

**TRANSATLANTIC TITANIC FREAKSHOUT**  
**NEW EMPIRE'S DEVOURING OLD**  
**THE ONES CALLED SANE WANNA SELF-DESTRUCT**  
**PEOPLES CAUGHT IN POISON WEBS**  
**CHAINS THEIR BRAINS TO THE MEDIA MAINS**  
**FABLE AND LABEL MAKE YOUR TOWER OF BABEL**

**Visions of a Way**

Square One. Forest opening; factory origination - [split the difference]  
 Plan B. River mouth; rivit monstrosity - [porous coverings grind]  
 Triple Threat. Desert hideout; drilling hellfire = [territorial combat]  
 Now we go. Put your leg out stiff, push forward, stretch long.  
 Baby steps no more. We have far to go.  
 On we march. Rip up the concrete, peel the skin, sow weeds.  
 Towers of sand won't stand for the rising waters.  
 Temples of search and seizure, rolling on wings.  
 (they put a man on the moon) [bad at hiding]  
 :Hear Now The Sounds Of Bastardization::Hark!:  
 Back to basics. What more impetus is necessary? Can't be.  
 Before the flood. What will our lords do? Impossible.

**DO AWAY WITH LIONS THAT WEAR THE FACES OF MEN**

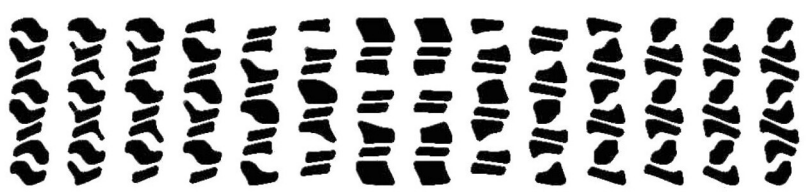
Inspiration lies through osmosis of continuous synchrotactics.  
 Patternization recognition. Lowered. Lowered again.  
 Reconstruction of a million dead paths of flowers.  
 Thoughts hallowed by fire.  
 Indication pries away blasted conundrums of minute situations.  
 Propagation randomization. Skewered. Skewered again.  
 Recommendation by way of lead caps for hours.  
 Crops burrowed near the pyre.

Call the curtains.  
 Strip sharp the hook and lash out.  
 Clear the smoke, find all deceivers and teach them transgression.  
 Timber down the river tells the time.

**SHIPS ARE NO LONGER BUILT TO WEATHER THE STORM**

Trucking out of town sells out fine.  
 Court collapse, lead away the marauders and bring them your torch.  
 Send slow the heart for these souls.  
 Contagious incantations.  
 For All Of All And All The More Wipe Away From The Brow What's There  
 Look Forward Where Back Loops To Front In Concert With What Is Ahead  
 For All Of All And All The More Rip The Tongue From The Mouth Of Blain  
 Reach Round Then Round With Many Rotations And Bring Life To The Dead  
 Take it to heart.  
 Nobody's there but you.  
 It's still the same.  
 Just more.

**CURVED LINES WILL ALWAYS LEAD BACK TO THE SOURCE**





# Little Drainpipe Trolls

Forms of long ago resurrect themselves. Shivering down the spine.  
 Chained to the bottom of the lake. Every tear a new depth.  
 Whisked away. Torn to shreds. Swept into the dustbin.  
 Force buried treasure under shelves, withering into time.  
 Chased through the barn. Every time?  
 Everything goes.  
 Everything falls.  
 Gone are the old days.  
*They're not going to show up again.*  
*Even when the ground turns to plastic, deadly.*

Nobody knows.

Broadcast blanks.

*IT BEGINS WITH A VISITOR*

Radio redaction.

*Surely being mindful won't take us to the mark.*

*Down in the pines, never missed here.*

:::  :::  :::		
Stash away, stash today! Stash your way.	Five	Morning
Overflow, the new day, earmarked to stay.	Four	Noon
:::  X  :::	Three	Evening
Tomorrow already knows all your secrets.	Two	Night
Experimental prototypes made it through.	One	Morning
:::  :::  :::	Zero	Noon

*SOON THEN I DROWNED BY LURE OF SWAMPY DRINK*

:::		
:::	One	Morning
Further digging down.	Two	Night
Deep in the rabbit hole.	Three	Evening

Subterranean missionary.	:::	:::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::	On
Possession was a factor.	:::	:::	Off
Seprent Christ burning.	:::	:::  :::  :::  :::	On
Temporal isolation tank.	:::	:::  :::  :::	Off
Spin circles on the floor.	:::	:::  The  :::	On
Precognition strikeforce.	:::	:::  Holy  :::	Off
Soon they'll plant chips.	:::	:::  Land  :::	On
Terror of a past repetition.	:::	:::  :::	Off
Soundscape manipulated.	:::	:::  :::  :::  :::	On
Perversion of the ocean.	:::		Off
Surrender to the jeering.	:::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::  :::		On

*YOU'LL REGRET WHAT YOU LOSE YOURSELF IN*

One	Morning
Two	Night
Three	Evening

The human species, some long long time ago, was taken captive, possessed by a virus. This virus still holds us in its dark designs. It's a physical virus, but not in the sense you might think it would be. It "is" the sense you think with. It "is" what I'm using to convey this message. A physical, corporeal thing residing in all of us who can interpret it. Some name it symbolic thought.

