

In dreams tribes knew of my Eye and the essence of Light. The tribes who would not be embraced by us soon found that which we knew from the moment we awoke – fear and hate. They sought to destroy us and our children, who grew angry and tasted their flesh and blood. In the rivers of spilt life did this bestial fire grow in our children, called the Nefilim who cut down their enemies.

As time wore on, our children died and many spread forth through the world, hiding and seeking refuge in new areas not saturated in the lore of our kind. We grew tired and our bodies grew pale and like death. In the breathing world we were killed physically yet our spirits remained – we are Daemon, spirit and genius – undying and thirsting for continued life. In my bride who was born in the eternal flame with me, who is of many names, too guided mankind where it may be done. Our spirits are like shades yet we can join with any in the dreaming lands. We continue to this day, guiding and inspiring those who cannot explain us, yet sense our very existence as they recognize their own.

Know our grimoires by listening to your own spirit, that we are all isolate and do not perish yet by disbelief in our self. By affirming our Daemon being our guide, we shall watch you make your own path as our sons and daughters. In that twilight garden where shades walk do we call you in the musick of gods, follow the very song of your soul – bath in darkness and light, raise yourself above God to know the keys to both heaven and hell. This grimoire shall be written in blood and dried in the noon tide sun.

I am both fire and darkness, yet within is a Light once adored by that unperceived chaos called God. My sister and lover is that fiery Goddess called Lilit by some and demoness by others, yet she too drinks of both ecstasies.

We are undying and eternal, we may sleep in the flesh of the dragon yet emerge in the Heights of both the Sun and the Moon. The shadows merely remind us of our reflections and self divinities. You too are like us, no bending knee as the mindless, yet an ascended mind beyond that fallen and crumbling crowd-control method called God.