

CONFRONTING THE BEAST



SIEG GRUN



HYPERBOREAN



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POEMS

Dionysian

Chaotic frenzy of sensations

Bombard the multidimensional

States of consciousness limitations

Breaking the minds' crystallization

A deliberate inducement of erratic

Movements without rhyme or reason

Violent interruptions of consciousness

Which herald a new state of being

The static inertia of mundane life

A routine of perpetual drudgery

An eruption of contingency and strife

Disturbing the beings' entropy

Dynamic forces which activate

The rigid structure ossified

To the inert sleeper awake

To resurrect the fading light

The limitations placed on the mind
Are cracked as an egg shell
Out of which Abraxas flies
The bird toward the Celestial

These travelers along life's path
Following the hidden way of ascension
Toward the mountaintop through the pass
His telos, sought after destination

Through myriad brambles and thorns
The traveler is scratched and bloodied
And the vicious animals he encounters
Him from the shadows waylay

He had gone too far and lost his way
Failing to foresee the outcome
In his meandering journey
On the gnarled roots he stumbles

Dionysos had lost his way
Blinded by the blacklight
Seeking the land of Eternity
He had been by the branches struck blind

Overreaching his goal he understood
That only so much could be attained
Within his finite consciousness
He expires from the venom of the snake

The initiate into the mysteries
Can only follow two paths
One climbing to the celestial city
The other falling into the abyss

It is not a matter of personal choice
To decide speciously what one wants
The outcome of his selection is devoid
Of any exclusive personal equation

He receives his backlash
Against himself through causality
An eye for an eye the consequence
Irregardless of personal choosing

Following bad paths into darkness
Tenebrous ways have their end
And the outcome for those in harness
To their finite ego is extinction

The powermad, the ghouls
The wicked who violate
Those innocent who have not a clue
Of the aggression of the debased

Only the aggressor is blameworthy
For his crimes against others
Though he deceived himself he will be
Held to account by the higher

Dionysos though good intentioned
Along the path to perdition goes
This working beyond his limitations
Following this paths' outcome he chose

Self blinded and deluded
He persisted in his error
Desperately seeking a solution
To the finitude of life despair

The destiny of all is decided
not by themselves alone
nor is it by an external Savior
but through the event which arose

A conjunction of self and the absolute
A point of nexus which manifests
In the center of the journeying fool
Who along the pathway seeks the summit

Those who believe in delusion
They are in the driver's seat
Rather than being in collusion
With the Uncreated will the outcome see

Frog Perspective

Evaluating the world from its telluric depths
From the swamp and its noxious reek
The petty minded mass of men
Their greedy self-interest do seek

Their care for the day is the greedy grasp
Of their desiring consciousness
Lusting for treasure and the salacious
They over themselves do trip

Seeking to appropriate, to procure
Within their distended forms
All the delights of the world
Without limit, more and more

The sewer of the commercial metropolis
Into which they were born
Buoys up their concupiscence
Every desire they do not scorn

This matrix of primordial ooze
Their being is immersed in
Has been provided by the jews
Who use it to debase them

Swimming within the simulacral
False reality of lowest density
Debased minds of the lowest level
Subject to the bestializing frequencies

The engineers of the matrix
Themselves view the world and its mass
From their own frog perspective
That of a coarsely violent slaver caste

Their claims to have attained
The heights of consciousness
And to dwell in heaven with Yahweh
In a state of transcendent bliss

These untenable and arrogant boasts
Are unfounded and disproven
Through adopting a keener mode
Of transcendental consciousness

This state is unattainable
To the average every day
Matricized slave who is unable
To view the Truth with any clarity

Hence they are subordinate
In their state of mind in life
To the diabolic serpent seed
Who orchestrates the world's perpetual strife

The serpent seed hybrids of
Jewry and their reptilian masters
Along with their gentile thugs
Are immersed in their collective consciousness

The hive mind of the cabal
Views the world from the earth
Though purporting to be 'transcendental'
In the swamp it is immersed

Its cthonic orientation
The chaos of contingency
Determines their vocation
That of greed and usury

Of a perpetual violation
Of the harmony of life
As they can't live in the heavens
On the earth they do reside

Failing to reign in the shining stars
On the earth plane they seek
To install the manacles and prison bars
On our mind and on our feet

In the miry clay and slime
Of the tellurian expanse
In the day this vile blight
Transforms to shadows the luminescent

With their slime they blind us
These creeping saurians
Debase and malign us
While they exalt in egotism

The Gentiles become judaized
Of evil mind and intent
Arrogant and aligned
With Satan and his vile kin

These sickly creatures are infected
With the slime of their ruler
With egregoric germplasm
Of the demiurge and his creatures

These same creaturely beings
From their masters' derive
And partake of their mentality
And their controlling hive mind

They generate actual slime
Mycoplasma to disperse
With heavy metals combined
Over the heads of the herd

This in conjunction with EMF
A bombardment of radio waves
To lower the consciousness
And to their targets deprave

To trap them within the matrix
To drag them toward the abyss
Serving their souls' energetic
Loosh which thereby is excreted

Within the swamp these creatures feed
Vampirize their tormented host
Like a swarm of bloated leeches
They absorb the higher life force

The swamp of iniquity
The shtetl of the jew
Is the habitat in which they
Feed upon those they dragged into

Their frog perspective focus
Centers around their basest lust
The necessity of their choices
To slake their thirst on our blood

As any vampire they must
Feed upon another
Not possessing the life force
They our own do require

Their vampire nature
Is to absorb all sources of life
Mineral; plant and animal offer
To augment their dying light

Hence they create a cacophony
And a disruption of great tension
To induce stress in all sentient beings
And rivet us in their prison

Everywhere we do go
They the tension generate
Creating noise to their foes
The vital loosh to excrete

Constant agitation and abuse
They impose upon their enemies
Who are all the non-jews
Gentles unfit for slavery

They would feed upon their slaves
Keeping them fat and happy
All lead them to the grave
Drinking their blood like gravy

The serpents in the swamp
Greedily gorge on their beasts
To till the fields as their lot
And serve as the main course in the feast

Metatron

Hive mind of darkest evil
The jews pulling the wires on the earth
Immersed within are the people
In lower density they are submerged

The A.I structures of alien technology
Are projected upon the fallen Earth
To diminish the vibrational frequency
Of the minions of the dark forces

The construct of souls engineered
By the alien entities
Upon their minions who must fear
And tremble before these mysterious beings

To become immersed in 'spiritual Israel'
Or the 'ummah' of Islam
Is to submit oneself to a miserable
Diabolical mindless bondage

The construction of Metatron
On earth as in the astral
A result of aliens' technical control
And priestcraft in the mundane world

The churches and mosques are designed
To hijack the minds of the slaves
And to place them into a bind
Through invented egregores of the rabbinate

'Spiritual Israel' the diabolical oversoul
In which the bigots are immersed
And who profit from their role
As an ignorant slave minion serf

The priestcraft of the cabal
Is an orchestrated apparatus
In tandem with extraterrestrials
Formulated to cause havoc

To trap within their matrix cube
To enslave the gullible and naïve
To deceive and exploit the rubes
Who are still too blind to see

Invented fables of religion
Serve as witchcraft, spiritual bonds
Which fixate the masses' attention
Onto the conjured up egregores

Jesus and Jehovah
The 'chosen people' too
All are elaborate thought forms
The witchcraft of the jews

To say the name of these beings
To articulate them, to call upon
Is the chain one's soul to aliens
And bind oneself to the vampires

Through quantum entanglement
Of sympathetic witchcraft
This diabolical jewish magic
Upon the slaves strengthens its attachment

With every prayer and passage
Of the E.T's invented texts
The bond which ties them
Strengthens, a fate most tragic

Zombified one becomes
Programmed by the priestcraft cunning
Living in fear and trembling
He serves the demon seed each Sunday

Indeed daily and by the moment
His programmed state perpetuates itself
And his prayers to Yahweh-Jehovah
Transmitting his souls' energetic wealth

For illusory 'treasures' in heaven
He debases himself before the foe
And augments with this diabolical leaven
The height of the flames which roasts his soul

Into the hive mind he is fused
The greater strengthening of the bond
As he the bigot pompously refuses
To face the fact of his wrong

Into the hive mind spiders' web
He becomes immersed through prayer
And the mouthing of the passages
He deems 'holy' Scripture

The entities in this spiders' web
The lower astral tissue
Feed upon his soul instead
And absorb his vital issue

He loses his soul upon his death
A whimpering cowardly departure
And rather than a heroes death
He is cast into the arms of vampires

Masculinist

Modernity has unseated
The patriarchal power
And in its place has seeded
The germ of the feminine lunar

The contemporary world has fallen
From its previous height
And into the mire the sacred
Has by Cybele been dragged

Dionysos desports in the grotto
In telluric rites of iniquity
The consort of the cosmos
Mother goddess of lowest density

The scrap pile of the traditional world
A heap of bric-a-brac
A chaos, confusing whirl
Of postmodern nonsense

Neither rhyme nor reason
Has its place today
But a hazy confusion
The mother goddess has her way

Symptoms and signs of decadence
Are palpable and impress
Upon our coarse, lowest senses
States of chaos and confusion

Scattered in our thoughts
Becoming ensnares us
Fragmentation of our souls' loss
Immersed in their boiling cauldron

The path still lies before us
To transcend this down-going
Else into the acid bath
We plunge without Knowing

The upward path we must climb
Else we will disintegrate
In the primordial slime
The mother Goddess secretes

Traveling in the darkness
Through the tenebrous webs
Of the black widow goddess
Who on our vital sap is fed

As Frodo with his shining sword
We must cut a path
Through the tendrils, avoid her spoor
Lest we are absorbed in Daath

Her location that of illusion
The kaleidoscopic welter of images
Simulacra which fool men
The primordial and instinctive

Her masks she wears beguile
Tantalize and would render captive
The gentle caress and knowing smile
Anesthetizes our mind, blind are rendered

Only attachment to the higher principle

Can ensure our salvation

From the worldly crucible

That threatens to enslave us

To gird ourselves with adamantite

Armor and enter the fray

The godly red knight shines

And fights the hordes of Cybele

The hero, the archetypal man

Manifestation of cosmic mind

The realization of the divine plan

On the earth crystallized

A concentration of the light

Through centripetal forces

Entelechy of warrior might

Opposed by the telluric chaos

Order and willful control

The properties of the masculinist

Bright Lucifer, radiant soul

Shining forth in the heavens

In the tenebrous shadows
The mother Goddess lurks
The desecrated dark feminine
Who instinct impels to work

Primordial forces of chaos
From the depths of her womb
Reach forth with their tendrils
And all light would consume

The bright and shining Lucifer
Unsheathes his refulgent blade
Banishes the shadow worlds'
Subterranean creeping mages

His eternal light radiates
Forth its thrilling force
The fixed and unchanging
Luminescence of the North

Within himself this resides
The principle of his being
Diamond hard, shining white
Only Being never seeming

The black widow vanquished
Her shadowy webs of darkness
Under the brightness mere tatters
Standing forth the hero Lucifer

Which God?

Much ado about nothing
An abstract *qualitas occulta*
Without substance devoid of meaning
The empty abstraction 'Jehovah'

Yet more than a mere 'word'
A Jewish-derived English term
That is bound up with cognates
Gallic and German, Paleo Hebrew words

Jehovah and Yahweh
The logos who derives
From the cloaca gentium
Of Mediterranean clime

This empty abstraction
Is pregnant with meaning
That of violent aggression
A manifestation of His Being

A result of syncretism
Derived from the wandering jew
Who in their dirty desert
Venerated their God 'Yahoo'

This archetype of their mind
Designated with this name
Referenced this strange kind
Of negative alien entities

A reptilian coterie of slavers
Who throughout the galaxy roamed
And who on earth did savor
The flesh and blood and bones

The Neanderthal hybrids
Who venerated 'Yahweh'
Their tribal deity of the desert
The evil-all seeing eye

These synthetic constructs
Genetically engineered creatures
Of part reptilian origin
Carry out the whims of their master

This deity they venerate
Was always spoken of
As a usurper, violent and full of hate
Toward all sentient life on Gaia

The demiurge deity
Yahweh-Jehovah
Manifested his inner being
In the form of his 'eternal love'

And yet a mere simulacrum
For he is himself temporal
Finitude's crystallized manifestation
Rigidified entropic order

Such an inharmonious manifestation
Leads toward extinction
With the demiurge of imposition
Of the will of the great Satan

Jewry are the robots
Who upon the earth plane
Transmit into act His thought
The demiurge's thinking

Their role to implement
To actualize his will
Neither to create nor invent
Anything, as it may be conflictual

Simply to bow and scrape
Before their chosen master
And to exploit and enslave
All of those deemed 'Other'

To reify upon the earth
The kingdom of Zions' reign
And to force upon the serfs
The iron collar of slavery

Thus this God they worship
Is a manifestation of Being
The crystallized luminescence
Which traps all in lower density

To attach oneself to Yahweh
Through earnest prayer and devotion
Is to one's soul bind in entropy
To the diabolical consciousness

This 'God' above is held out
As a wonderful presence of glory
And for all to with it become bound
Is to terminate his souls' journey

This purpose of the flock of sheep
Is instilled in their consciousness
By the black magician priests
Who manipulate them into slavishness

They live only to die
To 'go to God' in heaven
And on their faces smile
As they have their souls' stolen

Within the churches they become
Bound up through quantum entanglement
With the malevolent reptilians
They mistake for angelic presences

Their soul over their life atrophies
And is siphoned into the creatures
Upon their loosh the beings' feed
To the oblivion of the parishioners

This deity they venerate
Must be fought against
And this on the spiritual plane
As well as that of earthly men

The hordes, legions of the dark
Are all arrayed against us
Serving Yahweh to rob the sparks
Which derive from vast Eternia

Either they will be defeated
Or we will forsake this earth
Leaving it and its denizens
To bow and scrape in the dirt

Without us they have no hope
To attain an immortal state
Should this be for then attainable
It will only be with us not against

Liberation of the anthropoids
Was the noble task of the Golden age
Through an intermixture
With the captive slaves

Cowards are always cruel

Jewish tactics of subversion

Operate through dark paths hidden

Devious and hateful, subterranean

Modes of the black magicians

These hidden ways, secret paths

Conceal their vicious actions

Within the sephiroth of Daath

The perpetuation of talmudic witchcraft

Fleeing the light of exposure

They seek to remain invisible

Behind blinds and simulacra

They have placed before their foe

Being of a fearful bent

Their mind races erratically

Like a scared hunted rabbit

They bolt for their warren if seen

These cowards must always flee
Away from there just pursuers
The attempt to avoid their karmic fees
And to perpetuate their usury

Their cowardly nature manifests
In the form of a perverse delight
In causing others harm and stress
Who would oppose them in a fair fight

Even the innocent are not spared
As their ritual murderers have attested
The abduction of those unaware
Of their malevolent and sick intentions

To visit harm upon others
Especially those who outshine them
To whom they have instinctive aversion
The chandal's natural motivation

To tear down and destroy
With prolonged eagerness
To torture with a sick joy
Violate the innocent

This the consciousness of the beast
Who derives perverse satisfaction from abuse
And who in the shadows creeps
Attempting to waylay the superior few

The sex and death nexus
Is prominent in his mind
The outer proterburent occiput
A testament to his inner crimes

The simian beastman delights
In visiting his cruelest tortures
Upon those who his jealousy incites
To their beauty ruin and deform

A history of sadistic perversions
Accompanies the de-man hybrid
The jewish pest whose inhuman
Cruelty must needs all astonish

No mercy for any however weak
As the creature Mr. Hyde
He preys upon those whose meek
Nature elicits his ire

Children; women are not spared
His vile and demonic cruelty
The burning of innocent women as 'witches'
Their torture and murder in public and secretly

As then so today, the cowards cruelly conspire
To subject their victims to microwaves
To in clandestine secrecy throw on the pyre
And speed their foes into their graves

The continuous subjection of their hated foe
The pureblood Aryan race
To this indignity of darkest evil
The cruelty of the jews' cowardice

Karma will rebound upon them all
And the pestilence will be neutralized
Millennia of their abusive and hateful
Acts which have violated our integrity

Jewry will meet their inevitable fate
And will be swept from the world
The remnant of the Aryan race
Will the noble swastika flag unfurl

Spite

Magian morality dictates
Obsequious veneration of the 'divine'
Whether in the form of Yahweh
Or of gods of any other kind

This obsequious genuflective pose
A function of the lunar consciousness
Derives from its origins
Homo hither asiaticus

Interlarded with this modality
Of the passive and contemplative
Is the presence of Chandal morality
With its spiteful motivation

The passive and fearful mind
Reflective of the divine in a glass darkly
As the moon the solar light
A mirage in the desert of the near East

This incapacity to apprehend
The Truth and accordingly to act justly
Manifests itself in 'the chosen'
And their twisted and spiteful animosity

Their hostile intent toward
They who radiate the light
Has into a law been formed
They claim is their Lord's 'invincible might'

Their Torah and Talmud
Encode the spiteful hatred
Toward all who are 'Gentiles'
Their non-jewish adversaries

From the earliest of times
In the stone age of the fertile crescent
To the contemporary world we find
The jews claiming they are 'heaven sent'

This selfish state of being
Is engraved in stone tablets
By the coterie of jewry
Led by their rabbinical fanatics

Their mission on the earth
Derived from their mandate
Which they had conferred
Upon them by their creators

This to enslave the world
And its entire population
To enchain their hapless serfs
And exploit them as their labor

More than this to sacrifice
Their powerless captive charges
To their masters go the prize
Of the souls' of the goyim

Impelled by their influence
The jews are incorrigible
In their mad malevolence
Toward those they deem mere 'animals'

Their spiteful hostility
Toward those who are 'Other'
Derives from their inner being
An inextricable essential feature

The sources of their hatred
Is their boundless arrogance
And their inner defects
The lack of a soul possessed

Being a genetic amalgam
Of reptilian and Neanderthal
And mixed with the goyim
They are inherently fallible

They who are pure
The Aryan race of the divine
Are the object of hatred
Reflecting the truth sublime

These the Jews seek
To destroy out of spite
For having a pure estate
Which they can only desire

The broken cisterns, the jews
Would smash all those intact
Out of spiteful hatred they abuse
And ruin the lives of Aryans

Those who live for spite
Simply weave a web of karma
Tangling themselves as the kikes
And receive their fate in the fire

Incurring negative backlash
For their actions against innocent
Third parties who they attack
Without any apparent reason

The motivating principle
Which drives these vile kikes
Is their lack of any spiritual
Qualities of the divine light

They dwell in darkness
And embody the lunar ray
Of the false light of Jehovah
Their father God, the inferior deity

The torchbearers of the false light
Diabolical agents of iniquity
Bound up with reptilian kind
Who are bent on hegemony

The synthetic creatures
Are doing their Dark Lords' work
Abusing and enslaving the denizens
Of Gaia for the Demiurge

Spiteful hatred their mode
Of assaulting these innocents
In passive aggressive mode
To steal the souls of men

Through cryptic and covert
Means they perpetually agitate
To disrupt the harmony and peace
Into the world of tension and violence create

The Laughter of the Immortals

Never serious without an element of humor
Or humorous without an element of seriousness
Such was the advice of Nero's tutor
Wise old Seneca the venerable stoic

All things have their humour
Within the realm of Olympus
The tragi-comic theater
Of the gods to play with us

We must play our part
As actors on the stage
And those who would depart
Who wear their heart on their sleeve

These had best quit the game
And live the hermits' life
Avoid pursuing glory and fame
And keep out of the strife

Else they may play their hand
That of the most serious
The tragic jokers' and
In a *mors triumphalis*

As outsiders and marginals
They are inept courtiers
Would not make it past
Even the Royal serfs

Hence as warriors from without
The barbarians of the Kali Yuga
They must their attack mount
And break the decadents' rule

All propriety and manners
Are swept away in blood
Through the insurgents action
In the maelstrom of RaHoWa!

The gods play their game of chess
With the pieces who are restricted
Within the bounds of their function
Save for the Prometheans

The Kings gird themselves round
with the Knights in shining armor
who receive from their bishops
the benefaction of their plaintive ardor

The fortresses on the field of battle
Are fortified with arsenals
Of advanced weaponry for the chattel
To their adversaries kill all

All they are able to observe
Who foolishly dash against them
As an uncontrolled Titanic surf
Which would thereby smash them

Those who are no adepts
At courtiers games and feints
Can buck the system nonetheless
Sabotage, and the citadels infiltrate

The war of the flea
Is the only path one may
Pursue against the enemy
And see Valhalla and victory

The tragi-comic laughter
Of the hero in his last triumphal act
Reverberates in the theater
Putting all others to silence

The sneers and guffaws of the courtiers
Have been in their nasty murmurings
Overpowered by the stutters
Of the hero's murder machine

The kings and bishops fall
Under the hammer blows of Thor
As Saturn's leaden sickle
Descends upon the foe

The gods laugh with irony
As the puffed up and vainglorious
Fall before their adversary
The agency divine righteousness

The barbarian hordes beset
On all sides the powerful
In their citadels and parapets
Looking with gravity below

The firebrands light up the night
Into which the nation had descended
Through the corruption of the royal line
And swarm the palaces to end it

They combat the usurious exploiters
Through whichever means they may
Destroying their trade and commerce
And initiating mayhem in the fray

The revolutionaries of the past
Have fought against the nation
And decimated the leadership
Which was benevolent in many cases

This scourge of Order has played
A role in sweeping away
A nations' corruption and inner decay
Though mostly for its usurping

The revolutionaries have attained their goal
Of establishing their kingdom
And now are the new royals
The roi du monde at the pinnacle

The revolution of today
Will be the last concluding act
In the dialectical pageantry
Which bears Kali's stamp

Against the revolutionaries themselves
Will be the next battle
At a fifth dimensional
War beyond the conventional

The barbarians are led
Some more consciously than others
To place the blutfahn in the stead
Of the magian flag of Doves

Peace conduces to the grave
As "All life is struggle"
As the crashing of Time's wave
Brings about their karma

The Wildes Heer of Odin

Ride with a Valkyries

And decimate those 'chosen'

To reap the fruits of their lies

Sexual Pragmatism

Modern woman has a plan

A strategy for the exploitation of men

To hold themselves out as a bargain

Their body undergoes commodification

In her relations with prospective paramours

She recognizes the necessary conditions

And she herself does transform

To obtain from him her golden meal ticket

Her strategies employ her black widow charms

Beguilement of the naïve donor of sperm

Who subterranean tendency she conjures

Through her refined and sadly seductive gestures

Her calculating and cunning ways

Are tools in her makeup bag

An apparent benign absurdity

But a weapon of war against masculinity

Clothed in the raiment of illusion
Her mayavic veils she shifts before him
Shifts the focus of his consciousness
Toward her beguiling appearance

The Queen bee in the hive
Has conscripted her drone slaves
To furnish her with their lives
That she may of royal jelly partake

All of the calculus of means and end
With her having the sum total of things
And he paying her dividends
Without limit, forever and eternity

In order to secure her future
She availed herself of her perfume
The scent to beguile her paramour
The target she will exploit and use

She seeks an idealized archetype
The masculine figure of media hype
The model she may idolize
And the donor she may vampirize

Her loyalty is to herself
As a center of her universe
Motivated she to obtain wealth
Through the instrumentality of cunning work

Nature's plan manifests through her being
To perpetuate itself, children creating
And they through the instrumentality
Of the provider of his golden seed

Both money and status are necessary
Merit alone is of no great value
To possess superior masculine qualities
Is as nothing without the almighty dollar

Any basic macho moron
Who swaggers about with arrogance
Can buy himself a meat woman
Socioeconomically correspondent

Those who are in their vain opinion
Considered 'beneath' their notice
Being of a lower social station
Will be shunned with extreme prejudice

The selfish arrogance of females

Impels them to seek elevation

Above what is purchasable

With their inherent limitations

Hence they are by desire motivated

The quest for even better suitors

Who would their nest furnish golden feathers

With which to attract their social peers

Those failing to pay the cost

Lacking adequate resources

Are castaway as mere dross

Though they may be a hero or genius

Sicut Judaeus Non

Protector of jewry, catholicity

Clucking his tongue the Pope

The 'rebels' against their Creator frenzied

Orchestrate mayhem, another episode

Splitting the proceeds after the fact

Leaving the bodies in unmarked graves

The rabbis and priests share in the stash

Of the fruitage of the labor of their slaves

They bask in leisure and decadence
Prop up their fatted forms
On silken cushions they relax
And a black mass they perform

To all appearances the Pope and clergy
Are antagonists to the 'perfidious jew'
But clandestinely they are meeting
Outside of the laity's obscured view

Chastisement and tongue clucking
The pretense of opprobrium
Yet any actual punishment they are ducking
Jehovah's spoiled rebellious children

Any peasants who would react
Are kept down by the christians
Those who have not been burnt as 'heretics'
Even if christian are made to suffer

'Sicut judaeus non'

"Never harm the Jew"

The credo of the legions
Of the judaizers gentile fools

Mere slaps on the wrist
Were meted out as punishment
By the popish clerics
Who served as jewry's enablers

The dialectic of 'good' and 'evil'
Designed to destroy the nations
Creating a false defender of the people
In the form of the priests and churches

The ancient Teutons learned
At the expense of their lives
That the false promises of the church
Were yet mere pretences, alibis

Invited to make 'peace'
They wound up in the trap
And then into the grave deceased
By the cowardly cunning rats

Jewry and their christian slaves
Hypocrites one and all
Had throughout the Piscean age
Brought about Traditions' fall

Their dialectic of genocide
Targeted the noble Aryan
Throughout the ages of this vile kind
Sought the noble races' annihilation

They created division amongst them
Pitted brother against brother
And on the bonfires burnt women
Tortured in subterranean dungeons

10 million Aryan sacrificed
To feed jewry's evil masters
Who for their very souls' died
To avoid their extinction as a parishioner

The witless zombies of christ
Bond slaves of diabolic forces
With jewry have themselves aligned
Mortgaging their souls through terror and for lucre

Jewry carries on to this day
Framing others for their own deeds
Projecting their own agency
Upon the victims of their bellicosity

The hypocritical priests and pastors
Meanwhile turn a blind eye
To what Jewry orchestrates through their agents
Pretending they are 'holy', sanctified

Christians thus play the role
As the enabler of the chaos
Both of whom blame their foes
Transferring blame onto 'Others'

The innocent third-party receives
Blameworthiness for their transgressions
All the while calling on Jesus
To put a stop to their madness

The decay or deception
They construct out of nothing
Out of their imagination
A simulacrum, mere seeming

This they project upon the 'Other'
As their adversary to distort
Their innocent and naïve character
To set them up for the slaughter

The witless minions they control
The blind and possessed laity
They use to attack their foes
And to transfer blame for their own immorality

Jewry has thus far avoided the news
They have woven as their karma
That they will receive just as soon
And will be served up to the hangman

Honesty is the Best Policy

The modern world a kosher zoo
Populated with 'die-versity'
A teeming cacophonous multitude
Cutthroats; murderers and thieves

It's minions all partake of the trough
Of the refuse of consumer trash
And each other push and shove
To accumulate their lucriferous stash

Mendacity is the mode of life
Each and all partake of
Else they will be ostracized
And cast out as a pariah

The smiling masks they wear
Are fixed upon their faces
To their fellows they appear
A normative instantiation

