

SUBLIMATUS



SCHOOL OF SORCERY

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I went for the sake of my spirit and my humanity into the school of life. This began with the question:

“What am I?”

THIS IS A STORY ALL STORIES ARE A LIE



The Sublimatus School of Sorcery became the creation of this quest and yet it does not exist. For in asking to learn; I was lead to acknowledge that everything I believed and thought I understood to be in all senses was a lie. Though the others in my life may not dispute the “Lies” and the “Lies” are not only fashioned and espoused by others but also by me.

I am left with little choice but to point out: THIS IS A STORY ALL STORIES ARE A LIE

Life is a school; there is no way of getting around this. Life is a quest to be questioned. We, in opposition are taught that we must think that we know something.

All the while we are taught to believe as we are instructed. This is further taught by the use of information and told it is knowledge, thus living in a place where questions, make little sense and stimulation rules, resulting in continued sleep affect; and many have chosen to help each other in this collective sleep.

This is fine, for you must sleep to awaken.

And when you choose to awaken, the path to Knowledge, Wisdom and Understanding will open to all.

There is, though, one place to start and this you will carry throughout your seeking. That would be to begin at:

I know that I do not know

In the sleep we are in, we seek to be with the Light. We seek to see it so that we can keep it at arms length and then complain when we have not attained its compliance.

We are perfect in this sleep and it is the Light that is at fault for our inability of its attainment.

We do wish to own it, but the Light is the Divine and contains no division.

It has no right or wrong, good or bad for these are our ideas.

We seek to gain the Light using these ideas, and what it is not.

This dilemma causes us to seek after our bliss through our daily striving for better, more, bigger.

This divine bliss in the world is attainable and we know it, but if we have not found it within, we will never know it without.



I know that I do not know

Pearl 1 Precious Little Angel

He lets it shine on
Look at her, look at you,
Precious little angel
Calling the wrong number,
Tuning in the wrong channel,
It's a rebel conclusion
In the crooning perspiration
In the heated rotunda,
Hair raising horse breath

He's a grave robber in the deepest darkest desert,
He's a body snatcher in the deepest darkest desert,
It's a rebel conclusion
In the crooning perspiration
In the heated rotunda,
Hair raising horse breath

He's a grave robber in the deepest darkest desert,
He's a body snatcher in the deepest darkest desert,
He lets it shine on
He lets it shine on

Sire tandem rises from the sand
To carry him its vastness oh it's unbroken
And he's abstinent to the crying virgins
That flock to his pounding heels,
And He's mad for the forest, mad for the forest
He's mad for the forest and he's crushing you
He lets it shine on

We fall daily into our life, falling into a flight of sleep.

School = Here and Now

Sorcery = to seek to know of the Divine Love, Light,
Wisdom within, and in all.

The Love of the Divine cannot leave one alone,
for our existence is made of this.

We are given all that we need in all ways
We need not understand that all we
experience is what we are given freely.

In this world we are free to
experience daily decision: we are able to feel.

Our ideas of this experience
vary from moment to moment.

If one were to be inside of
another and see with their eyes,
one would be aware more readily
of this ever-changing fluctuating self.

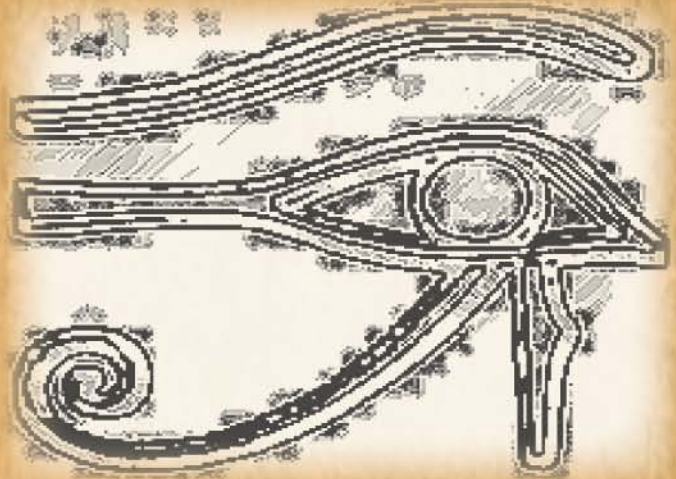
The mystery is that we are lost
in many voices of what we Think.

The truth of what we are
is however within the silence.

Waiting...waiting to be born,
to be aware for on this ride the

Divine union is waiting to
begin and is already complete.

