

# THE CONJURATION OF KRONOS

(3 knocks)

Procul, O procul este profani!

I invoke Kronos: Lord of the Ages!

Hail unto Thee, O Kronos.

Even unto Thee: O Thou Great One of the Night of Time!

Thou, the terrible and hoary One, the Dweller in Eternity:

That didst devour Thy Children!

Thou, that sittest upon the Throne of Jehovah Elohim:

And Whose Darkness is concealed in the Heaven of Understanding!

Hear me: O Thou Mighty God of the Sabbath!

Thou, that art established in the four quarters of the Universe!

Thou, that sweepst the World with Thy Sickle:

And with Thy Tau Cross cleavest the Gates of Matter!

Hear me: O Thou Mighty Lord of Khem!

Thou, that hast the dreadful Horns of the Goat:

And concealest from Man Thy Holy Mysteries!

Thou, that exaltest Maat, hidden in a Robe of Sorrow:

And rejoicest in them that endure and are just among Men!

I am Enoch Thy Prophet:

Unto whom Thou didst commit Thy Mysteries:

the Subtleties of the Holy Qabalah!

Hear me: SET: KRONOS: SATURNUS:

By whatever Name I call Thee:

Thou art still Silent unto Eternity

for No-man hath known Thy Name!

Thou, that art upon the Frontiers of the Abyss:

Thee: Thee: Thee: I invoke!

Thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids:

Thee: Thee: Thee: I invoke!

Thou that are encamped upon the Great Sea:

Thee: Thee: Thee: I invoke!

SHABBATHAI!

Unto the Ineffable Silence:  
Unto the Night of Pan:  
Unto the Mysteries of N.O.X.  
Thither I lift up mine Eyes!  
Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Babalon:  
Lady of the City of the Pyramids:  
Thou, that bearest the Cup of Sacrament!  
Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Chaos:  
Peace of Eternity: Whence Cosmos arose  
And whither it must return!  
Holy, Holy, Holy art Thou, O Thou Oneness:  
Crown of Truth Ineffable,  
Whose White Brilliance Shineth at the  
Summit of the Highest Heaven!

Thee, I seek: Unto Thine Unity are mine eyes ever turned:  
Though it be hidden from me by mine own blindness!  
Yet it is written:  
"Unto the persevering mortal the blessed immortals are swift."  
I invoke Aima, the bright and fertile Mother, by the Ritual of Silence.

(Pause)

I descend from the Palace of Understanding.  
I greet you, I embrace you, o children of Earth,  
That aspire Unto the Light, like the little flowers,  
That turn to the Sunshine in Life's lovely Garden ---  
The Continuous One of Heaven.  
The Waters of the River of Amrit.  
The Cup of Intoxication!  
The Dew of Immortality.  
The Continuity of Existence.  
The Love that knoweth no Symbol.  
The Perfection of the Universe.  
The Squaring of the Circle.  
The Entry into the Palace of the King's Daughter:  
And in the heart of the Sphinx dances the Lord Adonai,  
in His garlands of roses and pearls  
making glad the concourse of things;  
yea, making glad the concourse of things.  
AMEN.