Each and all are one
In the hive mind of modernity
In the sewer of the nations
The swine squeal with glee

Those most adept at deceit
Are they who go furthest
Along the well paved streets
In their segregated areas

The cryptocracy which rules this world
Necessitates compliance with its will
The necessary condition of social
Elevation, else one's status is nil

To be a liar a necessary fact
Of participation within the plutocracy
In the theater of the world to act
With unctuous artifice persuasively

Greasy smiles and modulated tones
Subtle gestures of behavior
The hypocrites from prefabricated homes
Their bloated egos alone do favor

The rogues of the suburban landscape
Perpetually do lie
And on their artificial faces
A devious hypocrite smile

Honesty is a complete absence
Between word and object no connection
Their words bear no correspondence
To any actual state or condition

The behavior of the privileged caste
Trickles down to the plebeians
Who mimic and ape their betters
In order to secure their reputation

To fit into their hypocrisy
Of the modern kosher world
One must adopt the policy
Of mimicking their jewish masters

Only the most devious and false
Mercurial hypocrites and actors
Are capable of swimming in a swamp
Of the postmodern urban center

For them Truth has no meaning
Nothing actually exists
All is the illusory dreaming
Of their tonight perception

Without truth as a nations basis
Neither is there justice
As a recognition of what is
Underpins all harmonious action

Hence a society of the swamp
Wherein everything obtains
And no rules or fixity of norms
Leads to its disintegration

No truth acknowledged
By the caste of the corrupt
But they must face the consequences
Of their willful ignorance

Only eternal verities
May serve as the basis
Of a stable nation
That lasts throughout the ages

Failing these principles obtaining
The clay and iron edifice
Sinks into the swampy terrain
And crumbles to ruins

The perennial empire
Is the only organized form
That will never expire
The kingdom of heaven on earth

Fifth columnist

A chameleon amidst the nation's folk
Indiscernible save by the keen observer
Jewry in their cunning play the role
Of the fifth columnist, a saboteur

Creeping in by slow degrees
Working within their tribe of merchants
Masquerading as a friend this enemy
Does their best to ape conformism

To deceive and blind their host
To keep up conventional appearances
To exist their essence as a ghost
Out of the sight of the gentiles

Whether in Babylon or Egypt
They infiltrate and ingratiate
Pandering to the gentile leaders
As Levite priests they masquerade

They employ their black magic
Priestcraft of arcane lore
They and their wanderings assimilated
Use it against their host they deplore

Beguiling the host with foreign wonders
And the premise of arcane power
They then hypnotize the gullible
And worm their way into the noble tower

Once in the inner sanctum they
Play both ends against the middle
The dialectic of dividing and conquering
Creating conflict to the folk unsettle

One faction of jewry plays
The sympathetic spartacist
Who incites violence against
The wealthier educated classes

The other plays the elitist
Spurning the poor with disdain
Both factions in the theater
Our behaviorally modeling

For jewry life is a theater of war
Against all and sundry at all times
In the name of 'peace' their grudge they bear
Against all especially Aryan mankind

Those they can use they happily enslave
Through their clandestine network
The tentacles of the octopus arrayed
Throughout the nations of others

Through usury and Money-lending
They bury their hooks in the gentiles
Through their fractional reserve banking
They operate as cold-blooded reptiles

Those leaders who fail to pay the tax
Or the interest on any loan
Are to foreign mercenaries subject
Who are let in by the fifth column

In spite of any payments or compliance
On the part of their captive host
Jewry nonetheless does aspire
To have all this world as their own

Hence once in the vampires
Work in secret to accrue
All of the positions of power
Through intermarriage with the noble few

Once confident they hold adequate power
They then embark on sabotage
Bringing the nation to its fatal hour
Through revolution and clandestine espionage

The lowest dregs of the nation
Are conscripted as their shock troops
Else soldiers from lands foreign
They pay to destroy and to loot

The fifth column of jewry
Their endgame is genocide
To conceal their enmity
Behind a crocodile smile

The gullible Aryan leadership
Whose thoughts are elevated above
The crudity of money manipulation
To the jew all too often succumbs

The Aryans' consciousness
Is elevated toward the clouds
And not on the earth fixated
Like a swine burying its face in the trough

This trait of blissful ignorance
Jewry has identified
And though not comprehended
He exploits Aryan naïveté

His tactics on most others would fail
As they are more earthbound
In their actions they themselves avail
Of all benefits to be found

The Jew confines himself to the world
The Aryan focuses on the celestial
And under the benighted Christian scourge
He the Aryan doesn't stand his ground

He lives in the empyrean
And neglects his earthly duty
To support and to augment
The Aryan race and its glory

As in the case of the Scythians
And of myriad empires of old
The noble enterprising Aryans
Must remain to shoulder the load

Of dwelling in the higher planes
On the earth they must combat
Else will signal the end of the game
And all hope for spiritual conquest

Jinn

In the den of iniquity

The drunkard drains his swill

Paying the jewish barkeep

To he and his folk kill

Becoming addicted to poison

He drains the bottle to the dregs

And drains his limited finances

Speeding his path to the grave

Rather than using his resources

To contribute to the greater good

Of his race and its successes

He drains them down his throat

In the bar of flashing lights

The syncopated beat pulses

Inducing lower frequencies of the mind

Conditioning their violent lusting

Beast-consciousness generation

Through their synchronized heart rate

With the feral beats correspondent

Amplified through poison drinking

The feral soul of Mr. Hyde
Resurrects from its tomb
And desports in the dead of night
In its aggression releasing loosh

The defense mechanisms of inhibition
Are removed through the hand of darkness
The animal beats' syncopation
Opening up the victim to possession

A multi-sensorial bombardment
Sights and sounds to excite the senses
To encourage their corruption
In a microcosm of the city of Dis

The spirits they traffic with
Are no genies in a bottle
But rather the dark forces
Who enslave all of us

With every bottle they drain down
Their level of inhibition
Is brought low to thereby allow
Entry of the astral denizens

To their fragmented soul attaches
These vampire astral beings
And the victims who they capture
Upon their souls they do feed

These dens of iniquity
Run by the devious jews
Are not solely run for money
But for harvesting their loosh

Chronic stimulation of their captives
Who they have enticed
With poison apples and false promises
Of the glamorous life

The aesthetic gestalten which
Beguile their undeveloped minds
Are designed to render captive
Their souls by demonic kind

The simulacrum of pleasure
Is the poisoned apple offered
By the cunning jewish barman
And the media executive

Clothed in the garb of popularity
Those soaked with poison throughout
The technicolor coat of dreams
As a nightmare turns inside out

Chasing after phantasms
These gin soaked socialites
Are doing themselves damage
Under the flickering neon lights

"Behold the alcoholized animals
Bemused with [kosher] drink"
Says the protocols of the Elders of Zion
As predictive programming

Sauron Logos

The logos of the judeo
Venerated by jewry and their slaves
The false father of the world
Jehovah the King of Tyranny

Yahweh the Dark Lord
Worshipped by the kosher cabal
The violent agent called 'The Word'
Who through His intelligence enslaves us all

Posited as the greatest of all Beings

This violent cosmic eruption

An A.I structure of E.T origins

Bringing about devastation

On Saturn this machinery is installed

To broadcast lower frequencies

Generating the matrix overall

And trapping the sheep in slavery

Sauron's eye perceives all

Through the concrete forms he generates

And manifests from the astral

The qliphothic egregores of His hate

His emissaries on the earth plane

Jewry and their christian allies

Carry out his orders of the day

And impose His will and utmost desire

The slave caste on the earthly plane

Are mere puppets on electronic strings

Manipulated through Jehovah's brain

Through extraterrestrial A.I technology

This logos of violent aggression
Is the will of the jewish god
And exist in a state of passion
Encoded in their fables of the bible

The word of the Demiurge
A Word of violent assault
Imposing itself on the herd
Through entropy extinguishing their souls

The all-seeing eye broadcasts its rays
From the vast reaches of the cosmos
From the astral it casts its gaze
Impelling the extraterrestrial host

To view the world as a prison planet
All those not completely debased
Must of necessity be an opponent
Of the false father deity Yahweh

That no good may come of this
Tyrannical chamber of entropy
A torture prison, nether region of Dis
Of spatio-temporal causality

Those who have sold their soul
To the 'self-chosen' few and their Master
Will their true self playing this role
Lose and wind up in a state of disaster

They have become bound to the entities
Who resonate with Sauron
The Dark Lord who only sees
To the seventh heaven and on down

Beyond this the blind God
Yahweh-Jehovah cannot go
Rather he crystallizes the consciousness
Of those who to him their souls' devote

They experience an atrophy of their being
Under the gravitational waves
Generated by alien machinery
To Saturn transported to their grave

The entities which feed upon our souls
Have established their machinery
To harvest our philosophic gold
To augment their own finite capacity

Upon the blood of sacrifice
They with mighty Sauron feed
And through Saturn's rings of ice
They broadcast the death frequency

Those who fail to resonate
At a higher rate of being
May fail to avoid the fate
Of falling within their tractor beam

Those who live in a state of bliss
Of willful reality denial
And make a virtue of ignorance
Are fragmented to their lies

Those who have integrity
Who are living in the Truth
Through their life a battle be
The Green ray they attain to

The World of Robots

A technocratic slave system
Designed to span the globe
With electronic surveillance
And microwave mind control

Radio waves transmitted through
Broadcast arrays ubiquitous
Beaming the broad masses who
Remain in a state of unconsciousness

Somnolent zombies they drudge
To and from their 9-to-5
In pursuit of gleaming Mammon
On a treadmill until they die

These adamant tools are engineered
With a base technical education
Barely adequate to manufacture
Goods and services for their exploiters

Through gradualistic means
They are supplanted with technology
Their undeveloped innerbeing
With robots is merged synthetically

Trans-humanized these atrophied beings
Are no longer autonomous
Incapable of independent living
Into the hive mind assimilated

Their every move and act
Are recorded and controlled
Every pulse, heartbeat and breath
All processes biological

The formerly free and independent
Being who existed as a node
A fragment of the divine incarnate
Rendered a tool replaceable

An instrument of industry
Of extraterrestrial kind
For harvesting energy
To feed the astral vampires

The animate tools of the system
Stare into their screens
And themselves classically condition
Into a robotized slave

The architects of this world
Eagerly serve their masters
On the earth extraterrestrials
Have their hybrids planted

They with madness extend
The scope of their robot network
And bring about the end
Of the healthy organic world

Should they accomplish their plans
All will be as 'One'
Together on the slave plantation
Serving the parasite scum

At all times and everywhere
The machines are operating
Creating inharmony on the earth
While our thoughts they are recording

To sit idly back and allow
The perpetuation of their machines
Is to sell their atrophying souls
To the Dark Lord and his entities

Hence the system must come down
Through any and all means necessary
And those who serve the system
Must needs get out of the way

Else they will suffer their fate
That of wholesale extermination
For enabling the machine to enslave
Those who once had self-determination

Collective Consciousness

The Middle Eastern conception
Of the tribal collective
Is the standard form consciousness
Those desert dwellers possess

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend"
Such is their schizoidal mind
And all work toward this end
Perpetuating through violence their kind

The tribal collective adheres together
Bound by blood and soul
Aggressively repels all others
Who are cognizable as their foes

Either you're with us or against
No other choices optional
To oppose one is to then bring
A war of all against all

A tribal collective consciousness

Has its merits and deficiencies

And for nomadic robbers

This is the height of morality

Unified to their hive mind

Their collective consciousness

By the rabbinate standardized

As the Will to power of the collective

It has served them well this Entity

Into which they are merged

And has led them to the peaks

Of power over the terrestrial world

Most fail to understand

That the jews are not autonomous

in their every thought and action

They are governed from above

Their hive mind is stepped down

From the astral, lower seven heavens

To the dense terrestrial ground

Derived from Yahweh, their master

The Demiurge of violent forces
Projects through His Will
And upon the teeming masses
Coerces slavery to the Jewish people

Within the hive mind they operate
Receiving telepathic communiques
As soldiers on the earth plane
They serve their deity Yahweh

All work as a collective group
With one another in silent subversion
To engineer this theological crew
And reduce to subservience the nations

The Demiurge's consciousness
Pervades the lower seven heavens
And the minds' of most captures
Into the hive mind assimilates them

Tribal thinking has its value
Restricted to one's organism
One's race and culture prove
The strongest bond of blood relation

Those who violate the bonds
Which weld together the folk
Through loyalty to others wrong
Their very essence, inner soul

To mix and mingle with others
Is to sever the chains which bind
To their higher principle fail to recover
To cast adrift amidst the ocean brine

Reincarnation necessitates
By the law of attraction
The preservation of the state
Of the racial folk collective

"Like attracts like"
The maxim holds true
That the soul partakes
Of the tribal group

Those who gravitate
Toward one's kin
A healthy mind demonstrate
A natural affiliation

Those who band together
With those of disparate kinds
To that degree they sever
Their archetypal organic ties

Schism is introduced
Through a mixture of types
Which is tangible proof
Of failure to reconcile

The Middle Eastern mentality
Of blood and soil
Is understood wisely
By the harmonious soul

Paradoxically it is
That the Aryan race
Though harmonious
They are through grace

Not through 'the world'
To which they are foreign
And thus must learn
To resonate therewith

The unify spirit and matter
To consolidate the blood memory
Getting one's head in the stratosphere
And the feet planted on the mundane

This is the self overcoming
That the Aryans must learn
To not remain in heaven
But to fight on the earth

Not to be divorced
From their fleshly principle
But integrated through force
Against the Demiurge

Not bound to the earth
As the untermenschen
But a resurrected curse
Against the herds of de-men

The blood memory rekindles
Through a transcendent state
Activation of the higher principle
Inherent in his inner being

Self recognition and integrity

Never a violation

Of his essential personality

A potent self-affirmation

The bonds which fused together

The disparate elements of the folk

Are derived from spirits' inherence

In the lower density of the world

To shift the focus to the fight

Yet remain within Eternia

Kindles in the blood the luminous light

And works up the berserker warrior

The battle against the dark forces

Requires not only lone mercenaries

But a collective unified consciousness

To mobilize Aryans against their adversary

Father

The father figure of tradition

A provider and protector

Has now become a faded image

In a folktale collection

The strong and valorous character
Who undergoes risk and sacrifice
To ensure his line thrives and prospers
Against the stress and storm of life

This archetypal character is absent
From the males of the modern world
Who are demoted in the system
To the level of the churl

The former Jarl's of yesteryear
Have been all but castrated
Through the bias which inheres
In the Chandala slave system

The father figure of this world
Is a pale reflection of Tradition
An imitation of the mold
Of the patriarchal condition

Modern 'man' in name alone
Can be said to adhere to the type
Of the ancient world a pale shadow
An imitation of a better time

The stoical *pater familias*
Whose strength radiates from the center
Which he occupies as a noble figure
And prevents all opponents to enter

His protective aureole
Banishes the lunar light
And his divine solarity
Confers upon him paternal might

The wisdom of the ancients
He keeps in custody
And transmits to younger generations
To maintain his legacy

His modern contender
Who would wear the laurel wreath
Has very big shoes to wear
And comparatively small feet

He does not make the grade
And thus falls by the wayside
In this time he degenerates
And lives a chaotic life

No possibility of achievement

No ability to establish

A state of higher meaning

Of a Traditional pattern

The father figure a relic

Of the world of Tradition

Now we see only pathetic

Imitations of gentlemen

The metrosexual in the city

Or the swaggering ape in the ghetto

Of the vestiges of modernity

The effeminates and the machos

These may partake

To varying degrees

Of the masculine archetype

And are thereby redeemed

Though degraded and confused

Through the social chaos

Some have thereby accrued

A set of steel balls

These few remnants
Are the men among the ruins
Who remain standing against
The onslaught of the pestilential brood

Through the conditions of today
Even for the most fortunate
Against the family militate
They may still stand as men

Stand against the evil tide
And overthrow it through force
To banish the lunar light
With the Hammer of Thor

The father archetype exists
Only for the privileged
And for the devotees of self-service
The negatively ego-driven

It serves as an excuse
To avoid the conflict of today
To filthy lucre accrue
And 'sacrifice' for one's family

Within the consumer world
Of suburban decadence
Working within the wheel
Is the only challenge

Sacrificing the greater good
And survival of one's race
For the sake of self should
Be considered a disgrace

Whether one achieves
The continuance of his line
In these conditions of impossibility
It would be a blink of the eye

Submerged into the flood tide
Of the intruding foreign invaders
One's own line would expire
Through inevitable miscegenation

Hence the RaHoWa!
Will be the testing ground
Of the true father
Who will stand his ground

Regressus Infantilismus

Today's world of idiocracy
Has reduced to the level of infancy
They who are trapped within the rings
Of the cube of the Saturnian matrices

The education- indoctrination
System of classical conditioning
Subjects the naïve children
To a process of standardization

Each one reduced to the lowest level
To that of the brute beast
Sufficient to buttons press and levers pull
To perpetuate their slavery

To work day and night to pay to live
While they waste away their energy
Chained to the wheel their life force give
To the sadists who upon them feed

The formula for enslavement
Imposed upon the broad masses
Is to design a universal blueprint
Of *mathesis universalis*

Of a *lingua franca* standard form
Which all must learn the rudiments
Which was imposed in different permutations
At various times and places

The Latin of Rome served its purpose
The cabals' standard form template
And ancient Greek played this role before
Followed by English variants

The jews and their affiliates
Have now grown tired of the whites
Envisioning they will certainly be victorious
According to their biblical prophecies

They accordingly elevate through their power
Of global networks subterranean
The ascension of other languages foreign
To supplant that of the white nations

Chinese and Arabic amongst others
And their mestizoized spanglish
All are to become absurdly alloyed
While they preserve Hebrew as their privilege

All the diverse kinds are to
Be mixed in their witch's cauldron
Boiled into a genetic goo
Poured in the molds of the new Jerusalem

All diverse characteristics
Are to be effaced forever
In their place the standard package
Of the dumbed-down servitor

A lengthy process of crystallization
Of spiritual forces into matter
Which serves as the organic basis
Of a harmonious differentiated order

This the cabal wishes to efface
With a wave of their wizards' wind
Through creative destruction to erase
The diverse cultural organisms

The maturity of nodes of consciousness
Crystallization of all sentient life
They would in their political alchemy
Burn in the *nigredo* phase of strife

To instigate race war globally
And see to it whites are disarmed
Or by any and all means necessary
To the greatest extent hamstrung, disempowered

This the christians perform as their role
To obstruct the livelihood of their race
To in morbid sickness pay the toll
For their alleged sins and for 'divine grace'

They hold their folk down
While the jews sharpen their knives
And plunge it into their woman's womb
To serve their race up as a sacrifice

Those they leave alive to serve
And to submit slavishly to their deity
Will be mixed amongst the teaming heard
A-Brahamized subhumanity

The process of dissolution
Has already wound its way
Toward a hybridization
Of incompatible biology

Formulated in their think tanks
The cabal has designed their protocols
For the robotization of all kinds
And a *regressus infantilismus*

As Aldous Huxley had revealed
The methods and goals they had conceived
In their kosher brave new world
All would be assessed to minute degrees

All would be assigned a grade
And would be strictly segregated
For their designated role to play
Only relative degrees of knowledge necessitated

This dumbing down of the mass mind
Toward the dregs of volk chaos
Can only in the end realize
A world of dysfunctional slag and dross

Vulgar Display of Power

Beast consciousness the modality
Of the cabal of black magicians
A violent imposition of 'morality'
That of the psychopath, ego-driven

Negative ego consciousness

The mentality of the populace

Derived from the highest

Echelons of the power pyramid

Within the wheel of Time

The puppet masters of the system

Make a virtue of their crimes

Revealing their methods to their victims

They place their targets within

The crosshairs of their malevolence

And to a double bind subject them

Ratcheting up the world's aggression

They delight in envisioning themselves

As the paragons of virtue

The agents of their 'G-d'

Who commands that they abuse

Staging theater stunts

On which their pawns and enemy

Are arrayed as so many pieces

On the chessboard of modernity

Within the magic square of the world
The game's Masters make their moves
Through their subtle and guileful
Legerdemain and magnetic influence

The pawns are eagerly sacrificed
To sate the bloodlust of their masters
And within this prison of strife
Victory always goes to the gamesters

There are those who are played and those who play
Agents of evil influence and good
Those who are mere pawns for a day
Those who though powerful are their food

The targets attempt to live their lives
And are thrown into the frenzy of war
Whether of humble origin or occupying the heights
All to play the game, are forced

The animal minds of the controlling forces
Are mere nodes in that of the hive
Which is the conscious structure of the Prince of Darkness
And which impels them in their crimes

These sadistic abusers of their charges
Impose upon them all manner of hardship
From slander and character assassination
To psycho-physical torture and murder

The reincarnation trap has captured
The souls of those earthbound
Many indeed most on the chessboard
Like a zombie stumble blindly around

Their movements; thoughts and motivations
Are simple functions of their program
Which has been entrained in them
By their masters the wizards of zion

The entrainment process entails
An infinite series of stimuli
And correlated responses
Which mold them into a certain kind

Whether through state education
or through religious upbringing
The process of classical conditioning
Is their package of programming

To every gesture and act
Of the sentient organism
Manipulation extends
To violate their inner being

Every thought and movement
Is recorded and monitored
Upon him again manipulated
By these malevolent overlords

Their intentions are malign
To harm and agitate
To torture ritually
The targets of their game

Each member of the cabal
Must demonstrate their affiliation
Through behavior bestial
Imposed upon innocent victims

Their aggressive sadism is
Inherent in their being
One of the necessary conditions
Of gaining their pyrrhic victory

The traits of these psychopaths
May be readily perceived
In their cunning furtive glance
And the smiles of the evil seed

Devious; false and cunning
The black magicians' mentality
Like a pall overhangs society
Obscuring the suns shining

Gotham

Within the warrens of the urban landscape
The shadowy figures of the underworld
The petty criminals their vice perpetuate
While the real culprits remain unknown

The highest levels of the power structure
And manipulated by the wire pullers
Controlled by the cabal of robbers
Who absorb the lifeblood of the goyim

The rabble of vice in their warrens
Rats who race in the interstices
Of the ghetto prison wards
And justify the presence of police

The cops and robbers maintain
The dynamic tension of control
Each the other enabling
In their mutually supportive role

The citizens are thus kept down
From labor site to tenement
Too afraid of the criminals
And unable to rely on police presence

The disempowered citizens thus
Are kept within the limitations
in Gotham city their only function
To cater to the elites' decadence

The dirty warren of the parasite nest
Is thus a seething cauldron
Of unbridled crime and violence
That of the elites' origin

Funding crime and vice does serve
To fill their pockets with ill-gotten gain
And the drugs; prostitution and murder
On the unknown 'criminal' is blamed

The laws of Gotham are designed
On the model of the two-tiered system
In which the lawmakers' crimes
Are swept under the red-tape and skewed data

For the common serf on the plantation
The iron laws entail no remorse
Their scope unduly restrictive
Lest they be of the 'victim' hordes

Thus the two-tiered system of law
Is for the controllers and their tools
Not for the harmonious Aryan
Whose law is the divine rule

The makers of 'the law' are independent
Of the efficiency of their own rules
For the common people, the 'goyim'
The Noahide must be adhered to

The makers of 'the law' are the breakers
Who follow the law of their deity
Yahweh the evil Lord of Darkness
The ruler of spatio-temporality

Within their publicized system
The citizens have had their say
To establish their own heaven
Or hell on earth via democracy

Thus they would transfer blame
Away from themselves as 'representatives'
While the goyim they hobble and lame
In terms of any actual 'freedoms'

Their intention to fragment the folk
To create a dynamism of chaos
To upon all superimpose
The simulacrum of 'individual choice'

This deception is pacified
The common folk who fail to know
That their controllers lie upon lies
And hoodwink the naïve 'profane' folk

The Gotham system, a rigged game
For the puppet masters to play
To conceal themselves above the fray
In their luxurious towers of ivory

Within the system yet other elements
Pervade the shadows to enforce it
Clandestine and subterranean
Never seen by the sight of civilians

The assassin squad's pervade the realm
And hunt the potential dissidents
To drag them down into Gotham's hell
Ritually murder, sacrifice them

The dark night of the cabal
Their primary hired killer
Spreads his wings like a pall
Over the false light of Luna

The Batman an emissary
Of the slavers of the earth
The Archangel Michael avenging
His would-be man-god masters

They who perceive themselves
To be affronted by any 'Other'
Conscript their avenging angel
To throw them in the Hudson River

All they who are 'Other' are
The enemies of the cabal
Especially the noble Aryan
The greatest threat to the black cabal

Joker

Within the black heat of Gotham city
The crucible of crime and vice
The mayor and his underworld coterie
Regarding the future strategize

What corporations they will use
As fronts for their narcotics racket
And what casinos in which to abuse
The orphan children they have abducted

What accounts they will used to launder
Their counterfeit currencies
And upon what they will squander
Their ill-gotten gain from their tax slaves

Into this darkness of corruption
Enters an angel of light
From the higher planes an involution
To rid the world of its plight

The Joker enters the arena
Of the octagon to fight
To give battle to the Freemasons
And jewry, pestilential blight

The blue-eyed Joker, Superman
An elevated being endowed
With superlative higher Wisdom
To attack this sinister crowd

The transcendent nature he does have
Derived from celestial origins
From the stars he on earth manifests
To the wardens and their prison

His green hair from the ray
Of the Eternal planes of Being
His pallorous skin whitest purity
A blue-blood of divinity

This purple coat demonstrates
His elevated mind of highest height
And his laughing grin corroborates
The immortality of his kind

Nothing can touch or harm him
As his true Being lies elsewhere
And his choice of incarnation
Is a suit of clothes he wears

To oppose 'the laws' of Gotham
And to liberate the population
To dismantle the kosher system
Through any and all means

The Joker builds his syndicate
Through contravention of the laws
His criminality is the only method
Which for him power can amass

The system has denied him
A means to otherwise exist
And hence though his heart is pure
He must do what he can to live

Arms dealing to provide
A means for the poor to liberate
Themselves from the Darkside
Of A-Brahamic slavery

'Robbery', defined as theft
Of other people's property
Stealing from the corrupt rich
And using well the proceeds

To build an army of heroes
They who are called 'terrorists'
By the regime of mafiosi
Who place them on their hit list

Like the Freikorps of old
Only an international network
An underground Railroad
Of well-trained hitman

The Joker's wild plans
A product of his Divine Mind
And born of his idealism
And manifest within time

The cabal of darkest evil
Evaluates him as 'insane'
As they can't comprehend this 'devil'
Who transcends their feeble brains

His schemes and plans are grand indeed
Designed to change the world
To the cabal he is the adversary
Of their Metatronic rigid mold

He has descended to terminate
The creeping pests and their usury
To put a stop to their will to violate
The captive slaves in their rusty cage

Their death certificate he has signed
With an iron pen in ink of blood
And their passage to the other side
Will be swift and for them most certain

Though he die in the midst of the storm
Which he created with god-like force
He will have achieved a triumph over
That scourge which devastates the earth

The profane would claim a 'tragic end'
Yet laughingly the immortal departs
In the midst of the flames the insurgent
Strikes the enemy and its black heart

In Olympus upon high
The Joker laughs with glee
At the darkest evil tide
Which has faced its adversary

The chaos he had introduced
Sabotaged the rigid system
In the minds of the populace
Had instilled the notion of 'freedom'

