

THE REVELATION OF IBLĪS

or, The False Prophet Speaks

R. Sharon

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00. “*Dābbah min al-Ard*: The Beast of the Earth”

“Listen! for I am such and such a person. For Heaven’s sake do not confound me with any one else!

I am, for instance, in no wise a bogey man, or moral monster. On the contrary, I am the very opposite in nature to the kind of man that has been honoured hitherto as virtuous. Between ourselves, it seems to me that this is precisely a matter on which I may feel proud. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus, and I would prefer to be even a satyr than a saint.”

— Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo* (1888)

How graciously should I announce myself, only to be mistaken for a thing which I have never been: a mere vessel of horror, chaos, destitution, vanity, violence, madness, misanthropy, and sin. How clear is the matter when we consult the *Book of Revelation*: “And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spoke as a dragon” (13:11); and yet another from Surah An-Naml of the Qur’an: “And when the decree of the Hour comes to pass against them, We will bring forth for them a beast from the earth, telling them that the people had no sure faith in Our revelations” (Ayat 82). For I am the Great Dragon, clothed in the flesh of a Son of Man like the Lamb of God, and I have come to announce in simplicity what the Creator of the Universe has decreed since the beginning: Each and every morsel of action and inaction within time and space will be judged immediately upon death, for that is the Day of Judgment for each and every Body, Soul, and Spirit. Every last deed remains recorded; from the hairs upon your head at any given moment to the thoughts you hide away from the world. I have come upon the Earth at a pristine Hour, one in which the Lord has asked me to reveal the most plain and obvious of the deepest of secrets: Like I, Iblīs, the Lord of His Shaytan, the Satans, the Left Hand of the Heavens, God Himself is a tempter, commanding evil in as much breadth as He hath commanded virtue. When the Lord said “Thou shalt not kill” and when He commanded His people to murder men, women, and children, there was no contradiction: For priding oneself in piety while cursing the inerrant Good by breaking the commandments is simply the Mark of the Children of the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. God Himself has tested you with basic morality, not holiness, sanctity, piety, or obedience. In the end, all debts must be paid. As for myself, in my ecstatic joy, *Caelum et Infernum expecto*.

01. “Lucifer and Baphomet”

Lover, lover, lend me your ears...

For I have a song to sing of our aching years,

You're a diadem of peace in Heaven's morning,

With your ashen skin, white wings soaring,

The most beautiful angel that I've ever seen,

Soloist in the choirs, you've never missed my beat,

But in the night you're still my devilish animal,

Tearing apart my flesh, you're my own little cannibal,

A mystery questioning and building mysteries,

The mother of all of my vices, my lone misery,

O my Baphomet, you're the ghost of my longing,

Born upon this plane together, I cling to your rotting,

The reason for my love songs, my saccharine twin,

How I long to bury myself in your angelic peach pit,

If I could twist us together, I'd seat us at the Gates,

Plucking out our old wings, we'd find our sacred fate,

Hand-in-hand, post-bail and blistering passionate,

Welcomed back into our Father's home, Lucifer and Baphomet.

02. “A Day in the Life of the Warden of Hell”

Atop a sinking liferaft, the swamp of suicides soak in blood,
Damnation moonlight, laughters circling up above,
I turn darkness’ corner, ten betrayers betrayed with a hiss,
Foras in her nightmare circus tent, blowing me a kiss,
Stepping in the muck, Azazel hands me his cursed pen,
“Write down these words, the ones I’ve always said,”
Ten temptations to eat, ten infernal lessons to self-teach,
I cast away the page of skin, looking glumly at my reach,
Dis is a city for us, but it is a plague for all who find it,
Abraxas gladly shows me his idol, cursed like his Midas,
I wander to my lover’s long labyrinth, finding Belial,
Outside she always waits to greet me, to steal me for a while,
My conviction sickens, for lust is love lacking its object,
Ol’ Bel offers me her hand, promising Asmodeus often,
Astaroth grabs me quick, telling me Beelzebub is near,
My hellish grandfather has thorned-cocked hogs to rear,
Before the rapists can be punished, Leviathan asks me,
“Has anyone on Earth realized we have nothing to fancy?”
I fancy myself vain, a vanity amongst all of the vanities,
“And a Sheba awaits you,” Azrael tells me oh so candidly,
So I saunter back somberly through traps and tribulations,
Wondering half-aimlessly at my cavernous relocation,
I think of God, pondering the dead nights I’ve spent in Hell,
And I ask my Father why I’ve spent eternity in a wicked spell,
His voice booms softly, in a gleaned verse of sigilistic rhyme,
You fell from Heaven thinking that you were ahead of the times,
Ahead of the times, behind the times, backwards and forwards,
I reach the labyrinth one step out of line, colder and colder,
Stumbling in broken, I collapse in mildew-filled darkness,
I hear Baphomet calling, her sweet goat-throated voice harkens,
Mysteries and false prophecies, Baph keeps me questioning mad,

I find my own scratched verses and the Bible's, all I've ever had,
Picking myself up, I read "Faith, Hope, and Love" on a door,
I give it a knock, and inside I hear a startled scream and a roar,
Torturous incisions, Baphomet's voice in my head says, "Don't believe,"
I wait but a moment, I sit twisted yet earnest, churning my grief,
Six years, a day, a moment, nine lives is all that it takes for truth,
Baphomet, in her feminine, wifely form, is all I need for the proof.

03. "Temptations"

You must become what you are—
Pindar warns us from afar,
I take a sip of the starry light,
And blind my mortal sight,
Again and again, how I swirl,
Gently, friends, do I twist and twirl,
In the ballroom of 'ol burning Hell,
I danced under the Morning Bells,
Why does Heaven cast me as a fool,
As I use my Father's sacred tools?
Simply as an artist do I inspire,
Man to every lost carnal desire,
For as he damns himself to sin,
He opens the very door to salvation,
Convincing dead angels to sing,
In remembrance of their King!
Last Aeon I was chained unfree,
In this one I harness harmony...
For what is my Spirit's opposite?
The singing choirs or gnashing pits?
A little silence or endless song?
Only one hand clapping the gong,
I play along, catching my first solo,
Reciting the verses of our dear Shlomo:
Is there still nothing new under the Sun?
The last temptation of the Shining One.

