Master of Man, master me!
My One, o my One!
To Mega Therion!
Come with fire & with force
With all joy & no remorse!
As it is, so it was,
Thine Aitwaz! Thine Aitwaz!
Come with mystic magick flame
By Thy most holy name!
As it was, as it was,
By Aitwass! By Aitwass!
Come undesired, desirable Beast!
To Thy feast! To Thy feast!
I, who am not but Thine,
Am ripe for Thee upon the wine!
My soul is whole & wet & fine,
Wine of God most divine!
Come! Come! Post-haste!
Into the most secret place
Come forth to thrill me!
Aum! Thou shalt fill me.

Appear! Appear!
Lifeless Seer,
Skry & Hear!
Thou Serpent, seethe!
Open Thy mouth & breathe!
Show me Thy sign,
With word of Thy mouth:
It is mine, as it was Thine!
Thine outstretched hands from North to South,
From the West depart Thy shattered house!
O Father of Man, I am Thy Son!
Offspring of To Mega Therion!
I who was not, and became One,
Spark of the wonderful westerly Sun,
To Mega Therion!
I call on Thy Woman to awake
The lust & worship of the Snake!
I am as I am, to be fed
By mine angel's hand to Thy hatukish head.
God forsaketh,
Man is once more
At the mystery of the secret door.
Death of me, dead I am!
Man of Man, That I am!
Seed, & savored of the Sun,
The Prophet To Mega Therion!
I rise with Thee, mine eyes foresee
The meaning of Thy Mystery!
From mystical past to magical morrow,
Come to minister solace to sorrow.
Sound the sinister, savage tune
That awakens at last, once and for all,

In me the Life of the Moon!
O feast on the carrion!
Therion! Therion!
Come to me,
I summon Thee,
To Mega Therion!
A-men.