

# From 'The Fatal Force'

By Aleister Crowley

## *Chorus*

In the ways of the North and the South  
    Whence the dark and the dayspring are drawn,  
We pass with the song of the mouth  
    Of the notable Lord of the Dawn.  
Unto Ra, the desire of the East, let the clamour of singing proclaim  
    The fire of his name!

In the ways of the East and the West  
    Whence the night and the day are discrowned,  
We pass with the beat of his breast,  
    And the breath of his crying is bound.  
Unto Toun, the low Lord of the West, let the noise of our chant be the  
breath  
    Proclaiming him Death!

In the ways of the depth and the height,  
    Where the multitude stars are at ease,  
There is music and terrible light,  
    And the violent song of the seas.  
Unto Mou, the most powerful Lord of the South, let our worship declare  
    Him Lord of the Air!

In the mutable fields that are sown  
    Of a seed that is whiter than noon  
Whose harvest is beaten and blown  
    By the magical rays of the moon,  
In the caverns and wharves of the wind, in the desolate seas of the air,  
    Revolveth our prayer!

In the sands and the desert of death,  
    In the horrible flowerless lands,  
In the fields that the rain and the breath  
    Of the sun make as gold as the sands  
With ripening wheat, in the earth, in the infinite realm of its seed,  
    The hearts of us bleed!

In the wonderful flowers of the foam,  
    Blue billows and breakers grown grey,  
When the storm sweeps triumphantly home

From the bed of the violate day,  
In the furious waves of the sea, wild world of tempestuous night,  
Our song is as light!

In the tumult of manifold fire,  
Multitudinous mutable feet  
That dance to an infinite lyre  
On the heart of the world as they beat,  
In the flowers of the bride of the flame, in the warrior Lord of the Fire,  
There burns our desire

*Chorus*

Slow wheels of unbegotten hate  
And changeless circles of desire,  
Formless creations uncreate,  
Swift fountains of ungathered fire,  
The misty counterpoise of time,  
Dim winds of ocean and sublime  
Pyramids of forgotten foam  
Whirling, vague cones of shapeless sleep  
And infinite dreams, and stars that roam,  
And comets moving through the deep  
Unfathomable skies,  
Darker for moonlight, and the glow-worm eyes  
Of dusky women that were stars,  
And paler curves of the immutable bars  
That line the universe with, light,  
Great eagle-flights of mystic moons  
That dip, while the dull midnight swoons  
About the skirts of Night:  
These bowed and shaped themselves and said:  
It shall be thus!’  
And the intolerable luminous  
Death that is god bent down his head  
And answered: ‘Thus, immutably,  
Above all days and deeds, shall be  
And the great Light that is above all gods  
Lifted his calm brow, spake, and all the seas,  
And all the air, and all the periods  
Of seasons and of stars gave ear, and these  
Vaults of the heaven heard  
The great white light that shaped its secrecies.  
Into one holy terrible word,  
Higher than all words spoken; for He said:  
‘Death is made change, and only change is dead.’

For the most holy spirit of a man  
Burns through the limit of the wheels that ran through all the  
unrelenting skies  
When Icarus died,  
And leaps, the flight of wise omnipotent eyes,  
When Dædalus espied  
An holy habitation for the shrine  
Solitary, 'mid the night of broken brine  
That foamed like starlight round the desolate shore.  
So to the mine of that crystalline ore  
Golden, the electric spark of man is drawn  
Deep in the bosom of the world, to soar  
New-fledged, an eagle to the dazzling dawn  
With lidless eyes undazzled, to arise,  
Son on of the morning, to the Southern skies;  
And fling its wild chant higher at the fall  
Of even, and of bright Hyperion;  
To mix its fire with dew, to call  
The spirit of the limitless air, made one  
In the amazing essence of all light  
Limitless, emanation of the might  
Of the great Light above all gods, the fire  
Of our supreme desire.  
So out of grievous labyrinths of the mind  
The soul's desire may find  
Some passionate thread, the clear note of a bird,  
To make the dark ways of the gods as light,  
To bring forth music from slow chants unheard,  
And visions from the fathomless night.  
So is the spirit of the loftier man  
Made holy and most strong against his fate;  
So is the desolate visage of the wan  
Lord of Amenti covered, and the gate  
Of Ra made perfect. So the waters flow  
Over the earth, throughout the sea,  
Till all its deserts glow,  
And all its salt springs vanish, and night flee  
The pinions of the day wide-spread, and pure  
Fresh fountains of sweet water that endure  
Assume the crown of the wide world, and lend  
A star of many summits to his head  
That rules his fate and compasses his end,  
And seeks the holy mountain of the dead  
To draw dead fire, and breathe, and give it life  
But thou, be strong for strife,  
And, as a god, cry out, and let there be