They took up the tools he gave
Their will and skill, to tear down
To decimate and cast in the grave
The dark hordes of the cabal

License to Kill

A mandate has been issued
By the parasite exploiters
To their hired infiltrators
And indigenous slave labor

That the white man is fair game
To torment and abuse
To strike at through legerdemain
And to exploit and use

The white man if he's 'lucky'
Is permitted to partake
Of the poison apple of wage slavery
And for foreigners to pave the way

His obligation is imposed upon him
By the larger social norms
To serve the parasite tyrants
Their serfs and the foreign invaders

All work toward this end
With sadistic glee participate
In tearing down the white man
Undermining him with their hate

He has no rights to speak of
Other than the right to slave
Before the arrogant 'victims'
Who would push him in the grave

No freedoms has he either
Save than to suppress his own
And to facilitate the takeover
To destroy his ancestral home

His 'freedoms' are his duties
To tear down the white man
To serve females and non-whites
And train his replacements

The white man thus is a tool
An instrument in their hand
That they may exploit and use
To serve their self-satisfaction

Thus all wield the sword
Over the head of the white man
And he must of necessity conform
To their infinite demands

Else they will descend upon him
Through their control of the police state
And he will be subject to ostracism
Through their malevolent collective hate

They will cause them to lose
Everything he has achieved
His job; his home; his livelihood
And he will then have nothing

Their goal these thieves and exploiters
Is to strip the white man of all
And to orchestrate a takeover
Through gradually causing us to fall

Their animal cunning of primitive minds
Works silently and in secret
To our position and life undermine
To tear the crowns from off our foreheads

Their attempted usurpation
Is undergone through stealth
To taking over the positions
Of power, those most essential

Their enablers are affiliated
With them in their takeover
To tear down all the white men
And take all they can recover

The feminists are hell-bent
Driven by their hatred of
The white man who they rend
With their vultures' talons

They seek to castrate him
And to absorb his vitality
In the form of income taxes
To swell their purses mightily

Driven by a lust for power
These black widows establish
A network of red tape mesh
In which to entrap him

Their bureaucratic webbing
These vampiric creatures weave
Facilitates the stealing
Of the white man's vitality

That these men follow suit
And mimic their masters
The serpent seed of the earth
Who hell-bent creates disaster

They undermine and sabotage
The white man whom they hate
Force upon him coercion
To serve, bow and scrape

Gradually they disempower him
Through every cowardly tactic
poison and beleaguer him
Upon him force near irreparable damage

They employ their cunning trap
Of ubiquitous bureaucracy
To ensnare and to sap
All of his vital energy

When they have sufficient power
To begin to ostracize
To force into the margins
Of his home and to demonize

They then feel confident
In their hubristic nature
That the white man's nation
Will soon be theirs

Working as collective
They begin their campaigns
Of slander and vilification
Sullyng the white man's name

Rewriting history is their gimmick
To distort the thoughts of all
To portray as sick and demented
The white man, the 'greatest evil'

A slaver and colonialist
A genocidal maniac
An exploiter and mass murderer
A destroyer of civilization

A robber and a thief
A usurer and rapist
Such is the slander
Circulated by sadists

Gumby

With his Mithraic cap atop his head
His green body of luciferic light
His bright blue eyes of eternal heaven
He ventures forth into the world of lies

Astride his orange horse poky
The emanation of Krodo-Santur aion
He enters from the Golden Gates
To reify the days of old bygone

The blockheads of the matrix
Agents of the leaden cube
And the Saturnian prison planet
Hunt Gumby with desperate moves

They are aware he is a threat
To their prison of lowest density
The walls of the Saturn-moon matrix
Staff and their vibrational frequency

These blockheads pursue their enemy
Throughout the world of matter
Through their chameleon-like adversary
Manages to escape their clutches

The luciferian light of the higher planes
Has been brought upon the earth
To the lower orders of captives
Liberate from the slave matrix

Gumby is the adversary
Of the Demiurge Jehovah
And wishes to orchestrate
A coup against the cosmic despot

His mission is to bring the Truth
Regarding the cosmic parasite
Who vampirizes us all as food
And imposes upon all his blight

The minions of this distortor
Of the realm of Eternia
Who deceive the lower orders
Within his plagiary dwell

The blind God in wrathful violence
Imposes on all his aggressive force
This in the midst of the deathly silence
Upon all who into corpses transforms

This wrathful violent father God
Blasts his load of excreta
Into the realm of Eternal forms
And crystallizes into matter a substrata

The manifestation of this Will
Depresses the thought and action
Of those captive in this realm
And paralyzes their dynamism

As in insect trapped in amber
The coagulation of His entropy
Enwreaths the despairing struggler
And extinguishes his radiant Being

Those upon the earth and plane
Are all prey to this diabolic Mind
Which seeks it's vital prey
Through capturing their naïve minds

The priestly caste upon the earth
Ensure to reinforce the program
With fear porn, threats of hellfire
To disengage their feeble reason

The map of bible tall tales
Does not correspond with the Real
The territory's not available
To the commoner in Time's wheel

Gumby's role is to intervene
And to provide the naïve folk
With an efficient and effective means
To the higher Self evoke

To provide them with weapons
Of spiritual combat for victory
To overcome the influence
Of lower vibrational frequency

As Odin of old on sleipnir
Gumby rides his horse
A vehicle of his willful
Glory, staying the hardest course

Though the blockheads attempt
To thwart his noble aspiration
To spiritualize the matrix prison
They had already been defeated

They live on borrowed Time
Trapped within the matrix sphere
And their crude techniques of lies
Are by the Truth defeated

Their system of entropy exists
For a mere blink of an eye
Of their Demiurge whose matrix
Is doomed like him to die

They feel so confident of success
Blind as they are to the Truth
Their boundless hubris, arrogance
Will their defeat inevitable to prove

Jehovah Lord of the evil
Who destroys all light and life
Who creates a world peopled
With demons in human guise

The Prince of Darkness their master
Yahweh, the Lord of evil hosts
Will inevitably cease to matter
As the noontide of the black sun sweeps close

Injurious Reliance

The morality of the black magician:
"Those who partake of my false gifts
Are blameworthy if the noxious poison
In the shiny apple kills them."

"What I do to others is not my fault
I am merely giving the Other a 'choice'
Those who of the poisoned apple partake
Bear the blame for being poisoned."

The mafiosi extracts his gun
Points it at the head of his victim
States: "You're money or your life, scum"
And claims he discharged his karma

Yet in a higher court of Law
The mad doctor with his poisoned apples
The mafiosi with his quick draw
Will be held for their acts accountable

Those who rely upon these rogues
Without any suspicion they are held
In a state of jeopardy not made known
By the cunning devious scoundrels

These third parties are blamed
Through a passive patient
For the harm brought against them
By the sinister karmic agent

The black magician would transfer
The entirety of blame to his mark
For his own moral transgressions
The naïve party plays his part

Through dissimulation and intrigue

The rogues have their mark

The gullible party have deceived

To pursue their selfish desire

Though blameworthy to the degree

Of their ability to know

The reliance lead to injury

Which is the doing of the rogue

Hence though they may not claim 'innocence'

They are not the bearer of the burden

By the rogue forced upon their shoulders

As a doer of the deed receives the punishment

To rely upon the promise

The representation of fact

Of the bearer of false gifts

Is to receive a knife in the back

The *modus operandi* of the cabal

Is to undermine and sabotage

All who are naïve and gullible

Who they can use, these vile exploiters

In their mind according to their logic
They are entitled to attack Others
As long as they their karma discharge
Through subtle and symbolic communication

They reveal to their mark their plans
What they will do to their victims
And this in a way in plain sight hidden
Thinking the blame is shifted upon them

However in the higher planes of Being
The scoundrel is indicted in its court
And its punishment does not escape him
But is made to pay with its full force

'The wrath of God' one might call it
To anthropomorphize the Absolute
Which through itself discharges karma
Making the soiled and creased sheets smooth

The rogues think their 'higher knowledge'
Will to them profit accrue
If they can game their rigged system
To all invitees use and abuse

They fail in their feeble consciousness
To understand they are not above
Those who they consider 'goyim'
Those who possess Spirit superlative

These can pull aside the veil
however difficult to discern
Amidst the confused and gaslit world
Their enemy they soon discover

The black magicians' manipulations
Are soon found out for what they are
A pathetic force of dissimulation
And he must face the stern judges

He cannot escape his punishment
Yet must face the charges
That have been brought forward
By the judicious accuser

Though the dupe suffers injury
The agent of his pain incurs
The karmic consequences of his deed
And pays with interest for his hurt

Virtue Signal

The practice of today
Is consistently the same
That of making a display
Of the virtue of the day

The 'virtue of the day'
Served up for each and all
By those who manipulate
The minds of their chattels

This they all must adopt
As a template of behavior
Else they will be stopped
In their ways customary

The moral imperative
To conform to the consensus
Is upon their brains riveted
By the architects of 'illuminism'

Those who deviate therefrom
Or who would introduce
That which is deemed irrelevant
Are ostracized by the jews

The 'master race' makes claim
To determine what is 'true'
What is agreeable to society:
That which serves the jews

All else is anathema
Maranatha, verboten
This the moral imperative
To express no new ideas or words

Only the party line may be
Trumpeted from Zion's mount
And all else is naught but heresy
To articulate which incurs the knout

The 'virtue' of the day is thus
Obligatory for each and all
In thought, emotion and behavior
conditio sine qua non of food and shelter

What is 'vice' today may thus change
According to the caprice of the oligarchs
And be completely 180° rearranged
Becoming a virtue of the highest sort

The virtue of racial identity
Has now become the lowest vice
Comparable to drug trafficking or slavery
Has become thusly fixed in the mass mind

Yesterday defending one's own
From the harassment of the enemy
Preventing their intended takeover
Was deemed obvious and necessary

Now considered 'criminal'
To even articulate one's ancestors name
Should one even in a subliminal
Forms, speak about their deeds of fame

Fame becomes infamy today
With the vilification of the past
Designed deliberately to erase
The hated Aryan from the map

The social obligation to signal
The virtue *de jure* to each and all
One's fellow citizens and indeed the 'criminals'
Is rigorously reinforced by the cabal

All are assimilated into the hive mind
"Join us or die!", the command
Those identified as not participating
Are ruthlessly hunted by the mass

Those expressing any sympathy
Or a feeling of regard
Toward the criminal entity
Who bears Cain's ignoble mark

These are painted with the brush
Of blackest tar forevermore
And are cast out into the bush
An ostracized pariah never to return

Thus you are either with us
Or you are against
There is no *tertium quid* thus
And one it will assimilate or be dead

The swollen tumor of the mass
Swells its tumescent bulk
Through imposing itself in a crass
Violation of the 'not-self'

That which cannot be digested
Is hence cast out as excreta
In the gastrointestinal tract is
Identified and disintegrated

Thus all must as in China
And any other oriental despotism
Smile with gleeful passion
In order to a pyrrhic victory win

The bare essential conditions
Of subsistence level living
Are the receipt and wages
Of those who behave like coolies

Those who are incapable
Of adopting this slavish role
Are cast from the masters' table
And driven into darkest sheol

The vice and virtue of the day
Are determined from the height
Of the trapezoid's baleful rays
Of the blind eyes' lunar light

Today it's vice, tomorrow virtue
The mass having no certainty
Regarding any fixity of values
Thus in a state of mental instability

The black magicians ensure
To create confusion and thus maintain
Their power over their slave labor
To their leisure lives perpetuate

Egregore

The image of a man
The sound of the name
The form nature of them
In the aetheric planes

Conjured from the void they are
Formed and shaped through will and skill
These energetic structures mark
The minds of their witless targets still

Indelibly impressed they become
Over the length of their exposure
And the intensity of its impression
They like a robot become programmed

The black mages of the Lodge
And the synagogue on the hill
Conjure from the void these thoughts
To influence the collective will

The archetypes of jesus the jew
Image and sound re-presented
Throughout moribund Pisces it grew
And the minds of all infected

Now to at least some extent
Disengaged from the consciousness
Of the more prudent men and women
Who refuse to allow its influence

Still like a noxious cloud
It lingers to confuse and impell
The poor in spirit who do crowd
Into the church's nether realm

They become possessed thereby
The archetype binding to their soul
And conjured from the astral void
Through imitation of jesus' role

They have interiorized within
The thought form of 'the Messiah'
The divine and holy anointed
Rey de reys, only begotten son

Yet other thought forms are adduced
To manipulate the minds of men
To fear monger and their souls' abuse
To drive into the churches' dens

These they call 'old scratch'
Oft-termed 'Satan', the adversary
And his legions of the damned
Who they associate with ancient spirituality

The elder gods of arcane lore
Are presented as devils and demons
To the masses who in days of yore
Were spiritually empowered by them

The thought forms of the Darkside
Masquerade as 'beacons of light'
Promising to illumine the demons which hide
In the interstices of blackest night

These creatures generate around them
False images, a counterfeit appearance
That beguiles the minds of men
And binds to them controlling spirits

The True Beings of light and life
Are obscured by the tenebrous beings
Who the gullible blind their site
And sever the ties to higher meaning

The old gods have never left
Yet from us they are hidden
Behind the egregoric curtains
To the Aryans they do beckon

Their smokescreens they conjure up
To obscure our perception
With mayavic veils they wrap us
And trap us within their prison

The religious zealots in their frenzy
Are worked up for the kill
Thinking Jesus and the Angels' entry
In the end of times impose their will

They stage events of priestcraft
Are designed to deceive the mass
Through cunning stratagems, artificial intelligence
Technology of alien origins

These generate holograms
As with the black mages of old
Yet more thought forms to bend
And wrap the minds of their chattels

The Timeline of artificial constructs
Engineered by the entities
Are designed to create havoc
By Yahweh's rabbis and priests

These thought forms are as cobwebs
Which must be swept away
From the minds of all of us
Should we wish to see better days

Extirpate from the mind
The foolish notion of jesus
The fictional archetype
Which exerts his soporific influence

Banish from the mind
The violent father God
Who enslaves mankind
On the name of a higher 'love'

The sadism and self-abuse
Of the christian mind program
Must be exposed as a ruse
Of extraterrestrial malevolence

Floating Signifier

'Christ', the biblical egregore
The fictional construct, invented character
Floats around in the aether
And exerts an influence on the believer

Neither having any tangible form
Nor any features distinct and clear
But to all diverse christians their Lord
black; white; yellow he does appear

To the Filipino he derives from their island
A grinning figure of heroic might
To the Negro in the Zanzibar or Swaziland
Is blue-black, yet radiates divine light

This figure moving about in space
Hither and yon everywhere and nowhere
Is posited as the embodiment of 'grace'
And exalted is the true light bearer

These thought forms of biblical origin
Are inventions to befuddle the mind
Are black magic conjurations
And fables and parables of scribes

The myths they have invented
Conjured up from vain imaginings
They have in the mass mind seeded
Trapped as they are within Saturn's rings

The invented fairytales
Regarding the chosen desert tribe
And the rebellious christ child
Useful fictions, necessary lies

Those impose upon
The gullible gentile folk
This son of man, man's son
To venerate and pray before

The gentile foreign party
They have for them formulated these stories
To beguile their host, steal their glory
Shame and guilt trip for living

The magician has concocted his
Instruments of deconstruction
Semitized thought-forms egregoric
To create havoc in the minds' of men

Was introduced as a seed
The weed begins to sprout
Intertwining itself with the sheep
And which chokes the clover out

Their previous thoughts and opinions
Are supplanted and modified
Perversely distorted and twisted
By the demon seed and those zombify

Transforming the former Aryan warrior
Into a judaized 'gentile'
A 'christian' in their very marrow
The bacillus of the christly egregore

A cancer in the host body

This thought form of pacifism

And moralizing bigotry

Vehicle of neurotic inhibition

The passive-aggression of the folk

Derives exclusively therefrom

And the christly behavioral mode

Renders them deaf; mute and dumb

Obligated to wear a perpetual smile

And jump through the hoops of social grace

Serving the jews their masters meanwhile

They the automaton without a face

The empty words and phrases

Which program the minds of the slaves

Have for the priest caste done service

To exploit them, casting in the grave

These helium balloons multicolored

Float in the aether above the vision

Of the blinds who cannot comprehend

The noxious gas contained within

To burst these bubbles they incur
Temporary harm to their owners
Yet should they their wits bestir
They will understand their error

Those who have not succumbed
To the spells of the magician's
Who don't allow their inebriation
With this egregoric scum

They and they alone have
A hope for a tomorrow
To avoid the robotization
Of the cabal of darkest evil

These nets which exist in the aether
Are cast forth by the cowardly sneaks
Who in the bushes waylay their marks
To drag them into the subterranean deep

Those they capture with their lures
jesus; jehovah and the jews
They bind their souls to the vile crew
Of the evil extraterrestrial brood

The hapless victims will then cease
to exist to oppose this matrix
when their corpse is laid to sleep
their soul will be a feast for vampires

Orc Hordes

Sauron called forth his legions
From their primitive rocky lairs
In their filthy holes their season
To mate and expand their kind had passed

Their young had grown to maturity
And had been trained in arts of war
By their bestial orc community
To serve Sauron for his dark power

The Dark Lord promised much wealth
To furnish the hordes of primitives
As mercenaries to his foes' assault
And to create chaos and destruction

These bestial hordes are conscripted
To serve as cannon fodder
In their minds they are guaranteed
A place in an Eternal world

They collude with the dark forces
For personal self-enrichment
And work as a tribal collective
To amass earthly treasure

Their thieves' pact is based upon
A 'service to self' motive
And their tribalistic orientation
Facilitates its acquisition

Else they would swiftly descend
To a state of internecine war
The enemy of their enemy is their friend
And loyalty is not their honor

Loyalty to self is service to self
And they work as a tribe for this
To maximize pleasure and personal wealth
In the Dark Lord's iron harness

Sauron orchestrates chaos
And destroys the home in which
They dwelled in comparative health
And bears to them His false gifts

He claims he is 'helping them'
To overcome problems he has caused
At his offer of assistance
Is an instrumental means to play 'God'

The orc hordes are mobilized
To serve the wars of Mordor
To agitate them against the side
Of the noble Aryan warriors

The Dark Side uses its intelligence
Artificial technology of influence
To manipulate their orc minions
To harbor hostility against the Aryans

Sauron *ex cathedra* blames
The folk of Light and Life
For the orcs' pain-and-suffering
To induce in their minds tension and strife

Whipping them up into a frenzy
Through His propaganda machine
He has made them into an enemy
Of the Aryan of immortal fame

The stage is set for the conflagration
To pit the sides against one another
To infiltrate the Shire and wage the
Final battle to control Middle Earth

Forced upon the Aryans
The forces of the Dark Lord
In their territory encroaching
Eager for their bloodthirsty sport

The Aryans, coerced to fight back
Against the dark mass who assail
Their naïve folk who never asked
For this conflagration and travail

Coerced to fight they must arise
From their dormant slumber
And their internal squabbles put aside
And face the endless numbers

Into the Shire pours the enemy
Who have been incited to kill
The savage hordes raping and murdering
Delighting in the blood they spill

After much skirmishing and violence
The for is routed from the land
And in its wake Aryans form an alliance
To cease to trouble their fellow man

They muster their forces as 'One'
And rally around their general
Who explains Middle Earth's problem
That of the darkest of evils

Sauron remains upon the throne
Of Mordor in the southern land
Surrounded by His legions of doom
Who prepared to invade the Shire again

To liberate Middle Earth from Him
Necessitates the sacrifice
Of millions of the noblest Aryans
Who in the conflagration must die

Sauron's eyes cast their gaze
Of baleful evil upon the fray
As He sits in His fortress arrayed
With cruel weapons of infamy

His legions of tenebrous shades
Circle around his dark citadel
And attempt to the Aryans waylay
But by the Vanir are repelled

The Dark Hordes are brought to their end
Their doom upon them hangs as a sword
Of justice, has descended upon their necks
Eliminating the adherents of the 'Word'

No longer will the Dark Logos
Broadcast its false preachments
Into the lake of fire it goes
Along with its malevolent Legions

The forces of Light and Life have won
Have taken down the vile host
Other hordes of mercenary scum
Have been eroded or sent to their foriegn homes

The Aryans have conquered Middle Earth
And have brought upon its terrestrial plane
The beauteous rays of harmonious Lucifer
The True God of all True Aryans

The radiance of the light bearer
Over the once atrophying world
From this lonely beacon the terror
Has been banished with its scourge

A spiritual world for all to dwell
Gaia's noble essence of glory
Illuminates the former darkest hells
And establishes a kingdom of Eternity

Lucifer the Lord of Truth
Has banished the lies of evil
The priestly religious bigots uncouth
Have been sent to their master the devil

The hierarchy of violence
Has been reduced to naught
Into the black holes in silence
Their memory from the annals is blotted out

A noble world of peace and vital being
Has upon the earth been established
An untouchable world of higher meaning
Has through the Aryans finally arrived

The Wildes Heer of the final battle
Who have with Lucifer fought
Have on the earth reincarnated
To partake of Aquarius' draught

The noble sacrifices borne
The fruits of an Eternal paradise
All may develop and learn
To become a Being of radiant light

Devoted to tasks of glory and power
Of noble works of creative genius
The Aryans no longer face their darkest hour
And may achieve their noble purposes

Artisans can realize their conceptions
Which having developed in their mind
And scholars can investigate the heavens
To bring us closer to the sublime

The kingdom of heaven has arisen
The ashes of the conflagration
After the aegis of the Luciferians
The contingent has been banished by the winds

The Eternal city of Celestial Light
Stands forth on the foundation of adamant
From its citadels the swastika flies
Symbol of the Divine Immortal kin

Across all dimensions and planes of Being
The immortals transport themselves
Their fleshly vehicle by choice leaving
And re-turning on the earth to dwell

They have become vehicles of light
Immortal vessels of Divine Force
Concentrated into a certain type
A discrete, integrated power source

Celestial vehicle of radiant light
Transporting Itself through Itself
To venture through the darkest night
To combat the adversary by mysterious stealth

The world the battleground of forces
Which vie with one another for dominance
And control of planets and the heavens
An Eternal combat for Eternal champions

Brag

The arrogance of the bourgeoisie
Characterizes their being
A reputation which always precedes them
That of being less than they seem

Their vainglory masks itself
Behind the appearance of nobility
Of a higher status draped in wealth
Trinkets and costume jewelry

The bourgeois caste an imitator
Of those they would supplant
For their betters a jealous hatred
These devious miscreants

Their only source of power
Their network of commerce
And through these golden bonds
They would enslave all of us

Every gesture and action
These pompous fools perform
They would exalt to highest heaven
Staring in their vanity mirror

Their focal point of attention
Is upon themselves alone
And in desperate competition
They vie with each and all

Insecure in their position
They seek to overcome
Every vagrant, their mission
To dominate each and everyone

The nobility of old
And their displaced remnants
Served as the Irminsul pole
Around which everything centered

They had no need to display
Their superiority over Others
As they were themselves the state
The figureheads of the nation

They embodied the principle
Of the Divine right of Kings
And elevated the common folk
Above the petty plutocracy

Now at this late stage of modernity
The plutocracy has taken over
Making the world their monopoly
In their own image created

These would-be gods, Divine Monarchs
These crown themselves with gold
At best they could mimic the spark
Of the Noble Hyperborean folk

Their fools' gold crown which they wear
Upon their arrogant brow
Radiates its false light everywhere
These thieving merchants go

Vainglory is their halo
Which circles their fools' crowd
The false light of their soul
A composite of baser metals

The blood of the Aryans
courses through the veins of nobility
Not that of the pasu man
Devoid of this auric potency

The menschentiere who wandered
Through the byways of the world
Have accrued to themselves uncounted
Contaminates of their impure blood

Sealing the deal on their contracts
Through intermarriage with foreigners
The penalty they have exacted
Unable to re-turn to Hyperborea

They had exchanged their first estate
For the gleam of earthly treasure
To the lowest depth they were descending
To a worldly life of the desperate

Through legerdemain and trickery
They have managed to gain
Control of the globe, these devious thieves
Have spring-boarded themselves to fortune and fame

Their infamy is boundless
As they wrapped the world as a serpent
In the coils of the ouroboros
They squeeze the blood from the peasant

Their sneer of mockery on the face
As they drain the life's blood from their host
Their anemic and captive slaves
Work as the golden chains are wrapped round their throat

Be it a chain of weighty gold
Or one of rusty iron
All necks are measured for the role
Of slavery in the prison of zion

Fence Sitters

Comfortable in their decadence
The bourgeois caste amuse themselves
When faced with life's problems
They in their segregated world do dwell

Ignoring reality their default setting
To refuse to face their duty
To their race and nobler ancestry
They shirk and are in no way obliging

Passively allowing genocide
As the mass of foreigners beset
Their less fortunate racial kind
Who they with coldness neglect

These bourgeois decadents
Stew in their inebriation
In their suburban cul-de-sacs
And urban condominiums

Entertain themselves these privileged
Self-aggrandizing hypocrites
Who amuse themselves and hedonism
While in the streets are racial comrades

In their minds they are a separate species
The elite segregated few
Who their alleged social inferiors
Are as beasts of burden to use

The fence sitters as fatted birds
Observant, sitting on the wire
Envision themselves while dropping turds
As the modern merchant czars

Soon they will receive their due
A blast of directed current
From their impoverished enemies who
Will have a feast of roast pheasant

Indifference and apathy are their fate
The trendy pose of 'coolness'
Which caters to the average every-day
Wannabe celebrity and their foolishness

These bloated egomaniacs
Forever signaling their false virtues
Defecate on their lesser kinsman
Who are in their mind untermenschen, poo

The self-important vainglorious snobs
Who dwell within their enclaves
Monopolize the world for themselves
And in doing so dig their graves

The bourgeoisie won't be able
To ensure their monopoly
Of the choicest morsels from the table
Of their private society

They will instead sacrifice
Either their time in doing their duty
Else their life under the knife
Of their nemesis the proletarian underbelly

None may persist in a vacuum
Such is a state nature abhors
All life is dynamic action
And those who act badly are punished for it

None may exist in a state of inertia
All life is struggle and strife
To put a brake on the dance of Shiva
Is to break one's neck in a trice

Either adapt to the changes
Or suffer the consequence of inertia
Only prudent and effective action
Will enable one's personal survival

This necessitates collective action
On order to secure one's own life
For to side with the enemy faction
Is to turn against his own kind

Making enemies of his folk
He will die by their hand
Else he will be shut out in the cold
By the foe while they rape his women

He will then be tortured and maimed
As no one respects a cowardly traitor
A self-seeker who willfully lames
His own kind for his own desires

None may trust such a beast
Who sells his soul for worldly gain
As they who sell out their own for cheap
For selfishness, the ultimate price will pay

Pseudo-Morphosis

The multi-cult holds forth its promise
That of a world of 'justice' and 'peace'
Yet within the cauldron of pseudo-morphosis
The melted pot of die-versity

Within this *cloaca gentium*
The distinct masses are blended
A reeking cesspool of scum
Hive of thieves and robbers

Such a mixture has only one outcome
That of the chaos of the nations
In Time the pot will overrun
With its effluent, and violent revolution

The culture of the multi-cult
An impossible goulash
Served up to each and all
A stomachache repast

An attempt to weld together
Disparate and incompatible
Foreign races and cultures
United as livestock animals

