The Scapegoat

Angel Corpse

I who wait and writhe and wrestle
With air that hath no boughs to nestle
My body weary of empty clasp
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp
Give me the sign of the Open Eye
And the token erect of the thorny thigh
And the word of madness and mystery
ScapegoatI am a man
Do as thou wilt as a great god can
I am awake
In the grip of the snake
The eagle slashes with beak and claw
The gods withdraw
The great beasts come
ScapegoatGoat of thy flock I am gold I am god
Flesh to thy bone - flower to thy rod
Thrust the sword through the galling fetterWith hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox
All-devourer - all-bequetterAnd I rave
And I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting - world without end
Scapegoat(From "Hymn to Pan" by Aleister Crowley)

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