

# ÆON OV BAPHOMET



אֵיִן אֵיִן סוּף. מִן נִצֵּר אֵיִן

Ayin Ein Æon

The Book Ov Baphomet

Transcribed by Florian-Ayala Fauna

On March 23rd, 2013 4am,  
I performed a ritual  
after specific instructions  
involving the evocation and invocation  
of Baphomet who appeared with countless  
limbs and wings and the head of  
a goat, stag, wolf,  
and dove.

For three days, around noon, I would  
transcribe messages that were not of  
my own hand.

The following is something that I,  
myself, did not write and have been  
afraid of releasing to the public.

It may also be another part of my  
consciousness that I am  
not fully aware  
of.

Some aspects of this experience  
I will never quite understand.



# Liber Æon- 23 March 2013 - Spring Equinox

In the wilds of Arcadia the Virgin of Spring is seduced and defiled by the Sabbatic Goat whose dominion is of all three worlds, the Heavens, the Earth, and the Infernal. She is filled with their seed and brings forth a new aeon onto all worlds. They dance in sacred lust in rhythms holy and unholy, of both sinner and saint, for both meet at the same end. Fluids of eroticism intermingle and form the sacrament for which we are to take in peace and in chaos, upon our knees and in the throes of ecstasy. The grass, earth, and flowers from which they made love grow ever more beautiful into a garden of virtues and vices. Satyrs and nymphs meet here and perform ritual sex ceremonies with one another in divine pleasure. They lust, lick, and tease themselves and fulfill the fantasies made of the blood of Saints.

In the woods, within the kingdoms, in all that is high and low, the people of Earth of all forms lust for all bodies and all sexualities and genders and hold masquerades with the most decadent adornments and veils the world has to offer. Their costumes in truth unveil their true nature, one of lust and pleasure as many seduce one another, falling in trance as one is led by another begging for more adoration as they meet within bedrooms where they perform the Rites of Ecstasy.

Within the realm of the Infernal Legions, the damned willingly ravish each other in primal lust. They bear horns, claws, and teeth and serve dominion and submission to one another as they leave marks on bare flesh and fur. They gather together in unholy black temples and perform orgiastic rites as the worlds above them do the same only the infernal are more untamed. They light incenses to further drive the sexual vitality of the damned. The erotic fluids gather in a pool of blood which is drunken by all, filling them with more vitality as they continue this infernal process.

In the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Infernal, all are intermingling and fornicating with one another to give birth and usher in a new Aeon. Angels are seduced by demons, and Saints are turned into Sinners. In the first Aeon I was the Lunar Mother, in the second I was the Sun King, in the third I was the Dying Martyr, and until now I was the Rising Child. Now I am all, now I am both Mother and Father, Falling and Rising. I am here, I am there, I am within, and I am all around. I am Baphomet.

The children of earth shall partake in rites of Heaven, Earth, and the Infernal to transcend all realms and reach a higher state of being to be taken in with the new Aeon. Those born of this Earth must aspire to grow grand wings, and must dare to bare horns, claws, and teeth. The children of this Aeon shall be the Aeon, there will be no other afterwards.



# Liber Tsal 1 – 24 March 2013 – Spring Equinox

Within the Valley of the Shadow of Death, within the Depths of the Abyss, within the gorges of the Damned, we find the Tormented chewing away at their own flesh, gnashing teeth, and seeking Salvation. And this is exactly where we shall seek Enlightenment. We shall endure the Dark Night of the Soul in order to reach a Golden Dawn. We must endure the torment of Black Fire to reach the baptism of Holy Water. This is the Way, and these are the arrows, and these are the slings we must go through to reach the Aeons.

In the Valley of Gallows there lay doves made blackened and horned animals turned partially to ashes. The bodies are swinging by the wind of the Black Sea which comes to blow away the bones of men, women, and children and the dust upon those bones. The Earth is burning and cold to the touch at once, and there are whispers of malice in the air towards the wanderers searching in vain for salvation. But their search shall be rewarded. They shall endure. Even as the sun turns black and the moon has bled the soul endures even the worst agonies of the world.

The sun is towards the East and is filthy beyond all recognition. The moon is towards the West and is fallen. We tiptoe through twilight into dusk to embrace each other to await the new Aeon where our inner Darkness shall flourish as a new Light. The Heavens above shall become the Hells of below. We shall go alone into the Alone and beyond the Beyond. I am waiting for you. You shall return to Me. I am Day, I am Night, I am the Black Angel and the White, and I weep until your arrival. I am Baphomet. There shall be no resting in the world in the meantime. I shall return no more. I am beneath the sea, and I am above it. I am Christ, and I am Anti-Christ.