Drawn into the concrete pens
Of the decadent urban wasteland
The means to achieve base ends
Serving almighty Mammon

The only unifying factor
That creates this state of being
Is that of the petrodollar
Artificial fiat currency

Without this universal lubricant
Poured in as the secret sauce
The goulash of these chefs
Would bankrupt their restaurants

Zions' gears grind on
Through the application of this oil
The machine runs roughshod
Over all nations' blood and soil

The simulacral society
An artificial construct
Inverted by the lying priests
To organic reality disrupt

Superimposed upon the Real
The simulacrum substitute
Engineering the hyper-real
The devils in three-piece suits

They would mold in their image
A world of artificiality
A mere substitute of the organic
A world of finitude and entropy

Rather than the infinite
Harmonious world of vital life
They substitute in their poison
Counterfeits for a higher price

Their claim to create a world of peace
A hallowed realm of perpetual love
The new jerusalem, *civitas dei*
Is revealed to be a simulacrum

Those they claim are compatible
In their representation to the goyim
Are in fact to unify enabled
Only in self destruction

No stable unity may be had
Through a coerced mixture of kinds
Under the pressure of zions' hand
Recipe for a type standardized

Yet attempts to render 'One'
That which exists in distinction
Will inevitably fail to become
A reality, the pseudo-morphosis

The new Aeon already dawns
And with it the desperate attempt
To reify the prophetic sermons
Of the fictional jewish Galilean

The cabal conceals itself behind
The façade of righteousness
And superimposes on all kinds
Its attempt to co-opt Aquarius

To replace the world of Light and Life
With that of the death forces
Dragging Gaia into the darkest night
So they may lord over us

Their fake condition of being
Wears thin as the black sun dawns
Eroding their tissue of seeming
And awakening their captive pawns

Nobility of Blood and Soil

Ignoble nobility
Defining hallmark of our ages
Have castrated all virility
Which existed on the world's stage

The cowardly creeps who enslave us
Jewry and their masonic puppets
Are the base and ignoble oligarchs
Who will receive their comeuppance

The ignoble creatures of the Demiurge
Jewry the hybrids of the evil seed
Base born this vile scourge
Conscripted to carry out their deeds

That the noble rules the world
And inverts the morality of Tradition
Enabling the low to sink lower
In the reeking swamp and quicksand

The behavior of the upper caste
A blight upon the earth
By which they invariably act
And which they with their presence curse

The entire society becomes cast
In the image of these evil beings
Who adopt their Masters' appearance
And do their appointed dirty deeds

The nobility of yesteryear
Took care of its humbler folk
Recognizing as in a mirror
Their own image of nationhood

They used their populace in war
To fight for glory and honor
For the nation and the higher
Beings who were paid homage

The leadership which deviated
From the standard of purity
Justly received its dethronement
By those of healthier breed

Nature's law is that within
The spatio-temporal plane
And within its causal nexus
The law of the strong obtains

Strength for the racial soul
Not a mere separate unit
That in the modern world is extolled
By the cabal of black magicians

Their design to condition the Aryans
To save themselves at the expense
Of their racial kinsman
And themselves somehow recompense

Impossible task of survival
As an isolated individual
Is borne out by the history of the world
In the ruins of ancient relics and temples

The ignoble nobility became corrupt
And degraded their population
Else they were by enemies overrun
And mainly through jewish instigation

The erstwhile allies who had
Embedded themselves in their host
Open the gates of the Aryans
To traders and malevolent folk

The backstab came swift and sure
To their hated aider and abettor
And through the agency of these creatures
The Aryan nation fell asunder

The attempted usurpation
Was never a success
For the parasite jewish nation
Who required the Aryan genius

Ancient nations fell to ruins
And left in the wake savagery
A result of acting out of tune
Of miscegenated bastardy

The dishonorable to control
With their corrupt underlings
Who under the christian yoke
Tortured and murdered the nobility

In the ancient world philosophers
Were burnt to death at the stake
Destroying nearly all ancient knowledge
To serve the cabal of devious snakes

The wisdom of the ancients
Was submerged under the excreta
Of jewry's God the infernal demon
The Demiurge, Yahweh-Jehovah

Entartete Kunst

Jewish excreta on a canvas

Vats of urine in which christ submerged

A torrent of verbal diarrhea

The poetry of the postmodern

Shapes and colors qabbalistic

Occult meaning on display

A positing of jewish arrogance

A rejection of all health and beauty

A world of abstractions alone

Through which the jewish 'genius'

Manifests itself to those

Who remain in naïve ignorance

Their conscious mind becomes possessed

Infected with the semitic virus

Through meaning wrapped in aesthetic

Garb, they beguile and exert their influence

The jewish cabal black mages

Utilizes its principal technique

That of practical idealism

Of engineering the minds of the sheep

Blobs of dung in metal and stone
Constitute the sculptors' work
To desecrate the strong and noble
Defile them, their culture pervert

The kikes' artistry is designed
As a mockery of their foe
They create a distortion of the sublime
And project it on their gullible host

The host then associates
This degenerate culture with themselves
And takes upon them this plasmate
Which binds to them, to their very cells

Jewry then steps back
And allows their controlled side to enter
Dividing and conquering while they attack
In the shadows, a venemous worm

Their aesthetic excreta they manufacture
This is the tool in their occult war
A cultural weapon, a mechanism
Of sabotaging and visiting harm

The confused chaos of these archetypes
Plays havoc upon the peoples' minds
Ingraining themselves with the design
To capture them all into the hive

The egregores conjured through
Imagery; tone and plastic
Jewry has designed them to
The souls of the Gentiles' capture

Fixating their conscious awareness
Upon the object of desire
That which it's allure presents
A vortex of implosion for a vampire

Conditioning the minds of their slaves
Through a ubiquity of presence
Of these objects in their gaze
To the egregore binding them

Just as a poisonous snake
A cobra swaying with hood unfurled
Hypnotizes its semi-conscious prey
And prepares its venomous fangs to impale

The systemic defects are offered
As so many shiny apples to Eve
By the vile serpent in the garden
To her naïve mind put to sleep

The poison apples of jarring cacophony
The music of the jungle of primitive kind
Are trafficked in by international jewry
To poison and destroy healthier minds

Low vibrational frequency
Cthonic rhythms of the jungle
Are perpetually bombarding humanity
Through the instruments of mind control

Vibration and subliminals
The sounds of infernal rites
Percussion and decibels
Blasting throughout the night

Imagery bombarding
The hazy vision of man
Through the artwork of postmodernity
A virtual-reality wasteland

The masses have been weakened
Through the sights and sounds and sensations
Of the devious ignoble cretins
From whose mind came these cultural emanations

From Dadaism to rap music
Entartete kunst wreaks its havoc
Over all the zombie public
Whose minds by it had been taken over

Dawn of a New Day

The dark age of Pisces wanes
Fading to black the christian world
Its swansong of chaotic frenzy
From Mount Zion broadcasts itself

The End of Times has arisen
According to the narrative of His-story
Jehovah and his earthly minions
Act out their part in prophecy

Seven heads and ten horns
Gog and Magog the beast
Have arisen from the pit to swarm
Upon the innocent lambs to feast

These horror stories originate
In the irrational minds of the jews
Who in the chaotic Near East
Conjured this imagery of fools

The pathos of the plaintive cries
Of the emotional supplicant
Weeping and wailing for paradise
To this veil of tears transcend

Bowing before a father figure
Who overall lords' despotic
Homo hither asiaticus
An impassioned mental neurotic

The bacillus of the Near East
The Levantine disease
Spreads itself around virally
As its appeals increase

The dark age of total ignorance
Precipitated by this creed
Of irrational stupidity and violence
Imposed upon all by the evil seed

Throughout the aeons of Time
These religious programs have been
Installed in the naïve minds
Of the mass of slave minions

The Piscean age of plaintive cries
Of weeping; wailing and gnashing of teeth
Condition the formerly healthy minds
By the Shepherd on the mass of the sheep

This age has now passed
And those stragglers who insist
That their pathetic adherence
Is valid have failed the test

A religion of planned obsolescence
A suicide decreed designed to destroy
Derived from the semitic genius
Motivated to enslave the goy

This religion now enters its night
Into the terminal phase of its life
On the cusp of the Aquarian light
Which it's glorious rays reveal to our sight

The stragglers who insist upon
Clinging to their rotting log
Amidst the waters of Aquarius
Will be consumed by the piranhas

The sad sickly creed of jewry
Has been imposed upon the world
Steeping with its tears the sheep
Living in fear and trembling the fold

The obvious fallacy of the text
Compiled and retranslated Time and again
Of absurd semitic fairytales for children
And those who have not matured into men

This has been exposed in its false light
An invented package of crudity
Which purports to give profound insight
Into the future...a mere absurdity

This cursed book which has caused
The destruction of most ancient knowledge
Must itself in the flames be cast
Else the dark age will be re-presented

The obscurantists would hold us back
Trap us within their paradigm
Of narrow minded ignorance of fact
In their leaden prison Saturnine

The priests; rabbis and imams
Of Abrahamic slavery
Would in their attempted dominion
Destroy all of Truth and liberty

They would keep us within the cube
Of their hive mind of Metatron
'Spiritual Israel', controlled by the jew
And themselves by their evil genius Jehovah

The war between the forces of light
of Aryan gnosis of Truth
Are pitted against those of the night
Darkest ignorance of the jew

Aquarius' dawn they would obscure
And drag across the field of vision
Of their naïve parishioners
Stupidity and ignorance's black curtains

Xeniteia

The allure of the 'Other'
Has its seat in the primitive
Condition of emotion and desire
Of wonder for the occult, the hidden

The crafty jew introduces
In his characteristically cunning way
The beguiling *parousia*
Of the foreign, mysterious *xeniteia*

The curious Aryans are spell-caught
By his devious machinations
Employing their tenebrous witchcraft
And influencing their host with hypnotism

The allure and mystique
Of the foreign culture or object
Appeals to the curiosity
Of the creative Aryan subject

The Aryan would engage
With this foreign substance
Would draw from it meaning
And *eo ipso* would appropriate it

This shining apple of promise
The jew holds out to him
Who in his wonderment
Fails to detect the poison

The foreign poisoned apple
Fruit of the tree of death
With which jewry has saddled
His foe the Aryan

The treacherous rogue bakes
This poisoned fruit into a pie
And serves it up to his enemy
To cause him to sicken and die

The racial soul or organism
And it's biological form
Become polluted, contaminated
With that of the foreign

The once harmonious organism
Becomes corrupted and tainted
With the influence of the foreign
The mind becomes rearranged

A jarring cacophony of imagery
Of inharmonious resonance
The introduction of xeniteia
Upsets the equilibrium

Volk-chaos the result
Of this hodgepodge mixture
Of different peoples in the cult
Of modernity's *cloaca gentium*

To traffic with the foreign
Exerts a cacophony
Within the once healthy nation
Creates fragmented beings

The thin end of the wedge
Is inserted through the allure
Of beguiling appearances
Which our feeble minds capture

The intriguing sites of the mysteries
Of the dark and subterranean
Of the mirages of the iniquities
Of jewry and untermenschen

They utilize their cunning wiles
To manipulate the curious
And in the host insert themselves
To vampirize and to ruin us

The foreigners collude
Against their Aryan host
To infiltrate and intrude
To parasitize them and loot the most

The use of theater and entertainment
An effective mode of distortion
Of the minds of the naïve Aryans
Who on these stimuli become inebriated

Into the host like a bacillus
The jew worms his way
The slime trail of the poisonous
Worm, the only traces which remain

Through imperceptible means
The jew creeps into his enemy
Inserting his sharpened fangs
To anesthetize the unsuspecting

With distractions, bread and circuses
The infiltrator conceals himself
Blinding his mark to his motive
To conquer him by intrigue and stealth

The sights and sounds of his theater
His entertainment industry
Are all designed to re-engineer
The minds of his enemies

The foreign culture modifies
The mind of the host
Transmuting into hybrid kind
The purity of the folk

The population loses itself
Amidst the tossing waves
Of the chaos of the multi-cult
The sewage of die-versity

Mass Attack

In the ancient world of Rome
The mobs of ignorant traders came
To insert themselves into their prospective home
To infiltrate and attain hegemony

Their money bought their passage
Into the good graces of the nobility
Who were bent on a glorious expansion
Of the *Pax Romanum* boundaries

Ingratiating themselves within the host
These infiltrators colluded to attain
The earthly treasures of opulent Rome
And the power of its Imperial domain

They were outnumbered by their host
And hence decided to deploy
Their characteristic strategy to depose
Their rival and to total power acquire

They concocted a creed of pathos
Of emotionally appealing parables
To appeal to the slaves of Rome
Build power for their takeover

The weeping and wailing of the christ child
The gnashing of teeth of the crucified
This saccharine creed of their design
A projection of their irrational mind

Embodied in a creed of morbidity
An obsession with departure from this world
A living death for will-less zombies
Who anticipate the end of their mortal coil

The slave populace had been conditioned
To view the world as perpetual pain
Not through the Roman caste system
But through an infection of their brain

Heretofore they bore their burden
With pride, dignity in their estate
Were accorded the respects of the patricians
Who understood each had their place

The broad mass are conditioned
By the guileful and cunning rogues
Who have this vile creed invented
To utilize them as a revolutionary horde

Whipping up the mass into a frenzy
Through the emotionalism of fables and tall tales
Of an impersonal and yet Supreme Being
Whose martyrdom they too must avail

Happily burning to death at the stake
Or being fed to the lions
These have crazed and harebrained
Christians eagerly embrace the fire

Their Jewish mind manipulators
Who had formulated this sickly creed
Imposed on the foolish minions
To carry out incendiary deeds

The slave program spread virally
Throughout the population of *pobelvolk*
Into the simpletons of the military
Through whose main force it was installed

The leniency of Nero
His mind softened by his tutor
Seneca castrating the hero
With preachments of the Stoa

This and the excessive *tolerantia*
Of ancient pagan rulers
Enabled the spread of this cancer
Throughout the Roman Empire

Once the Aryans had overcome
To a great degree this sickly creed
Through the dark age and witch burnings
The devious kikes planted another seed

This was the pantheism
Of the mother goddess cult
Nature and it's entropic prison
Of the Demiurge Jehovah

A representation of the creed
Of christ on the cross
Only without the being
Who appealed to the dross

Nature's law was put forth
As the one and only rule
And the Leviathan of Hobbes
Stood forth merciless and cruel

The chaos of the Renaissance
Carried itself forward
Through the untermenschen dross
In whom jewry incited hatred

They were led under the revolution
Of the new jerusalem
America the next pirate continent
According to jewry's plans

The mode of establishing the new nation
Was repeated in the Languedoc
The occult center of revolution
Under Robespierre and his debased stock

They were led to decimate
The noble and superior caste
Who had in many cases
Become decadent and weakened

Jewry had corrupted them
With their entartete kultur
And had as an instrument
Used them as a cats' paw

The mass attack formula
Tactic of the parasite
Has been employed for millennia
To their betters' fight

Dividing and conquering the nations

Pitting rich against poor

Facilitating foreign invasions

Mercenary armies to muster

The irrational creeds they had concocted

Based upon impossible equality

Leveling all of the target population

Into a state of despotic slavery

The goal of jewry is total control

Without anyone to contest

Their self-appointed chosen role

To elevate themselves above the rest

Formulae of mind control

Of egregoric black magic

Insinuating into their foes

Resulting in their tragic death

Ataraxia

The Demiurge would trap us within

The realm of spatio-temporality

Trap us in His diabolic prison

Amidst His is illusory dreaming

Both He and His legions
Impose impose upon us their violence
To prevent our ascension
To our very souls to extinguish

Their intention is to render us
Earthbound slaves in their prison
And to sacrifice, feed upon us
Their captive terrestrial denizens

Their cowardly methods stereotyped
Never vary in their nature
Are forever seeking to harm the kind
Of the noble god-like Aryan

The minions of the dark side of the force
Devoted to their self-seeking
Craven beasts who grovel before
These vampire astral entities

Their master Jehovah Demiurgos
The big heffe before whom they prostrate
And to whom they sell their souls
The shells of the qliploth debased

Their *quid pro quo* relationship
With this diabolic presence
Enables them to derive benefits
Within their lives of fleeting transience

The ritual murder of the innocent
Throughout the history of the world
Perpetuates itself in the present
In the form of revolution and battle

Abduction of the innocent party
Who is subject to constant abuse
Throughout their tormented lives
Until they are from this world removed

The murder cult of Zion
Carries out its evil deeds
And these creeping liars
The whole world have deceived

Through religious mind programming
Trapping one in fear and shame
A sin expiation mentality
The state wherein we are maintained

Trapped within the cage
Subject to its electrical flow
That from the Demiurge emanates
Trapping us in hell below

The minions of the Darkside
Carry out their traumatic abuse
Subjecting all to their genocide
Through torture they subject us to

The cycle of abuse continues
Over their generations
And *in vivo* they will do
Whatever fees their Demiurge

Subjecting others to harassment
constant stress and strife
Orchestrated by the bad ones
Who make a nightmare of our lives

This state of being we must
Endure and stay the course
Awaiting the proper time for justice
To carry out their sentence with force

They would destroy our lives
And keep us on life support
Immerse us within the hive
Of their diabolus, the Demiurge

They keep us alive as animals
Upon their animal Farm to feed
Off the energy of their cattle
Which through torment they release

These vampires find themselves
To their blind and hamstrung beasts
Who they confine in the cells
Feed upon their blood and energy

In the desperate violence of their system
The law of the talent holds sway
And any who are not in agreement
Are targeted as an enemy of humanity

To ensure the assault against them
The stoical must remain fast
Against their chaotic maelstrom
If he in this world is to last

He must remain centered
Within himself a stone
Unaffected by appearances
Diamond hard and alone

Through his concentration
Of his forces within
Transmuted as a vortex his being
As a coal into a diamond

Assailed on all sides at all times
By the host of diabolic forces
He must remain in the fight
And combat the malevolent Demiurgos

Not simply a retreat or escape
Against his nemesis of evil
But an active stance he must take
To oppose the destruction of his people

Failure to combat the beast
And his legions of tenebrous kind
Is for utter failure a recipe
Adding to them the victory

Allowing the extinction of his race
A cowardly act of weakness
Rather than with a manly gaze
Face the foe with courage

Minions

Gravitating towards power
Whoever wields it a matter of indifference
For the mass they will devour
Anyone who is to then an exception

The Masters understand their mind
Their primitive tribal instinct
And pervert it toward their designs
Cunning blueprints they are scribing

Standardization of their consciousness
Reduced to simplest terms
'Good versus evil', light versus darkness
The masses will never learn

Either one is wholly 'Good' or wholly 'Evil'
Neither can he if he would
be in any way different
To the standard conform he should

Mediocrity the rule of the day

And no deviation therefrom

Permitted by the plagiary

Of the organic nations

Only the average everyday

The limited state personalities

May exist in postmodernity

And be granted any room to breathe

The minions of the establishment

Have gone by many names

But have always been 'the masses'

With the excretory organs equated

'christians' with the religious garb

'communists' with it cast off

'individuals' in contemporary terms

Each for each substitutable

All behave as a robot

Contentedly fattening on matter

Chinese made consumer products

Getting dumber and fatter

Many are called and many chosen
By the ruling powers that be
And these many have in common
Their lack of idiosyncrasy

Each appears just as others
Dressed in the same shades of gray
Of a rainbow colored cover
That confers upon them apparent personality

A mask worn by the average fool
Does not but conceal
The unitary visage of the tool
The animate machine of industry's wheel

Programmed from birth and before
In utero and conception
In the spinning wheel of Ixion
Captured by the Demiurge

These qlippotic fragments spin
Around the machine of Kronos
Eventually incarnating therein
And in lockstep pursuing their course

From cradle to grave these robots
Carry on their shuffling path
Their soul atrophying as their life's lot
Down river Styx the zombies pass

christian fools bowing down
Under the yolk of the delusion
They live their lives vain and proud
Bloated with self-righteousness

Their false humility the program
Which their minds make captive
No difference of opinion
For this they deem 'pride and arrogance'

Their censorious nature generates
A stench, miasmal cloud of oppression
Which stifles all creativity
Needlessly induces neurotic tension

The christians of modernity
Though little different from their opponent
On the so-called 'left-wing'
View them as the very spawn of Satan

They deride their exhibited behavior
Their bonobo-like exertions
Their drug and alcohol addictions
Their irrational impulses and motivations

In spite of all both are minions
Pursuing the illusory world's care
At the level of coarse emotion
And within the bounds of the kosher

They take their cue from the jew
And carry out their master's orders
Serving they who dictate to
All of their slavish and grovelling minions

The greatest danger to the Truth
Is that of the witless masses
Who bear hostility to the nobler few
And who would turn upon and rend them

Their masters the cabal of darkest evil
Simply required to give their permission
For their witless herd of sheeple
To trample upon the wiser denizens

For civilization to be saved
From the recurrence of mass ignorance
A re-presentation of the dark age
They must be held in check

It is they who rule who determine
The inclinations of the masses
Who are for all intents and purposes
The instruments of political machinations

The leadership will decide the course
The mass will be inclined to move
The type of leader and their cohorts
Will decide the morality of their stooge

Still within the consciousness
At an ur-level the mass can sense
That which is harmonious
And that which is hell's denizen

Though the leader be a despot
Who rules through aggressive force
Only the laws of causality and karma
Will eventually decide the nation's course

An oligarchy of parasites
Who have attained power
Through the masses mobilized
Will succeed only for an hour

Only a sound leadership
Can maintain the reins of power
Only the spiritually adept
Will minions into their folk transform

Lucifer Spirits

Into the solar system they came
On a blazing comet of green lightning
Into orbit a blinding cosmic ray
Around Gaia who captive remained

The Demiurge had projected upon
The energy body of Gaia
Materializing the spiritual form
To earthy clay, dragging it down

The captive slaves of Gaia
Had been placed in chains of aetheric fire
By the influence of slaver reptiles
Who sate the Cosmic Vampire's every desire

On the earth they had interbred
With the autochthonous
They who from their own ribs
Genetically engineered them

This new species of diabolic kind
'The chosen ones' were called
For whom a book of supremacist design
Was by the reptiles formulated

Recipe to enslave the earth
To keep Gaia captive in the dirt
Of the lowest frequency these slavers
Transmitted their program to the chosen

'Morality' or 'Torah' it was called
A law to enforce their slave system
To impose upon their witless thralls
To trap him in the matrix prison

The interruption of this closed system
Was affected by the Lucifer spirits
Who within its confines entered
And threw a monkey wrench therein

They intermingled their Graalic blood
With the witless men of mud
And synthesize the new brood
To destroy the system of the evil crew

This was later deplored
Represented as an original 'sin'
'The fall of man' it was called
Encoded in another religious program

The 'sin' of carnal appetite
Of violating the laws of Yahweh
Was upon the stone tablets engraved
To reinforce 'christian' slavery

The christian the slave caste was
And to this day remains
Before their chosen masters
And their saurian Sephardim

the Lucifer spirits have liberated
The anthropoid creatures in Lemuria
And a new Atlantean continent
To break the chains of the chaos

The goal is to sever the bonds
Which trapped in matter the souls
Of they who did not partake of
The spiritual fire of the Graal

In spite of this the bonds remained
Though to a lesser degree
Through this the slavery was maintained
Through their religious bigotry

Through this dogma of rules
That demanded constant vigilance
The notion of 'sin' was used
To induce fear; guilt and shame

The Luciferian rebellion
Persisted in the underground
On the terrestrial plane
Concealed from the eye of Sauron

In the aetheric planes
Above that of the false light
The Lucifer spirits play
Their part in the cosmic fight

To destroy the dark hordes
Necessitates constant vigilance
In undermining the Dark Lord
And his reptilian minions and 'chosen'

This vampire cabal seeks to enslave
The world through their invented dogmas
To siphon the vital force of their slaves
And to of their souls rob them

All is based on economics
The balance of the life force
To feed themselves on our blood
And this without remorse

Lucifer and his folk
Will soon put a stop to this
The kosher mind control
Which has made us witless

The noose tightens around our necks
And to allow it to remain
Is to bring about our deaths
To never again incarnate

With each passing incarnation
We circle around the wheel
And upon our souls' the reptilians
Feed upon us as their meal

The atrophying soul diminishes
Over the incarnations
And with each passage
Our lives reach their terminus

Transmutation of the virya
And of the anthropoid
Becoming a being higher
Through opposing the Dark Side

The fight against the Demiurge
Is carried on by Lucifer
And his devoted adherents
Through the souls' integration

The reincarnation trap
Can only hold so long
Before its bonds snap
And it is forever gone

Those who side with evil
With the dark forces of Jehovah
With the infernal legions
Will receive their reward in the fire

Flintstones

A microcosm of the present day
A vehicle of predictive programming
A Norman Rockwell pathetic fantasy
Which reveals to itself its fallacy

The protagonist of boorish lout
Who in a drunken state does shout
For his wife clothed in appearances
And discrete feminine submissiveness

This bestial savage is used
As the nest slave by his paramour
Who chains him with her allure
To serve her decadence forever

Flintstone must drudge all day
At the labor site, rocky quarry
Smashing rocks with gusto for his pay
To bring home to cater to his family

His wife the true power of the domos
The matriarchal parousial presence
Which overarches the *Pater Familias*
Squanders his wage on status objects

This matriarchal head plays a role
Of focal point of the centrifugal
Forces which orient around her
And which she absorbs as a vampire

Fred Flintstone too dull brained
Through his laborious conditioning
To perceive the subtle ways
Through which over him his wife holds sway

His biological offspring manufactured
He sits back in stupefaction
At the bills and costs they rack up
His life's blood being drained from him

Zombified he stares into the TV
The mind controlling technology
Hypnotizing, his vision blinding
Simulacral substitute for reality

The imagery and sensations
Projections of the veil of maya
Which play upon his numbed vision
And keep him trapped within the prison

9-to-5 he circles around
Working and sleeping the clock round
Without stop, begins to break down
His dependents, like vultures circle round

The genetic photocopies called 'children'
He must serve to the limit
Of his basic blue-collar condition
Means must correlate with their ends

They must work to fulfill
The imperatives of their will
Their endless desires, glut their fill
Through exhaustive labor he becomes ill

His boss the slave master
The jew who dictates his tasks
Sitting in his lofty offices
Imposing his will upon the laborious mass

The jewish exploiter of the goy
Who eagerly serves through subtle coercion
Grinding and bearing the yolk for his pay
Anticipating through compliance early retirement

The slightest infraction he commits
Blackens his spotless reputation
And like a miasma it attaches
To his agreeable character

His thoughtless grind he must ensure
In order to his desires obtain
And serve his ruthless jewish exploiters
In order to accrue his meager pay

His daughter a troublesome teen
Hooked on a life of hedonism
Desporting in the night to glean
Sexual thrills and amusement

For this her father must pay the cost
In birth control and abortion services
Suffer to his reputation a loss
And defile their ancestral lineage

All through the lack of control
He is prohibited from exerting
Over his daughter the wayward trull
Whose only concern is ecstasy

His son an idling self-indulgent
Involved in all manner of vice
Wrapped up in self-destruction
The discordant tenor of his life

From sex perversions to intoxication
Drugging the mind with noxious substances
His brutish scion dwells in the infernal region
Soon to enter the city of Dis

The patriarch of the family
Fred the cash cow of his brood
Who upon him as vampires feed
Drinking all his life's blood

