

## Luna Music Credits and Lyrics

### **Overture (Instrumental)**

Music composed by Jon Sewell and Melissa Holm, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell, with additional percussion by Ken Barton.

### **The Twelfefold Certitude of God**

Lyrics by J.F.C. Fuller from Liber 963 (The Treasure House of Images.) Music composed, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals arranged by Jon Sewell and Melissa Holm, performed by Daniel Webster Christensen and Melissa Holm with Amanda Hauk and Eric Cagle.

CANCER/TAURUS: I adore thee by the twelve certitudes and by the unity thereof.

ALL: Cancer

TAURUS: O thou sovran warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the abyss.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou four-eyed guardian of heaven, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

ALL: Leo

TAURUS: O thou sovran light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks stream downwards through the aethyr as knots of lightening deep-rooted in the abyss.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before thy fury as the wind-scud from the stormy breast of ocean.

ALL: Virgo

TAURUS: O thou sovran singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a pan-pipe.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onward to the wild slaughter of the worlds.

ALL: Libra

TAURUS: O thou sovran might of the most ancient forests, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou rumble of conquering drums, who lulleth to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who burn into each other, flame to fine flame.

ALL: Scorpio

TAURUS: O thou sovran guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet smite plumes of golden fire from the outermost annihilation of the abyss.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

ALL: Sagittarius

TAURUS: O thou sovran archer of the darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental crossbow the many-rayed suns into the fields of heaven.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the regions of the seven rivers until they laugh like maenads with snaky thyrsus.

ALL: Capricorn

TAURUS: O thou sovran paladin of self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding athrough the byss of unbegotten space.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou despiser of the mountains, thou whose course is as that of a lightening-hoofed steed leaping along the green bank of a fair river.

ALL: Aquarius

TAURUS: O thou sovran surging of wild felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waves.

ALL: Pisces

TAURUS: O thou sovran diadem of crowned wisdom, whose work knoweth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowings of the gnomes of the earth.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand all the arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

ALL: Aries

TAURUS: O thou sovran Lord of primaeval baresarkers, who huntest with dawn the dappled deer of twilight, and whose engines of war are blood-crested comets.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou flame-crowned self-luminous one, the lash of whose whip gathered the ancient worlds, and looseth the blood from the virgin clouds of heaven.

ALL: Taurus

TAURUS: O thou sovran moonstone of pearly loveliness, from out whose many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life, and whose breath enkindleth the byss and the abyss.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou fountain-head of fierce aethyr, in the pupil of whose brightness all things lie crouched and wrapped like a babe in the womb of its mother.

ALL: Gemini

TAURUS: O thou sovran mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of fire upon the blue bosom of night.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER: O thou virgin of the moonlit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

ALL: Sol

CANCER/TAURUS: O thou sovran all-beholding eternal sun, who lappest up the constellations of heaven, as a thirsty thief a jar of ancient wine.

ALL: I know thee!

CANCER/TAURUS: O thou dawn-wing'd courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

ALL: Amen, and amen of amen, and amen of amen of amen, and amen of amen of amen of amen.

### **Chapel of the Holy Grail**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed by Jon Sewell and Melissa Holm, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Melissa Holm, Daniel Webster Christensen, and Jon Sewell.

CANCER: 1. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?

TAURUS: Moonrise.

CANCER: 1. Brother Taurus, what is the place?

TAURUS: The Chapel of the Holy Graal.

CANCER: 1. What is my office?

TAURUS: Warden of the Graal.

CANCER: 1. What is my robe?

TAURUS: Chastity.

CANCER: 1. What is my weapon?

TAURUS: Vigilance.

CANCER: 1. Whom do we serve?

TAURUS: The Lady Artemis.

CANCER: 1. How many are her servants?

TAURUS: Nine.

CANCER: 1. Who are they?

TAURUS: Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three for the snow.

CANCER: 1. Who are the great Officers? {113}

TAURUS: Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal. Myself, the Lord of the Bow. A nymph, a satyr...

