

# 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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