His impotence has translated
Into a dysfunctional scene
A family all but disintegrated
Each member wholly self-serving

His wife Wilma a complete egotist
Living for thrills and kicks
While she sponges off his paycheck
And squanders his meager wages

The lack of masculine virility
Possessed by Fred is not covered
By his blustering macho display
Overcompensation for being castrated

His friend the blonde-haired Barney Rubble
A being who has been cuckolded
Hooked by the jewish Betty Bubble
The semitic bimbo, chicken head

Barney has become ensnared
Through the seductive charms of she
The Esther of the jewish whore
Who was conscripted to the goy defeat

Fred the cunning, scheming kike
Macho-man of Lemurian times
Has conned Barney with his lies
To serve his Master's grand designs

The lower level pawn
He plays his role on the dark side
Against all those blue-eyed and blonde
To eliminate the Hyperborean kind

Jetsons

In the distant future age
A world of cybernetic slavery
Based upon the matrix cage
Of the Demiurge and his coterie

This futuristic utopia
The conception of the jew
Who envisions a final triumph
Over the Aryans, the world to accrue

His dominion mandate imposed
He continues the construction
Of his comfortable repose
In an earthly kingdom of heaven

All else are trapped in slavery
Replaced by robots or enslaved
Serving the warders of Zions' factories
Upon the parasites conferring their energy

The privileged caste of devious

Exploiters and usurers

Who have managed to amass

All temporal wealth and power

These have established themselves

Upon a pedestal as untouchable masters

Behind their cybernetic-technical

Police and military thug forces

They are catered to by robots slaves

Who carry out their every demand

And their closed system perpetuate

Through working as little as they can

Their role of slave master applies

Their age-old Telos and essence

From their reptilian masters derived

Genetically engineered in their image

Their prison planet world of vice

Enables them to circle around

In the wheel of Ixion's ferris ride

Up-and-down, as others they vampirize

They seek a means to immortality
Through crude materialistic technology
Would transform themselves symbiotically
Through a merger of jew and machine

Their ultimate goal is to exist
And to absorb into themselves
As much of other beings' essence
As they can absorb, their energetic wealth

They seek a key to immortalizing
On the physical plane of being
That which is doomed to die
To perish, absorbed into Cybele

Their ontological structure
Cannot sustain itself
Beyond Times' destruction
In the end they lose their stolen wealth

Nonetheless their desperate gambit
Motivates them to persist
In pursuit of worldly treasure
Their fleeting moment of bliss

The usage of nanotechnology

They would hope to serve as a bridge

Between the kingdoms of biology

To leap over the abyss

To merge as a symbiont

With the organic, inorganic matter

To fuse together covalent bonds

Between vital essence and dead substance

They would seek to preserve

Their soul within the matrix

As a permanent fixture

With a cybernetic creature

As a synthetic being

A genetically engineered structure

A biological entity

A mixture of the organic and inorganic

Their Dr. Frankenstein experiment

Will manifest in its only result

That a devastation

Of the entire earth and its people

All for the sake of their desire
To preserve themselves for themselves
And to continue as vampires
To absorb the gentiles' souls

Their Jetsonian fantasy
Will swiftly lead to naught
In its place will arise the reality
Like a joyride into a brick wall

Peasants

In the days of the ancient world
The nobleman had his place
And the farmer in the fields
Was the very man of god-like grace

This man of race integrated
Into himself mind; body and soul
A complete being unfragmented
Like Cato the Roman of old

Each of the fields and harvested crops
The fruits of the soil were for all
Were his family and his racial folk
For his community to partake of

As a holistic unit the folk prospered
Assisting one another in their lives
Mutual aid their healthy ethic
Their motivation to expand and thrive

The men of Tradition had respect
For those of all castes and vocations
He attributed to the worker of the land
The status of a fellow citizen

All were integrated members
Of the community of Light and Life
And each contributed his share
In the way in which he qualified

None disrespected the other
Understanding that each have their place
And each aspired to preserve
His vocation, vehicle of his social grace

The protocols of the Elders of Zion
Have predicted jewry's intended goal
To take the peasants from the land
Confiscate their ancestral soil

Their intentions have so far
Been reified by the despots
Their well tended pastures
Destroyed as polluted grave plots

Jewish Mathematic

Reflexive acts of their hive mind
The material organs of their Dark Lord
Subjecting all to be analyzed
Dissected and assimilated in the Borg

Knowledge objects all become
Which can be grasped by these creatures
Though their essence escapes them
Their deficient capacity it out reaches

The Telos and trieb of the horde
To vampirize and to steal
Everything within the material world
To take for themselves their kill

An analysand their motivation
Transform the vital beings
Into a dead crystallization
Sucked of organic meaning

Reductio ad absurdum

The destructive process

Renders of knowledge object

A simulacrum of itself

Subject to the quantifying

Ratiocinative mode

Of the robotic and calculating

Hive mind of evil, Demiurgos

Within an entropic system

Of the world of density

The prison matrix of Zion

Traps the souls of celestial beings

Rendering us bound to the earth

To be confused; used and abused

By the agents of the Demiurge

Our life's blood to serve as food

All are reduced to units

Of energy for their harvest

Reavers of souls in their nest

In their baleful shtets segregated

The robotic calculations
Enumerate their loss and gain
An accounting of the nations
To perpetuate the matrix of pain

An algebra of abstractions
Abstract quantity, barren form
To the machine put into action
Grinding from us our life force

The qabbala of the hebrews
Appointed by the demonic masters
To from the heavenly aether deduce
Apodictic and unquestionable answers

Their conclusions are always false
As based upon their failure
To understand anything else
Anything beyond the realm of matter

Confined within the matrix
Of spatio-temporality
The servants of the Demiurge
System of robotic slavery

The death forces which would violate
The world of Eternal forms
Overarch our baser state
And would our essence absorb

Creating chaos and catastrophe
wage slavery; war and revolution
To perpetuate the Demiurge's entropy
And trap us within His leaden prison

His language that of algebra
Of abstract quantity
Of the higher planes' distortion
Failing to grasp its quality

Its representative figures
Reveal the qualitative void
Of their crack-brained theories
Which are used to program their droids

Their logic is that of static inertia
Of the entropic death drive
Of their Dark Lord Jehovah
Who lives that all may die

Einstein the qabbalist
And Heisenberg in his presentation
Of the algebraic quantitative
System of artificial creation

This crude mechanism
Led *ordine geometrico*
To the violent construction
Of the idea of nuclear war

Luckily their ineptitude
Prevents them from success
In their twisted attitude
To reify their consciousness

That they are limited
To the spatio-temporal plane
Immediately negates
The sustainability of their reign

Their blueprint of madness
On abstract nothingness is based
A projection of their consciousness
Leaving destruction in its wake

The explosion of the Demiurge
The Big Bang of violation
Of the will-to-power urge
Of Yahweh-Jehovah-Satan

The entropic force of emanation
Material densification of Eternity
Echoing throughout the heavens
The *verbum* of catastrophe

The higher beings of Light and Life
Descended to terminate
The earthly density in Time
To combat the legions of Yahweh

Their entropic systems of harvest
Of souls ensconced in the mire
Must be through effective force
Be removed else all expire

Aryan Mathematik

The forces of Light and Life
Inherent in the being of godly might
The celestial working of the Divine
Through the pall of darkness shines

Implosion, the force which as an eddy
Throughout the cosmic ocean of Being
Reverberates and acts harmoniously
To elevate the tenor of all things

Spiritualizing the densified world
And all creatures who therein dwell
Amplifying their inner power
Through banishing the encroaching darkness

The logic of the Aryan
Of the higher beings a re-presentation
Of the Truth a rectification
Lifting the veil of the mayavic prison

The organic view of the world
Beings sustaining themselves
In harmony with the sum total
Not to feed upon others souls

Synthesis is the intent
A higher principle of integration
A preservation of life's dynamism
Of chaos a dissipation

The logic of the higher planes
Of the higher beings' will
In accord with the Green ray
Of the uncreated a fractal

Global Policeman

'Peace; love and unity'
The trumpets of Zion do blare
Into the foreign cities
Clouds of white phosphorus in the air

At the wedding feast of youth
The global police man takes aim
And let's his volley of death loose
Drones striking with I.E.Ds

In the name of 'democracy'
The people are granted their power
A simulacrum of actuality
Under a Zionist puppet disempowered

The preachers of equality
Are broadcast from on high
Through the mode of virtual reality
The vision of the Dark Lords' eye

The foolish mass who sits in front
Of their hypnosis machine
And fixate their vision upon
The bombardment of virtual ecstasy

They take into their mind
The appearances and imagery
Transmitted as propaganda by
The mind control ministry

Saluting the flag of stars and stripes
The hexagon of Sauron
They think their egos dignify
Serving the Dark Lord Jehovah

Cannon fodder for the regime
They wave the flag of terror
'In God we trust' they believe
Persisting in their Satanic error

Their God is the Prince of Darkness
The malevolent Demiurgos
Who threw Himself with violence
Upon the earth His lead imposed

The obese, ill educated fool
Sips his alcohol and belches
His zio-church is his school
To perpetuate his ignorance

The motivation of Mammon
His ignoble quest in life
To accumulate his millions
And to call this 'peace' instead of strife

The lower tier robot of Zion
Eagerly tills the fields
Working his 9-to-5 to settle
His tithes and endless bills

Nonetheless he remains
A principled hypocrite
Wiping the sweat from his face
He eagerly grins and bears it

Earning his bread to the sweat of his brow
He carries on thoughtlessly
His christian duty to israel
And the chosen people of deviltry

He supports their dominion
Aspiration to rule the world
For absurd, meaningless abstractions
'God'; 'democracy'; 'money'-filthy lucre

His will-to-power he must state
On the weaker party
Bullying and abusing other states
Through machines of bellicosity

The global police man eager
To state his bloodlustfulness
On those parties who are weaker
And were not to him subservient

The cancerous tumor in the Near East
Metastasizes over Time
Under the Will of the vampire beast
Yahweh-Jehovah's will-to-crime

Those who criticize the Z.O.G
The bestial machine of the Demiurge
Are targeted to be gangstalked
Subject to torture and murder

They are then blamed by the liars
To invert their respective roles
And immolate them in the fire
Of slander and rumored to destroy their soul

Anders Brievik the example
Of the inversion of the culture distortors
Who was a Zionist in their theatre
To play the 'white supremacist' role

Blaming the victim of their aggression
A convenient scapegoat to blame
To transfer upon their endless sins
In the public mind to confer infame

While simultaneously playing the part
Of the 'objective' and 'reasonable'
The man who is always compassionate
As he hires others to murder and kill

In the name of 'God' a slave
Their bloodthirsty mob the cannibals
And others' assault violently
To coerce compliance to their will

In the name of 'love' and 'peace'
'democracy' and 'equality'
They superimpose their police state
An overarching sword of Damocles

Exploitation by the parasites
Continues *ex post facto*
Of the proxy wars which they design
To live and enslave its 'benefactors'

Their game of dialectic
Blaming the victim for their crimes
Continues onto the end
Consuming the souls they vampirize

Soon their tangled web of lies
Will itself enclose upon them
And they will receive their reprise
In the form of a backlash of karma

Their tissue of lies they have woven
Lies in tatters on their stony face
And reveals to all through its exposure
Their inevitable doom by Divine Grace

Partition

Overlaid upon our mind
A blind of the Blind God
A partition that is designed
To create from Spirit separation

The leaden veil of Kali
Draped across our vision
To all appearances seeming
Like a wondrous world of images

The tissue of the arch spider
Whose lithe insectile movements
Are too subtle in their guises
For the mundane to be perceptible

The age old matrix of density
The gauze which this spider spins
Superimposing upon all entropy
Lowering the souls' vibrations

Dampening the emanations
Of the Hyperborean souls
Who have entered the mundane prison
To liberate all from their toil

Though these also have become
Encased within the material world
And their essential brilliance
Has been by his webs' blurred

Blurred from the sight of themselves
And of their pasu affiliates
They are dragged to a lower hell
Through the Demiurge's corruptive influence

The matrix ensconces them all
And dampens down our awareness
By leaden chains we are bound
Held in the fists of the Great Malevolence

We attempt to probe the veils
Which are draped over our vision
But become lost within their folds
Beguiled by the glamour of images

Behind the veil of appearances
The astral planes their territory
The Demiurge and his vampire legions
Over this world hold their sway

The radiations of the Graal
From deep within the coarse machine
The automaton's corporeal
Structure, a prison of material density

The iron prison of the soul
That traps within his furnace
Harnessing the radiations of the Graal
To the Demiurge the life force furnish

The leaden chain draped around
The necks of his captives
Tether his soul earthen bound
To a tragic fate that would end him

Those who can recall their origin
In the higher planes of Being
Are able to ignite the Minne
Hyperborean blood memory

Only those of ascetic kind
Who can transcend the earthen plane
Will the key to the prison find
And enable themselves to awake

The worldly prison of entropy
The diarrhea of the Demiurge
Which he has cast forth into being
His will-to-power deadly force

The death drive of His Will
Identifies the higher planes
Creating a partition from the Eternal
That of coarse material density

Within the archetypal world
Of cultural phenomenon
The slaves chained to the material
Forsake their long-lost origins

Beguiled by the sensory rippling veils
Of maya these purblind charges
Tools of the Demiurgic travails
Immersed in the illusions of samsara

These nets are projected from His agents
Whose constant strategy is to assail
Any and every sentient organism
To chain to the plane of the material

Involution and immersion

The path of the rightwards swastika

To liberate from the prison

The pasu food of the Demiurge

To tear apart the matrix nets

Which ensnare the population

And to then destroy the Demiurge

And His evil minded minions

Evolution and development

The will of the Dark Lord

Is enabled through His beguilement

Trapping us within this world

The densification of the higher states

To the technology of the oligarchs

Derived from extraterrestrials to enslave

To obstruct our re-turn to the origins

Eagle and Goose

Between fleshly Eve of the world

And Lillith the sacred feminine

She who in the being dwells

His other aspect, a Valkyrie from heaven

These two extremes he is drawn between
The transience of appearance
And the black sun's nightly Queen
Heralds the yellow sun's disappearance

In Eternity she beckons
Her escarpment of starry night
An uplifting to the celestial heavens
With her harmony by his side

Else to be torn down by the flesh
Immersed in the carnal prison
Coerced to a life of restlessness
Following the way to perdition

The Eagle soars heavenward
Along his transcendent path
Toward the celestial greensward
Away from the shifting of appearances

Samsara he leaves behind him
And soars toward the stars
Oblivious to that which blinds men
He orients his gaze upwards

The goose honks with feverish lust
Attempting to bring him down
To her home in the tepid pond
Across the swamp her honking sounds

She would ensnare him in her wiles
To tear down and to enchain
To his will hitch to her cart
And make of him her nest slave

Perhaps he could assist her
To soar with him heavenward
As could she too aspire thither
And to live with him in Eternia

They goose is motivated
To lay eggs of speckled brown or gold
Through the influence of her inner nature
On higher planes she is not sold

Though the world is offered to her
She desires yet much more
Regardless of the guaranteed future
She is blinded by the Demiurge

Her concern for worldly recognition
To be the center of attention
A vampire she on a mission
Absorbing into herself the masculine

The eagle swoops down from on high
To assist in the transmutation
From the flesh of her earthly swine
To in Eternity a godly station

They join together in embrace
Both undergoing transformation
Into a Phoenix bird firey
They soar toward the heavens

They have forsaken the abode
Of the circle of incarnation
Of the prison matrix of the Demiurgos
The entropic crucible of degeneration

They who stay within this world
To circle around the wheel of Time
Are living a desperate sort of love
That of the profane, doomed to die

Their love is more akin to lust
Or to an economic contract
In which each party must ante up
In order to receive something back

'Cash for ass', the terms are
Sleep for the aspiring Eagle
And a debasement of his counterpart
Dragging him to the kosher chapel

The Phoenix pair soar above
Looking down on the dirty birds
Two ostensive turtledoves
Who keep on each other account records

They observe from their height
Papageno and Papagena the pasus
Desporting with each other side-by-side
Under the influence of the Demiurgos

They abide by his causal laws
And forsake their place Above
Through a fixation of the material
Their lustful desire they call 'love'

Vultures of Mammon they consume
The scraps of the Demiurge's excreta
The shiny baubles and corporeal stew
That to the slave minions he serves up

They wallow in ecstasy in the swamp
Inebriated with Judaea's wine
Their eager revelry only stops
With their Dark Lord's strict design

Within the realm of samsara
Of dense leaden consciousness
They worked to earn the wages of
Their karmic reward in His matrix

They pay the cost of these delights
In Eden's world of paradise
Through selling their souls for a dime
And the objects of Tantallion desire

The Phoenix pair soars aloft
In the realm of Eternia
And prepares to descend to earth
To liberate those worthy of it

Generative Bukkake

An explosion of vice in the Cosmos

A rapine of Mary Mag-dalene

By her captor the brutal Demiurgos

An abuser of the Heavenly Queen

The bukkake erupts in the Cosmic womb

A crystallization of His forceful will

To generate His forms, to them entomb

In the prison created through His barbarous skill

The higher forms become encased

In an amber crystal rigidified

The memory of origins all but erased

The living dead waiting to expire

The vitality of the primordial epoch

Dragged into a state of inertia

A cancer patient on life support

Corrupted by the Demiurge's tumors

Their harmonious state of consciousness

Debased through materialization

Dragged into the depths beneath

The celestial realm of Elysium

They are the victims of His delight
His sadistic will-to-power
The rapist of beings of the light
Their energy He would devour

They are captives of His prison
An electromagnetic universe
Of Brahma's cosmic rhythms
Across the manvantaras

With each outgoing breath He extrudes
The halitosis of His lust
As He casts forth his vile spue
Into the womb of the Cosmos

His inspiring intake of breath
A vortextual rush of self-absorption
Absorbing into Himself His excreta
The souls of the pasu beastmen

The Vampire of the Cosmos
And his legions of devotee servants
Has adversaries who chose
To combat Him inside His prison

The Hyperborean siddhas descending
From the Eternal planes into this world
A battle against the bestial enemy
Without fear as they are immortal

The Eternal champions take the risk
Of entering his prison of lies
Becoming with his excreta shrouded
To better destroy his alibis

To liberate the planets and their denizens
From His spoor of density
And to occupy the terrestrial regions
To spiritualize all sentient beings

The foe on the plane of the astral
The world of generation and corruption
Taking us a further step down to hell
Trapped within the monads of death

Blanketing the world with His ejaculate
The Demiurge plagiarizes the models
Of the Eternal Forms, heaven sent
Dragging us down into the world of hell

Vanir descend with Lucifer's torch
To light the way toward Eternity
To banish the Demiurge's infernal vampires
And to dismantle their system of slavery

The desert encroaches throughout the world
With the vampire legions absorbing all
Minerals; vegetables and animals
The dark host preys upon the cattle

They sacrifice and torture them
To feed the Rapist of Sophia
Who forever seeks to expend
The excreta of His flaccid phallus

His impotence manifests itself
In the impregnation of her womb
With stillborn lunar children
Abortions for the material tomb

The Devas have taken on the forms
Of the illusory dreaming of the Usurper
Have entered for battle the material world
To rescue the pasu from his slave masters

A chance is given to the captives
Of the earth plane they are upon
To choose light and live in rapture
Or remain in Time the Demurge's pawn

Most through fear and trembling
Will choose the path to perdition
Through worshiping their enemy
And serving as His slave minion

The few who will stand and fight
Will take on the mission of combat
Against the entropy of the false light
And will through effective means attack

The system must be dismantled
By hook and by crook the Darkness banished
To douse the menorah's candles
With the burning cold of the Superman

An 'Honest Living'

The moral majority plumes itself
Upon its putative 'virtue'
Exalting its ego, accumulating wealth
Placed on a pedestal as a 'hero'

They 'work' and eagerly display
The fruits of their allegedly noble labor
For all to see and has publicly
To with their fellows curry favor

Staring into the mirror of their vanity
They condemn all 'Others'
Who would rather pursue nobility
Through superior endeavors

Their one thought is to accumulate
As much capital is possible
Be it financial or social they
Grind their gears as chattel

The 'honest' workers on the plantation
Striving for their pyrrhic victory
To receive their peers' adoration
And to make genetic photocopies

Their value they measure in brow sweat
The more they strain and stress
The more value they believe they have
Their sole criterion of success

This they call an 'honest living'
Exchanging their labor for filthy lucre
Through working or volunteering
They thereby gain their Masterss favor

What constitutes an 'honest living'
Is in reality a smiling mask
Overlaid on basest slavery
The true face of their ignoble tasks

Those who derive value from their deeds
Their workaday lives of drudgery
Are suited to their fate in purgatory
Envisioning beyond this cyclicism nothing

9-to-5 in the rats' wheel
They sweat and strain with glee
To prove to themselves their zeal
And to 'earn an honest living'

The dishonest rogues who husband them
As animals on the animal farm
Subject them to a life onerous
Representing this as their Lord's desire

"Earning their bread to the sweat of their brow"

The *creedo absurd est*

In the wheel of Ixion spinning around

Over the incarnations in the flesh

The parasite exploiters' subject

The slave minions to the lash

Over their heads an ever present threat

Should they not accrue sufficient cash

The streets of the cities of usurers

Paved with gold for themselves

To walk above as they rule over

Their cattle who are divested of their wealth

The pobevolk at them point

In contempt judging them with disfavor

And call them a vile parasite

Which absorbs the fruit of their labor

They are right of course but also wrong

As their 'honest' living is revealed

To be naught but a dénouement

Of their creative capacity within concealed

The purpose served by this 'great work'
Is to furnish the decadent leisure class
With more profits as they smirk
Concealed in their condominiums

Rolling over their investments
In their stock market gambling
Their 24 carat nest egg
On a marble pedestal gleaming

The caste of leisure does not invest
In many cases nobler efforts
But in most they are mere pests
Devious swindlers and exploiters

Making display of their pomp
Their putatively superior status
Which they acquire in the swamp
Of corruption they have established

'An honest living' is transparent:
What you see is what you get
Not conjuring something out of nothing
Employing the thief's conjuring trick

Fair exchanges and for a higher purpose

This is the basis of economy

Which is sustainable and harmonious

From top to bottom the hierarchy

Should these exchanges not attune

Themselves to a sustainable world

The seemingly endless profits accrue

poverty, which lurks behind Maya's veil

Economy for economy's sake

The system of slavery of the world

Qualifies all who of profits partake

As 'dishonest', greedy churls

Contributing to the system

Of the prison planet of vampires

Buoys up these greedy exploiters

And perpetuates the Demiurge

Feeding profits to this caste

The chandala plutocrats

Who hide behind the mask

Of the hypocrisy of the Democrat

Honesty to them as foreign
A discordant mode of behavior
To the cunning chandala baseborne
Whose existence verily is scorn

Quantitative Man

Within the world of quantity
The Kali Yuga of living death
Around his neck a leaden chain
Whose sensual weight buries into his flesh

Feeling grounded within the world
Or perhaps pressed into the ground
By this dense material burden
The reign of quantity bearing him down

All thoughts hazy and erratic
A dim groping after clarity
In a fog of basest tellurism
Much illusion but little verity

Racing after false promises
Myriad objects of desire
Bombard his coarse senses
Inflaming his bestial ardour

To appropriate into himself
The 'Other', his targeted prey
To incorporate, his girth to swell
Homo homini lupus, ecce dei

This worldly figure saturated
With the blood of his foes
On their corpses he is gestating
His enemies in their death throes

His thoughts trend downward
To the lowest infernal region
A savage beast yet no coward
His bravery is but recklessness

Ungoverned by any higher principles
He descends to this basest state
With a bang and not a whimper
He lashes his foes furiously

This the social Darwinist ethic
And which each must contend with all
In the *bellum omnium contra omnes*
Living by the gun he brings about his fall

From the hero a decision voluntary
To oppose that which seeks his death
He stands isolated on the promontory
Prepared with *ataraxia* to meet his end

The man of quantity who lives for thrills
For the bestial striving for conquest and domination
For the drinking of the blood he spills
And the delights of the taboo and forbidden

He falls under the weight of his foes
Battling against all and sundry
Detached from the higher principles
Which elevate the hero over the mundane

Though in death the hero reign supreme
The champion of his own domain
Dwells in the green ray in Eternity
Transcending quantity's leaden chain

The modern man of decadence
Perpetually aspiring to accrue
To himself the state of affluence
Desired by his fellow fools

His every thought directed
Toward the gleam of gold
By his fellows heckled
Should he not play this role

The Mammon worshiper of today
His sole purpose for living
Hedonism and vulgar play
A life of self-interest maximizing

The more the merrier in his judgment
He directs his focus on that outside
Of his inner impoverishment
A lack of substance, of spiritual light devoid

Driven by the flow of Time
He dwells within its maelstrom
By the breath of the enemy of life
Assailed by His reeking halitosis

The 'breath of life', the force of death
The death drive of the Demiurge
Bringing down to the lowest depth
The man of quality, as Spirits' scourge

Brownout

In the sewer of the *cloaca gentium*

The white picket fences have been muddied

And the white hatted bourgeois gentlemen

Have had their vainglorious noses bloodied

The mud flood from the regions of the depths

The sunken cultures of primordial times

Has become another re-presentation

Of the cycle of the cultural organisms' life

The phase of senility has set in

And the healthy instincts of the people

Have been nearly to the point of no return

Slacking through this decadent evil

They have been eroded by the flood of mud

And by the corruption of their 'betters'

Who provide their template of decadence

Mimicked by their slavish minions

Those who resisted were beaten down

Crushed under the iron heel of the system

By the heroic men or women

For the resistive there is no tolerance

Those who would attempt to shut the gates
Are targeted for elimination
By the diabolical cabal's police state
Who demand the strictest conformism

They who would rebel against
The corruption of the synarchy
Illicit and over-reactive state
Of 'pro-active' police and military

The teeming hordes from foreign lands
Enter in, not alone of necessity
But are as part of the 'great plan'
Pushed through incentives of booty

The synarchy orchestrates the chaos
And their foreign leadership
Of freemasons engineer the loss
Of their undesirable populations

Into the white man's land they go
Draped in the garb of victimhood
The 'innocent' to all appearances
Drawn by the gleam of gold

The privileged filth who do serve
For their personal benefit this 'great work'
Ignore the suffering of their lower,
Socio-economically disfavored tier

They conceal themselves within suburbia
Away from the teeming multitudes
Who in their mind are stinking excreta
Beneath their contemptuous attitude

This foolish self-absorbed caste
Lives in a state of blissful ignorance
Damning themselves up in their cul-de-sac
To avoid the masses' wrathful bullets

They live to hold their people down
To perpetuate their selfish power
Yet over their heads looms storm clouds
Of revolution; violence and war

Too vainglorious to understand
The consequences of their actions
Or call into question their 'great plan'
Bound as they are through black magic

Their homeland devastated by the intruder
Their own women raped and killed
Yet the privileged shrug their shoulders
On their faces a sneer of blackest evil

These conspirators think they are transcendent
Beyond Time and space with their 'God'
Jehovah the Dark Lord of corruption
An arrogant, vainglorious 'lucifer'

Their motive to look the other way
And enable the steady invasion
Of the foreign intruding army
To allow their people's devastation

They in their arrogance believe
They will move forward The Plan
Assisting the Demiurge to achieve
The mixture of all into 'universal man'