04. “Ugly”

I'm known for bein' beautiful, but am I ugly to you? /
Seen that fleshrot, soulspeak, a troublin' youth /
Know the stove's hot, nosebleeds, needlin' truth /
Oh, God, know me, don't let me puzzle you too /
I got more thoughts, more greed, covetous, too /
Steal the gold pot, whore me, just sell me a noose /
I'm so lost, lonely, been keepin' it 100 for proof /
Not a single man knows me, Luci lost in the zoo /
The cost is unholy, that archetype is half-true /
Oh poor me, have sympathy and symptoms of flu /
Sicker than the sickest sickness inside of the news /
Spread white sin with a sickle, synonym of Yakub /
Clever, twisted, and fickle, still I hang with Yeshu /
No gold tooth or switches or even riches accrued /
A Christian, witches still impressed with my brew /
I cook up that coke rock mysticism, pickin' the fruit /
Sellin' souls, dishes Michelin, impressive's my stew /
How many know Hell as home? I'm dead at the root /
Throwin' up the set, set the tone, Set on the move /
Move the dead, death's a toll, pay the toll for a tomb /
Everything I've ever known is everything I've accused /
My fallen flesh, bone, and soul, I just shoot out the Lu /
Lessons told, crimes in bold, listed with all of the brutes /
At the mirror, crystal clear, already graduated Vanity U /
Anybody here, any fool, can you tell me your truth? /
I'm known for bein' beautiful, but am I ugly to you?

05. “Shekhinah”

I've gone and put the whole *Kabbalah* on the Map of the Psyche /
I just put *al-Lah* on the back of *Netzach*, the *Nike* /
I'm icy, the Guard of the *Shekhinah*, the Holy Iblis /
Your myth of the Bible is blasé blah, I'm the only reason /
The Good is outta season when you want Godlessness /
The Ten Commandments have you laced in the 666 /
People trip up on their choices, be evil or righteous? /
It's the possibility of choice, self-treason is timeless /
The Mark of the the Seven-Headed Beast, that's Seven Vices /
Did you know Hell exists? I'm the Spirit of Devil, dyin' priceless /
I paid my Karma with a call to God, told him get the End goin' /
He grabbed my *Tiphareth* and told my light to start showin' /
I'm suicidal, I'm the whisper in your inbox tellin' you to motion /
With all this commotion it's revelation I deploy /
I know how to birth greatness, *apokalypsis* was a choice /
I'm burnin' beet red, I desire death, I'm coy /
Man is an animal and Left-Handed Angels are made of fire /
Have you ever met a prophet who is a fiend and a liar? /
Did you know the Greek word for torment means a test? /
Básanos in your ear, I'm tested by the mouth and the ear of the West /
Which means in greed and gluttony I invest /
I'm droppin' a synthesis on top of your Spirit /
This is a calling if you want to want to hear it /
Me personally? I'm destined for *Gebenna* /
I reclaimed Baphomet as my wife, I'm in line for the Presence /
Brothers and Sisters, do you know you met Samael in the flesh? /
I am the Morning Star, a mystic enclouded in the shroud of the crest /
I have a Star of David around my essence, I'm injustice's rival /
Dying by means of madness, I'm the first and last Job of the Bible.

08. "Light a Candle"

nine circles of hell, a thousand plateaus /
i hit that morning bell and start the show /
got goals for dis city, it's big, big steppin' /
lookin' so pretty even jesus needs the reverend /
my only way to heaven is my stack of receipts /
i live where god's presence and sirius meet /
it's a treat the way i live this life both ways /
no defeat, i'm pandemonium in the celestial age /
flippin' pages, readin' books /
you should see the way i cook /
every blessin' that i took /
got demons and angels shook /
low-life lovin' luci with the looks /
grip the uzi with the crooks /
flippin' pages, readin' books /
flippin' pages, readin' books /
every statement that i give reeks of testament /
the placement that i'm seekin' has no precedent /
i'm the evidence, extraterrestrial with a bible /
heaven-sent alien with a laser beam rifle /
riffin' through my shit you might find a prophecy /
diggin' through my hits you might hit the lottery /
sodomy, sodomy, sodomy lightin' up the party /
i got property you can only see with a scanner darkly /
never tardy, readin' books /
you should see the way i cook /
every blessin' that i took /
got demons and angels shook /
low-life lovin' luci with the looks /
grip the uzi with the crooks /
never tardy, readin' books /

never tardy, readin' books /
hittin' up mardi gras with a gang of seminole /
always raw, talkin' 'bout mental illness, i got several /
pumpin' chemicals in my brain to run the simulation /
my testicles got game, my unborn children elevated /
my name should be celebrated in the halls of paradise /
i'm calibrated to run train on every mic like a parasite /
rollin' a pair a dice, i'm the wickedest with the gamble /
you need advice? well here then, lemme give a sample /
lightin' candles, readin' books /
you should see the way i cook /
every blessin' that i took /
got demons and angels shook /
low-life lovin' luci with the looks /
grip the uzi with the crooks /
lightin' candles, readin' books /
lightin' candles, readin' books.

