

Fivefold Thought

Glorior Belli

Come forth dawn of the Self!
Wicked power and glory bright.
Hear the music of the World;
Awake, (awake!) 'O dreadful God
Thee with fervor I glorify;
From thee I draw my nature true!

Thy thousand hosts are spread
Embattled over darkened skies;
We the faithful on life feed,
Lifting now thy mighty flame on high!

Thou who seek out the prophet false,
To purge his kin and fallacy.
Hurling him down from his towers above,
As a thunderbolt to Hell!

Bestow me with power & Will,
In secret lies the five-pointed splendor.
With Knives & Candles I embrace,
An avatar of thy greatness.
Thee with fervor I commend;
From thee I draw my nature true!

I lift up my voice and all livings tremble.
I unveil my face and all that liveth is no more.

The WORD is broken up... There is Knowledge!