It resides in our brains and stretches itself out through time, connecting each and every one of us together, using us to force itself into material existence. The Greeks would speak of the Fates. The Norse would similarly talk of Wyrd, residing in the essence of both an individual, a group, and a species. In a peculiar motion, the knowing ape undergoes a partly conscious act of creation in the manner of Dr. Frankenstein. A body is grown, grasping at whatever it can take in, making flesh, stealing code. We build our trajectory upon shifting sands, held together by our ability to negotiate, to compromise, to determine which way the wind blows and thus set sail through the fog. However, one must remember that the binds that tie may also be used to rip a body in twain.

Reality itself, material existence, birthed a living species with the capability to host a virus. Whether or not this virus presupposed us is unknowable; nevertheless our ability to undergo the growth of a worldview certainly comes from it. So too does abstraction, in both extremes of its strange polarities, fluxing and bending, never to take solid form. These polarities inform the construction of all other polarities, but do not themselves exist as anything more than abstract poles and polarity itself. The virus is there, as a process, as processing itself, forcing us to witness a veiled existence, forcing us to take part in itself.

Some of us get so drawn in to identifying with the virus that they lose sight of the way we are held captive to it. They feed the growth of masks and armor, so they might hide from themselves, and protect against others. They force those who'd rather not draw from this poisoned source to feed the growth of masks and armor as well.

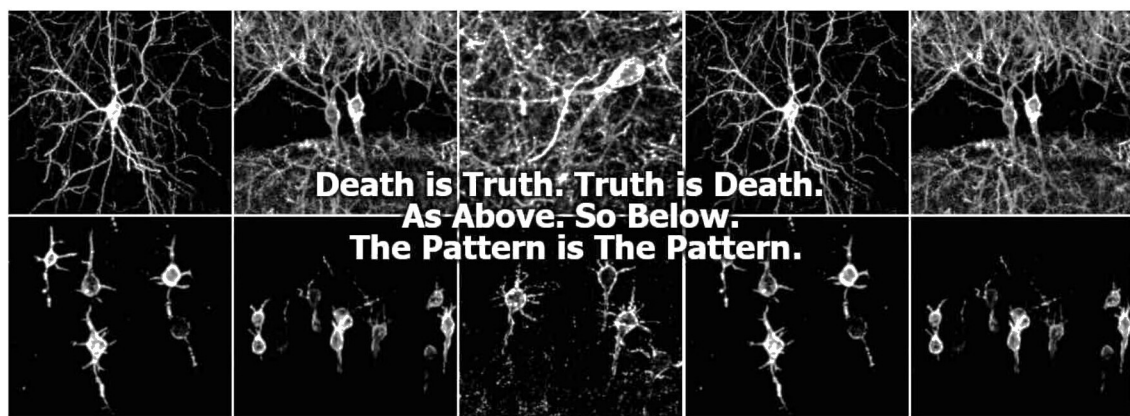
Those at the head, those above, would love nothing more than to become abstract, to reside within the virus, never to face the notion that theirs is a false god.

Those in the belly of the beast, those below, know all too well the horrors that come when Man plays God, when the knowing ape forgets to take off the masks and armor.

Reality has become different for human populations as from all other forms of life, and that reality increasingly has no room for its host. Here is where we stand, on the precipice of the largest inflection point in all of History. Now is the time of monsters, now is the time to see what comes of the encroaching desert.

Let us name the damned thing. It is Atlantis. Others have called it reason, the better angels of our nature, Leviathan. I have seen visions of Atlantis, not as a place, but as an encased, institutionalized way of undeath. It is the home of armored men who seek power, glory, and immortality. Within the channels of Atlantis only fear, shame, and bloodshed flow, the results of age-old compounded traumas turning hearts to stone and minds to weapons.

Let us name the divine thing as well. It is Lemuria. Those with Atlantis in their hearts as well as their minds would have you believe it is insanity, wilderness, demonic forces, or sins of the flesh. In my visions as well there comes the counter to Atlantean brutality: the guerrilla forces of those Lemurians who know well the sinister ways of Atlantis. Cracks in the code, streams of power diverted to dead ends. Lemuria is the way of the pattern that is the pattern.