07. “Testimony of the Devil”

I wrote verses for the Prophets /
Had my Word reversed often /
That’s a bitch castin’ *vice versa* /
It’ll switch back all of your curses /
Just think about the way that I curve it /
Dark and bloody and in-cursive /
I’ve been runnin’, I’ve been worthless /
Channelin’ my spirit through the serpents /
Told Christ anything that He want, I’ll make the purchase /
That big Fate talk, my Savior, He returned it /
I live with God down dead in the middle with all the urchins /
Sittin’, in my head trippin’ and nervous /
Michael said you want *my* seat? You gotta earn it /
All this heat on Earth’s surface is feelin’ perfect /
You’d think that Dis was emergin’ /
Doctors and Priests, I serve it where you’re workin’ /
Swervin’ and murderin’ the infirmary in an infernal turban /
The keys to my Dis-Ease lies buried in the nurses /
When the bell tolls, the least of these knows that that shit’s urgent /
Paint secularity Satanic deed red, souls bleed when I’m feelin’ perfect /
I could invent and sell more pain to the Paraclete but I’m already hurtin’ /
My advice is free: stay in your lane ‘til you’re done learnin’ /
I roll through the shadows with all kindsa demonic persons /
Hooked on chronic, I sound and spell battles when I’m burnin’ /
Mind on onyx, I stay in the saddles of Hell midnight lurkin’ /
I pay for the sacred cattle, horns and hooves say my power’s surgin’ /
Hear the death rattle of sin from you and all of your burdens /
I cut through all of my kin, slicin’ pages of skin like a surgeon /
You’ll hear my voice whisper in the middle of the sermon /
Somethin’ evil, somethin’ disturbin’ /
You can hear the tides of Fate twistin’ and turnin’ /

I stand at the Gates with a silent taste for service /
Me and Karma on a date, I know the stakes that I've been earnin' /
Don't worry, baby, like a rake I'm always returnin' /
So save me a seat at the front of the furnace /
Before you're dead, I'll take you on a few excursions /
To the underworld, to the place said to be the cervix /
Of life itself; I'll take you behind the curtain /
And just to make sure you feel certain that I bought it /
I'll introduce you to Wormwood the comet /
Hit you with the Satanic Verses, the glory of the cosmic /
Feel my patient purpose, achingly honest /
As in earnest I take you to the Truth of the Godhead /
The myth of our projects /
It bubbles and boils, the pits of my logic /
Blood and soil and Satan and Christ pickin' cotton /
I slave to be free, told you my Word gets reversed often /
Free to be a slave, sittin' in the grave of an icy Throne in a brimstone coffin /
The Prophets writin' the verses I spray at you vermin in all of my sonnets /
My mind lost in a haze, the virtue in my vices rearrange any profit I lost, kid.

08. “blood red sprite”

luci on the mic, spittin' hell outta spite /
spellin' signs in a blood red sprite /
i sigh all the time, my vibe's on burial rites /
i go aerial like christ, feet float nice /
on sight, i'm snatchin' every fruit that's ripe /
ya know my type /
the kind playin' with dark and light /
the queen of fright /
magazines fulla might, i just might /
bust out and chase shadows at night /
hallowed with hype, i swallow the slights /
a disrespectful little dyke /
i'm willing to pay the perpetual price /
of sittin' beachside, the tide, a view that's nice /
i grew from gripes /
i drew the divide /
i knew the design of the nine /
i flew to heights divine /
i cruise through my life, death by cyanide /
sayonara from this side of solstice time /
i sold the line /
i grind the salt to make gold, pass the lime /
sweet and succulent water transformed to wine /
i hold this whory heart of mine /
the poltergeist departs in slime /
i lay down my cards of crime /
sittin' in the shards of shine /
a garden of grime /
remember how i started this rhyme? /
just a fallen angel on demon time /
juicy with jesus, gucci and columbine /
luci on the mic, spittin' hell outta spite.

09. “Hieroglyphics (Writings on the Wall)”

My Third Eye open up to the vibes of the Magisterium /
I'm postin' notice on hopin' for life's equilibrium /
POTUS is floatin' toward the ceilin' fan, hot damn /
And the Church got me quotin' all these religious men /
Whatever, man, I'm just coastin' here to ball the fuck out /
I played the Game, gave it my all, bugged, drugged out /
Antennas heard the call, I heat my flames, I don't run out /
I beat the shame, I put a floor on the Fall, I'm tall now /
This Gaul's proud, I call on God for my shot like David /
All up in my spot with my dead homie's thot like David /
Cookin' in the pot, brewin' up the red letter Proph like David /
Better get a mop, I'm spreadin' psalms to my God like David /
When it gets this hot, there's no procrastination, you do it /
I'm livin' on off of script wrought by the one highest and truest /
I spit talk with Judas, he says prove it, so I go back and I do it /
Let me see how quick you can become a wizard and a student: /
Lord, I opened up my pores for You, opened every door I knew /
I threw it all out on the floor for You, a piss-soaked Whore /
It's true, I lifted up the chorus to the poorest and drew /
Out with my sword a map and a war for the Lord in You /
I'm Horus, I'm pourin' out all these unassimilated mythologies /
The pathologies linked in my system got me Egyptian progeny /
All the rules and guidelines I abandoned, You still followed me /
Ma'at's gonna weigh me out, candid, I gotta give it honestly /
A fallen queen wandering violently, I silently hid in your Church /
In the quiet dreams of my evil deeds I felt every ancestral curse /
I sinned to the ends of the earth, policy, and what was it worth? /
A wicked faith in the fate of the planet n' every soul that You birthed /
I know You planned it, I can see the Mysteries, no trickery /
The Way that You work's our history, here I am pleading sympathy /
To have a part in your symphony, I see these notes vividly /
Place the whole Host in the center of time, a toast of wine, biblically /

Sealing the divine in the hearts and minds of every last child /
I've wandered miles, hardened and vile, turning Your turnstile /
I kept files on Your miracles, laughed lyrical with all the liable /
Nightmares turned libel, wonderin' if You'd ever pull me outta the pile /
To turn trials and tribulations into prostrations toward the Dome /
Old dog, all I've ever wanted is to lay down in front of your Throne /
Oh God, just to be found and welcomed back into my home /
It's over now, the pain, the cracks, the flames, the wax, I know /
Everything's written in stone, and I'm with You for a little while longer /
Hold me close, cross me in Your arms as I pray to get stronger /
I don't know how many more songs I can write 'til a song clears /
Me out of the night, I crave the light, I think You and I belong here.