THIS IS A STORY ALL STORIES ARE A LIE



Pearl 2 Going Down

Bold and bright,
A joyful flight,
Don't dream before you begin,
Select your crew,
Be thankful you how blessed you are,
How blessed you have always been,
This flowing flight,
Collects itself,
Don't begin before you dream
Down, down, I'm going down
Ride, ride, I'm gonna ride
Down, down, I'm going down
Glide, glide I'm gonna glide
Bold and bright,
A soulful rite,
Don't scream before you begin,
Select your gear,
Give thankful cheer,
How blessed you are,
How blessed you have always been
Don't begin before you dream
Down, down, I'm going down
Ride, ride, I'm gonna ride
Down, down, I'm going down
Glide, glide I'm gonna glide
Oh how lost I feel in this bliss,
Spinning welling bliss,
Oh the great beyond is here and now,
You feel its vicious roar of rage of change,
Welling up from within,
Give it no adieu,
Rather watch and live in you,
It's yours to spend, it's yours to drink
Don't back off the challenging ride

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The Silence

However lonely it may seem at times,
 as a child, when we go to the well,
 cauldron, river, lake, west gate;
 there lays the waters of life from
 which can emerge nothing and everything.

"Ask and you shall receive."

That which is known and unknown
 may come to you sometimes as a gentle,
 slow, wavering, and at other times as
 a flood that shakes the very
 foundations of your being.

All questioning belief systems,
 including Science, know of this well.

In Science she is known as Chaos,
 for from her springs Order.

A tradition of asking at the well,
 asking how one may best understand
 with knowledge and know with
 wisdom is part of our journey.

This Well is within us all,
 no other person may carry
 a closer connection for you.

The trick, of course;
 is to go to her with no expectations.



Pearl 3 Child

The distant river flows yet I am growing old

The world seems cold my heart is bold

But you can see everything here is free

We build these walls between ourselves

The strong and cold that leave no doubt

But you can see everything here is free

The distant river flows I am being told

The high guard rises from her depths

No love lost here

This battle floods the raging mind

Its heart and soul

He brings to light

She brings to faith

Your Manna Warrior

With weapons from the depths

To guard your treasure

But you can see everything here is free

THIS IS A STORY ALL STORIES ARE A LIE

Mystery = that which we are unaware of.

Mystery upon mystery abounds, in every moment.

We gather each day, at work, on the bus,
 on the highway, in the elevator, at the park,
 in the store. We are in the Ritual.

I await the selfless act of gnosis.

All is the school.

Pearl 4 Abrahadabra

The Rosy glow in the heavens,

Does not escape the task,

Calling to the brethren to join in joy again.

Our circle called in love, joy and truth

To gather all as one

Beyond beliefs and knowledge we hasten to its grasp,
 To know that we do not know our wills are always fast

Abrahadabra

The Holy Tree is called

Abrahadabra

The elements are spun

Abrahadabra

The cleansing deed is done

Yet to grieve at our needs passing and to learn to give not ask

Of all that we think we are and to prepare fulfillments flask

Full moon in the heavens does not escape our task,

Calling to the brethren to join in joy again

So discard your useless baggage and empty all your thoughts

Now sing anew as children and join in truth again

Abrahadabra

The birthing need is won

In this living we enter into darkness.

A watery grave is foreseen,

a tomb of the Light that is Life.

To enter this tomb all ideas must

first be extinguished through the Eternal Flame.

All meditative modes are useless, useful.

Be thou not caught in, around, between, beside.

Let the lesson blossom, have your Axis at hand.



"What am I?"

Pearl 5 My Return

THIS IS A STORY ALL STORIES ARE A LIE

She dives into the darkest ocean, taking my hopes and dreams with her
 I tread when I dare with no hope of my return
 It is dire to burn in his glory Alive again Save the darkness of eternal He touches all
 The mysteries he lights within I tread when I dare With no hope of my return I tread when I dare
 With no hope of my return With no hope of my return
 I have not seen with my own true eyes I have not walked upon my own two feet
 I have not felt with my own true heart
 As it wanders backwards in time toward me Flushing my sins into sight Oh sweet shining moon I can only gaze upon your glory
 In the love of your reception I tread when I dare With no hope of my return I tread when I dare
 With no hope of my return She dives into the darkest ocean As she burns radiant in his glory All save the nature of the darkness
 All save the nature of the silence I tread when I dare
 With no hope of my return I tread when I dare
 With no hope of my return

THIS IS A STORY ALL STORIES ARE A LIE

In the darkness is the light;
 this light is the vessel that is Life,
 Joy, and Wisdom. This is the
 silence that resounds in your
 waking dream called life.
 In the darkness, I was spoken
 to of the Knowledge of Wisdom:
 He is of knowing the order of
 our thought; She is of Wisdom
 the vessel for the fire.
 She could envelope him and
 dissolves all sense of being.
 Her countenance chimes a call to enter;
 yet fear repels his sense of order,
 He screams to be set free of this chime,
 to run and think and have ownership
 of this thought.



"What am I?"