PAN: 1. And Pan!

CANCER: Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our Lady Artemis.

TAURUS: Bear the cup of libation!

CANCER: 333-333-333.

### **Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon**

Lyrics by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Additional dialog by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Jon Sewell, Daniel Webster Christensen and Melissa Holm.

PAN:

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces, the mother of months in meadow or plain fills the shadows and windy places with lisp of leaves and ripple of rain; and the brown bright nightingale amorous is half assuaged for Itylus, for the Thracian ships and the foreign faces, the tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers, maiden most perfect, lady of light, with a noise of winds and many rivers, with a clamour of waters, and with might; bind on thy sandals, o thou most fleet, over the splendour and speed of thy feet; for the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers, round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her, fold our hands round her knees, and cling? O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her, fire, or the strength of the streams that spring! For the stars and the winds are unto her as raiment, as songs of the harp-player; for the risen stars and the fallen cling to her, and the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over and all the season of snows and sins; the days dividing lover and lover, the light that loses, the night that wins; and time remembered is grief forgotten, and frosts are slain and flowers begotten, and in green underwood and cover blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes, ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot, the faint fresh flame of the young year flushes from leaf to flower and flower to fruit; and fruit and leaf are as gold and fire, and the oat is heard above the lyre, and the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes the chestnut-husk at the chestnut root. And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid, follows with dancing and fills with delight the mænad and the bassarid; and soft as lips that laugh and hide the laughing leaves of the trees divide, and screen from seeing and leave in sight the god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair over her eyebrows hiding her eyes; the wild vine slipping down leaves bare her bright breast shortening into sighs; the wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves, but the berried ivy catches and cleaves to the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare the wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

TAURUS: The Goddess stirs not.

CANCER: Silence is the secret of our Lady Artemis.

PAN: Hath no man lifted her veil?

CANCER: No man hath lifted her veil.

TAURUS: Bear the cup of libation!

### **The Pentagram Ritual**

Lyrics by Anonymous. Additional Dialog by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Daniel Webster Christensen, Melissa Holm and cast.

CANCER: 333-333-333. It is the hour of sealing up the shrine.

ALL: It is the hour of sealing up the shrine.

TAURUS: Let us banish the spirits of the elements.

Ateh

Malkuth

ve-Geburah

ve-Gedulah  
le-Olam  
AMEN

Yod Heh Vav Heh  
Adonai  
Ehieh  
Agala

Before me Raphael;  
Behind me Gabriel;  
On my right hand, Michael;  
On my left hand, Auriel;  
For about me flames the Pentagram,  
And in the Column stands the six-rayed Star.

Ateh  
Malkuth  
ve-Geburah  
ve-Gedulah  
le-Olam  
AMEN

Bear the cup of libation!

### **The Hexagram Ritual**

Lyrics by Anonymous. Additional Dialog by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Melissa Holm.

CANCER: 333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the planets.

I. N. R. I.

Yod. Nun. Resh. Yod.

Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.

Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.

Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.

Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

The sign of Osiris Slain.

The sign of the Mourning of Isis.

The sign of Apophis and Typhon.

The sign of Osiris Risen.

L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross.

ARARITA.

ARARITA.

ARARITA.

ARARITA.

I. N. R. I.

Yod. Nun. Resh. Yod.

Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.

Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.

Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.

Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO.

The sign of Osiris Slain.

The sign of the Mourning of Isis.

The sign of Apophis and Typhon.

The sign of Osiris Risen.  
L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross.

Bear the cup of libation!

### **The Star Sapphire**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from "The Book of Lies" chapter 36. Additional Dialog by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals performed by Jon Sewell and cast.

PAN: 333-333-333. Let us banish the holy emanations from the one, lest our Lady's sleep be stirred.  
Pater et Mater unus deus Ararita.  
Mater et Filius unus deus Ararita.  
Filius et Filia unus deus Ararita.  
Filia et Pater unus deus Ararita.