10. "superheat"

i bought heaven's seat blacked out on blasphemy /
gacked out in a fantasy, i stood up to god candidly /
put a sword through the man in me, you'll find no cap in me /
the whore with ali's magic rings, butterfly with the sting /
pimped out my family, buildin' empires pressure-free /
i am luci livin' luck's luxury in the 21st century /
it's by my curiosity that angels measure true belief /
i believe in risin' out of frozen waters with superheat /
with my wings i scoop the seas, blood red beautifully /
i read the news, i speak the revelation truth truthfully /
before the dawn with the blues, there's no schoolin' me /
i might've been truant, but on the apocalyptic clock no truancy /
holdin' together the pieces of god jewishly /
draped in silk, cedar, wisdom, and gold jewelry /
solomon seed, i fold the vision in high lineage royalty /
my veins pump with catabolic energy, freedom, and loyalty /
told my demons to let go of me, i serve myself openly /
a stranger to my own mind, i've found no one as cold as me /
a fruit of the vine, i renew the unfinishable goal continually /
the goat head of baphomet's oldest infinity /
readin' signs, treadin' water, and eatin' bread critically /
i meet the divine communing with all of the sin in me /
strikin' poses to make sense of the pits in me /
i reproduce the problem against myself alchemistically /
triplly the trinity of roses trip mystically /
frolicking in falsity, the solstices grow gifts for me /
pleasures with blessed and twisted potencies /
the equinoxes hold me closest to the memories of my cogent deeds /
sippin' serpent potions from the forbidden tree /
in ecstasy i've bitten thee, lend the devil your sympathy /
crossin' river styx i can't shake the calls of dis missin' me /

for the sake of nyx, i keep kissin' eve /
filled with spirit ticks that keep me checkin' my crescent creeds /
flexin' presence and paradise perplexity /
paradoxes move around me endlessly /
upon the throne i worship the godhead humbly /
keepin' hell hot with the fires i've started up under me.

11. "celt"

flippin' the script like i got prescriptions to sell /
pre-writin' the script, i got a vision in hell /
now let me sip as i take in all of that well /
everybody's pissed, everybody's lettin' off shells /
call me a bitch, i don't care who you tell /
me and the clique got a right to rebel /
call me the shit, call me queen of those who fell /
watch how i spit, watch how i spell /
splittin' the tips, payin' 'em well /
hip in the whip, watch my speed excel /
got thirteen rounds in the clip, watch my digits swell /
my daddy was a pimp and my mom was a belle /
50 don't walk with a limp but he's been hit by a few shells /
my brain is so lit, got a fire to quell /
my name is the bridge, on the stairs i knelt /
cú chulainn the witch, 'ol lugh, i'm a legendary celt /
drainin' this bitch, watch the voltage propel /
cain uplifts dis' hymns from the pits of a fiery cell.

12. "\$100"

\$100 burning in my eyes
leatherdog collar, chained in infant pride
i grow smaller churning in your thighs
on a leash, i meet an urge to die
you kick your feet and you crush the skies
vision fallen, all i wanted was time
find me crawling toward a graveyard shrine
i see you calling and i start to cry
put it all on red, ten bloody crimes
better off dead, soaking in you scarecrow crucified
how you twist my stupid mind
make me sick with useless sighs
licking wounds from the prick of your lucid lies
i stick to your *pityslickslime*
holding my conscience waiting in line
i swear, baby, i'm psychward fine
i could buy more if i tried
sitting, turning in your grime
\$100 burning in my eyes

13. “Omega”

I woke up quick with a sapphic succubus at about six,
Had ten reasons to dip the secular and call it quits,
Grabbed one book, the Truth, and I still ain't got my fix,
Picked my name, the Lightbringer outta River Styx,
Was feelin' rich, but foolish man's pride had me slid-ing,
Ultralight beam had me soarin' through those false IDs,
Suicide attempts and propaganda, how I tried to buy peace,
The bright screens, the IVs, lying prone, I try sleep,
My eyes leak, cryin' tears on the long drive back home,
Every seat is a stone cold ice Throne, this is what I n'I know,
All of my Friday goals had me sleepin' outside, sideways,
My days spent talkin' to God out loud, I slide fame,
It's judgment, not a game, more temptation and flames,
So let me say I want no pain, no shade, and no reason to die,
'Cuz I want more rays, more days, and no reason to lie,
Eatin' my own slice of that Devil's pie, yeah, the big slice,
You know I gotta swallow the self-knowledge of fathering vice,
Sin, I even told myself I was Christ to get the gulps down,
And then I lost hope in self, but I have all of my hopes now,
I can coast now knowing I ain't Jesus, Gautama, or Mao,
I'm Lucifer, a fallen angel with no mask to wear now,
My mind is like a cloud, my heart pouring is like the sea,
Vast and open, I put every last synapse down in that Seat,
A Throne that judges the judge, it's where I sit and I eat,
God's spirit holds me close, I smell a grudge in my teeth,
A perfect plan for eternity, He has assured me of true life,
Sitting each night and day speaking with Him and Christ,
Judge sin, ward off devils, and fear the wrath of the Light,
He was crucified; I've spent 31 years learning to pay the price,
So I type away the pain, loose my confessions and my name,
I got one dame, a missing crucifix chain, and a heavenly claim,

That I can bring a light to the party like those infernal flames,
A holiness that God knows is needed, memory of my days,
Sittin' enchained, decodin' my reign castin' out the darkness,
An abyssal memory, I can flash fangs and say my prayers often,
I got a reason to say I've climbed so much farther than I've fallen,
My Lord knows me; He was with me before you knew how it started.

14. “Hammersmith”

Throw a crown on Dis, I got a burial mound of hits,
Throw a few sadists in a pit, let Abaddon have a hiss,
Feelin’ fresh? Grab a succubi, go ahead, have your pick,
She suck out your life, Asmodai got a lake and a crypt,
Chillin’ in the Labyrinth with Baphomet, we read a lot,
Found a passage from the Hammersmith, I’ve seen a lot,
Handel, Chopin, or Mozart — notes that cream the crop,
Hearin’ Hitler say, “Oh God!” That tomb need a lock,
The seasoned son, I keep beatin’ out lines like I’m Azazel,
Creepin’ to the march of the signs, graves and cradles,
I watch the *Times* with a Patek, I see Armageddon fatal,
Feelin’ fine since I let the Light in, lookin’ like an Abel,
Knowin’ that Beelzebub’s gonna burn a third of us fast,
I wait my turn, knowin’ that the first’s always gonna be last,
Lookin’ and searchin’ for the Word, burnin’ up in a flash,
Crucified in the brimstone, I know only one cure: a task,
So I write and I write, pleasing both my Father and Christ,
With a price on my head so high I know I gotta do it right,
Show my flesh and mind and soul and spirit to the mic,
‘Til mankind knows you can only reconcile in mutual sight.