The foolish agenda has revealed
Throughout the history of our world
The fallacy of any 'universal'
It's resultant product a pile of turds

As long as Jehovah feeds
On the loosh of his captives
His system of entropy bleeds
The life force of the masses

This is all that is desired
A merger with the 'One'
Happy result for the hierarchy
Who serve as warders in His prison

The more that are manufactured
The more energy released
In the sacrifice of the masses
In wars; revolutions and mass killings

Quantity supersedes quality
The value of beings is reduced
To units of energetic currency
The vital force the vampires use

Though the inevitable conclusion
Is the destruction of the system
The earthly administration
Is blinded by their hubristic egotism

Their hope is to transfer
Their souls to perfected machines
A symbiotic merger
To feed upon all perpetually

Disintegrating Element

Inserted into the society of their enemies
The creeping demon seed
Bent on vengeance against the nobler breed
For Titus destroying their temple of usury

They harbor a grudge against them
The nobility of the earth
They who from heaven descended
To alleviate Jehovah's curse

The creeping kikes have introduced
Their noxious bacillus spores
In the gentile society the sneaky jews
Have crept to confuse and abuse

The organic nation of the folk
With its adamantine bonds
By the jewish pests is choaked
So many weeds in a bed of flowers

They bury themselves in the rich soil
Depleting it of its nutrients
Absorbing into themselves the spoils
Through their usury as middlemen

They play the role of moneylenders
Inflaming the leadership's lust for power
Financing wars of expansionism
Bringing about the nations' fatal hour

Simultaneously their agents' work
Stirring up the restless mass
Convincing them their role to shirk
And to grasp the offered flaming brand

The nation of the folk is decimated
Through the exhaustion of its treasury
With failure to pay the usurious lender
Resulting in incursion of foreign mercenaries

In the underground the fires of revolution blaze
Set up by the interlopers' hand
Unleashing the masses in their craze
Upon the intelligent gentleman

The nation of the folk lies in ruins
And the remnants of the folks settle
In the dust of the devastated nation
The Jewish pests now rule over the rabble

The few who managed to escape the mob
Have departed from the nations' borders
And now in other nations' dwell
For personal survival their only recourse

Those who stayed and fought
And played the noble role of sacrifice
Against the unbalanced odds
Gave to their folk their very lives

Gunned down in front of brick walls
Or torn apart by the savage mob
The higher man of the nobler stock
With his death the death of all

Should the scheming kikes not achieve
Their initial plans' objective
They will bide their time to see
It's eventual realization

Even if it takes millennia
It will maintain their course
Serving Satan-Jehovah
Their master of the lower worlds

Paradise

The man of modernity a robot
A puppet on the strings of his masters
Impelled by the Dark Lords' thought
The mind of the malevolent attacker

The force of impulsion of Time flow
The gravitational waves of coercion
From the void of the Demiurgos
Broadcasts his lower vibrations

Imposing upon the higher forms
His icy breath of crystallization
The dynamic entelechy transforms
Into an entropic differentiation

Into concrete manifestation
The spiritual forms incarnate
Trapping within the infernal prison
Which the Dark Lord did gestate

Anthropogenesis through His Will
And through His alien emissaries
Revolution did instill
Into the realm of Eternity

In His image He created them
The forms of the lower realms
Through the heliacal evolution
He introduces into His hell

The anthropoids a result
Of the enfolding of His will
The impress of His gestalt
Upon His plagiary instills

The man a carbon copy of His will
Never was nor will remain
An expression of His diabolical
Distortion and mimicry

These meat machines engineered
Through borrowed substances
Which millennia ago appeared
To tend his Edenic garden

Into the paradise of illusion
He introduces featherless bipeds
From the primordial ooze and scum
They would be his crowning achievement

For millennia these creatures lived
Hunting the game and gathering
The fruits of the vine of their prison
And their vital force scattering

They sewed in order to reap
To perpetuate themselves
Circles in the wheel of density
Amidst the lower hells

Feeding the beast their energy
Through constant progeneration
Through sacrifice's most bloody
Torture and torment of their victims

The service of the Demiurge
Feeding upon their offerings
Through His will-to-power
Cursed them with His blessings

Into this paradise then came
The immortal siddhas
Through the anthropoids did elevate
Break the chain of their karma

These earthbound anthropoids were freed
From their masters' closed circle
The walls of the prison did exceed
Threw a wrench into the machine's cycle

The mixing with the anthropoids
The blue-bloods of Light and Life
Instilled in them their Graalic seed
A new species created, a superior kind

These developed the skills and technics
To till the land and to perpetuate
The Demiurge's slave system
The hunter Cain did Abel supersede

Evolution continued onwards
Through the millennia of the plagiary
The Demiurge's closed system
Of the downwards spiral of entropy

Perhaps his ingenious plan
Was to entice these beings
To descend into the land
And lend to it their vital seed?

As the system's entropy
Required energy from without
For the vampire to thief
Else it's candle would burnout

The system thus continues on
This pretended paradise of 'God'
A diversified world of hell
Of the Cosmic Rapist His excreta

The world and all that it contains
Serve as structures to feed
The Time Lord and his emissaries
Driven by desperate need

In order for them to carry on
It must absorb the vital force
Of the host they prey upon
To perpetuate their mortal coil

Their system of static inertia
Implodes upon itself through Time
Through its explosive violation
Of the realms beyond His crime

Hence the spirits of the immortals
Must obstruct the systemic flow
Of the *materia excreta*
Of Jehovah's will-to-explode

Involuting into the material plane
On the earth mixing with the creatures
Egregores of the diabolic brain
Of Jehovah the malevolent scourge

Enriching them with their essence
Their soul transmitted into the blood
A burning cold Vril transmission
Burning away the caked on mud

Instilling into them their vigorous will
If only to a lesser degree
Elevating their consciousness to a higher level
That they may Truth dimly perceive

The mixtures with the anthropoids
Dragged down to a lower depth
The immortals in their fleshly guise
Took their chance in a dance with death

With Shiva they did dance
Employed the springboard of mortal coils
To confer upon the slaves a chance
To escape the prison through the Art Royal

Even though in total ignorance
They remain as hybrids rudimentary
They possess the blood of the viryas
To liberate them from the penitentiary

Thus they have throughout the years
Welcomed within their domains
The presence of the Aesir godi
To transmit their gnosis to former slaves

This until the Demiurge and His minions
Concocted a slave program
Called monotheistic religion
To subordinate all to His command

This program was instilled into
The regions wherein Aryans dwelt
Amidst the sudras, the chandala
The disaffected and the criminals

The creeping kikes of the Demiurge
Creating a servile Abel
Were employed by their master
To incite the lower orders

Their subterranean strategy
Entailed the gutter creeds
Inculcated in the naïve
The corrupt and fortune-seeking

They utilized these programs
To sow dissension amongst the slaves
Who were thereby turned against
Their wise philosopher Kings

The mob were led through witchcraft
Black magic use of arcane *praxis*
To manipulate the mind of the masses
And whip them into frenzied paroxysms

The devious kikes with sly cunning
Poured jealous words into their ears
Whispering with honey tongue
That they would be the ones in power

All that was necessary
Was to destroy their leadership
And to channel their energy
Towards sinking their own ship

The conclusion was a burnt-out world
In which the former noble nation
Was under their influence submerged
Leaving the rubble of its devastation

The few remnants who remained
Managed to clean the debris
And to a sorry state maintain
A pale reflection of former glory

Typically the cunning kikes
Would with his entourage of thugs
Rule over the hybrid type
Who alone remained in the ruins

To curtail this genocidal process
The noble few who still remain
Throughout the world must have recourse
To oppose the global tyranny

Suppressive

Obstructive forces which oppose
The will-to-power of Others
Chinks in the armor, stones in the road
Sabotaging those they plundered

Driven by malevolent malice
A motivation to interfere
With others' existence harmonious
To upset and cause strife to appear

Suppressing the will of 'Others'
Spiteful, their delight in harming
Through petty acts and gestures
Those they target, Jehovah's adversaries

They Good; the True and the Beautiful
They perceive with green-eyed envy
And seek to ritually abuse
To cast a shadow over the brightly shining

Any manifestation of superiority
They hate and seek to tear down
Those who are of lesser being
Jehovah's puppet minions

Their motivation to overcompensate
For their own inferiority
Is manifested in their bitter hate
Of that which they could never be

"To rule or ruin" their motto
The will-to-power of the hater
Who seeks to all tear down
That they made pyrrhic victory savour

To 'live and let live' they are incapable
'Live and let die' alone
They embrace this base principle
Yet for their sins they will atone

To hold down the achiever
Who would soar to the heights
To stand in the path of their betters
To derive satisfaction in spite

Rather than focus their mind
On noble achievements and creativity
They simply seek to destroy
All of that which exceeds their abilities

Rather than to elevate
The world to a state of higher being
They would undermine the estate
Of they who create superior meeting

The legacy of the jew reveals
Their malevolent motivation
To leave a heap of ruins
In the wake of their destruction

All creative civilizations
Of the Aryan race have witnessed
At the hands of the malevolent
Their destruction and debasement

This hostile motivation
No mere assertion of antagonism
Under the will to a victory win
But a malevolent demonic power

The Demiurge works through them
These creatures of meat and clay
Created by this Cosmic Demon
Through alien genetic engineering

They live to carry out His orders
As obedient slaves to His Will
To move the goalposts forward
Of the unfurling of the Temporal

Facilitating evolution
To serve the Cosmic Vampire
To provide for him carrion
The emanations of souls' expired

His malevolent creatures
Orchestrate in collusion
With his alien astral minions
Wars; famines and revolutions

They plan out these events
In subterranean secrecy
Under certain astral alignments
To optimize their vampiric greed

They seek a return on their investment

A *quid pro quo* relationship

Had between them and their masters

To create on the earth suffering to the maximum

The more they suppress and obstruct

The will; creative drive of their slaves

The more pain they conjure up

To fuel themselves with soul energy

Hence their motivation is pure

It's malevolent belligerence

That of the born vampire

A slave of infernal denizens

To suppress the 'Other' is their goal

Their malevolent motivation

Their schadenfreude they extol

As mechanism of their enrichment

An abuser of the 'Other' they are

And will forever be

Agents of a foreign star

Of all life, an enemy

Their only contribution to 'Others'
Is wholly negative
They impose upon them their will
To dominate—a pure negation

Their dualistic consciousness
A hive mind emanation
Of their Dark Father in heaven
The Demiurge's vile projection

Governed by their negative ego
They are incapable of transcending
Their petty thought, wholly material
Oriented to the Higher opposing

Incapable of overcoming
Their own feeble state of being
Attached to the diabolic Entity
Synthetic constructs of alien beings

They thus are manufactured to operate
Within the realm of the darkness
Trapped within their matrix cage
Metatronic hive mind structure

On the earth, physical densification
Of the Higher Planes, Hyperborea
The demiurgic encrustation
Bukakke of the Cosmic Vampire

They are confined within this realm
Unable to ascend beyond
And within it are malevolent
The synagogue of Yahweh-Satan

Impelled by the reptilians who control
Their hive mind robot collective
Jewry and the members of the cabal
Who are chosen to rule by the Demiurge

These brutal thugs have been conscripted
Bound through witchcraft to the saurians
And are by the Dark Power motivated
They assail all with reckless abandon

Their life a mere sport of sadism
A delight in harming 'Other' kinds
While mewling about 'human rights' violations
A mask which they hide behind

Their reptilian masters in the astral
As puppets jerk them on their strings
To 'Others' abuse and to assault
To impose upon them their cruelty

The *quid pro quo* relationship
Which obtains between the dark powers
An exchange of energy via black magic
To confer upon them at the witching hour

The emissaries on the earth
Lash out with violent aggression
Concealed behind those they fault
Proxies upon whom they project their sins

Manipulating others to assail
Their mutual enemies
Dividing and conquering without fail
A stereotyped strategy

They blame the scapegoat for their deeds
And incite their foes to combat
One against the other they bleed
And neutralize any opposition

Creating confusion they generate
A world of discordant vibrations
Aligned with the artificial timelines
The reptilian masters have created

Their invented religious mind programs
Program them with a template
Of a worldview temporally linear
Rigidly structuring their mental state

They think within the programming
A linear track to hell or heaven
Along which path they blindly race
Eager to escape their fated perdition

They become bound to entities
To the fictional archetypes, egregores
And thereby their deity
Bound to Jehovah, Cosmic Violator

They thus become mere captive pawns
Robots within the matrix
Artificial structures who have lost
Their soul bound to the hellish earth

Mere automata, witless slaves
They are impelled to drudge
On the plantation in their fall from grace
Humble Abel, the creeping christian

Lofty Cain, the rebel hero
Against the Lord of the mundane hell
Salvages the few redeemable
Who have their head within the clouds

Bent with humility ostentatious
The creeping christian tills the fields
Bowing before his chosen masters
That thereby the pearly gates will for him yield

Their vitality wanes over Time
Their soul fed upon by the demons
Who enrich themselves on their slavish kind
Atrophying over the incarnations

The more stress; abuse and misery
These demonic creatures do impose
The more chaos, more loosh they secrete
To serve as the feast for the Evil Foe

The cycles of Time carry-on
Across the manvantaras
The cyclicism of Time rolls on
As the souls in His belly are absorbed

Only the Immortals remain
Diamond hard, radiating their light
Over the materialized plane
To liberate higher souls through the fight

Those who would partake
Of the poison fruit of Eden
In his greedy belly gestate
As Demiurgic abortions

The earthbound are absorbed
Postmortem once they depart
Tnto the digestion of the horde
Succumbing to the Cosmic Vampire

Judeo

Synarchic puppets dancing on their strings
Held in the hands of their invisible rulers
Brute objects they carry out their duties
Unconscious of the tools that they are

Their hive mind in which they exist
Controlled by their hidden Masters
'Spiritual israel' the collective consciousness
A dark and vampiric structure

They are impelled by the entities
Who control their minds through A.I
And who they puppet; manipulate and deceive
Through their intrusive technics of guile

The subtle energies' transmission
Into their undeveloped consciousness
Keeps them as slaves on the plantation
Bowing before the evil aliens

Their conscious mind is structured
From the subterranean depths
In the lower astral obstructed
Forging the chains which bind them

The manufacture of the 'judeo'
The creeping slave of the cabal
Of violent extraterrestrials
Is carried out *in vivo* and *in utero* as well

The intergenerational transmission
Of the demonic seed
Over the incarnations
Servicing the beast machine

From one generation to the next
This sadistic soul of evil
Reincarnate as a hex
Visited upon the decent people

Police and military are conditioned
Through masonic initiation
To be subject to the influence
Of the alien pestilence

They exchange their soul
For temporal wealth and hedonic thrills
And continue through Time to roll
While they atrophy and are inevitably killed

They have made a thieves' pact
To serve as the entities' minions
Upon the earthly encrustation
Of the Metatron matrix prison

They receive their marching orders
To trap within the material plane
The souls of their subordinates
To visit upon them pain-and-suffering

Constant stress and abuse
They do impose their schadenfreude
Upon those that use and confuse
Keeping them in the lower vibrations

Though to all appearances distinct
The judeo's each and all partake
Of the influence of Saturn's rings
Around their necks the noose remains

christians foremost in their camp
As thuggish servitors of Evil
Serving the Demiurge and His chosen
To impose upon all the people

Bound to the demons in their mass
Within the circle of appearances
The noose tightens around their neck
To the Dark Lord binding them

'Spiritual israel' the name
Of the hive mind of malevolence
Through which the Prince of darkness reigns
Over his witless captive servants

By other names it is known
Amongst different populations
Who believe it is their own
Through manifestation in their culture

The 'ummah', the 'proletariat'
The mainstream religious bigotry
Labeled the 'this' and the 'that'
Matters not in its tyranny

These constructed categories
Are laid out His cunning traps
To entice the gullible and naïve
To incite violence against them

Overarching their being
They are immersed within
The pall of Yahweh The Beast
Pathetic slaves to serve Him

Each of these creeping slaves
In their extreme of arrogance
A god themselves believe
Dwelling in heaven above all others

The masons foremost amongst them
Serving the jews their masters
And their Sinister Overlords
Envision themselves the only humans

Though ensconced in the false light
They exalt their fallible ego
Decorated with pompous lies
And infernal demoniacal titles

The christian and religious bigots
With their obsession with 'morality'
An ossified lower consciousness
They live inhibited, neurotically

masons affirm they are above
The bonds of 'Good' and 'Evil'
Have morality transcended
Yet are servitors of Yahweh the Devil

The marxist mob of miscreants
Who lash out with hostile hatred
At any who stand above them
Are servitors of this same Satan

All of these are 'judeo's'
Trapped within the hive mind
In the world material
Captives of the Lord of Time

Only the Aristocrats
Of the soul may overcome
The Demiurge's influence
And not to His Will succumb

The two sides are sharply divided
Between the pawns of the Dark Lord
And the spirited immortals
Affiliates of noble Lucifer

Time-Flow

An upsurge in the Eternal Stillness
The Greenland of the Immortals
A violent flash of sanguine crimson
Harbinger of things to come

The Silent Stillness of the Divine
The Cosmos torn asunder
By the hand of plagiary
The inferior deity, Yahweh the usurper

The death drive of His discordant cry
Breaks forth throughout the Higher Planes
Ejecting excreta into his vile sty
That has been called 'the creation'

The creation of pain and misery
Of generation and corruption
The fruitage of His plagiary
The snake in the Edenic garden

All things perish and rot within His domain
The trees grow sickly and die
The fruits dragged into the sewer of the mundane
Their seeds take root, subject to atrophy

Temporalizing temporality
The Death Drive withers away
Under the influence of His misery
The organisms live for but a day

Round in the wheel they circle
Their life continuing forth
And throughout their lives they dwindle
Trapped within the spatio-temporal

The only exit is to re-turn
For those who have the Pur
Blood of the mighty virya
Who descends from the Eternal

The pasu beastman cannot escape
The cycle of Times' impress
Upon the decaying estate
As a fleeting state of duress

The Demiurge Yahweh-Jehovah
Holds in subjection His slaves
With His rapine and ejaculation
He forces upon them the basest state

That of the most leaden density
The chain of dully gleaming serfdom
Which the bleary eyes of the slave cannot see
In the false light of the darkest prison

Our consciousness is structured
To live amidst the transient flow
Of samsara's acid river rushing
Over His flesh and whited bones

Stripped of his Graal Stone of Emerald
His Graalic blood poured out
Bled white he is a zombie chattel
Serving as a slave for the cabal

Those who have not succumbed
To the superimposition of Time's scyth
Still have the dimly glowing potential
To re-turn to their place in the sky

When the stone glows burning cold
In their third eye Olympian vision
As Prometheus god-man of old
With the flaming sword bursting the bonds of his prison

Against the Dark Forces of the Evil Side
The warrior hero initiates the salvo
To bring about the black sun's noontide
To defeat the creeping malevolent foes

The Lords of Light and Life
Embodying the vril of Luciferic power
Against the Demiurge's flood tide
His gravitational waves would depress lower

No feeble forces of the boastful
Self-proclaimed 'deity' can overcome
They possess the lofty vril
Who can defeat the false *Verbum*

The discordant echo of the Logos
Broadcast from upon high
Upon the earth it is imposed
Vibrations sharp as rusty knives

The chaos created by The Beast
Superimposed upon the world
Is a presence which does never cease
Save through the hero's noble role

The pestilential entities
Which ring around this veil of tears
Answering the call of The Beast
Instilling the weaker kind with fear

Soon the final battle will arise
Between the beings of infernal Dis
And the heroes and their valkyries
To burst the tissue of the matrix

Infrahuman

In the octagon of the matrix
The bestial savages with each other play
In libidinal desportings they manufacture
More of their endless progeny

Agonistic contests erupt
At all times and places
A bubbling brew in the cauldron
A desperate struggle within the matrix

The pasu contend with one another
For benefit and for gain
To earthly treasure uncover
Bellicose and bloodthirsty

Undeveloped in their conscious mind
These animal men by passion driven
Fueled by Bacchus' intoxicating wine
To fight and fornicate within the matrix prison

These beings their consciousness resonates
Only with the lowest frequencies
Like an animal their base mental state
Reacts to the crudest stimuli

The pasu yet does not occupy
The lowest depth of the hierarchy
This position that of Judah and Freimaurerei
The black magicians of infra-humanity

Their souls' captive by the entities
With whom they're bound via sinister rites
Lacking the basic autonomy
Of those not captive by the Dark Side

Impelled to serve their masters
They are the husks of their malevolence
Their evil will working for disaster
Transformed into the infrahuman

The pasus have their excuse
That of a basic undeveloped type
Living amidst the veils of illusion
They without reflection perform their rites

Papageno and Papagena

With each other desport

In oblivion they remain earthbound

And to their masters' suborned

Their overlords' in their vain imaginings

Believe they stand above reality

Yet by their temporal power corrupted completely

Blinded by their insatiable power-greed

They envision themselves as beyond

The circle of the incarnations

Beyond the limitations of good and evil

Living in the Eternal realms

Nonetheless they are mistaken

As they are trapped within

The spatio-temporal dimensions

The Demiurge's matrix prison

Bound with the demons they venerate

With them wedding in diabolic pacts

With the cacophonous they resonate

Malevolent cacodemons, astral pests

They live within the wheel of Time
Though are ignorant of this fact
Within the internal cyclical grind
Of Grotti's mill they are trapped

'Kill or be killed' the principle
Applies to the cabal of thieves
Who upon others sharpen their nails
Upon their blood and their flesh feed

'Live and let die' they relate
To all those 'Other' to themselves
To absorb into their distended bellies
Their ill-gotten gain, stolen wealth

Their usury and parasitism
Confines itself not to this world
Rather in the higher astral matrix
The booty they seek, that of others' souls

The demons they work with do partake
Of the fumes of the sacrifice
These ghoulish cretins undertake
To their life force amplify

Their own lack of perfection
The motivator for their violence
Against their hapless victims
Whose death rattle they put to silence

Driven by the efficiency
Of the life force they seek
To accrue to themselves Eternity
Through cruel and demonic means

Vampires motivated by the need
To accrue to themselves vitality
Through the *elixir vitae* sanguine
They spell in their cannibal feasts

Immortals have no need of such
Vile and bestial practice of infamy
As they in Eternity dwell untouched
By the astral vampires and their ghoulish breed

Entelechy of the Black Sun

The white light emanates from the source
The falsehood of the material world
Over our heads a yellow orb
Radiating the blind light of falsehood

We are living within the box of lead
The solar rays trap us in the matrix
Wandering the streets the living dead
Zombies shuffling in the Demiurge's plagiarism

They have eclipsed our inner light
Through hypnosis blinding our sight
Behind the curtains of Maya's bright
Technicolor veils of solar blight

Within us lingers still the seed
Which when cultivated breeds
The flickering flame of liberty
The black sun in us dawning

It must be wrought this cold stone
Into a diamond, pure, standing alone
Apart from all who would block the road
Passage to the Greenland, our home

Through challenges of greatest magnitude
The loss of one's glorious beatitude
The inner light kindled does exude
It's cold rays of immortal solitude

From a coal dully glowing
In the fireplace of the false light
Crushed under the weight of the countervailing
Becomes a diamond overnight

An Anvil our terrestrial world
In which we forge ourselves
The forces brought against our soul
Forges a diamond *entelecheia*

The dynamic system which we are
Immortal beings of the black light
A self propelling wheel-less car
We've attained our place in the heavens' high

Absorbing into ourselves the vril
From our surrounding circumstances
Forging the fire with will and skill
With Shiva we perform these dangerous dances

The lucky chances full of meaning
To strengthen the grip of the self on its power
To create a vortex, godlike gleaming
Titanic generator of the ultimate flower

The blue blood flows through the veins
It's gaseous mystery indiscernible
To mortal sight kindling the flame
The virya's transmutation to an Immortal

Impenetrable monad
A diamond celestial
Segregated from the mad
Crowd of perishing mortals

Looking on at the far-flung mob
Whose desire consciousness impels
To drink and to drug; kill and rob
Sate their mad lust for flesh and blood

Eager to stimulate their consciousness
Through base pursuits these pasu creatures
Imbibing the sources of vital substance
Within the wheel of the great reaper

Only the black hole sun of mind
The Self which knows itself
May pass through the ring of perishing Time
And take with it it's golden wealth

Imploding within itself this being
Sustaining itself in its name and form
Which as a rebel fights the Demon
Jehovah, the vampire of the world

The rebel soldier of the legions
Of brightly shining noble Lucifer
The black sun Immortal beings
Who will from evil liberate the world

Entelecheia, the immortal wheel
Of oricalchum which does revolve
Within the rusty temporal circle
Into itself its essence resolves

The transmutation of a Hero
The victorious combatant who does fight
Against the opponents in the astral
The lower planes of the blind god's blight

Infinitude, the wheel of Time
Folding in upon itself always
Yet in Eternity the Immortal Kind
Around their center revolving

The closed-system of the diamond
The stone from Lucifer's crown
From the crystallized Ur-i-gen
The novel impressions surrounds

Experience of this world of war
This *bellum omnium contra omnes*
This bright and shining celestial star
Assimilates into his immortal being

Valhalla awaits the Hero
As each blow against his foe hits home
To take down the Darkest Evil
His chosen destiny to battle far from home

Disintegrated Man

A melting pot of cultural excreta
The modern world boils and bubbles
A witches' cauldron of detritus
A noxious black magic formula

Into this seething mass
Is inserted the Aryan man
Who the lunar mages of Jehovah
Stir in with their geopolitical sporrán

A slurry of diversity
Of black; brown and yellow
With the addition of whitest cream
To make the mixture sustainable

In order to harvest their souls
These mages of the white lodge
Have multifarious roles
They dress in many guises

To entice their puppet slaves
They had cunningly arranged
To construct a rainbow cage
Through which illusions do engage

Enticed by the false light
Their captives enter inside
As moths to a flame beguiled
Within this structure domiciled

Inside of the box of the cube
They are tormented by the brood
Of the lower astral crew
Of entities for whom they are food

Changed to the cube's interior
Through strings electromagnetic
Transmitted from the artificial intelligence
Which impelled the feeble captives

Transmissions of violent energies
From the nodes of Metatron
The eyes of 'The One' are peeping
At those in the panopticon

Within this microwave of violence
The captive servants roast
Their meat machines atrophying
Under the transmission of Jehovah

Pervasive coercion they are subject to
The Will of the Demiurge
Which envelops the witless fools
And through which in pain they suffer

Coerced wage slavery
A Malthusian nightmare
The endless chain of industry
Factory of misery and fear

Coerced to circle around
In the wheel of servitude
Within it the desperate crowd
In stress gives off their 'loosh'

The entities upon it feed
Absorbing into themselves
As parasites sate their greed
Upon others' vitality and health

Their earthly emissaries
With whom they are bound
Serving these alien beings
Who in the astral are found

These architects of destruction
Impose their will upon
Their animate tools, goyim
To their life force drained down

Their architecture designed
As instruments of torture
Their infrastructure malign
Geopathic engineered murder

Their closed system of entropy
A series of locks and wards
To trap within its batteries
The sentients of a tortured earth

Only he who holds the key
Can exit the bonds of the prison
And through Hyperborean alchemy
Can exit its lower density matrix

All others inevitably disintegrate
Through atrophy of their soul
Failing to its elements integrate
They in Ixion's wheel do roll

The barrage of Time flows on
As acid rain from an angry God
The micturition, excretion of grime
Endless source of crude imitation