Ararita Ararita Ararita  
Omnia in Duos, Duo in Unum, Unus in Nihil, Haec nec Quatuor nec Omnia nec Duo nec Unus nec Nihil Sunt.  
Gloria Patri et Matri et Filio et Filiae et Spiritui Sancto externo et Spiritui Sancto interno ut erat est erit in saecula  
Saeculorum sex in uno per nomen Septem in uno Ararita.

Bear the cup of libation!

### **Perfectly Guarded**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed by Jon Sewell and Melissa Holm, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Melissa Holm, Daniel Webster Christensen and Eric Cagle.

CANCER: 333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.  
TAURUS: The shrine is perfectly guarded.  
SATYR: Bear the cup of libation!  
CANCER: 333-333-333.

### **The Priestess of Panormita**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley. Music composed and performed by Jon Sewell, arranged by Jon Sewell with Melissa Holm and Amanda Hauk. Vocals by Jon Sewell.

PAN:

Hear me, Lord of the stars! For thee I have worshipped ever with stains and sorrows and scars, with joyful, joyful endeavour. Hear me, o lily-white goat! O crisp as a thicket of thorns, with a collar of gold for thy throat, ascarlet bow for thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air, I build thee a shrine of yew. All green is the garland I wear, but I feed it with blood for dew! After the orange bars that ribbed the green west dying are dead, o Lord of the stars, I come to thee, come to thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose with breasts slow heaving in splendour drops wine from her infinite snows, ineffably, utterly, tender. O moon! Ambrosial moon! Arise on my desert of sorrow, that the magical eyes of me swoon with lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago I stood on the bank of a river, holy and holy and holy, I know, forever and ever and ever! A priest in the mystical shrine, I muttered a redeless rune, till the waters were redder than wine in the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests worshipped a wonderful woman with a body lithe as a beast's subtly, horribly human. Deep in the pit of her eyes I saw the image of death, and I drew the water of sighs from the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever, brooding over the waste. She hath stirred or spoken never. She is fiercely, manly chaste! What madness make me awake from the silence of utmost eld the grey cold slime of the snake that her poisonous body held?

By night I ravished a maid from her father's camp to the cave. I bared the beautiful blade: I dipped her thrice i' the wave; I slit her throat as a lamb's that the fount of blood leapt high with my clamorous dithyrambs, like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song I rent the mysterious veil: my eyes gaze long and long on the deep of that blissful bale. My cold grey kisses awake from the silence of utmost eld the grey cold slime of the snake that her beautiful body held.

But—God! I was not content with the blasphemous secret of years; the veil is hardly rent while the eyes rain stones for tears. So I clung to the lips and laughed as the storms of death abated, the storms of the grievous graft by the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am by a stream profane and foul, in the reign of a tortured lamb, in the realm of a sexless owl, I am set apart from the rest by meed of the mystic rune that reads in peril and pest. The ambrosial moon—the moon!

For under the tawny star that shines in the bull above I can rein the riotous car of galloping, galloping love; and straight to the steady ray of the lion-heart Lord I career, pointing my flaming way with the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet! Chalcedony clouds of caresses about the flame of our feet, the night of our terrible tresses! is it a wonder, then, if the people are mad with blindness, and nothing is stranger to men than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! Let him fashion an arrow whose heart is sober and stout! Let him pierce his God to the marrow! Let the soul of his God flow out! Whether a snake or a sun in his horoscope heaven hath cast, it is nothing; every one shall win to the moon at last.

The mage has wrought by his art abillion shapes in the sun. Look through to the heart of his heart, and the many are shapes of one! An end to the art of the mage, and the cold grey blank of the prison! An end to the adamant age the ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat for the price of a crown of thorns, a collar of gold for its throat, a scarlet bow for its horns; I have bought a lark in the lift for the price of a butt of sherry: with these, and God for a gift, it needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread a garden of poppies and clover; for a water bitter and dead, a foam of fire flowing over. From the lamb and his prison fare  
And the Owl's blind stupor, arise! Be ye wise, and strong, and fair, and the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, o ambrosial moon, by the strong immemorial spell, by the subtle veridical rune that is mighty in heaven and hell! Drip thy mystical dew on the tongues of the tender fauns, in the shade of initiate yews, remote from the desert dawns!