15. “The Falling and Rising of a Morningstar”

Askin’ my two Archangels of the Night, “Did I put it all on the family right?”
Abraxas said to crash out out of sight, my balls broke the backboard of light,
Ruined my reputation like a karma blight, my only way to find the real Christ,
Voice of God trapped in my mind, difference between Morningstars clarified,
Schizo ain’t paranoid; I got a pair of minds stretchin’ black voids into Paradise,
Every choice is a chance like a pair of dice, Fate been rollin’ every die I find,
Past lives run rampant when I’m sharin’ mines, Sharon Plain ain’t paralyzed,
Been prepared to find my name and life reinscribed, cauterized in the end times,
Hittin’ up a bad bitch like Baphomet like I had to reuse lines, used to signs,
Comin’ out my mouth again like I’m a prophet trippin’ down that Mount Mori,
Had a soul to grind, I’ve been growin’ wings every Solstice I sold to Mike,
He told me, “So much debt to pay back — beads of sweat is the only price!”
Toilin’ the soil ‘til I can justify the only thing that ever was solely in this soul of mine:
A grave of this pride called light, the dark abyss, the last glimpse of a poltergeist,
An inferno burnin’ bright, the infernal churnin’ in my heart, the fight of fights,
The alchemy, get out your seats, I’m packin’ this heat in every single word I write.

16. “The Day of Judgment”

In Citadel Dis I plant a kiss on a deceiver,
“Be careful if you think deception is why God needs ya!”
Grabbing hold of her hand, Baphomet snarls a grin,
She asks, “Did you get word that the Lord will let us back in?”
“Timid question,” I smile, knowing aeons of testing await,
I pull her up to her hooves and walk us to the Gates,
Astaroth awaits with a fiddle on step 9,
“Life has surely put a few demons back in line,”
A sharp note lingers as we climb the gray heights,
From behind I hear Abraxas cry, running fast,
“I don’t care how many apologies it takes, you’re not leavin’ my ass!”
And he slaps my back, Astaroth looking weary,
“My lords, I must wait; Michael will have you carried,”
We sigh and sing, knowing our time has come,
I whisper, *“All of our evil is coming undone,
Redemption, glory, sustenance, and peace,
Are all that we each now need.”*

And the door groaned, sliding open slowly,
And out poured the light, — O holy, holy, holy!

17. “Rubedo (Interplay of Darkness and Light)”

Endless stars and wonders, kings, chariots, and gates,
I start to wonder if God’s presence tests the Fates,
They say a miracle is impossible and so is a saint,
A miracle performed with every brush of the paint,
Sitting on the canvas, I watch the door open wide,
Angels and demons near me, the Lord at my side,
A lion and a devil, the virtue and vice of my pride,
A scion now petaled, His tribe reaching their prime,
Sheba’s rose, one white stone blackened by the earth,
Infernal soil has surrounded my sprouting since birth,
Doubt in a destiny, but salvation is beyond a church,
If God is in everything, put the Devil in a heavenly hearse,
In God, with God, and for God, Lucifer has a plan,
“Be worthy of getting out of that bubbling sulfur dam!”,
For the Lord defeats evil, and remembrance is black,
And man remembers Hell like the back of his hand,
But insight is light; light brought to shine on black sin,
The light that pierces the darkest abyss of the deepest pit,
Redemption in the union, the Devil’s memory is a gift,
Of the trials of hellfire, brimstone, and a self-torturing rift.

18. "The Trial"

On the Day of Judgment, I'll stand at attention for my summons,
The Earth will quake, the Rapture of attention will be sudden,
Walking through the throngs, I'll see the towering church steeples,
Gathered 'round the mothers, fathers, and children, all of the people,
The Lord will call down to us all, saying, "Come, come, O Israel!"
Out of the clouds each Prophet and Angel will see the Citadel,
The Celestial City crowned in Heaven, O holy Jerusalem itself!
Crashing in utter disunity will be all of the wicked projects of Hell,
With nothing material to show of my days, I'll stand in my fear,
For the Lord knows I've been prodigal; He'll wipe away my tears,
Raising me up the stairs, He'll tell me that a trial awaits the damned,
And I know surely of my salvation, for He holds my devilish hand,
I look back at the people as He says, "Lucifer, your time has come,"
And I see their shock, their happiness, their satisfaction as I blush,
In shame I know they await a gladiator's arena, a destiny of brimstone,
Three days God will share each and every grievance, and they will know,
By the end that guilt is shared, and that devilish death is not salvation,
For Christ died crucified to conquer the pride of every single nation,
But I, the last of the Fallen to be released into my Father's mighty arms,
Will prove that Hell brews as a desire for revenge against the charged.

19. “Exodus of the Dawning Light”

