

# LAM

## Behemoth

Children of technocracy invoke synthetic spirits  
Plastic crosses choke perspiring necks  
MAAT - I cast dices, but curtain of future is still hermetic closed  
Rise! Rise up my Soror, and you, my Father -  
High! Towards the stars when the white fire  
Which purifies and melts all false sacrament  
Ashes' power equal thousands suns  
Mysterys' structures are like chaos of known  
Objectivism is subjective mandala of reality  
Fractals - flaming spaces consume ego's order  
Kaos Keraunos Kybernetos Lamipsos  
Illumination in the face of thousand faces  
Gnosis obtained by descending into the tunnels of self - knowing  
When thunders of ecstasy strike black waves of unconscious sea  
I swim, float, drift, scream... "Aiwasss"  
And barriers of self change in legion of escaping bats  
L.V.X.

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