Satyrs and fauns, I call. Bring your beauty to man! I am the mate for ye all; I am the passionate Pan. Come, o come to the dance, leaping with wonderful whips, life on the stroke of a glance, death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond, shed in a secret sinew, smitten through by the fond folly of wisdom in you! Come, while the moon (the moon!) sheds her ambrosial splendour, reels in the redeless rune ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! The appealing cry of deadly hurt in the hollow: hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay! Smitten to death by Apollo. Swift, o maiden moon, send thy ray-dews after; turn the dolorous tune to soft ambiguous laughter!

Mourn, o maenads, mourn! Surely your comfort is over: all we laugh at you lorn. Ours are the poppies and clover! O that mouth and eyes, mischievous, male, alluring! O that twitch of the thighs, Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now! Where the sage and his doubt? Surely the sweat of the brow hath driven the demon out surely the scented sleep that crowns the equal war is wiser than only to weep—to weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year, the decadent days of October, I come to thee, God, without fear; pious, chaste, and sober. I solemnly sacrifice this first-fruit flower of wine for a vehicle of thy vice, as I am thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by I pray thee give to me one; a lover stronger than I, a moon to swallow the sun! May he be like a lily-white goat, crisp as a thicket of thorns, with a collar of gold for this throat a scarlet bow for his horns!

### **The Virginal Dance**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed and performed by Jon Sewell, arranged by Jon Sewell with Melissa Holm and Amanda Hauk. Vocals by Jon Sewell, Amanda Hauk, Melissa Holm and Daniel Webster Christensen.

CANCER: May our Lady Artemis be favourable!

TAURUS: May our Lady Artemis never be awakened!

PAN: Of what worth is the gold in the mine?

CANCER: Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH: Bear the cup of libation!

### **The Interpreter**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley with additional dialog by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Additional dialog written and arranged by Jon Sewell and Melissa Holm. Music composed and performed by Jon Sewell, and arranged by Jon Sewell with Melissa Holm. Vocals by Jon Sewell, Melissa Holm, Daniel Webster Christensen, Amanda Hauk and Eric Cagle.

PAN:

Mother of light, and the Gods! Mother of music awake! Silence and speech are at odds; heaven and hell are at stake. By the rose and the cross I conjure; I constrain by the snake and the sword; I am he that is sworn to endure—bring us the word of the Lord! By the brood of the bysses of brightening, whose God was my sire; By the Lord of the flame and the lightning, the king of the spirits of fire;

CANCER (*repeating in background*): Brother Pan be silent!, Brother Pan be still!, I command you to honor our Lady!, No man hath lifted her veil!

PAN: By the Lord of the waves and the waters, the king of the hosts of the sea, the fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

TAURUS (*repeating in background*): Silence is the secret of Our Lady Artemis!

PAN: By the Lord of the winds and the breezes, the king of the spirits of air, in whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;

NYMPH (*repeating in background*): May she never be awakened!

PAN: By the Lord of the fields and the mountains, the king of the spirits of earth That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my birth;

SATYR (*repeating in background*): The Goddess stirs not!

PAN: By the wand and the cup I conjure; by the dagger and disk I constrain; I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again! I am lord of the star and the seal; I am lord of the snake and the sword; reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord; (*All cease singing except Pan*)

PAN: As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm of the air, as the quake of the earth—let it soar for a boon, for a bane, for a snare, for a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for a sword—bring us thy burden of bliss—bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS: In vain thou askest speech from our Lady of Silence:

CANCER: Bear the cup of libation!

### **Amphora (verse X)**

Lyrics by Anonymous (republished as Hail Mary by Aleister Crowley) with additional dialog by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed, performed and arranged by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Jon Sewell, Eric Cagle, Johanna Steen, Melissa Holm and Daniel Webster Christensen.