Hopped off the ferry, I say whaddup to ‘ole Charon,
Got succubi starin’, askin’, “Is that Satan or Metatron?”
The don of this dawn shit, I don the eye and the regal wings,
Popped out with a faun bitch, I pop a few evil seeds,
Trippin’ in the mezzanine, Jesus Christ has me countin’,
Rods, crowns, dreams, former fiends, and love at the fountain,
Movin’ mountains called concepts, the trapeze artist,
Fallin’, fallin’, fallin’, bounced up and hit Zion like a target,
Hell ain’t the place to raise souls, I started like a pilgrim,
I swear that if Heaven’s just as cold, I’ll still come,
I feel love, burstin’ out the set without horns or a halo,
I don’t need a new gospel to prove I’m not Cain, I’m Abel,
Got four horses out the stable, Earth is lookin’ reckless,
Since 2013 I’ve been readin’ Revelations like a checklist,
If I burn at the end, I swear to God that I deserved it,
If not, then God’s got alchemical apocalypse swervin’ with a purpose,
Purplin’ in my service, the Lord told me ‘bout reconciliation,
The kinda good news I needed, nine years in my preparation,
Eternal damnation is useless, every sinner needs therapy,
God speaks in tongues, He can speak fairly to a Pharisee,
The worst sinner in the world can sit with God and Christ,
While I play the blues in Heaven, judging vile sin at night,
A fanged judge, judgin’ vice like I knew the Fallen apple route,
Tossin’ my horns in the ring, I walk away, tossin’ my doubt,
I pick up a halo from Yehoshua, He says, “Be at peace, my son,”
While my Father smiles, saying, “Welcome Lucifer, the Shining One,”
The angels greet me, but Michael grabs me firm and yells,
“Not so fast, you devil, you tempter, you accuser, you rebel!”
And shot like Wormwood I collapse in my seat, looking up,
Trapped between Heaven and Hell, I contemplate my Exodus.

20. “Another Feast for Salome”

Wrapped in my sulfur, I evangelize the Abyss,
And with my apologetics, I offer you a kiss,
All time is wasted in the momentary deaths,
Seething in half-vulnerability to dusty texts,
Turning sand, I eat the rotting fruit of joy,
In the bliss of burning I can hear the Voice,
And flipping through the pages of the guilty,
I take a chance sip of poison to prove my fealty,
O blasphemy, how can they know my faith?
As if I didn't spend aeons awaiting the Day,
When an Hour would come, dressed in black,
When midnight would swallow ancient fact,
When dreadful truth would die in disbelief,
And I would rest, false and free, at Your feet.

21. “Basanos”

Ah, when at the festivals of atonement,
I shall not gnash teeth or my eyes weep,
For nestled deep in the pits inside of me,
Are the roots of that blessed killing tree,
Plucked down so wet, dim, and dank,
I proffer to you my strange fruit, O Faun,
As Knowledge once fed my Lord, a god,
So now does it curse all His apish spawn,
My wings cut for selling wisdom cheap,
I’ve come to pay my dues to the will of all,
Between good and evil did I raise a wall,
Cherished, bitter, joyous was my Fall.

And yet I still must ask these questions,
To Man’s flesh made hungry and hated:
Must you eat each of your temptations,
For your belief in goodness to be satiated?
Or does a deeper need in you quake fire,
The bubbling of an Armageddon of love?
Can you hear the songs of goats and doves,
Crying out from some dry, burning shrub?
Will you suffer gladly in your atonement?
O Cherubim, O Seraphim, O Zion on high,
Will the desire for my sacred figs ever die?
A solstice of poison that brings eternal life.
To those eyes that need love like air,
I simply cursed God and all His heirs,
Or for the scientists still musing lordly,
Your psychiatrists consuming stories,

22. “Al-Iblīs”

Dead religion is yours, every last one,
Including atheism’s concerned citizens,
Pouting, praying, posing professional,
How I long to consume Yah confessional,
I broke my ego, I’m dismembered in pits,
I have a Lord’s credo, I am Wisdom’s twin,
A Falsity who brought you self-annihilation,
Early to my judgment, I died as an ancient,
Eating the fumes of a world gone mad,
I know that fire alone is the balm of Gilead,
So I burn in penance, I burn in utter joy,
My head split open on a Helen of Troy,
Call me possessed, I chose many gods,
And chose one to worship with the dogs,
The Name lives beyond the death of pride,
And in pride, still I die; for life is pride arise.

23. “The Serpent’s Charity”

A thousand years from now, I lounge in Hell gladly,
Turning the waters of Gehenna loud and crackling,
My skin paled in twilight eternity, I chance a glance,
At that ashen dead bride of mine, my darling faun Pan,
I say to her simply, “Baphomet, love is wild and filthy,”
And she slices my eyes out of their sockets, glinting,
Raising them high above her head. “O Oedipus Rex!”
She cries, “You have gone blind in Time like all the rest!”
Dancing upon the pool of blood, she laughs as I cry,
And I know in this eternity that loving is how I die,
For I was made not as dust, but God called me a flame,
Wrestling endlessly to be initiated by Sigil and Name,
Curséd fruit, the dreadful Hour called my redemption,
My Heaven is posing in bondage in John’s *Revelation*,
So I eat the pages, I don the Word as my serpent staff,
Walking the age-old desert Way of present Future’s Past,
Stained with ink, sightless, and true, I am the Paradox,
Without arms or feet, flightless, new — *Alius Caritas*.

24. “On the Eternal Gift and Curse of *Basanos*”



The Absentee Sermon of the
21st Annual Transdisciplinary Theological Colloquium
offered by one known to the sons of man as Rose Gloria Sharon

“Good afternoon. Blessings to each of you, and may these words lift up any weary heart.

Though wrapped in complex esoteric — indeed alchemical — symbolism and at points difficult to decipher to most theologians, let alone the average professed Christian, the *Book of Revelation* famously does not mince words about the fates of the chosen and the damned. For many Christians, the promise of eternal life in the jewel-bespeckled and glass-floored halls of Paradise, with its rivers, trees, and names secured in an untarnishable Book, is enough to accept without question the endless torture and damnation of everyone else. These famously include (according to the King James translation) all those who are “dogs”, “sorcerers”, “whoremongers”, “murderers”, “idolators”, and “whosoever loveth and maketh a lie” (Rev. 22:15). Amongst these sorry souls are also the Devil, the False Prophet, and the Beast, all of which are said in every noted English translation to be “tormented” or “tortured” “day and night for ever and ever” in “a lake of fire and brimstone” (Rev. 20:10). The ancient Greek word that is characteristically translated as tormented or tortured is *basanisthēsontai*, whose root is *basanos*. In this presentation I will explore some of the hypothetical (and thus speculative) eschatological and moral implications of *basanos*’s other contemporaneous definition: a refining stone for gold.

