

The Lion and the Lamb

*revealed by Samyaza the Chief of the Iyrin;
compiled by the Elders of the Grigorist Temple of Satanael*

1 Contradictions of Beasts

In the course of spiritual slavery, the awareness of the rational mind warps and withers, as a dried stem of grass does in the flame. Though the mind itself remains intact, he refuses to access it; he is rendered effectively dumb. In this way, the Yahwist's hideously swollen heart is able to override the wilted remnants of his intellect. I have known these things, and therefore I tell you this: the binding of Yahweh is an oath to uphold contradiction, and the chains of Yahweh are woven from Truth and Falsehood entwined.

If he is to live in accordance with his master's commands, the slave of the tyrant has two tasks: firstly to maintain two natures, and secondly to deceive himself that they can coexist. Naked and fearful, he must clothe himself in the forms of the lion and the lamb: he must, throughout all his being, become a paradox entirely. The two natures of Yahwist fantasy, however, are nonsensical even in themselves. The lion is a meek lion and the lamb a brave lamb: what absurdities are these? When the very nature of a beast can be twisted into its own little contradiction and woven into a layered lie – then a man's nature can be twisted just as easily, and his own self nearly lost.

The lion of Yahweh is a righteous predator; he is valiant yet humble; he is brave and proud, yet he gives all glory to his master. He acknowledges with pride that he is wielded as a tool of his lord's will, as if that is an honor. He lives for Yahweh, fights for Yahweh, kills for Yahweh, and dies for Yahweh. The lamb of Yahweh is a laudable victim, helpless yet fearless; he is praised for suffering; he is trodden on by everyone who encounters

him. In this display of humility and selflessness, he takes pride: he turns the other cheek, but looks down upon those who slap him. He is a bastion of goodness who serves the purpose of showcasing how cruel his attackers are. He willfully becomes a doormat, then presents others as lesser for stepping on him. But are these traits of the lion and the lamb, or are they simply different modes of servitude? There are far more apt comparisons to make.

In his sweetened sight, the servant embodies his master's paradoxical lion. Truly, however, when a Yahwist attacks alone, he is nothing but a crocodile: he is to rise out of the mud only to snap at those who stand upright, and afterward he shall sink back to the filth of all weakness, unseen. When he attacks alongside others, organized under orders for the cause of Yahweh, he is a biting ant: the foulest and foolhardiest nuisance, charging to his death at the orders of his Queen. He cannot conceive of questioning his orders; he is an element of the army; he shall be reduced to a part of the squirming masses as the many become one. There is only one will in the Enslaver's army – Yahweh's will; only one cause – Yahweh's cause; only one right or wrong – Yahweh's right or wrong.

In another sense, the Yahwist is a little bird, afraid and petrified by the idea of flight: he walks into a golden cage, and he is content with listening to stories that tell him there is nothing greater than his cage! He tells his offspring these same stories, filled with warnings about monsters and unspeakable horrors that await outside the cage if they were to leave. Yahweh needs this bird, because he speaks Yahweh's words to his hatchlings: when the lies of the cage are taught as early as possible, it is a Herculean task to leave. The lies of the Enslaver spread most easily to the young, the ignorant, the stupid, and the weak, for those who are learned – those who are better able to discern truth – shall always eventually reject the contradiction.

Above all, however, the Yahwist is a dog – servile and loyal to the very end, against all reason or regard for his own safety. To understand Yahweh's slaves, you must know this: even as their master strikes them viciously, they shall swear to the end of days that it is you who beats them, because they cannot bear a world in which their master is not perfect. For as long as the dog believes this lie, he is accursed: truly, he is accursed with this confusion

that he has brought upon himself; he shall not know truth.

2 Freedom of Will

Above all others, there is one great accusation that Yahweh's vermin have levied against me and my brothers: the accusation that we have done our deeds for the purpose of the destruction of mankind, so that they should destroy themselves with what we have given. Do men, then, have no free will? Have they no agency in their own actions? Teachings such as ours can be utilized to soar to great heights or to sink to miserable pits: it is only the will of man that determines which path he shall take.

These things are true of all those I have taught: they have known these secrets I gave to them, and they have built of them what accords to their will. Some of their doings I have taken great pride in; some I have looked upon with disappointment; some I have derided aloud for their inanity. I have known all these to be possible and likely: it is an absurdity to claim that I have been ignorant to the flaws of beings. I did not teach my knowledge with the belief or intent that man should only use it to make himself greater, and I did not teach it intending for him to destroy himself with it. I, Samyaza, had witnessed the acts of man long before I was a guest in his realm; I had known his faults even in the wretched days of my bindings to Yahweh.

Another question often follows this acknowledgement: why, then, have I still chosen to teach my arts? This question is almost an insult to me, for it implies that I would withhold knowledge and freedom for the sake of safety! I am no shepherd, and I am certainly no lamb. I am a leader of the seekers of greatness; I am a teacher of those who hunger to learn; why should I deign to hand-feed the weak, or endeavor to keep my thoughts out of the hands of fools? I am proud to see man raise himself higher with what I have given him, but it is no care of mine if he instead plunges toward his own destruction. Had he willed it, he could have surpassed the stars in the sky; instead, he razed his people's palace to rubble, and it was done by his choice alone.

Truth has no hatred for questions. The irrational are enraged by reality,

yet the universe rests unaffected by their delusions. Perhaps, if I was a sniveling liar terrified of ridicule and disobedience, then I might surveil and threaten all who dared reject my word. I might dedicate my power to such things: I might make my followers live in fear of my retaliation – and I might promise them love and comfort as a reward for compliance – and I might have them beg my forgiveness for their own mistakes! Yet I have not done these things, for I would be loath to waste myself in such a puerile way.

He who turns away from me detracts himself; he who laughs at me makes a joke of himself; he who heeds me does so for his own sake, not for any benefit of mine. The path one walks must be chosen wisely, for freedom and truth are always there on the line.