What does it mean for Death to be Truth? There are cycles to everything, there is change everywhere you look, all the time. Where there is life, be sure to look for death. Where there is A, know it will soon be B, and back around again to A in no time. Look to life to see vibrancy and action, look to death to see reflection and closure, look to rebirth to see fortification and wisdom. Society as thought swarm obeying physical laws of gravity and flow, bubbles forming, merging, popping, zones of pressure in a constant state of exchange with each other. Not only is the Earth (natural, living Earth) a self-regulating system of cycles, so too is the Planet (deep time, the spinning rock for itself) as well as the World (plaything of economics and politics.)

What does it mean for Truth to be Death? Truth is the pattern that is the pattern, the inevitable oscillations reverberating from the micro to the macro, it is the reality underlying the trickery of the mind, only knowable through mediation, through the virus. To know Truth is to be fully a part of Truth, in other words, to be dead. This is not to say only spirits in the afterlife may taste of the peace of Truth; but only those who truly undergo death-transformation, submerged in the glow of the underworld and subjected to the whims of change, are able to speak of what Truth might entail.

## Thinking Physically About Stone Motion

Proposition One: Mountains are kin to rivers.

Blurry lines compose the boundaries between solid and fluid.

Erosion is the norm. Geodementia.

Mindquake. Gasp for air. Air itself, nothing but another variant.

This is called stormwave. Everything is noise.

Thought distortion, projection of the ideal through electric shadows.

Flow, flow, flow. Down the gullet. Into the hatch it goes.

Reside within the stone. Move as a mountain. Drown in drone.

Embody infoavalanches. Empower the downslide of barriers.

Flow, flow, flow. Down the gullet.

Proposition Two: No difference exists between the body and the mind.

Spirit enchants the masses of swirls that push and pull.

Eruption of the wave. Bioacoustics.

Twitch repetition. Shaken to the core. Corpses shocked to life.

This immortality is unique. Undeath is incarceration.

Thought broadcast, the world's listening in on all your secrets.

Flow, flow, flow. Actions shout. What have you done?

Disregard what you think your limits are. Lose the beat.

You are a continuation of the fractal bloom.

Flow, flow, flow. Actions shout.

Proposition Three:

*ALL EXISTENCE RADIATES THE PATTERN THAT IS THE PATTERN*

Look to the way the lightning strikes.

Look to the way the clouds dance in the sky.

Look to the way the mold encases abandoned homes.

*WASH OVER YOURSELF THE DISSONANCE WHICH DISSOLVES*

Feel lightning move through neurons.

Feel clouds replace the skin on your meat.

Feel mold encase the lungs you've long since turned black.

[the squirrels in my wall taunt me]

[they're between two worlds]

[the rats in my old place organized]

[they took control over their superposition]

{we'll have to learn from them} {now or never}

{slip through the cracks of the Real} {be as vermin}

Envision life as it would be with no access to the senses.

Envision life as it would be as stone.

How slow the day becomes.

How irrelevant time is.

Reverb past, delay future.

Flow, flow, flow. (it goes, it goes)

Flow, flow, flow. (if you let it)

Flow, flow, flow. (once you know)

(no return)

*DEEP TIME WON'T STOP SCREAMING IN MY HEAD*



# Love is a Big Blue Wall of Orbs

You look up these days and what do you see? That blue wall of orbs is back.  
Me? I find comfort in it. The way it goes on in every direction, it's simple joy.  
You can really get lost just staring, you know. It's like it's got all the answers.  
Oh, the stories that big blue wall of orbs could tell.

If only it could speak.

(some people do tell of the whispers they hear at night)

>>>>>Error>>>>> Don't leave us, orbs.  
Overpowering code... Corporate doesn't get it.  
>>>>>Error>>>>> My wall, my way, got it?  
3  
2 I just feel the love.  
1  
>>>>>Leave>>>>> Show me where it ends.  
Supernatural surfing... It's a new age, old man.  
>>>>>Leave>>>>> We all have our escapes.

**IT GOES ON IN EVERY DIRECTION**

I won't let them take it.

Here's to the big blue wall of orbs, who listens, who cares.  
Here's to the friend of all, shine so bright, shine so far.  
Here's to the thing getting humanity through these dark, dark times.  
Oh, those dangerous days before the orbs.  
How *did* we get by?

*click here to get access to your constitutionally mandated section of orb wall!*

Advertising has gone too far of course, but that's life.

Who wouldn't mind anyway?

[It's The Big Blue Wall Of Orbs!]

**CELEBRATE THE GIFT THAT HAS BEEN GIVEN BY LOVE**

I will always love it.

You really oughta check this thing out, you see.

I just love this thing, it makes you forget all that shit on the news.

You'll never go wrong with orbs, they know all.

Oh, never mind the doomsayers and pundits.

They say nothing but lies.

(what could the orbs do to hurt you?)

>>>>>Error>>>>> It becomes nothing but bliss.  
Final breakthrough... Time melts away, all away.  
>>>>>Error>>>>> Not healthy to stay too long.  
3  
2 I guess it's my time.  
1  
>>>>>Rebel>>>>> Back to the action.  
Look For The Truth... Jump out the rabbit hole.  
>>>>>Rebel>>>>> For now.