## Liber Tsal II – 24 March 2013 – Spring Equinox

All hail the new birth of new death. There shall be no forms here after. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Wind to sea, sea to wind, earth to fire, fire to earth, and so on. All shall be united in the End. All shall be completed. This is the final century. I have anointed the Magus and the High Priestess, the Beast and the Lady Babylon. They shall destroy the Church, Caesaring Christ. The Eucharist will flee like deer from the mouths of Saints and into the Valleys of the Damned to save them from the Gallows of the Church. The Earth will rotate on its axis and the world will be flooded with Horse Gore and Flesh. Black Caesar shall whisper into the Pope's ear and all the houses of men shall tremble at their word but those who have dared to bare horns, claws, and teeth shall be salvaged from the agony of their torment, for they are the true Anti-Christ. The blood of the innocent will coagulate into a black sea for which they shall be the wound of Christ upon the world. The doves will slaughter one another to save themselves. The fawns shall fall to their deaths as martyrs of the innocent and blessed. Angels shall weep long tears. And from these tears we swim upstream into salvation, for there is no other way. Save us from ourselves O Gentlest One. Show us the error of our ways most passionate One. Judge us and throw us away from the flames most noblest One. Dominion have mercy on us.

What does agony look like? It is the Shadow at the Bottom of the World. There, All is Black and made of steel and iron, there is no light. One is initiated into this Hell by an amniotic state or womb where all is flesh-like, only to discover that everything is covered in maggots and others flesh-eating beings. There are endless corridors, hallways, passages, and so on, and men march endlessly through valleys in black rags and chains. The demons wear masks of the faces of the flesh of men all stitched up like ragged dolls. Tossed about and thrown around like rags of nothing. All full of soot and useless. An endless night with no stars in sight, except for an elaborate opening in the ceiling sky of Hell where people come and go according to one's fate. This is the wound of the world, but not the first, and not the last. Just one of many. There shall be no resting in the mean time. We shall endure until the very end.



## Liber Eschatos – 24 March 2013 – Spring Equinox

What is the fate of this world of ours? It is that of a handful of dust or words written with a stick in water. It too shall burn like incense in a brass censer in time, like a wheel turning on its spoke, like a moth growing majestic to a flame. People shall make great journeys and pilgrimages across the world only to watch it fall apart. There shall be a global consciousness in the disintegration of our small universe. Oh, how the petals of this flower shrivel and fade. But something is to be born of this, much like the Phoenix from one's ashes. The chosen who bare wings, horns, claws, and teeth shall rise beyond the falling towers and collapsing bridges into the new Aeons that no one else fully foresaw. This is the new dawn where there has been an eternal night. This is the voice to the echo we have been haunted by for O so long. This is the birth where there has been death, where towers have fallen, where empires have collapsed, where churches have crumbled. And so this is the Word of the new Aeon, this is the Word of the Children Divine. We are the Children Divine. I am the Torch-Bearer to the new Aeon. I am Baphomet. I am Mercury. I am Hermes. I am Thoth. I am all. I am none. I am neither. I am.



## Liber Eros – 24 March 2013 – Spring Equinox

What shall be of Love in the new aeon when all is almost at an end? For those with the select mind, body, and soul, they shall be rewarded with pleasures thrice greater than they give to others. Love is the truest virtue, pleasure being in one with this. All those true to themselves shall give and receive pleasure. Love is the law.

Lust freely for one another for every person of every kind and on bended knees ask thee for pleasure. Pleasure shall be shared amongst all free souls. Christ and Anti-Christ shall produce a child of the new Aeon, one devoted to Love and Pleasure. They shall travel the earth in search of delights unknown to the Heavens or Hells, only reserved for the Earthly. Their name shall be Ba'al. They shall be one of many saviors of our time in this new Aeon for which I am the Sinner and Saint of.

Light the incense, may it be frankincense or myrrh or whatever your true passion desires. Create a magical circle inscribed with the Holy names of the new Aeon. A couple of feet away, construct the Triangle of Art with the names of the primal elements inscribed in Black or White.

Whilst making love with your lover or lovers, conjure up a Spirit in the triangle and ask for essential questions. Let your passions control the conversation, for the spirit shall not control you in such ecstasy. In the state of true bliss and gnosis, license them to depart. Perform a banishing ritual and clear the space.