PAN:

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's irremovable bounds! Roll, ye wild billows of ether! The sistrion is shaken and sounds! Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of death. Live with the fire of the spirit, the essence and flame of the breath! Sound, o sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones shall tremble and flee! Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the light of the dawn is in me! Light on the forehead and life in the nostrils, and love in the breast, shine, o thou star of the dawning, thou sun of the radiant crest! Shine, o shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-wheels of the sun! Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the morning that run! Flame, o thou meteor car, for my fire is exalted in thee! Lighten the darkness and herald the daylight, and waken the sea! Flame, o flame!

Crown her, o crown her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud! Crown her, o crown her with light and the flame of the down-rushing sword! Crown her, o crown her with love for maiden and mother and wife! Hail unto Isis! Hail! For she is the Lady of Life! Isis crowned!

CANCER: In vain thou invokest our Lady of the Moon!

TAURUS: Bear the Cup of Libation!

### **Star\***

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley. Music composed, performed and arranged by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Jon Sewell. *\*To date, we are unable to find a formal title to this piece. It does not appear to have been published prior to The Rites of Eleusis, and it is not titled within the play.*

PAN:

Must every star that saves the night gleam fearfully afar, give no man love, but only light, or cease to be a star? Nay, there's no man since time began through the ages until now, but won the goal of his set soul, a star upon his brow! Oh! Though no star serene as thou shine in my night forlorn, come, let me set thee on my brow, and make its darkness morn!

### **Dance of the Scourge**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna and chanting taken from Liber al vel Legis. Music composed, performed and arranged by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Jon Sewell. Chanting vocals by: Joshua Books, Sabia Books, Johanna Steen, Thom Swanson and Cristin Williams.

PAN: Brother Satyr, scourge forth these that profane the sanctuary of our Lady: for they know not the secret of the shrine.

ELEMENTALS (chanting): Strike, strike, strike hard and low. Mercy be off, damn them who pity. (repeats 3 more times)

### **Dance of Syrinx and Pan**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna and chanting taken from Liber al vel Legis. Music composed, performed and arranged by Jon Sewell with flute arrangements composed and performed by Melissa Holm. Vocals by Jon Sewell and Eric Cagle.

PAN: Brother Satyr, I command you to perform the dance of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our Lady Artemis  
SATYR: And in thine honour!

### **Pan to Artemis (Uncharmable Charmer)**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley. Music composed, performed and arranged by Jon Sewell with flute arrangements composed and performed by Melissa Holm. Vocals by Jon Sewell.

PAN:

Uncharmable charmer of Bacchus and Mars, in the sounding rebounding abyss of the stars! O virgin in armour, thine arrows unsling in the brilliant resilient first rays of the spring! By the force of the fashion of love, when I broke through the shroud, through the cloud, through the storm, through the smoke, to the mountain of passion volcanic that woke—by the rage of the mage I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness, the lone-lying sea, the swoon of the moon, your swoon into me; the sentinel sadness of cliff-clinging pine, that night of delight You were mine, you were mine!

You were mine, o my saint, my maiden, my mate, by the might of the right of the night of our fate. Though I fall, though I faint, though I char, though I choke, by the hour of our power I invoke, I invoke!

By the mystical union of fairy and faun, unspoken, unbroken—the dusk to the dawn! A secret communion, unmeasured, unsung, the listless, resistless, tumultuous tongue!

O virgin in armour thine arrows unsling, in the brilliant resilient first rays of the sprint no godhead could charm her, but manhood awoke—o fiery Valkyrie, I invoke, I invoke!

### **An Caiora/St. Ruth's Bush (Instrumental)**

A Scottish Gaelic Song and an Irish reel, composer unknown. Performed and arranged by Katie Cashatt exclusively for the Rite of Luna.

### **Finis**

Lyrics by Aleister Crowley from The Rite of Luna. Music composed by Jon Sewell and Melissa Holm, arranged and performed by Jon Sewell. Vocals by Melissa Holm and Daniel Webster Christensen.

CANCER: 333-333-333.

TAURUS: 1. Sister Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER: Let us depart, it is accomplished.