**28. Marsarian Assemblage for the Preparation for Astral War**

-The Marsarian Assemblage for the Preparation for Astral War -

Roaring with the fire of the hottest brand I call out to the highest of the high, the holiest of

holy that which even the Gods kneel before. The great whirling forth of light and sound,

so awesome, that all the universe it but a reflection and echo to its mighty undulations! I,

now and forever, reclaim all that is mine, all that I was born with, all my strength and

beauty, all my scattered parts and broken pieces!

I lay them before the great Gods of the forge and call to them!

Hail Vulcan!

Hail Weylend!

Hail Brigit!

Hail Hephaestus!

Come by the name of the most high! Come breath live into the eternal fires of your great

forges, work the great bellows, I call forth the four winds to aid you!

Come east wind Boreus!

Come south wind Auster!

Come west wind Zephyerus

Come north wind Eurus!

In the name of the most high I call you to aid the great Gods of the forge!

Great masters, lords and ladies of the forge I am a human, your skilled hands wove

together all that I am; you have held my race in its infancy. My skin, flesh, bones and

sinews, my tendons, teeth and nails are all evidence of your divine mastery. However, I

am broken, I have in me parts that are alien to our race, I have been reengineered by

entities that lack your talent, and I have been shattered by creations not natural to this

world.

I stand before you in need of repair! I place myself once again in your hands, at the

orders of the Great War general Lord Mars who needs me to be made whole again, that

I receive the required upgrades to advance my human evolution without the corrupted

reptilian tampering. If I am to have some of this alien programming then let it be so, but,

only with the appropriate adjustments done by your hands, I have no doubt that you can

take their cumbersome lead and transmute it to sparkling gold.

Place me on your forge Great Gods of Creation! I am ready for your alterations! I am

ready to feel the purifying heat from the Hearths fires of Hestia and Vesta, I am ready to

feel the force of your hammer, I am ready to have all that is poisonous, all that is false, all

the astral mechanisms placed on me to keep me dumb and docile drained from me, I am

ready to be repaired, remade and reformed into what is my original image.

I am ready to be plunged into the sacred waters to be cleansed of all the guilt, regret, and

remorse that I have let stain me. They are not naturally a part of me. The alien

programming that had infiltrated out race taught us to hoard guilt like those scaly fuckers

hoard gold. This is meant to weigh us down and to turn us against one another. No

longer!

Lords and Ladies of the forge, Lord Mars orders that you give me his mark and the mark

of Lady Venus upon my soul. That all entities may know that I am of the great mystery of

the Rose and the Thorn so that I may have the authority of one who stands with humanity

and against the scum of treachery and oppression.

Being that I bear the mark of Lord Mars and Lady Venus I need you to fashion me a

lance and shield worthy of the Mystery of the Rose and the Thorn.

May the lance gleam like the sun, like the fire in my heart, the splendor of the most high,

may my arm that wields it be strong and terrible in battle like my father Mars, may it

strike like lighting!

May my shield protect me, cover and surround me like the arms of my mother Venus, so

that I might cover and defend her!

I have heard and answered the The Marsarian Assemblage for the Preparation for Astral

War!

Lords and Ladies of the forge! Craft your masterpiece! I will repay you through deeds of

courage and valor, strength and honor, will and persistence!

Hail Lord Mars! I have heard your call, weapons at the ready, ready to be made strong

through exercise; I am reporting to be trained in the skills of war and magick!

Lady Venus, Hail! I am here; I am inspired by your beauty, I know no fear in your

presence I gather now with the others, our backs to you and out laces point to our

enemies!

We beg them not to charge, we ask them not to take the field of battle but that is all we

can do.

For if and when they charge to take what is not theirs to take, our lances will be swift,

shields impenetrable, and our circle unbreakable, they impale themselves on us! It is no

fault of ours!

If they choose this folly, may their deaths be quick, may they not suffer needlessly, may

their blood feed the astral and may the on-lookers learn from their grave mistake!

I pray that something good may come of this. May the corpses of these vile beings do in

death what they could not in life, to feed and support beauty that beauty may inspire

strength!

Beauty is the Rose, Strength is the Thorn, Mother is Venus, Father is Mars, I am made

from both beauty and strength, the child of Mars and Venus, a cupid, one who knows the

love of mother Venus enough to know it must be shared and who has the strength of

Father Mars in order to do the sharing of it.