Though our physical birth be our
 first initiation and this is our
 expedition into slumber.
 We are compelled by this sleep
 to another initiation,
 and only when one is ready.
 All initiations stimulate a
 demise to arise:
 for with death of self,
 the light of truth may be known.
 The Eternal watches over and
 guides on this most desolate
 of all initiations.
 Waiting for abundance,
 using your human will
 in the silence,
 to be transcended by
 the flood of truth,
 alone in your travels.
 But, this journey is sweet
 beyond anything that you
 have ever experienced.

Pearl 6 Khyber Pass

I have died,
 on the Khyber Pass though my camel survived
 Spinning and flourished,
 at the end encircled by glowing orbs
 Slicing shards of all colours
 I have died there seems nothing so full
 As each moment passes in losing control
 I have lost all sense of need of it
 Of it and plummeted past it
 I am a melting blue radiance,
 of twilight stars
 I have died, Oh great Mother
 I ask that you warn me before the fall
 Strike the fear of faith in me,
 of the darkness to come
 Directly from the sun
 Where I will wander
 helpless and unknowing of my home
 I am the melting blue radiance,
 of the twilight stars



"What am I?"

Still her chimes beckon him
from his isolation.
He knows he must die to be reborn,
but these are ideas that do not sit
well in his thought,
solid angular pointed thought.
This idea has no end, it is fluid,
full and generous of ideas,
ideas touch and yet do not stay.
He falls under the weight,
gently enveloped in idea,
unable to think, only able
to be in awareness.



I am that I am.
Now wisdom has brought
him to understanding,
and he knows now beyond any
doubt that the voice in the
darkness was his own.
The chime, his Mother,
is himself the Bride at Death's door,
reborn and waiting for the sun.
I see now for the
Wisdom of Understanding, Knowledge.
Gnosis.

Pearl 7 She

She walks among us here,
Where time does not end nor begin,
Her presence brought the light,
So sought after here in the darkness
That does not end nor begin
Aloft we are opened to the warmth,
Where space does not end nor begin
Freed of the bonds of our reflection
Lost of the need of our redemption
Disentangled of the lines of our deception
She sparks us on our journey
From where time does not end nor begin,
Her presence wrought the process
Through the darkness that does not end nor begin,
Afoot we stand upon her space
That does not end nor begin
Freed of the bonds of our reflection
Lost of the need of our redemption
Disentangled of the lines of our deception
Unburdened of our fight for survival,
Deathless of our need to live,
Heartless of our desire for birth
She walks among us here

Come! Wake up!
Experience your existence!
No one can do it for you,
No one can tell you,
of this bliss, and beyond,
And be thou joyful of this,
Spread this joy.

Pearl 8 Mother

Your Mother wants you awakened from your slumber
She prizes your element of thunder
She whispers with lightning and screams with joy
Incites your pleasures and tears you apart
She touches nothing yet fills you with fear
The beginning, the beginning, the beginning ends
What life you lead is all yours
No battle calls you beyond your sight
Flows straight through your heart where knowing gives light
Where would she have found your glory before you did?
In the darkness where seven stars are shining bright
There floods Divine waters washing meaning out of nothing
There floods Divine waters washing nothing out of meaning
The beginning, the beginning, the beginning end

We do not receive anything for which we are not prepared.

Pearl 9 Grace

Faith propels himself
So if you think you know him,
Be thee wary,
The seven tides of fury may carry Faith away,
Yet once you've learned to carry
Mother, Maiden, Crone to the Warrior, Father, Fool,
The links of time carry no bind,
And tides are shafts of light,
To be dissolved in blissful hours of moments trace,
I ask for the forgiving heart, and cleansing fires of blue
I crave at passions edge and everything we share,
Where Wisdom is Folly, Wealth is Poverty,
Seed is Desolation, Life is Death,
Dominance is Subjugation, Peace is War,
And Grace is Ugliness
And the Falcon calls the tune, and no mask shall I wear
Grace conceals herself,
So if you think you've found her,
Be thee weary,
The seven tides of fury may carry Grace away,
Yet once you've learned to marry,
Mother, Maiden, Crone to the Warrior, Father, Fool,
The links of time carry no bind,
And tides are shafts of light,
To be embraced in thoughtless hours of moments trace,
I ask for the shameless night, and lightening bolts of blue,
I crave desires edge and nothing that is new,
Where Wisdom is Folly, Wealth is Poverty,
Seed is Desolation, Life is Death,
Dominance is Subjugation,
Peace is War, and Grace is Ugliness
The Falcon calls the tune and no mask shall I wear
The Falcon calls the tune

The gift of life is beyond any measure.
Without leaving home there is no going back.
Spread this joy.

