



Missolin

Latin

A B C D E F
 G H I J K L
 M N O P Q
 R S T
 U V W X Y Z
 Ä Ö Ü

A B C D E F
 G H I J K L
 M N O P Q
 R S T
 U V W X Y Z
 Ä Ö Ü

a b c d e f g h
 i j k l m n o p
 q r s t
 u v w x y z
 ä ö ü

a b c d e f g h
 i j k l m n o p
 q r s t
 u v w x y z
 ä ö ü

0
 1 2 3 4
 5 6 7 8 9
 10 50 100
 500 1.000

0
 I II III IV
 V VI VII VIII IX
 X L C D M



Die 7 Siegel wurden gebrochen.

Die 7 Schlüssel wurden überreicht.

Das Buch Der Bücher wird geöffnet.

Und nun: Der Siebte Schlüssel. Der Siebente Schlüssel öffnet auch das Erste Siegel.

Alle Siegel wurden gebrochen.

Alle Schlüssel überreicht.

Das Buch ist geöffnet.
Lest selbst. Und versteht. Bitte

Magic Key



Schwör Mir – Joachim Witt

Auf meinem Weg und dem Wandel der Zeit
Ist mit mir viel geschehen
Träume gebaut, über Wolken geschwebt
Und Tränen gelebt
Gedanken im Meer kommen leicht wie auch
schwer
Sehnsüchte treiben im Sturm
Ich hab mich oft über Vieles beklagt
Doch nie über Dich

Schwör mir, dass du bleibst
Wenn die Blätter fallen
(Komm und schwör mir)
Schwör mir, dass du bleibst

Wenn der Winter kommt, bitterkalt

Schwör mir, dass du bleibst
Wenn die Blätter fallen
(Komm und schwör mir)
Schwör mir, dass du bleibst
Wenn der Winter kommt, bitterkalt
(Komm und schwör mir)
Tiefe Dunkelheit lässt die Sterne strahlen
(Komm und schwör mir)
Kostbar ist die Zeit, bis die Blätter fallen
Schwöre mir, dass du bleibst
Komm und schwör mir
Schwör mir, dass du bleibst

Wenn die Blätter fallen

(Komm und schwör mir)







White Power <3

Zwei! Fäuste!
hat ein Krieger!

Aber.
Nur einen Feind.

Black <3 Power



William Blake

Tyger, Tyger, Flammenpracht
in den Wäldern düstrer Nacht!
Sprich, Welch' Gottes Aug' und Hand;
könnt dich kreieren; in so furchtbar schönem Gleichmaß der Symmetrie?

Stammt's aus der Untief, kommt's vom Himmel;
was der Augen Feuerquell' verlieh?
Wes' Herrn Flügel trägst du kühn?
Wes' Hand wagt's wohl, zu nah'n diesem brennend Glühen?

Welche Stärke, welche Kunst;
wo so sinnreich Herzensglühen?
Und wie dein Herz den Puls empfing;
welch' ein Fuss, dieser Fuss; und Welch' Hand, diese Hand?

Was ist der Hammer, was sind die Ketten?
Durch welche Esse ging dein Hirn?
Und durch wessen Amboss? Wer ist der Held,
der den Mut in deiner Umarmung behält?

Und wie die Sterne ihre Speere runter warfen,
der Tränen ward der Himmel Meer.
Schaut er lächelnd auf sein Werk; auf dich?
Der das Lamm schuf, schuf er dich?

Tyger, Tyger, Flammenpracht
in den Wäldern düstrer Nacht!
Sprich, wess' Gottes Aug' und Hand
erschuf Dein furchtbar schönes Gleichmaß der Symmetrie?

William Blake
1757-1827

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?





Wave shadows of discontent! and in what houses dwell the wretched
Drunken with woe forgotten, and shut up from cold despair,

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth
Tell me where dwell the joys of old! & where the ancient loves!
And when will they renew again & the night of oblivion past?
That I might traverse times & spaces far remote and bring
Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain
Where goest thou O thought! to what remote land is thy flight?
If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction
Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings, and dew and honey and balam;
Or poison from the desert wilds, from the eyes of the envious,

Then Bramian said; and shook the cavern with his lamentation

Thou knowest that the ancient trees seen by thine eyes have fruit;
But knowest thou that trees and fruits flourish upon the earth
To wondrous senses unknown? trees beasts and birds unknown;
Unknown, not unperceiv'd, spread in the infinite microscope,
In places yet unvisited by the voyager, and in worlds
Over another kind of seas, and in atmospheres unknown!
Ah! are there other wars, beside the wars of sword and fire!
And are there other sorrows, beside the sorrows of poverty?
And are there other joys, beside the joys of riches and ease,
And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox,
And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains,
To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life?

Then Oothoon waited silent all the day, and all the night,



In happy copulation; if in evening mild, wearied with work;
Sit on a bank and draw the pleasures of this free born joy.

The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin
That pines for man; shall worken her want to enormous joys
In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from
The lustful joy, shall forget to generate, & create an amorous image
In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow.
Are not these the places of religion, the rewards of continence!
The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion?
Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seekest solitude,
Where the horrible darkness is unpressed with reflections of desire.
Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!
Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
Till beauty fades from off my shoulders darkened and cast out,
A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.

I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain wind!
Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water?
That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day;
To spin a web of age around him, grey and hoary! dark!
Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight.
Such is self-love that envies all! a creeping skeleton
With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.

But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold;
I'll lie beside thee on a bank & view their wanton play
In lovely copulation blis on blis with Theotormon;
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam,
Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor see with jealous cloud
Come in the heaven of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring.
Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor

Where the cold miser spreads his gold? or does the bright cloud
On his stone threshold, does his eye behold the beam that brings
Expansion to the eye of pity? or will he bind himself
Beside the ox to thy hard furrow, does not that mild beam blot
The bat, the owl, the glowing tyger, and the king of night.
The sea fowl takes the wintry blast, for a covering to her limbs:
And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold.
And trees, & birds, & beasts, & men, behold their eternal joy.
Arise you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!

Thus every morning wails Oothoon, but Theotarmon sits
Upon the margind ocean conversing with shadows dire.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

The End



Wake up, sleeping beauty. True Germans are rising up now.



Ich bin was ich bin!

Merke es dir. Endlich und Endgültig!

White Power

Gruppe Rheinland

...

Herein! herein!

Gesellen alle, schließt den Reihen,

Daß wir die Glocke tausend weihen,

Concordia soll ihr Name seyn,

Zur Eintracht, zu herzinnigem Vereine

Versammle sie die liebende Gemeinde.

...



Die Rune Fehu.

Symbol des Oberkommando

Symbol der Leitstelle.

Mein Runensymbol.