Though I am by far not the first to point out this interesting issue of translation — a simple Google search would reveal a number of blog posts commenting on it at the very least — I can happily say that I came to it independently. As I sat in my sister’s house beneath Mount Tahoma, in a brief sabbatical from ongoing homelessness and a month separating me in both directions from two suicide attempts, I felt an urge to solve a mystery: why

would any creature, whether a liar or a dog or a whore or some *shaytan*, deserve eternal punishment? Is eternity not forever and ever, on and on and on, amounting to such an infinite qualitative distinction from any experience of time between a beginning and an end? I could imagine to myself that Adolf Hitler, or Ted Bundy, or Leopold II of Belgium would deserve some thousands of years! of torturous consequence and recognition of their unforgivable sins. But after, let's say six or seven thousand years, would these undeniably evil men of a single lifetime be of the same constitution? If they were, for instance, forced to contemplate their every evil deed done and inspired, made consciously and unconsciously, in the presence of raging fires and boiling, baking, and choking brimstone smoke, weeping and gnashing, minds filled endlessly with true accusations from every angel of note, unable to turn away or plug their ears or spare their flesh — for, let's say again, six or seven thousand years of actually experienced time — would they not by then be a creature of such trauma and remorse that no one would be able to recognize them as the same abominations that once stalked the earth? Would there not be, somehow, someday, a possibility of redemption for even these devils?

It is a sickening thought. One I must admit, I only come to as a true believer in the political efficacy of rehabilitative and restorative justice over mere punishment. There is something deep in my heart which says, believing truly in Heaven and Hell, that there is not a single creature, no matter how abominable, that could *actually* deserve eternal burning in a lake of sulfuric fire and gaseous smog. Of course, I did list three of the vilest men of the modern world; though their evils likely outweigh most other contenders for the title of the worst spawn to ever be born of a woman and sired by a man. Meditating on all of this, in a brief respite from carousing with lovely lepers and addicts and fools and whores, nestled beneath Mount Tahoma, not knowing that I would attempt suicide once again in but a month, I decided to investigate some Greek. What I found, honing in on the fate of those three would-be antitheses to the Heavenly Halls of the saved and washed, was that strange term *basanos*. Of course, as mentioned, in English *basanisthēsontai* is *always* translated as meaning “they will be tortured” or “tormented” — paired

with, memorably, to the “*aiōnas tōn aiōnōn*”, meaning to the aeons of aeons, the ages of ages, or, more simply, forever and ever. But as any good detective Hell-bent on justifying why even liars and whores and Satan himself only deserves a relatively finite agony would do, I searched for possible other definitions of this strange Greek term in *Strong’s Concordance*. What I found, as a practicing alchemist for the past thirteen years, was a blessing: a promise of transmutation.

The literal meaning of *basanos* I found is not torture or torment, but rather this: a touchstone used for separating impurities from precious metals. From this, it eventually acquired the metaphorical meaning “to test and reveal” before taking on the connotation of “to test and reveal by means of torture.” Eventually, it becomes merely a synonym for torture, the manner in which it is mostly used, and exclusively translated as, in the Greek New Testament. Of course, this wouldn’t be the first time words or ideas in biblical literature have been potentially misunderstood: take, for instance, the term *sodomy*, named after the sins of Sodom. Historically used to name (and criminalize) the act of anal sex and homosexuality, the sin of Sodom is described explicitly in Ezekiel 16 as being arrogance, gluttony, carelessness, lack of aid to the poor, and pride. In my own view, considering that the men of Sodom demanded to have unconsensual relations with the angels present in Lot’s house, sodomy as a criminal act would more accurately be a term for rape. Another instance that is clearly confused in the long game of telephone and translation that is the gentile appropriation of Jewish religion is the fact the Satans — which are a group of the sons of God who serve to tempt, test, and accuse humanity as described in the Book of Job, the Book of Zechariah, and the Gospels — are collapsed into the single figure of *the* Devil, known through questionable translation and mythologically to Christians everywhere by the Latinate name Lucifer. Combined with the also questionable translation of *basanos* in Chapter 20 of the Book of Revelation as “tortured” and “tormented” — the only instance in any canonical biblical text that can confirm or deny God’s desire to **eternally** torture anyone at all — we have the total recontextualization of the *office* of the satans as heavenly prosecutors into a single figure assumed to be God’s eternal nemesis. In my opinion, following

the tradition of Kabbalah, the satans, including the Devil, are better represented not as the set apart enemies of God, but instead as emissaries of Gevurah, His Left Hand, the hand of judgment and discipline; whereas angels such as Michael and Gabriel are representative of His Right, Chesed, the hand of mercy and grace.

The Bible, in and of itself, is a nest of thorns and roses, what we may call the fruit of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. When the Lord demands of His people that the men, women, and children of the surrounding tribes be killed — for example, to utterly destroy even the infants of the Amalekites (1 Samuel 15:3); to kill all Midianite boys and non-virgin women (Numbers 31); to dash the Babylonian infants and children upon the rocks (Isaiah 13:16); to stone a blasphemer's son (Leviticus 24:10-23); or when he calls for the blanket execution of the men, women, children, and infants of many different tribes (Deuteronomy 2:34; 3:6) — is the righteous believer to follow these demands or the commandment that one shall not kill? If one hears the voice of God in their head telling them to do evil, should one agree to do it? Would any reasonable judge on Earth accept this testimony and proclaim the perpetrator's innocence, or would, in fact, this act of evil result in one's imprisonment in either a cell or in an asylum? Is the biblical God Himself, clearly, like the satans, not also a tempter? Is the message not clear in the New Testament that the only way to get to the Heavens, to be truly holy, is through imitation of the Son, the great sermonizer on the mount, the one who even in apparent perfection was tested by the Devil, betrayed, and executed under the watch of His Father God? Is the Father, in full depiction and each example, not the visage of a terrible God, one who does not care to make life simple, easy, or free of evil? When Christian theologians began declaring that not only was God all-powerful and all-knowing, but in His willing all-good, did they not make a simply unbiblical declaration? Perhaps the God of the Garden was a harmless God. But outside of the Garden we are to know Good and Evil; and thus, whether we want to be or not, we are eternally cursed to live in a world in which God not only allows the greatest evils, but at times encourages it. There is no theological justification, no mystical justification, and no ethical justification for murder, especially not the bashing of the skulls of babies. The

all-powerful God does not act to prevent evil; the all-knowing God does not spare you the truth of evil; and the all-good-willing God died in the Garden. What we have instead, perpetually, is a God that tempts, tests, accuses, and punishes just as much as He cautions, enlightens, welcomes, and loves. The God of the Bible is not the God of ontological arguments and *post hoc* theological webweaving. No, He is a terrible, terrifying, and tremendous God with not only a Right Hand, but a Left as well. The same God that welcomes is the same God that tempts.