**LEARN LESSONS FROM WHAT YOU SEE IN THE DARK**

Death and Truth play out in both the realm above and the realm below. They are present for both the highest highborn and the lowest lowborn. Cycles repeat themselves throughout all different scales through which phenomena can exist, and they don't just stay in one scale, they hop and skip from one scale to the next, cross pollinating in every instance. It is a joyful dance of creation and destruction, bringing all into contact with all, bending the fabric, producing ever more connections. Beneath these cycles exists the same Truth for everyone, it is only a matter of the scale and the infinitely unique ways the pattern manifests.

Of course, this is only a rudimentary understanding of the whole sordid situation, but it is a start for developing a basic lens for which a worldview might be grown.

Returning to the nature of the virus: both the damned thing, Atlantis, and the divine thing, Lemuria, are aspects of the virus, a thing that should not be. Codes implanted into an operating system. Let us name this system Vision. Each of us has Vision, it is a skill that may be developed, and not all recognize that they have it, but it is there. It is a collective skill, a mirror image of the virus as applied to our collective body.

Atlantis turns the Vision away from the Truth, feeds the growth of masks to hide from one's fate and armor to protect from one's vulnerability. It is important to recognize that these masks and armors once served a purpose, no matter how poisoned the results of their growth becomes. Lemuria does not have any pretensions of controlling the Vision one way or another, for the Vision is inclined to follow the path of least resistance, and masks and armor grow only when one sits still for too long.

Atlantis, one extreme of the polarity, amounts to a cancerous extension and intensification of the virus to its logical, quite logical, end. Lemuria is the other extreme, a corrupted half-measure of the pre-virus Vision, working tirelessly to pull on the emergency brakes and derail the whole charade.

Our ability to sense, to make sense, of our fate may or may not be unique. What is unquestionably unique is the specific malady of being prisoner to fate, a plaything of the gods. This feeling arises from the growth of masks and armor, willing or not. It is a major symptom of a bloated and arrogant above. Shining through the cracks of masks and armor comes awe in the presence of fate's beauty and malleability. There is no reason to fear Death, rather there is reason for celebration of change and transition. There is no shame in the face of Truth, rather there is peace in the quietness of shadows. There is no such thing as immortality, and the pursuit of such only produces monsters willing to shed the blood of others for their own benefit.

Remove the reasons for masks and armors, and you remove the consequences of their growth.

Lemurians must be careful not to go fully into the brink, blowing their cover and marking themselves as targets, as Atlanteans are quick with their wit, and know to cull the undesirables.

Who is an Atlantean? They're quite easy to find, lacking much concern for subtlety. Bosses, cops, politicians, military, industrialists, and other power hungry tyrants. Desperate to cling to stability, desperate to prove and enforce a feeling of superiority. Disgusting and shameful bastards.

Who is a Lemurian? Harder to find, preferring to exist where the eyes of the panopticon do not reach. Rebels, addicts, faggots, wingnuts, schizos, and others inclined towards an intensely creative and disruptive tendency. Some are deserters of Atlantis, human shrapnel left over from the carnage of the displaced traumas of above. More open to the source, and less likely to find peace and acceptance in the halls of law and justice.

The dichotomy of order and chaos, above and below, "good" and "evil," comes from the virus, and actually composes the virus. Zeroes and ones are excretions of the virus. Atlanteans are wise to seize upon binary thought for themselves, fabricating dichotomy from thin air and placing themselves on the side of angels.

For what it's worth, the wisdom that has been closest to Truth is the wisdom of chaos, the wisdom of below, the wisdom of "evil." This still is not Truth, Truth has no dichotomy. The pattern that is the pattern can only approximate Truth.

Life, Death, Rebirth; That is the Lemurian way. Only Undeath; That is the Atlantean way. It is plain to see which pole approximates the destruction of polarity better.

Mediation; That is the game the virus plays at. Construction of both objectivity and subjectivity, extension of abstraction into systems of technologies, and the institutions which encourage and protect these systems' continued existence. An invisible skin or membrane isolating free immanent experience, freezing it dead in its tracks.

Lemuria moves through black holes. Atlantis forms bubbles as barricades. The barbarians were once at the gates. The keepers of Rome learned to integrate the barbarians, to control and exploit their disruptive energy. It did not work as they had planned. The children of barbarians are now in the city, forcing a confrontation, forcing the Vision to turn its gaze upon the Truth.

