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# LAPIS LAMIIS

The Arcanum  
*of the Stone Xoanon*



## I: AUGURY

XOANON is the lumen-stone of the Witches, the visible mask of the hidden body of initiates known as Cultus Sabbati. As an intermediary between the Cultus and all that which lies beyond its Circle, it serves the corporeal world as the sole publisher of the Sabbatic Tradition, bringing forth its arcana in text and image.

Its primordial form was the 'stone fallen from the sky', the descended wisdom of the goddess Baytul, the holy meteorite known as the Daughter of Heaven, and, later, in its Earthen body, as Beth-El, also known as the Holy Place. Through this Point, the Sacred Ground where-on the Falling Star impacted, the initiates of the Sabbatic Cultus reify their holy texts, both inner and outer. Thus was born Vox Baetyla: the Voice of the Fallen Stone.

To the ancients, the Xoanon was the image, or earthly refraction, of a deific form, but also Earth-Made-Holy, for xoana were the ancient humanoid fetishes, formed of wood and clay and given as votive offerings unto the Greek nymphs and spirits of place. This purpose is apposite Our Endeavour, for the books which flow from the Dreaming Sabbat are both embodiments of power, and offerings unto the animating Spirit of the Book. As the Grimoire of those who go forth by night, Xoanon is the Mirror of the ever-shifting forms of the daimones themselves, their faces beheld anew with each turn of the page.

In its present phase, Xoanon is fueled by the creative endeavors of the initiates of the Cultus Sabbati, whose reification of the Current assumes flesh in the form of word, image, paper and skin. Driven by the ritual process of the Current's reification, the crystallisation of power assumes fleshly form through the Body of the Sabbatic Initiate, the varied concentrations of the primordial darkness and light brought forth in each act of magic.

In this, we are in alignment with the ancient cults of the Fallen Star, which venerated both the visible, manifest face of the divine Body of Other, and the unseen spectre of the Stone, whose presence is nonetheless perceived beneath the alchemical tessellation of paper and ink.

## II: THE ELEVEN VOIDFUL DECLARATIONS OF THE STONE

**1** Embody I, through the energies of mine voidful origin, the pulsing and lascivious spirit-horde of the primal Ecstatic Rite, reckoned according to them called Lamiae as the SABBAT. Fallen am I, yet stand aright upon the Black Earth. In my coming forth, I declare Unearth: forge I the foundation of the Black Temple Beth-Ul, eternal Sanctuary of Cain.

**2** Reify I the Art and Lore of Our Holy Sabbat, born of dream, flesh-emergent, given breath through the Logos, transfix'd through Hand and Eye, and through the noble lineaments

of word, image, cipher and sigil. Through the pages of the Living Book, I proclaim myself as the Grammar of Unbecoming.

**3** Speaking in the Elder Voice of the god-slayer, conserve and transmit I the works of the Body of Sabbatic Initiates, both living and dead, through vessels exalted unto the Mystery. In this, I serve as the keepers of the Vault of Atavism, linking the past Flesh of the Cult to the present Body of Initiates.

**4** As a nail forg'd from sky-iron, transfix I the skins of the mortal world's outer perimeter, ever flaying the Rind of the Mystery, that the enemies of Baytul be unmasked, and their blood poured into our pot and seethed. In this, I serve as that blessed stone with which Cain killed Abel, and through this Deed I accomplish the Turning of the Way.

**5** Aright stand I, aroused as the membrum of the Devil of the Sabbat, the Phallus of the Earth rais'd unto the Sky. For the wanton pleasure of the Sabbat's Queen, manifest I in virility as the God-Stone, through which the Light of Spirit may seed the Flesh of All Worlds and accomplish the intercourse of angelic and demonic.

**6** Open I as the Hag-Stone, the Hole of the Spirits' Passage: the all-seeing Gate of the Flesh of the Seeress and the Body of Woman. Within my body lies the conduit of spirit and the means of prophecy, for the passage of the Aeon of water has

birthed in me the tongues of the forgotten. Each body that passeth through me is birthed as a child anew, in power.

**7** Great is my height and long is my shadow; rise I as the Stele of Harrowing the above the red fields of the slaughtered, the words graven on my face proclaiming:

Alas, Alas!

The corpses of the Profane are ground beneath me,  
And the black bird of vengeance descends.

**8** As the Column of the Stylite, and the Central Pillar of the Temple, my strength doth ascend and descend, and verily doth pinion the span of heavenly knowledge, that known unto the Flesh of the Witch as Gnosis.

**9** The Alchemical Stone of the Witches am I: bear I the Arcanum and the hidden name of APOCYNON, being the power of the Toad-Stone, talisman of the devil Sabatraxas, and sovereign talisman of the Wise. Link I the asterisms of Tcimbulu with the Hidden Roads of the Via Lactea.

**10** Bear I up the Bloody Sacrifice unto the Host, the Burnt Offering unto the Lil and Shedim. I am The Altar Stone, the Paten, the Black Stone of Eden al-adja al-Aswad, and the virid crown-stone cast from the crown of the Bright Angel. The vertices of my dark angles doth constrain the power of Man.

**11** Serve I as the Coffer of the Unwritten, bearing the shadows of thought, phantasie, word and deed: the great Tomb of the Unmanifest. Thus am I both Sarcophagus and Graven Slab, bearing the seals which protect the body and resurrect it anew.

### III: PRAYER OF THE BAETYLUS

**O'** Mask of the Companie that speaketh unto mortal flesh,  
O' Ward and Sentinel of the World-Field,  
North-Bearer from the Place of Power  
To the Point of the Golden Nail.  
Proclaim thy Law in the Hidden Cipher of the Sabbat.  
Hallowed be thy star-graven body,  
The Tabula Sacra to embrace and exalt the Flesh of the Wise.  
For thou art the Wilderness Rock  
Bearing good water to the Exile's cup;  
Thou art the Idol Unbroken,  
That waymark of old amid the wastes,  
Which led the Daughters of Men astray.  
Thou art the Ancestral Cenotaph  
Whence all forgotten books are reclaimed,  
Ever to stand aright in our Circle of Midnight round.  
O' Lila-Baytul-A, Black Shrine of Our Mystery  
In solitude proclaim thy power and testimony  
For the forth-coming of the Word of ONE.

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