

Aleister Crowley.

O sacred spirit of the Gods!
O triple tongue! descend;
Lapping the answering flame that nods,
Kissing the brows that bend,
Uniting all earth's periods
To one exalted end!

Still on the mystic Tree of Life
My soul is crucified;
Still strikes the sacrificial knife
Where lurks some serpent-eyed
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife
Desire, the suicide!

Before me dwells the Holy One
Anointed Beauty's King;
Behind me, mightier than the Sun,
To whom the cherubs sing,
A strong archangel, known of none,
Comes crowned and conquering.

An angel stands on my right hand
With strength of ocean's wrath;
Upon my left the fiery brand,
Charioted fire, smites forth;
Four great archangels to withstand
The furies of the path.