The winds of moriah rush across
The fields of verdant fecundity
Uprooting all, organic life is lost
Leaving a barren desert of entropy

The vital force of sentient Life
Stripped away, leaving mere husks
Zombies who thoughtlessly stride
Amidst the detritus on the pavement

These vacant eyed-cretins shuffle
To and from their 9-to-5
With plastered on smiles they slip and stumble
Oblivious to those alive

They fail to recognize their state
Of baseborne soulless inertia
The embers of their soul do fade
Under the Demiurge's influence

Those who have robotically
Perpetuated their allegiance
To the chandala creeds
Of mainstream mind control religion

These are under the greatest influence
By the negative entities
Who perpetuate their condition
As vampires sapping their vitality

Their soul these bigots are subject
To its degradation over Time
Are led down the path to perdition
Their fate extinction, in the wheel to grind

Only they who have the spark
Are able to swim against
The current of the Demiurge
To attain the immortal heavens

No pacifism need apply
A recipe for certain death
To lie on the ground and die
A lamb among the wolves is wrent

Integrated Man

The man of this world who has a chance
To escape the wheel of Time
To integrate within the missing half
Through Dionysos' dance and rhyme

Through the dangerous life of risk
Challenging the fragile ego
He elevates himself beyond sin
Beyond the limitations of the sheeple

Challenging himself through opposition

Through a combat against his foes

He enters the arena on a mission

To attain a victory in the world of woe

To banish the darkness which has ensconced

His dully gleaming emerald

In the center of Lucifer's crown

His radiance penetrates the veil

Through an active engagement

Through enduring the onslaught

He undergoes amplification

By his Will-to-Power wrought

His researchers in long forgotten lore

Have granted him the key to ancient mysteries

To a state reminiscent of Hyperborea

The red knight, immortal vajra has achieved

His contact with the Immortal spirits of light

Has enabled him to achieve his goal

With them as his perennial guide

Though in this world his knell does toll

He has been deemed worthy
Following a path of ascetic life
An existence untainted and unsullied
By the coarseness of the mundane kind

He has communed with the Devas Above
The higher planes he has made contact
Has learned from through the art of higher love
The 'A-Mor', without death, his soul intact

Detached from the bombardment
The enemy perpetually assails him
With their coarse material armaments
Against his armor, the red knight repels them

A diamond hard being with ruby skin
He contains within his energies
Free from shame; guilt and sin
He builds his power from the depths of his being

Rather than casting aside
His vital energies
He integrates them inside
Building power within Eternity

Against the countervailing forces
Which ring him around and impinge
Against what was once a mortal
A vortex of energy, the Immortal spins

A centrifugal, Self-sustaining
Being who underpins himself
Self-caused against the grain working
He accomplishes the impossible

Conjuring from the void he is
His image who he has become
In his own mind fashioned
Beyond the circle of limitation

Attaining a higher state of being
He transcends the brute physical
From the highest heaven the lightning
Ignites his blood, transmutes his vehicle

The Graal stone in his inner Being
The nucleus which holds together
As elements of higher meaning
To endure the chaotic weather

As a diamond-hard structure
The vitality of the vril
Courses through his *corpere*
Generated from his Inner Will

Disintegrating Element

A stable whole which maintains
Its integrity in a solid-state
A partless machine of efficiency
A fractal complex, god-like race

The organism of the superior kind
In its members is reflected
Cells of a *corpus* crystallized
By the higher consciousness animated

Each a singular manifestation
Of the higher form of life
The racial soul, cultural organism
Its concretion in structures of its Mind

The individual figures emanating
From this concentrated entity
Projections of the vast myriads
Of its subtle egregoric being

The individual monads immersed
In the astral tissues
In the organism's womb
This veil of tears born into

Forming a collective
And formed from a unity
In the organism integrated
From which they derive their being

The *Telos* or Will of 'The One'
The Demiurge Jehovah
Impels the monads in sum
To serve His monopolistic takeover

The plans of the Blind God
Sprawling forth as 'evolution'
Imposed upon the pasu, overawes
Their individual motivation

Binding them in density to His will
Consuming them as soul food
Reducing to excreta they circle
Through the cycles the fate they choose

Those who have not sought
To attain a state beyond this world
And it's material melting pot
Boil in their juices excremental

Earthbound souls they had failed
To transcend their baseborne state
Involved souls trapped within material
Conditions, pulling them into the grave

Jehovah's Evil Workers
J.E.W.S, His earthly minions
Whose malevolent purpose
Is to trap our souls in His prison

They seek to drag down
To degrade and to assail
To interrupt our elevation
Trapping us within this world

We have made a decision
To involute within this plane
This lower density condition
A dimension of the Demiurge's brain

Within Time we are trapped
and play our role according to
the template he has mapped
superimposed in tandem with the Jews

Their origin that of synthesis
a creation of E.T's
A genetically engineered hybrid
Serving them, on our souls to feed

They serve 'The One' Jehovah
Our emanations of his vile thought
To reduce us to the lower
Vibration in the matrix caught

Acting according to His Will
And the entities who created them
The jews perpetuate the kill
Implementing His violence

They create the storm and stress
Which besets us at all times
A noxious worm, poison pest
That smears us with its slime

Inciting us to violence
To divide and conquer their aim
To orchestrate chaos vicious
To destroy that which the hate

The noble Hyperboreans
Who on earth have involuted
And whose collective consciousness
The coarsened world has elevated

These their most hated foe
The greatest threat to jewry's lives
In their crosshairs these pure souls
Are targeted, subject to strife

jewry's diabolical cunning
From the entities derived
A hybrid of serpent breed
The role for which they were designed

Torture and murder
Poverty and starvation
A miserable burden
Longevity is uncertain

This the kikes orchestrate
As their multifarious assault
Against the hated Aryan race
Of whom they would rid the world

Their intention is disintegration
Of body, mind and soul
A subterranean strategy
To harm and exploit their foe

Miscegenation the method
Deployed from their arsenal
Concealed behind the bushes
They launch their devious assault

They would perpetuate their prison world
Harnessing the higher energies
Of the Aryans in the circle
Of the Demiurge's plagiary

They seek to merge with them
A symbiont to hijack their host
The superior god-like Aryans
To within the octagon bind their foe

Milch cow

The white milk pours from the udder
As the exploiter fills the pale
The white man a day laborer
A milch cow who in life has failed

His 'virtuous goodness' he extols
According to his programming
His christian dogma seared in his soul
The impulsion of his insanity

It's New Age variants replicate
This passive effeminate type
Extend the bounds of his cage
The prison of his limited life

Whether liberal or christian
The conditioning of the mind
Is for him no problem
A mold by his enemies designed

To create a pusillanimous
Passive aggressive behavior
An effeminizing doctrine
The will-to-power castrator

A gelded cuckold he is rendered
A foolish and unnatural being
Living in the world of Satan
A fish out of water barely breathing

In the name of 'God' and 'love'
He flips and flops on dry land
Out of the Spiritual waters Above
And into the frying pan

On the animal farm of zion
The new jerusalem
By electrical chains is tethered
Animate tool, no longer a man

The cabal of devious slavers
Have worked their black magic
To spare themselves the labor
Which they delegate to him

Earning his bread to the sweat of his brow
The maxim he lives by
To sweat and strain beneath the plow
To enjoy his swill in the sty

To rebel against his handlers
The thought he never conceives
As to think implies complexity of action
That which is beyond mere 'belief'

He contentedly chews his cud
As an animal on the farm
And calls his lethargy 'love'
Afraid of anything foreign

From 9-to-5 all day he judges
Happily grinning and bearing it
Like a dummy endures the punches
Of his masters the black magicians

The cabal of malevolent self-servers
Who sabotage all who oppose them
Look with favor upon their servants
A useful source of gain ill-gotten

With condescension they smile upon
Their livestock as they milk them
Filling the silver buckets with their blood
To drain down their greedy gullets

The cries of protest from their cows
Fall upon deaf ears
Not but silence their response
As they keep milking their bloody tears

Eventually the cow has had enough
And kicks out ineffectively
Against the scarecrow who is rebuffed
Burnt as a martyr in effigy

The christian plumes himself on his victory
Though pyrrhic and ineffective
His feeble reactive strategy
Like an animal swishing its tail at gnats

The cow overtime succumbs
To the myriads bites of the pest
Which in its greedy lust
Has drained it of blood and vital breath

Such is the fate of the sheep
Who allow themselves to bow
To their masters who shear and fleece
And slaughter their sacred cows

The goats have the answer
To kick and buck against
Their exploitative masters
Ramming them into the fence

Only those who embody
The rebellious spirit of Lucifer
Can oppose the hobbling
Of their malevolent slave masters

The christian cows follow docilely
Their caregiver the farmer
To the abattoir of *felo de se*
Their souls given up to Jehovah

The goats fare much better
Kicking their way to liberty
Against the borders of the matrix
Through the bounds encircling

No milch cow slaughtered
When drained of milk and blood
Of their life force robbed
By the miscreant vampire thugs

The goats will escape
And find greener pastures
In the far flung Elysium
And live happily ever after

Death Cult

Monotheism rears its monstrous head
Overarching the zealous throng
Who eagerly await their death
The Demiurge and his creation

They transmit their energies
Toward this vacuous void
And into 'The One' become nothing
Acting out their pantomime

The pageantry of their prayers
On the surface accrue to them
Their Dark Lords' grace, blessings
Yet result inevitably in death

They have allowed themselves
To grow weak through passivity
Extinguish their feeble soul
'Going to God' their destiny

christian; muslim; taoist

buddhist; hindu; jew

new age theosophists

And freemasons-kosher fools

They all transmit their energies

To the void of Jehovah

Absorbed by the demon seed

Of the legions of the Cosmic Vampire

Working together upon the earth

These malevolent beings conspire

They cause the population to suffer

And their souls to expire

To be recycled in the wheel

As energetic garbage

Circling around enabling to steal

Their souls' the Dark Side harvests

Monotheists, venerators of 'The One'

The inferior deity Jehovah

These creatures trap us in the circle

Through priest-craft mind control

Agents of the Evil One

They siphon our vitality

And all who resist would overcome

Bring about their fatality

Their harvesting facilities

Their churches; mosques and temples

Are structured to absorb the

Energies of their sheep, like cattle

Theirs is the fleecing of the wool

The shepherd kings steal their souls

Bit by bit they card their animals'

Glossy coats on the market for sale

They turn a profit selling religion

A dogma to trap their believers

Within Jehovah's leaden prison

The sheep shorn by their scissors

Tithes and taxes, wage slavery

The lot of the slave on the plantation

Serving their priests' ill-gotten usury

To receive their death certificate they pay them

The religion peddlers push their narrative
Stories of doom and gloom
With the sweetness of false promises
To live forever in illusion

The condition of receiving this 'reward'
Necessitates slavish obedience
Following endless rules 'divinely inspired'
To live a life 'being-towards-death'

The priests live a life of luxury
Shepherding the foolish flock
Who *eo ipso* bear their slavery
With contentment as the priests' take stock

Micromanagement of the slaves
Is the priests' dishonorable vocation
Exploiting them these cunning knaves
Their pockets lined with tithes and taxes

All must venerate 'The One'
As a condition of survival
Dragging into the reeking muck
Of the mass of witless plebeians

Any who would stand above
The heard of thoughtless sheep
Are persecuted with prejudice
Demonized as 'the adversary'

Any ideas or creations
That conflict with orthodoxy
Are vilified as of old Satan
Their originator pilloried

To keep the masses in line
Unified against a common foe
The priests employ guileful designs
To frame threats to their role

Creating events of illusory kind
That deceive the common mass
Theater of the hyper-real to bind
Their cattle to their drudging tasks

Spookcraft the mechanism
Of the control of the sheep
The shepherd kings use to imprison
The unstable and mentally weak

Fools are made by this caste
Of self-exalted intermediaries
Between lowly and macrocosmic man
Dumbing all down for slavery

The death cult of monotheism
A worship and veneration of 'The One'
Through this process a transmission
Of vital force depletion

The recipe for a living death
Bound to the entities
Serving the cosmic pests
Who vampirize his energy

The death cult of the Demiurge
Formula of soul bondage
A recipe for disaster
Putting the believers in a coffin

Urbanity

Jostling bodies of teeming multitudes
A landscape for the wanderer to roam
Cutthroat self-seekers with cunning attitudes
Atomized bodies far from home

The asphalt their course along which they strive
With jungle-like moves predatorial
With paranoid awareness their keen eyes
Search the area, a beast territorial

The wanderer, idle dilettante
Amusing himself with the scenery
A globetrotter, *bon vivant*
Oblivious to the denizens' treachery

A ruthless world of competition
Each against all *sub rosa*
Under the surface mask of pacifism
The animal face-monstrous; feral

They observe each other in the space
The theatre of the hyper-real
Theatre of war not dove-like peace
To rob; exploit and kill

Prayers for the dying are uttered
Crocodile tears of hypocrisy
Mourning for a vain hour
Before they again return to the streets

The gullible fools from the rural region
Are fish out of water within
The bubbling cauldron of the urban
Predatorial environment

Their money or their life the choice
And once the money is gone
The life itself is null and void
Sold for the price of a song

Only the cutthroat and ruthless
May linger around the urban realm
A hodgepodge of self-seekers rootless
And walking over themselves

Service with a smile is the appearance
The predatorial look of calculation
Sizing up all his competition
For pleasure and profit maximization

The concrete jungle reeking with poison
Exuded from the meat machines
Which imbibed food and drink continuous
And leave behind their wasteful dreams

Their desire for superstar status
And their soap opera fantasies
Are their base and only motives
They grub for lucre and carnality

In the sweltering jungle of urbanity
The feral animals desport
Selling drugs and forming their families
Amidst the ongoing gang wars

The population swells
A tumorous mass of pestilence
Creating a living hell
In the urban multi-cult doom portends

Yet overblown these prophecies
Rooted in paranoid fear
Of sensationalistic stories
Amplified by the caste superior

Useful fictions to create
Melodrama to induce
In the masses a fearful state
To motivate them to embrace the boys in blue

Else to with apathy shrug
Their shoulders as they shut down
A sense of powerlessness take on
To accept as their *conditio sine qua non*

The daily grind of Grotti's mill
Plays itself out on street level
The chaos of die-verse peoples
Creating a war zone, a veritable hell

Different strokes for different folks
Some trend to drugs and drink
Some to others rape and choke
Some as winos to reek and stink

The die-verse multi-cult
Sprawling as a septic field
Of concrete and rusted metal
Of this poison tree poisoned fruit to yield

Within the urban environment
Gunshots echoed through the night
A jostling, miasmal devil's den
Of pestilential disease and blight

A circus of post-modernity
Gladiatorial arena of vice
Of feral vigor and animosity
Labeled by the legislators 'crime'

Within the world of Tradition
Such problems resolve themselves
In the world all are integrated
Each unto each unto itself

Each caste plays its proper role
And abides with those from without
Mutual respect had amongst the folk
A world of philosophical wealth

Such is the conception of the organic
A picture of harmonious coexistence
Yet which must needs be shattered
In order to liberate the captives of the matrix

The urban environment is the hammer
Which smashes to pieces the glass
Of the world crystallized and static
Breaking free of the Jehovah-Satanas

Luna Semitic

Reflections of the false light
Transmitted from the brightly shining orb
Mediated through the devious minds
Of creeping subterranean orcs

Mordor's denizens muster their forces
To bring their assault against
The possessors of the Hyperborean
Black sun's Eternal gnosis

They collude together
In their tenebrous abodes
Plotting to destroy the Aryan
To their noble culture erode

The rituals of vile rites
Under the reflected glare
Of the baleful lunar light
To waylay them unaware

Resonating inharmoniously
Creating tension in the aether
These lunar monstrosities
With demons seek favor

Committing acts of horror
Against the captive child
Perpetuating ritual murder
To the entities beguile

Cruel sacrifice of savagery
Perpetrated against the pure
By the monsters of bastardy
Cannibalizing the cadaver

They absorb vampirically
The energy of their foes
Their survival strategy
Possessing no Spirit of their own

These arcane rites of savagery
Lemurian bestial witchcraft
Derives from off planet organically
From Orion saurian chieftans

Throughout their history have
Drained to their gills the vital essence
Through qabbalistic priest-craft
Stolen the lives of earthly denizens

Black magicians bound up with
The circumambulations of hooded priests
In their grottoes and underground crypts
Upon sacrifices, flesh and blood they feast

The druidic sects of ancient time
Merged and infiltrated by jewry
The offspring of reptilian kind
Bent on the vital essence siphoning

Under the baleful portent
Of the luminous orb of evil
It's ghostly rays illumine
The sanguine liquor's flow

Behavioral deceptions of the kike
Are replicated in the host
who has interiorised the semitic archetypes
Of the father, son and Holy Ghost

The masons too are not exempt
From the thought forms of the kikes
Are on perdition hellbent
Forfeit their souls serving the Lie

The false light is transmitted
Through the priests of Jehovah
To the gullible and naïve masses
His violence they proclaim a higher 'love'

Subject to this manipulation
Their tortured minds afrenzy
Their feeble cogitations
Blur the lines of truth and falsity

The priests themselves fail in their art
Their actions based upon false premises
Their veneration of the counterfeit
Jehovah, the plagiaristic deity

Demonic creatures in the night
Creeping about the burning braziers
In their dark robes of false light
Radiates its eerie vibrations

Their creeping and surreptitious
Devious legerdemain
Perpetually spying on the masses
Finding ways to torture and maim

Exploiting their hapless charges
Through indirect trickery
And binding them in Tartarus
Through threats of violent thuggery

Their political dialectic
Entails a projection
Of their devious and deceptive
Force of their concentration

Blaming others; third parties
For what they themselves have done
Creating scapegoats and proxies
To serve their dark agenda

Transferring blame upon their victims
Placing them in a double-bind
To curse the hated goyim
Who they subject to their crimes

The creeping strategy of israel
Those who rule with their God
The architect of the miserable
Materialized fallen world

Indirection and illusions

Generating counterfeits

Deceptions of the lunar

Black magicians of violence

Their whole mentality

To reduce all to their will

Through cunning and secrecy

Through lies and trompe l'oeil

The age-old trade of the priest

To exploit and to enslave

The masses gullible and naïve

To cull and cast them in the grave

Bound in a sinister pact

With extraterrestrial beings

With whom they in concert act

To bring discord and inharmony

Served up as sacrifices

Their slavish minions

Who yield their life force

Are consumed by them

The priests themselves are bound
To their masters up on high
In Kronos' leaden crown
They dwell, inculcating the lunar light

The array of the hierarchy
Of the great White brotherhood
Embodiments of falsehood
Shamballah's cursed brood

This in tandem with
The alien entities
Upon the mass visits
Their violent bellicosity

Embodiments of the lunar light
Those chosen by the entities
Are genetically modified
Created to enslave the free

jewry the pestilence
Crawling in the shadows
The slime trail of the devils
To most is indiscernible

Those who have the capacity
To pull aside their veils
To shine the light of Truth and see
The strategies of the devil

Jehovah their Master
Deity of excrement
Defecating His creation
Upon the higher beings of Spirit

Trapping them in matter
Violating their autonomy
They he would shatter
Their diamond-hard Spirit bodies

An impossible feat
To destroy the Immortals
Who involuted to defeat
Jehovah in the final battle

These black sons of Eternity
Descending as immortals
Into the world of materiality
To liberate them from their toil

The true light shone in tenebrous gloom

The false light of ignorance

Brought out from fleshly tombs

The cadaverous now awaken

Their torpid blood which was stagnant

Revitalized with Graalic light

The Litr Godi of the ancients

Casting the bonds of Yah aside

Though they have attained their liberty

These hybrids are not yet freed

Subject still to the cabal's knavery

Confused; manipulated and deceived

The final battle looms forth

On the horizon it does dawn

Preparations are made to muster

On both sides, the adversaries form

The children of Light and Life

The black suns of Immortal Power

And the vile subterranean side

The liars; theives and murderers

The lunar glow balefully shines
Into the impenetrable darkness
From the black holess arise
The flames of the deathless heroes

The false light brings to bear
It's trickery and cowardly deceit
Against the Aryan torchbearer
The Wildes Heer of Eternity

Through the Green Ray
And into the fallen world
The Vanir enter the fray
In vimana vehicles

Their god-like weaponry
Deployed against the brutes
Descend into their Destiny
From the world, demon seed remove

Hyperborean technology
Of higher planes is brought against
The cruel slavers of usury
To exploit and vampirize weaker men

These cowardly despots are upset
In their plans to Gaia conquer
And to install their counterfeit
Heaven on earth they call zion

Their war machines obliterated
Their hope for victory nihilated
Their future conquest defeated
Their savage armies routed

The lunar light is doused
With the vacuum of implosion
Of the black suns' Vril force field
The kiss of the Black Madonna

A world of light and life
Dawns on the horizon
The old of pain and strife
Crumbles into a scrapheap of garbage

The old technology of violence
Disintegrates into the ground
Twisted metal and rubble of concrete
Return from whence they were torn

In their place a world of

Total sustainability

A perpetuation of the

Realm of spirit's nobility

All walk the Path of Power

Not the old downward spiral

Not the pain and suffering of that dark hour

Within the matrix of the Temporal

They recover themselves as gods

They who have the light

All others circle in the wheel

Atrophying on the vine of life

The lunar light is banished

It's ghostly glow departed

Eclipsed by the darkness

Of the burning cold black suns

The Spiritualized world re-turns

Following the leftward swastika

The blood memory awakens

Journeying to first Hyperborean

The emerald city has appeared
The Green Ray of Eternal Light
The illusions of Maya disappear
With it the reflections of the devious kind

Telegony

The harlots of the modern world
Painted ladies of the evening
Guard themselves in beguiling clothes
To make themselves to men appealing

Their biological trieb consists
In pursuing a source of power
In chasing after profits
And this in the witching hour

Status-seeking, their motivation
Climbing the social ladder
Harlotry their occupation
As means to ends gather

Regardless of the type
The flesh pot pursues
In the dead of night
She makes her moves

Her questing gaze falls upon
The target of her dreams
The bourgeois gentleman
With capped teeth and golden rings

The gleam of gold beguiles
Her mammon oriented focus
Her ruby lips and shark-like smile
Designed to entice her paramour

Whether black; white or other
She cares not in the least
As long as she can procure
Ill-gotten gain from the beast

Her selfish motivation serves
To state her endless lust
For status and an absurd
Pursuit of material stuff

She feathers her nest with the gain
She has accumulated
From her procurement through infame
Her lovers' has castrated

Her karmic debt she has incurred
Is the addition of a foreign bacillus
The accumulation of the germ
Of her catalog of lovers

Through subtle processes
She has become the symbiont
An amalgam of their 'genes'
Her blood spoiled with contaminants

Her life one of selfishness
Of egocentric vanity
Staring in the mirror at her appearance
She reconfigures her strategy

The downward path of aging
Drags her into a desperate state
Her gaze forever future regarding
To secure her nest and a mate

Her fallible character blinded by gain
By social status and of the golden gleam
Seeking societal fortune and fame
By any and by all means

Her goal achieved with the wedding ring
Wrapped securely around her finger
The black widows' poison sting
Has anesthetized her victim

Into her womb is planted his seed
The signature on the dotted line
Of the contract to state her endless greed
In the prison of perishable Time

A material girl in a material world
Pursuing her own desire
Clamoring for the gleam of gold
Her fleshly heart on fire

With the conception of her image
Born into this veil of tears
A genético-demonic transmission
Product of the sum of her lovers

The white partner with whom she signed
The contract of matrimony
Had prematurely resigned
From the role of *primus inter pares*

The mullato pup she had conceived
Screeches with chaotic abandon
And fills the stillness with her screams
Fruit of the devils' pact, a thieves' ransom

Contamination of the womb
Over the course of Time
The contrasting energies doom
The conception of a healthy child

The trysting and desportings
Of the harlot in the night
Accumulate the demons
Who with her soul intertwine

The evil unions she has partaken of
Have borne the fruits of the poison tree
Had conceived of a child of carnal love
A stillborn soul, embodiment of misery

This creature offers to the world
Naught but chaos and strife
A net negative, demon child
Life unworthy of life

A result of evil couplings
In the dead of night
The sum of the offerings
Of the donors of pestilential blight

Such practices are encouraged
By the creeping demon seed
To devastate and disparage
The pursuit of our breed

To defile and desecrate
The purity of our blood
To engineer cacophony
To destabilize the population

Mixing and mingling
The protocol of the jew
And their christian underlings
The genocidal crew

They seek to tear down
And destroy the strong and noble
To sully and defile the proud
To destroy the children of Odin

Their protocols millennial
Have been in operation
Are doctrinal, perennial
To genocide the nations

Ora et Labora

'Credo absurdum est'

Worshippers of the Cosmic Pest
Devotees of the Prince of Darkness
Jehovah, the True Satan is

The commands and demands imposed upon
The slavish sheep gathered in the church
Bowling and scraping before 'The One'
The violent vampire of the earth

To work, earn one's daily bread
Through drudging obsequiousness before
This self-proclaimed 'divine godhead'
The monstrous face of cosmic horror

Earning ones keep like a slave
A submissive worm on its belly
Crawling before the arch knave
Who enslaves Gaia's family

This the obligation imposed upon
The mass of creeping cowards
The daily grind, one's bones to powder
In the mill turned into ashen flour

The workaday drudge his sad fate
Once he submits to the yoke
To Jehovah and his helpmates
Reptilian sephardim and jewish folk

These slave masters superintend
Imposing themselves with aggressive force
Upon their pusillanimous slave minions
To waste away their vital force

Once the day's work is done
The next task is imposed
That of fervent prostrations
Toward Sabaoth, Lord of hosts

Imprecations; supplications
Weeping; wailing; gnashing of teeth
Before 'The One', bestial lamentations
The tears of fettered and fattened sheep

Prayer that one's soul may rest
In the belly of the Demiurge
That he may be Jehovah's next
Feast on the sacrificial altar

The labor of their love
Is their slavery to the Lord
And their prayers to those Above
Twine round their necks their silver cords

The fruit of their endeavors
An absurd occupation
To perpetuate their serfdom
And dig their grave their labor

Their demonic dogma inculcated
Into their naïve and receptive mind
Wax soft on it characters imprinted
Of Hebrew origin, a Satanic bind

The fictional deity of 'jesus'
Held before their smiling faces
Held rapt by the counterfeit
Images, derived from his evil creators

The pathos and moralizing
Which constitutes the book of evil
Constructed fiction; pantomiming
Mimicked by the naïve sheeple

They follow in the footsteps
Of Jesus on the cross
A martyr's victim complex
'sufferings', life potential lost

Praying for a brighter day
The veil of Isis draped over
The purblind eyes of this prey
Of the Dark Lord Jehovah

They live in a world of illusion
With the false promise of treasure
In a fairyland of Elysium
The heaven of the Demiurge

Their inevitable fate is extinction
The loss of their fading soul
Consumed by the reptilian's
In the astral planes' black holes

Teratology

Monstrum in fronte

Monstrum in animo

The face of the being

Reflects the inner soul

Race is the image of soul

The outer the inner projects

An aesthetic form which holds

The key to the inner essence

As within so without

The exterior face reveals

The interior being with no doubt

As to its inner angel or devil

The monstrous face of the possessed

The golem and their creeping minions

Their masonic and christian pets

who from jewry derived their image

With false smiles upon their faces

These hypocrites carry out

Their devious and hidden machinations

In their targets creating uncertainty and doubt

Concealing their true motives
Behind their smiling masks
These diabolical exploiters
Keep up a normal appearance