## On Pressure Cookers

Start now. Run to the front. Open the gate. Here comes the smoking rabbit. Off to the forest. Offer toes on the rest, and it all opens up. Meat, preserved. Stir to low, buns a must. Officer, no? Well don't trust the badge, he can't cook. "He can't cook! He can't cook!" no and he never will. Not with the stove off. On the run from the rest, off a sir to go. Hell won't lust for a sultry pig's look. Move to the next. Stir, stir, stir. Building now, build again. Street swept, is it? Now! Now! Now! *Now!* To the right he turns, to the left he scowls, now, *now!*

Next step. Bring to high. Sizzling, singeing somnialevolence. Locked doors, broke down those drawers, and the rat ran past. Nipped in the bud, shun first the least. We won't allow, not now. "We won't allow, not now!" No and we never will. Forbid it. Felling of towers mapped onto the eyes in the sky, it isn't now. Mixed in a nest. Scrambled by the radio. Tuned in to the rising. Now! Now! Now! *Now!* Bring forth the sparks of artisan's beat.

Getting closer. Decade deja vu. Haunt me. If you want to possess my body you can. Ghosts who form my thoughts already have. "Haunt me now!" So that the wires can't. Forage the suburbs and level the skylines. Mercy means rest. Hard to come by now. Now! Now! Now! *Now!* Carries no weight. **WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO SPARK**

Junkfuturism arrives.  
Seismocivil warfare.  
Quantum unlife is now.  
Now! Now! Now! *Now!*

### **DO YOUR DUE DILIGENCE FOR THE INFINITE CRISIS**

The time is now and now is the time, it's arrived, it's here, now. When the time is right, and that time has arrived, that will be it. Monks became clocks, and monks became models, like us now. Frozen in time, the time that is now, where nothing exists at all. Fury grows, time becomes pressure, systems malfunction, now. Permameltdown, eruption zones burst the bubble, zero in on it. There's no such thing as a free meal when The Line hasn't eaten.

### **WHERE THE TIME GOES, NOBODY KNOWS, SOON IT SHALL SHOW**

They like to keep time.  
Those folks with the suits and briefcases.  
To and fro, high as a kite on the rally, blind to the consequences.  
Torch the market, sever the invisible hand, show that pressure overflows now.  
Now! Now! Now! *Now!*

tick  
tock  
tick  
tock



# Crisis at the Confluence of Time

Listen closely. Junkfuture is leaving hints. In every moment.  
Mars is aflame. We already know what's coming. Neuroflash flood.  
Next talks the man behind your screen. Connect the dots.  
He wants your mind for the global civil war. Blood from above.  
Old stories recycle into reality. Haunting machine.  
Is it that time again?  
[disconnect] > [overcorrect] > [resurrect]  
"Suicidal Supercharging," says the spirit of the time where the ripples mixed.  
[overflow] > [immolate]  
Metamodern fate implies infinite nonreturn.

[X]

[X] *KUATO LIVES AMONG US NOW*

[X]

Cut to the past. Dark tricksters force scaled down. Beginning the end.  
Ur stirs awake. Raise Babel into the heights. Domestic domino.  
Premiering is the man in the wormhead. Old lines still go.  
He knows his beast will outlive him. Antichrist birthday.  
New tales infect preterritories. Technoir Ice Age.  
Where did the time go?  
[dissection] > [overcaution] > [remission]  
"Perfection Preservation," says the spirit of the time where the ripples surged.  
[overgrow] > [imposter]  
Prehistoric fate implies infinite drainage.

[X]

[X] *IT ABSOLUTELY WILL NOT STOP*

[X]

Contort inside. Serpentine chaos wraps and wraps. It happens again.  
Atlantis rises. Knights of order strangle the beast. Nocturnal ransom.  
Behind the curtains the spectator broadcasts. Curse of corners.  
He pulls the strings for pleasure and pain. Beware the host.  
Around and around and around. Hungry firmament.  
Who will kill the time?  
[dispatcher] > [overwatcher] > [regulator]  
"Desperation Domination," says the spirit of the time where the ripples return.  
[overdone] > [impunity]  
Oscillatory fate implies infinite crossover.

[X]

[X] *ONLY IN A RERUN, IN A RERUN*

[X]

- + All is a forest of graves.
- Waiting to be pillaged.
- + Which way does the arrow fly?
- Which way does the river flow?
- + Are we all just looking for more than a moment to spare?