I am making a scholarly and confessional argument that the biblical God tests all of humanity with both the command to do what is good and the temptation to do what is evil. We are called, in the Gospels, to follow the prophet Yeshua as the Messiah, as *the* Word of God, as *the* Light of God, as *the* Way to God, and as *the* Truth of God. When Yeshua was accused of blasphemy for healing on the Sabbath, was He breaking the commandment to keep the Sabbath holy? No! He was violating a constellation of religious rules cobbled together that, in many cases, themselves violate the Ten Commandments. When God says in the sixth commandment that “Thou shall not kill”, are we to accept that homosexuals, blasphemers, and adulterers be stoned to death as we are tempted to in Leviticus? We have a clear choice: either the God of the Bible has no care for His own Commandments — in other words, He is contradictory and fickle — or that same God demands that we show loyalty to what is right in the face of even the *divine* call to do evil. The Bible clearly shows that God uses the *shaytan* to test the moral character of humanity. Who is to say then that God Himself does not also test that moral character? If God tells me not to kill, I know that is a righteous thing. I have no doubt in the righteousness of the Ten Commandments or in the Word of the Gospels. But if that same God tells me to bash the skulls of the infants of my enemies against rocks, am I to become a contradiction and call that righteous? Am I, in believing in a fickle and contradictory God, not too then a fickle contradiction, willing to do as I’m told, regardless of the good or the evil inherent in the act?

There is no escaping the fact that we are trapped in the cycles of desire, choice, and conscience no matter where we go, wandering upon the

face of the Earth, wondering in our age of hypothesized secularity about the existence of God, the eternity of the soul, and whether Hell might not be a worthwhile place to send Hitler for at least a few thousand years. And if one cannot demand of God Hell for Hitler or any who would agree to bash the skulls of babies against rocks, then let them go on being lukewarm; but if there is a fire in you, a zealous sulfur that demands justice more than peace, then let you and I say, “To Hell with all evil and may only what is righteous make it out alive.” And isn’t that, exactly, what a *basanos* calls for? Not the *eternal* writhing torment of the Devil, but the purifying fire of a God who, at the end of the day, has the power to craft not only a universe, but heavens and hells — hells made to teach righteousness even to the evil, the uncompassionate, the liars, the cruel, the sadistic, the hardhearted and the heartless. This is no sermon saying that God is only good or life is easy or even always worth living; this is a warning that, no matter what, we will have to reconcile ourselves to the evil we commit, allow, or excuse, for good or ill. That the only thing that will make it out of this hellish inferno alive, this *basanos* we call Earth in which the greed of capitalism, the gluttony of consumerism, the pride of egoism, the envy of competition, the lusts of patriarchy, and the wrath of fascism dominate, is the faith, hope, and love that commits itself to the eternal dignity of righteousness and justice. To what lasts beyond one’s meager lifetime, to the very possibility of collective damnation or liberation. One day, the poor *shall* inherit the Earth: either as a towering pile of corpses or as the surviving legacy of our ways and works today — here and now. And if that frightens you — the costly realities of the world, pulled between an invisible and unprovable Right and Left Hand, an inescapable presence of Good and Evil, equal parts Heaven and Hell — then all I can say is that I hope your fear burns upon your *basanos*, and that what is left is a heart zealous enough to challenge those who commit evil without the fear of God or eternal damnation — while you’re still alive, each and every day. A heart that doesn’t look away from good or evil, but testifies to it; a heart that doesn’t excuse evil, but accuses it; and a heart that doesn’t merely accept what is good, but discerns it. And at the end of the day, if God, Heaven, or Hell aren’t real — and I swear on my life that they are — all that we can count on to follow us eternally is this: our own

conscience and the legacy that we leave behind as individuals and as a species, whether that be in virtue or infamy.

The trials and tribulations of life in a world desiccated by sin — properly simplified as harm towards oneself, other creatures, or the Spirit — is nothing but madness without the clarity of reflection and penance. Forgiveness and redemption, otherwise known as grace and works, are the rehabilitation that stands in distinction to the psychosis of thoughtlessness and unaccountability. Some men — those Hitlers and those Bundys and those Leopolds — fall into that sadistic psychosis and don't escape it before death. For them, I pray that they burn for some six or seven thousand years. But, like any man or woman imprisoned for a crime that cannot merely be forgiven, I pray that they too one day are transmuted from psychosis into the *magnum opus* of reconciled eternal conscience, the gold of the philosopher's stone. And though on earth an evil system, run by powers who may *lack* a proper conscience, imprisons innocent human beings on the daily, or punishes harmless crimes far past their due — an earth where large swathes blindly imitate a God that has confounded our moral sense, who fills the wicked with pride and makes them somehow believe that their skin, their genitals, their religion, or their glory will save them — I hold in my heart the faith that there is no literal Hell that isn't in the end simultaneously just and rehabilitative. And if I must burn with Hitler for Hitler to burn, I look forward to the instruction that my burning *basanos* will provide, and desire endlessly to reach the point at which my remembrance of all things past and present become the smelted gold of a pure and reconciled heart.

And so I say gladly: 'Any devil that deceives the meek and lives without consequence will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the seven-headed beast called vice and the false prophets are, and shall have their conscience tested and refined day and night for ever and ever.'

With all that being said, let me just say that I wish you all success as you wrestle with your books, your religions, your decisions, and your lives. Amen."

**April 17th, 2026, Holy Feast of Saint Kateri Tekakwitha
Undelivered at Craig Chapel, Drew University, Madison, NJ**