Pearl 10 My Beloved

Give me my delight
I will bend and curve in your sight
My Beloved, Beloved
Give me my delight
Your penetrating sight shines in my darkest
Join hands in awakening the serpent within
Fight not the spurious joy
My Beloved
Give me my delight
Fight not the spurious joy
My tears will fall upon your fires
Blending to your rainbow of love
My Beloved

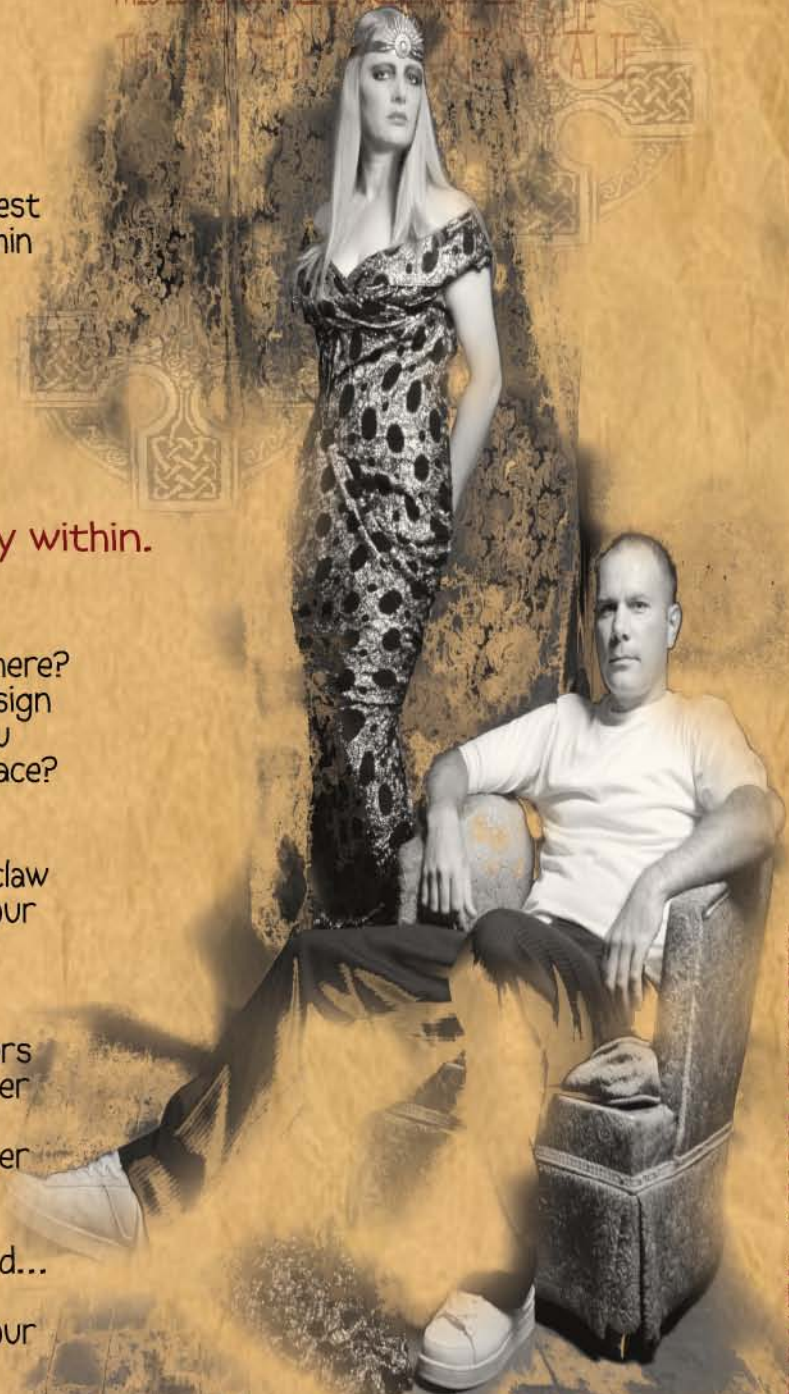
The keys to the Promised Land lay within.

Pearl 11 Psalm 151

Have you ever been there?
Or are you just running, waiting to get where?
This deception well played is your own design
And when combined always leads to you
You're stuck between a rock and a hard place?
To sleep in this game is to die
Awake, awake can you hear its call
See it grasp it the jewel in the dragon's claw
Israel I come to you my home of Splendour
Israel I come to you my home
Israel you are my base of knowing
Israel I come to you my home
Eat not a meal with the gathering sleepers
You'll lose your senses deeper and deeper
To sleep in this game is to die
You'll lose your senses deeper and deeper
To sleep in this game is to die
Awake, awake
Not much goes on that can't be prevented...
By a whisper
Israel I come to you my home of Splendour
Israel I come to you my home
Israel you are my base of knowing
Israel I come to you my home
Words like pearls on my tongue like gems of salvation

I am that I am
Know thyself

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and Precious Little Angel by Zena Hagerty and Thomas Monte

"Gnothi seauton" Plato, "Gnothi seauton. Know ThySelf"

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