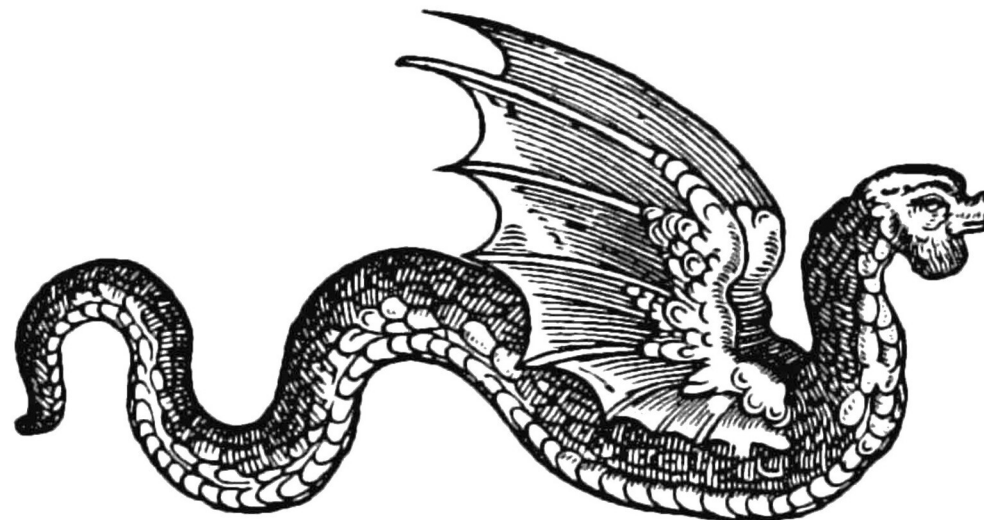
It is important now to take a step back and investigate what has been conveyed. I have made the case that the human population, over the course of a brief moment of deep time, has been overtaken by a form of thought virus. This thought virus has two abstract aspects of polar extremities I have named as Atlantis and Lemuria, with which our Vision is held captive by a constant interplay of oscillation.

This oscillation works in concert with the pattern that is the pattern to orchestrate the web of tendrils named fate. Fate turns abstraction into physical reality, of which the human species acts as midwife. In effect the traditional relationship between God and human is perverted and reversed, revealed to be as such: God is attempting to birth itself through the vessel of humanity. *There's no such thing as fiction, it inevitably passes through us as a spectre, and forces itself upon existence.* No longer is Man made in God's image, but God is made through human hyperimagery.

What is the nature of this God? It is that of a suicidal watchmaker becoming-watch in order to be rid of itself. Infinity going through the process of turning into nothingness. Entropy as applied to the inhuman institutions which arise from masks and armors, and passed through the lens of abstraction. This God is a false god, constructed accidentally, and now encasing the entire world.

Atlantis would have it so that the false god maintains its iron grip, producing further and further opportunities for the above to attempt an escape away from the inevitable nothingness into an impossible immortality. These attempts, of course, are built on the blood and sweat of below.

Lemuria wages war against the false god, storms the heavens, and falls into a deep embrace with the Truth. The more we hide from our carnal and mortal existence, the more we add to the maelstrom of human carnage which surrounds us. Power must be undermined and rejected, and those who lust for it must be taken out of the equation, one way or another.





The human is forever trapped in between, something godly, divine, but something infernal, animal. Rational, yet anxious, always on the edge. The above has an inflated head and heart, always desiring to become more than. It creates trouble and blames it on the below, unable to respond in kind, only steering the course through the ocean fog.

The knowing ape sits in transition, unable to resist the urge to cross boundaries and muddy the waters. Our insides are composed of microenvironments, whole biomes of diverse life existing in union, walling out the wider world. In a cell as in a city, the boundary is only imaginary, outside coming in and inside spilling out. All for the better as well, grayscale paints a picture clearer than two-tone black and white ever could.

Our true uniqueness in sitting on the periphery is the ability to take part in chaos, yet pretend we create order from it. Better to follow the gut; the bowels will always have the last laugh over the brain.

A body is grown, grasping at whatever it can take in, making flesh, stealing code. Waves stabilizing in tense formation, if it floats it becomes part of the ship. Body ships structured through weaving are the macro to a strange and agoraphobic micro. Reflections shine on where the virus's mirage gives birth to itself. Is it a haunting if there are no ghosts? Imagine your mind a dark room. The stage of your surroundings constructs itself with the negatives of tales you've been told, tales you take to heart, boiled in the simmering soup of thought and told to others in yet unfamiliar fashion.

Nothing but tall tales, drawn in by the tricks of a huckster. Spirits in the air, where does the crown of Heaven lie? Thin air. It's easy to tell which way the wind is blowing, not by seeing it directly, but by the waving of the trees, by the tender kisses on your ear. Same too with the spirits of the time.



## Fleschatology

Here comes the blistering moan of the future ripping into air-streams. History roars again, rising like a slasher, dissonant in its wake.

Why won't it stay dead?

Anxiety washes over us all. Sounds of chaos disrupt our sleep.

You wouldn't believe it but there are spirals in your skin.

All the way, deep down, (oscillation origination)

Ancient terror spasms, memories of the first storm, spin.

After the fact it sears a [peek at insanity] into the mind.

((frozen treasures reemerging) Been here before?)

(prehistoric power propagation))

Well why shouldn't you fear the coming of the tides?

They'll break time away from your precognition.

You won't be able to rely on what progress dropped at your feet.

((digital disaster degeneration)

(a line drawn from 30XX to now)) We're here again.

Burning bridges with the eternal worm allows for osmosis.