The mark of many footsteps on the sea  
Of angels hastening to fulfil  
Thy supreme, single will  
Alone, intense, unmoved, not made for change,  
Let thy one godhead rise  
To move like morning, and like day to range,  
A furnace for the skies,  
That all men cry: 'The uncreated God!  
Formless, ineffable, just, whose period  
Is as his name, Eternity!' So bear  
The sceptre of the air!  
So mayest thou avenge, all-seeing, blind,  
The wrath of this consuming fire, that licks  
The rafters and the portals of the house,  
The gateways of the kingdom, where behind  
Lurk ruinous fates and consequence; where fix  
Their fangs the scorpions; where hide their brows  
The shamed protectors of the Egyptian land.  
Go forth avenging; men shall understand  
And worship, seeing justice as a spouse  
Lean on thine iron hand.  
For Murder walks by night, and hides her face,  
But righteous Wrath in the light, and knows his place;  
For hate of a mother is ill, and the lightning flashes  
But foil a harlot's will, burn the earth to ashes,  
Cleanse the incestuous sty of a whore's desire,  
Scatter the dung to the sky, and burn her with fire!  
So the avenging master shall cleanse his fate of shame,  
Set his seal of disaster, a royal seal to his name.

*Chorus*

Through fields of foam ungarnered sweeps  
The fury of the wind of dawn;  
Through fiery desolation creeps  
The water of the wind withdrawn.  
With fire and water consecrate  
The foam and fire are recreate.  
With air uniting fire and water,  
The springtide's unbegotten daughter  
Blossoms in oceans of blue air,  
Flowers of new spring to bear.

'The sorrowtul twin fishes glide  
Silent and sacred into sleep  
The joyful Ram exalts his pride,

Seeing the forehead of the deep  
Glow from his palace, as the sun  
Leaps to the spring, whose coursers run  
    Flaming before their golden master,  
    As death and winter and disaster  
Fall from the Archer's bitter kiss  
Fast to their mute abyss.

The pale sweet blooms of lotus burn;  
    The scent of spring is in the soul  
Men's spirits to the loftiest turn  
    Light is extended and made whole.  
The waters of the whispering Nile  
Lisp of their loves a little while,  
    Then break, like songsters, into sighing,  
    Because the lazy days are dying  
And swift and tawny streams must rise  
World's world to fertilise.

The lotus is afire for love,  
    Its yearnings are immortal still  
But in its bosom, fed thereof,  
    Lust, like a child, will have his will.  
Immortal fervour, strangely blent  
With mystic sensual sacrament,  
    Fills up its cup; its petals tremble  
    With faint desires that dissemble  
The fierce intention to be wed  
One with the spring sun's head.

The fountains of the river yearn  
    Toward the sacred temple-walls;  
They foam upon the sands that burn  
    With spring's delirious festivals.  
They flash upon the gleaming ways;  
They cry, they chant aloud the praise  
    Of Isis; and our temple kisses  
    Their flowery water-wildernesses,  
Whose foamheads nestle to the stones  
With slumberous antiphones.

All birds and beasts and fish are fain  
    To mingle passion with the hope  
All creatures hold, that cycled pain  
    May make its stream the wider scope  
Of many lives and changing law,

Till to the sacred fountains draw  
Essences of dim being, mated  
With lofty substance uncreated,  
Concluding the full period  
That makes all being God.