

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
Scapegoat I 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
Scapegoat Goat of thy flock I am gold I am god
Flesh to thy bone - flower to thy rod
Thrust the sword through the galling fetter With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox
All-devourer - all-bequetter And 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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