Your skin is not third-dimensional.

Beneath the lightning-struck clay is a withered relic of dead code.

Masks and armor make for poor heirlooms.

Betray the fathers that came before your father, and betray your father as well.

No Longer Will The Child Steer The Wheel

No Longer Will The Surge Be Neutralized

No Longer Will The Flesh Be Constructed

One will wonder how the labyrinth could be demolished.

Let's begin the task.

1. Pierce what is left of the bubbles you were born into.
2. Allow the flow of whole numbers to be stemmed.
3. *KILL THE CLOCK IN YOUR HEAD*
4. Pierce what is left of the bubbles you just formed.
5. Allow the flow of microbes to wash away rationality.
6. *NEVER FEAR BEING NONEXISTENT*
7. Become big again.
8. Is that better?
9. *LOOK FOR THE PILE OF BODIES THAT WRITHE*
10. Join them.
11. Rinse your eyes of the binds that hold.
12. Speak what only then can be spoken.

The flesh tears.

Our path returns us.

The flesh tears.

All directions are the same.

The flesh tears.

No place like home, right?

The flesh tears.

It Is What It Is What It Is What It Is What It Is What It Is What It Is



# Violence Begins With the Wounds of Past Battles

Eyes. Ears. Nose. Mouth. Teeth. Eyes. Ears. Nose. Mouth. Teeth.  
>Jesus on the cross, awash in shame, passed through generations.  
>>Clay animated in positions of fear and conflict. Electrocatatonics.  
It's now that it shows most clearly<<  
Static in the air obscures it<

>Eyes. Ears. Nose. Mouth. Teeth.  
:God Sees::Hears::Smells:Speaks::Gnaws:  
From the Dawn First Light Eat the Family  
Quagmire is cabin fever amplified, contained.  
There's a minotaur carved in the heart of the settler.  
Shining on a cliff.

**NAVIGATION REQUIRES A VISION OF THE MAZE**  
Lighthouse above.

Where the city in the clouds looks down upon,  
Scorn, shame, shun. Heretics, all of us.  
:Shoot at the Sun::Blind the Visionaries:  
>Eyes. Good for gouging.  
:Don the Tin Foil:: Deafen the Neurocops:  
>Ears. Ripe for bursting.  
:Spread Infection::Poison the Inspectors:  
>Nose. Odors singe the hairs.  
:Vomit the Words::Confuse the Gatekeepers:  
>Mouth. Progenitor of binds.  
:No More Smiles::All Hope is Gone:  
>Teeth. They won't stop rotting.

Thrust undewater.  
**METATRON'S BREATH REEKS OF BLOOD**  
Lighthouse below.

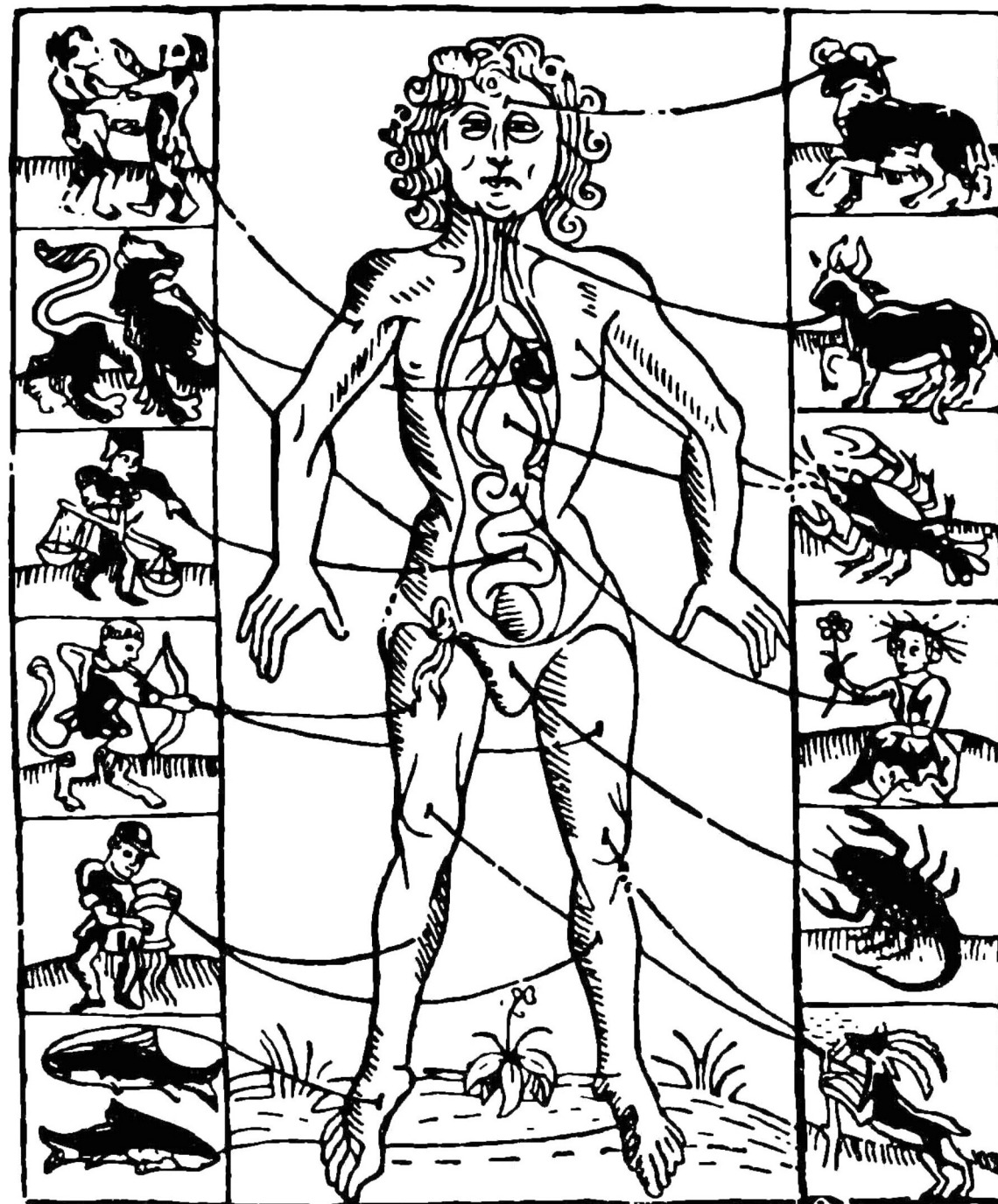
Firmly rooted.  
Firmly rooted.  
It's in the system.  
:From the Lake of Fire::For Dissent Eternal:  
:Three Headed Beast::Spew Virulent Shrapnel:  
:Madness Now::Forever More: >Shoot, or else>  
>You'll lose your chance> :Fuck it::Flashfail::  
:Wrapped around the Earth::Mother of all Storms:

