

Walking these lands as man, yet not actually male, Azazel had foreknowledge of those whom they met. These lesser beings were only made such as the first angel born of flame was the child of chaos, a distant and wished forgotten offspring of Barbelo. Azazel understood the depths of what humanity called sorrow, and shining optimism through that storm.

By shadow way and kindled fire of the blackened Eye opened, Azazel called Shemyaza gathered the dreaming paths of serpents and beasts. He so understood the conflict in all living things, to conquer or be conquered, to thirst for life and continued existence. In the fall of the one later called Lucifer he knew consciousness, and soon with that Pain, a torment which seemed to run razor wire against his naked body, and cast down in a pit of filth. Only when those nightmares were banished by the Will of this Daemon, does the Blackened Flame of his being become strong for those who may sense this presence. In such a world of birth and decay does the shadow have everlasting substance by feasting upon the light, and such fires of the sun seek their nourishment and pleasure in the fading sun in the evening.

It was Azazel who first tasted the flesh of a daughter of man. Her skin darkly smooth, beautiful in its innocence and gentle movements, drew him close seeking the warmth of a body. Against the natural order conceived by other powers, Azazel and his brethren took wives and soon many were giving birth to Daemons – the Sons of Fallen Angels and the Beauty of Woman. These Giants of the Earth were intelligent, bold and strong among mankind. Soon hungering for continued existence they taught them and the family of their wives the crafts which we were cultivating instinctually. No longer did many look at the beasts of nature as plagues and terrors, but they listened to their heartbeat and knew their feelings by the mirror of the eyes.

II° In Transformation from those Experienced
-By Dream and Waking Spirit-Paths-