

# LOKI'S BOOK OF HATE

*Anti-cosmic honorary poem dedicated to Loki*

Copyright © Ekortu 2014



*This poem is very appropriate for black Chaos-magical ancient Scandinavian rituals. This poem ought to be used as a pure homage to Loki.*

0. Shadow-Odin, Baldr's Bane, The Evil!

Man's blood dribbles in your footprints.

The god's blood dribbles on the walls of the halls,  
from after that your destructive shadow covered them.

You bring whimper and disorder to Ásgarðr,  
which in its turn bring hate and ravaging, like airborne pestilence.

You are Chaos, Emptiness and Darkness.

You are eternal and one with the black incensed oceans.

You are the symbol for eternity and tranquility.

I. We, humans whom with your black flames within us are the doomed children who call  
for you, Loki.

II. Possess us with your anti-cosmic powers  
so that we can break the gates to Chaos' eternity.

III. O, we are the voice in death's song.

We chant of cosmic death.

O, we, humans, the doomed children,

we uphold your infernal name.

IV. Loki, you almighty king of black magic,  
you bring evil to Miðgarðr.

V. Loki, you hissed perverse echoes from Chaos.  
You devoured and reinforced, and awoke beasts.

VI. Loki, you awoke the Wolf which shall stand beside you when you call upon Ragnarök.  
We hail the Death-Wolf, Fenrir!  
Hail you Fenrir!  
Macabre beast and cosmic destruction!  
Your wrathful jaws shall devour cosmic idyll and life!  
You burn of evil and sweat corroding fluid from Chaos' oceans!  
And we love you for it!  
Hail you, Fenrir!

VII. Loki, you awoke one of Chaos' black serpents which shall crawl beside you when you call upon Ragnarök.  
We hail the Hate-Serpent, Jörmungandr!  
Hail you, Jörmungandr!  
Poisonous beast and circle of death!  
Widen your poison spewing jaws and loosen your tail so that Miðgarðr meets its downfall!  
You are in control with Ragnarök!  
You are the end of cosmos!  
You are the destruction!  
You are the love of evil!  
Jörmungandr! You are Ragnarök!  
And we love you for it!  
Hail you, Jörmungandr!

VIII. Loki, you awoke Death which shall serve you well and stand beside you when you call upon Ragnarök.  
We hail Death which shall consume Miðgarðr; Hel!

Hail you, Hel!

The ultimate giantess of Death!

Prepare the path to Helheimr, the world of death,  
as Chaos will arise with vengeance.

Prepare Helgrind, which shall stand wide open as Ragnarök shall reign.

Queen of Niflhel!

You are the mighty giantess of Death who absorbs cosmic life!

You are death! You are death!

Death,

which with cunning and abysmal hate shall reign!

And we love you for it!

Hail you, Hel!