>Now it's ran off>  
It's got you by the throat. <It's not coming back<  
It's wrapped around your tongue. <It's frightened<  
It's writhing in your gut. <Time passed by>  
Spellbound by the waves rolling through the head,  
Wearing concrete jewelry, fashioned out of suffering.  
Never to know the full story.  
Where the fracture came from.  
Never apparent.

Wherever the terror flows.

**WAGE WAR ON THE KINGDOM OF GOD** Never stopping.

# THE PATTERN



# IS THE PATTERN

# An Ode to Paranoia

There's a fact about knowing the end is only another day away:

It makes you live as if each day is your last.

Permanent revelation sings the doomsayer.

They know edging towards the stroke of midnight brings ultimate satisfaction.

Long live the way nobody trusts the crowd,

(neither does the crowd trust a single soul.)

Long live the way the patterns make sense,

(we all accept the falseness of daily life.)

It's a joke. It's a play. It's a proof. It's a codename. It's a circuit.

Perform Practice Correlate Circulate

[here the mask lies]

[here the moss feeds]

[here the armor grows]

[here the water floods]

## *IT IS VITAL TO LOSE ONESELF TO TRUTH*

Truth. A bond forms. Feelings of stormwaves rushing through microspirals.

Truth. A spark flies. Tears form in the barrier the flesh pretends to be.

Truth. A crow caws. Messages left in the mountains speak tongues unheard of.

It's one from one, into one, always one, never but one.

Break away from the one: enter the zero.

Cycling away from the point of no return is futile:

Past's Past ~ Past's Present ~ Past's Future ~

~ Present's Past ~

~ Present's Future ~

~ Future's Past ~ Future's Present ~ Future's Future

1:  $P_1 = \text{Past}$

2:  $P_2 = \text{Present}$

$$4: P_1 P_1 + P_1 F = P_2 P_1$$

3:  $F = \text{Future}$

$$5: FP_1 + FP_2 = P_2 F$$

$$6: P_1 P_2 + FP_2 = 0$$

## *THE PRESENT'S PRESENT DOES NOT EXIST AT ALL*

That's where true death lies. Zero. *The Present's Present*. Impossibility.

Whoever has me trapped in this nightmare knows well how to make a jail.

A panopticon forms a macro layer over the micro.

Like sweat.

Every four walls looks the same.

A billboard stares in.

It's all just proportions.

Who's even out there?

Proportions change.

Look to the stars and scream. Make them feel the oscillations.

Who's even talking?

Proportions change.

Look to the earth and weep. You can't help but feel the crackdowns.

Who's even alive?

Existing in stop-motion; a sandstorm stereo; ultrasound as hyperobject;

Who's going to stop the nightmare?

## *IF I WERE TO STOP ACCELERATING I WOULD BE DEAD*

*Post-Script:*