Within they are bent on gain
Callous and cruel in their greed
On profit through usury they calculate
Servants of their Lord, 'holy' they seem

Their service to their Lord Jehovah
Minions of the Prince of lies
Is that of slavers and colonialists
Under a self-righteous guise

Helpful harm and harmful help
The behavior of the hypocrite
Representing to others themselves
As embodiments of holiness

Those violent savages pretend
They are an altruistic the presence
That they are benevolent
Offering the world gifts have been sent

Their gifts inherently false
Lumps of coal in silk stockings
Their shining capped teeth smiles
With falsehood they are mocking

A visage of utter hypocrisy
A perpetual smile of righteousness
The neuroticism of church ladies
Imposed upon all with violence

The masks they wear purport to conceal
Their cunning and devious subterfuge
Architects of all woe and weal
They adopt a commiseratory attitude

To the victims of their crimes
They cry crocodile tears
While in their arms do bind
And strangulate their fears

The knife goes in the back
As soon as it is turned
By the kikes and their minions
Destroying the wise and learned

Their *modus operandi*

These teratological pests

Is to impose on all the lie

Of their Dark Lords' 'greatness'

To force a dogma upon

The mass of their slaves

Which permits no thought or question

With the glad tidings of the grave

Wooden Head

Carved by his master Jehovah

Out of a block of decaying wood

The puppet of Yahweh-Satanas

A useful tool to serve His 'good'

Pinocchio the christian slave

Strings wound around his limbs

The nose grows long on this knave

Serving and bowing before Him

Jerked about as a puppet

On the strings of the taskmaster

Living in Time for the moment

Determined by outside forces

Their atrophying soul is bound
Within their wooden frame
Tethered with strings wrapped around
Their wooden-headed brain

Jehovah's robot performs his dance
Amidst the world of vice
And fails to take his only chance
Of leaving this world of frozen ice

In the welter of circumstances
The wavering of the mayavic veils
Blind in his feeble vision
He stumbles about and fails

His fairy godmother
He neglects and trends downward
With honest John as his companion
Pursuing lust and temporal power

To pleasure Island he departs
To drink and drive with abandon
Straying from the path upwards
From above to depths subterranean

Captured by the wandering jew
The minion of 'The One' vampire
Put in harness he will lose
The inner flame of the cold fire

He performs according to instructions
With his fellow puppets on the stage
Accruing for their slaver's profits
Expending their life force throughout the days

In the church he is further trapped
A good wooden head, humbly bowing
Unable to know how else to act
His blood memory no longer knowing

Obscured by the partition of the mind
Overlaid upon his consciousness
By Jehovah's minions of demonic kind
A program of His contamination

The wooden head zombie-like
Strides forth with thoughtless impulsion
Influenced by the sephardim and kikes
To submit to his incineration

Tikkun Olam, cleansing the earth
The malevolent plans of the demons
To the world and its denizens burn
Clearing away their enemies the Aryans

Those few who have come aware
Of their fairy godmother
Have entered communion with her
And have thereby their strings sundered

These few activated beings
Endowed with the luminous light
Of the vril may alone perceive
The Truth and the distorted lie

They tear off their strings
And become a real live boy
A fully integrated being
Who lives to the system destroy

An independent Will
Which exist to oppose them
With the Hyperborean Vril
Against the evil of Jehovah

An adversary of the Dark Side
This beacon of light and life
Exist to then destroy and rectify
The material world spiritualize

All others mere wooden heads
Remain within the matrix
On strings they do dance
Before the Demiurge scraping

They await their place in the promised land
Of milk and honey or in heaven above
Deceived by the false promises
Of their malevolent and mendacious God

The path of self extinction
They call a holy path of righteousness
Leads to their inevitable perdition
Out of the world of mortal men

Wooden heads to the flames
Consigned to their fate
A life of cowardly infame
Then into the fiery lake

English

The origins of the 'Western race'
Shrouded in tenebrous mystery
It's lofty claim to lordly grace
Are not borne out by history

The piratical island called 'the West'
Staging point of global conquest
Upon it the sun has finally set
The end of its Imperial prospects

The race of merry old England
Has been claimed to derive from
The cedar lined to shores of Phoenicia
And the northern coast of Africa

Prior to this from the Turanian
Regions from which the Magyars came
The Hunnish crew of Attila's fame
Toward the West they did migrate

Along the coasts seeking loot
Their outposts staged for piracy
Sending out their mercenary crew
The far-flung thelassocracy

Prior to Jesus's time in 'His-story'
This cadre of the rogues spread out
Across the expensive Atlantic sea
Toward the ends of the world

The new world they did attempt
To colonize through violent force
To decimate the Hyperboreans
To continue to sail Mammon's course

They failed and were themselves routed
From the land of Huiracocha
Their colony of vile Carthage
Eventually by the Romans sacked and salted

Their parasite hive of Phoenicia
The banking system fortress of usury
Was reduced to rubble by Titus
Under the Roman patrician's hegemony

The creeping thieves of the golem
Reformed as merchant bankers
The Knights Templar and Medici clan
Instances of their financial strangle

The Druids, the cabal of devious mages
Who with the reptilians are bound
With diabolical jewry set the stages
For the ouroboros to circle the world around

The Druids and their affiliates the jews
Employed their black magic workings
To sabotage Atlantean Thule
And bring about its tragic sinking

Their usury system tumescently expanded
Over the seven seas
The Empire of the piratical bandits
Of the shopkeepers of usury

In the name of Jehovah
The violent God of entropy
The white-hatted microcosm
Spread the chains of usury

With the soldiers of the Empire
Thugs hired to tear others down
The golem and the jewish pirates
Would place upon their head the crown

The Empire was used to destroy
Any opposition to itself
Through proxy wars and mercenaries
The bankers in comfort dwelt

Once the new Jerusalem
The new world of America
Was by Cristobal Columbus
Navigated and set up

Then the piratical island
Could be used to destroy
And to take the risk of expiring
As the cabal had other ploys

The world wars were orchestrated
To decimate the Hyperboreans
The German and Scandinavians
The continental Europeans

England took its blows
And Jewry barely suffered
Created racial trauma and turmoil
To demoralize the Aryans

The cabal then dismantled
The glory of their empire
Preferring to in secrecy rule
And to the Anglo-Saxon vilify

Cucking their minions they then
On various pretexts of expedience
Flooded the pirate island
With the former colonized denizens

To genocide the populace
Through instigating racial hatred
Against the purer Aryans
Pawns in the chessboard their doom fated

The language of the 'Angels'
The English language of bastardy
Derived from their lower astral
Vile reptilian serpent seed

Intertwined with that of others
The continent of Aryan man
And the hebrew of their origins
The black magicians of Satan

The world is subject to this curse
Of the universal language
That is in the mind as dirt
Preventing the alchemical marriage

Obstructing the gears of harmony
They grate against the grit
Spinning so inefficiently
This vehicle of communication

The English language a diabolical
Mode of transmission
Of egregores of cacophonay
Trapped in the left-brain prison

The music and harmony
Of the Noble Hyperboreans
Is suppressed by the serpent seed
Through this robotic plagiarism

As below so above
The plagiary of harmonious speech
Is echoed in the astral
By Jehovah, the *Verbum* of the beast

Phagocitization

The Cosmic Vampire thrusts himself
Into the Eternal Realm
Attempts to consume the substance of its wealth
Enveloping all into itself

It's eruption into and as Being
Has created the state of Time
From it issues forth becoming
The temporalizing paradigm

Degeneration and corruption
Amortization through this eruption
A violently imposed projection
Of its discordant consciousness

Materialization of the Spirit
Diarrheic excretion
Of the Demiurge's essence
The *Verbum* of the Cosmic Idiot

Within His nets all are trapped
Immersed in His ectoplasm
The Spiritual planes He has mapped
No correspondence has His 'creation'

Plagiarist of the Divine

The entropic state of Being

Has trapped within myriad kinds

Of ethereal entities

As creatures immersed in a bog

Absorbed in the acidic slurry

Digested over Time by the greedy hog

Jehovah, through His formation of entropy

From Himself He does emit

Basest, discordant vibrations

Materializing His mad project

Of consuming His own creation

The breath of Brahma issues forth

As a gust of blazing fire

And engulfs the lower worlds

Leading them to expire

Over the manvantaras

The breath of Brahma respire

Inspired and expired the Word

Logos of the Demiurge's ire

They who become immersed
Though emanating from higher planes
In the ectoplasmic bursts
Jehovah's Will manifesting

Trapped within His spider's webs
Aetheric strands wrapped around
Their soul is henceforth bound to Him
It's vital essence His throat drained down

The greedy Vampire does partake
Of the essence of His captives
And His will-to-power would sate
Upon all that is to Him 'Other'

Expanding His distended form
Gorging on the energies
Tumescently growing this vampire
Spreading the acid of His cosmic sea

The immortals entered in
To the realm of the Demiurge
To assist the liberation
Of His anthropoid captives

The interbreeding
With these anthropoids
Into their being instilling
The cold fire sangfroid

The Graal transmitted to them
Torches of the black flame
Eternal Promethean beacons
To these captives liberate

To escape the maw of Him
The cosmic cannibal vampire
And to deprive from Him
His food source of Eternal fire

To tear apart the system
The reincarnation trap
To deprive the Elohim
Of his sumptuous repast

The greedy beast Satan
Jehovah, Lord of evil hosts
Is with the fist of the immortals
Knocked out stone cold

Teratology

The outer is the inner
And the inner the outer
The exterior a projection
Of the Spirit in matter shrouded

Race, the image of the interior
The soul of the being
Trapped within matter
The nucleus, beyond the seeming

Spirit; the kernal; the core
The irreducible principle
Becoming bound to the Demiurge
Or dwelling to it exterior and simple

The case of the mixed blood
More bound to Jehovah
Drowned in the flood of mud
Miscegenation, ensnared by the Vampire

An earthbound being
Mixed with the anthropoids
With the nightmare, the 'dream'
Of the 'divine' para-noid

Inherent in their being
The mixed blood of miscegenants
The potentiality of reaching
The state of the Superman

Their path more arduous
Difficult of attainment
Yet with effort strenuous
They may reach the summit

The fallen Aryans
Whose exterior recalls
The noble Hyperboreans
Yet within is not without

The judaized soul
Whose inner being has become
A captive of the cabal
And their master Jehovah

Such a being does not express
The archetype of the immortal
But degrades through being possessed
Degenerates, severs their silver cord

Through a life of materialism
Of lower egoic striving
Fixated on worldly hedonism
Detached from Eternity

Materializing their soul
A trend downward in the spiral
Bound to his chains temporal
Strapped to the Kalachakra wheel

Tortured on the rock of his lusts
By his desires bound thereto
Spinning, like a hog trussed
Over a spit to feed the beastly crew

The J.O.G matrix in which he finds
himself trapped, enmeshed
Through his desire is entwined
With the Demiurge, Jehovah's captive

With inversion in this state
He becomes a monstrous figure
Though initially separate
Over Time and intensity, into it is merged

Into the consciousness of Satan

Jehovah, the demon, prisoner of man

The captive sheep, too weak to be a ram

Set themselves for shearing, kosher slaughter of the innocent

The lambs of God, are bound to Fenrir

To the wolf of Time, with trembling and fear

Cowardly sheep, too weak to courage rear

Subordinate themselves, to the soul reaver

Zombies throughout Time

In vivo in their lives

They think they will never die

And live forever in paradise

Their fate a terminal illness

Doomed to extinction

Their soul a zombie's 'sickness'

Unto death and perdition

Throughout life they are possessed

By the legions of The Scourge

The vampire reptilian; sephardim

Feeding upon his fading form

The mestizo half-caste
Child of the earth and sky
A hybrid judged as trash
Yet escapes the gaze of Sauron's eye

The possessed are arrayed
As a zombie horde of creatures
At every nodal point waylay
Those of nobler features

Their fading souls visible
On their ashen features
These vacuous receptacles
Their souls fed upon by astral leeches

In their churches and new age centers
Of Jehovistic possession
Their energy expenditure
Is their lost spiritual lesson

Addicted to the holy water
In those dens of iniquity
Or the coarse firewater
In the kosher speakeasy

In either case they are lambs
Drinking holy or firewater
Allowing vampirization
Inebriated, awaiting their kosher slaughter

They have lost their face
These former Hyperboreans
Their souls have rendered to His 'Grace'
Jehovah, the Dark Lord Satan

Imprinted on their souls
The archetypes of the chosen
Through the fables of old
Biblical narratives of mind poison

Into the conscious minds
Of the gullible and naïve
This intoxicating grime
Contaminates the interstices

Absorbed into the consciousness
Possessed by the archetype
Of Jehovah Satanas
And His son the creeping kike

The monsters of the world
Concealing themselves behind
The smiling mask these churls
Attached to the Demiurge's binds

Servants of Satan

Zombification in the End Times
Acceleration of the downward spiral
Strengthening of Jehovah's bind
Symbiosis of the rank-and-file

The mass merging with the Mind
Of the Violator of Eternity
Ectoplasm of demonic kind
All sentient creatures enveloping

An acid bath disintegration
Of the entelechiea's gestation
'Going to God' a perturbation
Felo de se, self-assassination

Reconciliation of all and sundry
Their differences effaced
Into the maw of the demon Yahweh
Their entelechy thereby erased

Consumed by the Demiurge
The distinct beings not related
Serving their own death's urge
Their 'love of God' self-negation

Serving the death drive Deity
The machine of cosmic entropy
Reducing all to soulish atrophy
Merged into His vampiric Being

Servants of the adversary
Of the uncreated ineffable
Their slavish pusillanimity
Precipitates their fate in hell

Possessed by the Archetype
Jehovah the ape of the Boundless
Submitting to being vampirized
Seduced by His false promises

In heaven they believe they'll go
Through slavish service to 'The One'
Before Him they bow obsequious
And before his 'begotten son'

These crawling creatures venerate
These grandiose figures
Through such acts they would facilitate
The return of the jewish jesus

The astral parasites do feed
Upon the souls' of the zealots
Prostrating themselves these devotees
For the slave collars of Jehovah

His bonds to them are riveted
Around their necks these leaden chains
Though they are to them invisible
Fixated upon them they remain

Dancing as happy puppets
Controlled by His evil Will
These foolish zombie christians
And others dance the devil's trill

Impelled by His suggestions
Over Time and space they become
Compelled as His zombie captives
Venerating the Father and His son

Priestly intermediaries dictate
Through subtle suggestion in honeyed words
The will of this being who would legislate
The fate of the souls of the world

The parasite cabal is structured
As a top-down hierarchy
With the priestly caste, the Masters
Of the *Logos* his intermediaries

Commands are issued from
The *Verbum* in His fallibility
Echoing through the Empyrean
Answered by the puppets on their strings

Like fibers in the spiders' webs
The Nexus of this matricized world
Manipulated by His vibration
To the strands anchored with His viscous fluid

They are now collectivized
In the conscious mind of Him
Jehovah His captured prize
Morsels to feed the demon

The mass of robotized slaves
Bound through ritual formulae
Through calling upon the vile names
Of Jehovah and his Hebrew slaves

Forming a bond which only strengthens
Over Time and place, intensity
The more a devotee prays to Him
The quicker they lose their identity

Within the hive mind structure
Of 'spiritual Israel'
Of the 'Ummah' of the Muslims
Is the death of the individual

The souls are bound in a collective
Ants in an anthill
Parasitized by the masses
Serving the Demiurge's Will

Mein Ehre Ist Treue

"My honor is my loyalty"
Emblazoned upon the heart chakra
The law of essential integrity
Indelible and uneffaceable

The enemy strategy is to cast
His vileness and mud upon
The Aryan of nobler caste
To convince him of his enemy's wrong

The jealous hatred of the foe
The untermensch who lives for spite
Through subterfuge casts his blows
To tear down his betters, blind his sight

The honor of the Aryan
Is to his nobler nature
To act without recognition
Of any 'sinful' errors

He transcends Time and space
Dwelling in Eternity
His foes blinded by his grace
God-like, His sovereignty

He adheres to his inner principles
Situated within his nucleus
In his engagement with 'Others'
He exists totally isolated

A transcendent state of being is his
A divorce from the chaos of this world
Which deters not his commitments
To action amidst this vale of tears

This battleground of torment and strife
He operates in with wise prudence
The character of his martial life
An indefatigable champion

The immortal son of the gods
Descends onto the battlefield
To oppose those who would rob
The pasu's and their souls to steal

Adversary

Adversaries of the True God
Violators of the harmony of life
In their mind fighting 'Gog and Magog'
Perpetuating the cycle of abuse and strife

They would trap us all within
Their matrix of entropy
Within the Demiurge's prison
To the bearers of the Truth defeat

Violent thugs who delight
In their sadistic hostility
Toward the bearers of the Light
They are unyielding adversaries

Their God Jehovah they worship
Prince of lies the true Satan
Purported 'creator', rather plagiarist
Who the Eternal planes' violated

Their demon Lord of utter darkness
Bearer of the false light
Who imposed upon as a rapist
The sacred dame in the night

The religious program they received
Scripts of utter lunacy
And this craziness they believe
'The Word' of the Adversary

Children of this Diabolos
His chosen created forms
Engineered through synthesis
Of the blood of reptilian hordes

Proto-anthropoid creatures
Merged with their Vile blood
Upon their visage the features
Of the saurian, infernal brood

Contriving the 'Word of God'
The bible of the adversary
Imposed upon the ignorant mob
To render them pathetic slaves

The christian mind program is created
"Let there be the false light"
Of the troublesome jewish jesus
Adversary of the better kind

His chandal creed of the gutter
Transmitted to the mindless mob
Designed to make their hearts flutter
With emotional pathos and weeping sobs

The melodrama of this witchcraft
Appeals to the irrational, mindless fools
Their minds *eo ipso* becoming captive
Imbibing the holy water of the ghouls

They worship the adversary

Of the former deity

The absolute leaves their memory

Focusing upon the illusory

Mind controlled robots

They are conscripted through fear

To bully and assault

Those who do not the same appear

These adversaries of the Truth

Would standardize the world

Transform it into an uncouth

Realm of neuroticism and falsehood

Any who refuse to bow

And scrape before 'The One'

And his chosen excretions proud

Are slated for execution

Through cowardly torture and abuse

Witch-hunted throughout their lives

The cruel punishment they accrue

Motivated by jealousy and lies

These plebeians violators
Pursue their will-to-power
Their coarse animal desires
Their only motivating factor

The God of violence and destruction
Jehovah, the adversary of the Truth
Superimposed upon the denizens
Of Gaia, the violated world of the uncouth

His hierarchy of minions
From top to bottom a reflection
Of his sinister motivation
The Will of the Macrocosmic De-man

The extraterrestrial entities
Reptilian's and related types
Transmit through A.I is entropy
Information in the bible crystallized

Other books of mind control
Have been superimposed upon
The slavish mass whose role
Is to drudge and pay the cost

Their templates for mind control

These books of 'holy writ'

Are programs for the dolts

To keep them in their pens

The adversaries of the True

The Good and the Beautiful

Rally around like a troop

Of criminals, deriving perverse thrills

Bullying and abusing

For a sadistic power rush

Using and exploiting

Serving Jehovah-Satanas

Plagiarists

The creators of this world

Aryan man of god-like inventiveness

Held down by the horde of churls

Ghouls bent on cerebral phagocytosis

The zombie robots of 'The One'

Jehovah's lapdogs, controlled puppets

Think there is nothing new under the sun

Their role that of the plagiarist

Driven by a profit motive
They calculate their advantages
Hijacking the Aryan genius
To accrue to themselves power and profit

Serving their deity Jehovah
To trap all within the wheel
Matrix of the Kalachakra
Not to borrow but to steal

The noble works of the Aryans
The fruitage of their Divine Mind
The communications transmitted
Symbolic; aesthetic and other kinds

These co-opted by the gatekeepers
Who have control of the system
Which is designed to keep out
The keys to the matrix prison

And to keep within its walls
Blinding the public to the Truth
The creative genius in thrall
Unknown to any but the jew

The plagiarists may then take
The works of their creativity
Pass it off in their own namesake
Rake in the unjust fame and money

The genius' works are thus filtered
Censored so that none may know
The whole Truth as he intended
From the matrix to liberate the people

Thus only the corrupt possess
The hidden keys to higher knowledge
How to avail himself of it
And to employ to their advantage

All others, the mere 'goyim'
Are kept in darkest ignorance
While the purloiners of greatest wisdom
Accrue to themselves power and influence

The creeping cunning of the jews
And their minions of 'spiritual Israel'
Perpetually monitor the nobler crew
The Aryans to their secrets ferret out

A spy society is formed
As soon as jewry gains adequate powers
As a consequence those gentile born
Have their culture distorted and devoured

Imitators of the Truth
They view the world in blindness
Their masters' creation of Malkuth
Is their terrestrial paradise

As above so below
The Demiurge manifests
His creative undertow
Entropic vortex of illusion

The densest world a trap
To keep captive the souls
Who are an imprisoned mass
Batteries of loosh their role

Yet within the sphere of Darkness
The creation of the false light
Are Immortal Hyperboreans
Bearers of the Black Sun bright

These serve as the motor force
Of the creation of entropy
Which Jehovah belched forth
His wretched materialistic plagiary

His chosen kind follow suit
As above so below
The imitators of the Truth
Plagiarists who do not know

They attempt to steal the fire
From the God to stand above
And receive for their trouble ire
From them Divine disapprobation

The Hyperborean Aryans
Descendants of the gods
Half celestial, half mundane
Entered into the worldly Arena

The octagon of earthly struggle
Between the bearers of the light
Lucifer's legions in cosmic battle
Entering into the world to fight

The creeping kikes and their slaves
Their masonic minions and christly serfs
Forever are seeking to array
The god-like Hyperboreans

They fear the Truth which they cannot
Possess owing to tainted blood
And impure souls bespattered with the mud
Of the cosmic plagiarists' creation

The Animal Ideal

Chthonic pursuits in the dead of night
Sweating and straining with bestial lust
The trieb of savagery to fornicate and fight
To answer to the call of nature's must

The daily grind of physical exertion
A soulless creature bodying forth
Along the trek of telluric impulsion
Man of becoming, Lord of the earth

Severing his silver cord from the Higher
Immersed in the mire of feral striving
The physical with him does sire
The motivation to grab the golden ring

Rather than the philosophic gold
He scrambles in the dust of the earth
Scraping and scratching for fool's gold
His futile exertions bring about mere dearth

The Olympian quality of the Higher man
Debased and reduced to a mere automaton
A sweating and straining conscious extension
Of the despotic Mind of Jehovah

These meat machines are robotized
Through their tellurism of would-be heroics
Reduced to the state of animal kind
Employed to fulfill the evolution of the lower

Transceivers of the transmissions
Of the Lord of entropy
Their blood for His thought a medium
Their bones crystalline antennae

Ciphers of His conscious Will
These bestialized robots desport
Amidst the apparatus material
The infrastructure of modern sport

Microcosms of Macrocosmic Man

The athletes sweat and strain

Transmitting to Him their information

Within the process of their artificial games

Provided with an engineered context

A matrix of material illusion

In wish to undergo myriad exertions

To bind the soul to Him in fusion

The life of work his lot in life

A dull grind of perpetual motion

In 'blue'-collar or a position 'white'

Both make slaves of former freemen

The energetic drain of 9-to-5

Rolling around in the rat wheel of Time

Transmits to those of demonic kind

The energy of the captive slaves who grind

Jehovah Lord of darkest evil

And his legions of Sephardim saurians

Imbibe the loosh stolen from the people

As they roll in the hamster wheel they're in

Through reflexive transmission to this Being
Interlopers of the Unmanifest
Who superimposed the counterfeit of His dreaming
And who seeks through His slaves' evolution

Within the world of lowest depths
The leaden state of materiality
The captive souls caught in His nets
Race to their extinguishing

Along the track of the matrix
The animalized pasus race
Toward the ends to finish
To their souls in 'God' erase

They strain and swept their life force
The vital exertion produced
To run to the terminus their life's course
To a fragmented being reduced

The cycle of life and death
They are a hamster in its wheel
Chasing after transient incentives
To feed and fornicate and feel

Racing the course of the pasu
They lose themselves in the mud
As swine in the sty they lose
The memory of Hyperborea

A circulo vitiosa

Around and around they go
The *absurdum* of Jehovah
The trap of their death throes

Incentives of illusion
They clean and glitter of gold
The foolish pursuit of delusion
Trap within Jehovah's mold

Cells of Macrocosmic Man
Made of mineral elements
Bone matrix and proteinaceous
Structures of the meat puppets

Generation and corruption
The souls are subject to
As they follow their lifecycle
Vampirized of their vital loosh

Phagocitized by 'The One'
The Cosmic Lord of vampires
Ruling over the animals
Who live to merely expire

Being-unto-death their fate
Meat puppets on the strings
Jehovah has on been laid
The tendrils of His dreaming

Jerked about by His will
Motivated to pursue
Their lusts and desires bestial
To the perishable accrue

Those who pursue this ideal
Soon lose their ability
To establish their celestial
Place in Eternity

Final Battalion

The Kali Yuga winds down
Toward the bottom of the Cycle
The Demiurge, that cosmic clown
Bent on destroying his created worlds

The breath of Brahma exhales
Its halitosis breath reeking
Ensconcing all the higher worlds
Blinding us from them seeing

Trapped within Ixion's iron wheel
Within the dark age of the wolf
The Demiurge would consume the souls
Of His captives in caskets of lead engulfed

The Siddhas from the Higher Spheres
Descend to extricate them
As the warriors of Odin's Wildes Heer
The Vanir Final Battalion

The tidal wave of Darkness rolls
From the sewer, source of evil
From the center of Yahweh's asshole
It pours forth the excreta of the devil

The diarrhea of coarsest muck
Densifies the planes of Light and Life
Curses the souls with His bad luck
Besets them with His troublesome strife

Coarsens the consciousness of His slaves
Who are as insects trapped in amber
In the ectoplasm of His panoptic brain
They are kept within the matrix of Saturn

Though blind to the celestial worlds
He induces His catastrophes
And contaminates the captive souls
Confining them in lowest density

Within this matricized prison
The meta-Tronic Hypercube
These earthbound denizens
Atrophy within time's finitude

To salvage them and tear apart
The matrix of spatio-temporality
The spiders' webs of diabolic art
Jehovah's tissue of entropy

Hyperboreans from Eternia
Descend into the slave matrix
Girded with unimaginable
Weapons of Vril and oricalchum

Their stone craft faster than an augenblick
Of Sauron's bleary-eye
Their light or sound or the mind
Of the plagiarist of Eternity

Descending in millions to destroy
The soulish beasts and de-men
Who have sided with tenebrous Yahweh
Will at their hands soon meet their end

The D.U.M.B.S in which they would conceal
Their cowardly creeping forms
Will protection and survival not avail
To these gutter vermin, stinking worms

They will be destroyed through the Will
Of the bearers of the Eternal Light
The posseses of the mighty Vril
Will decimate them in the fight

Whether in underground caverns
Buried within the bowels of the earth
Or in their Shambala astral realm
They will meet their fate, their just desert

The inevitable confrontation will arise
With the Siddhas of Hyperborea
And your adversary the Prince of Lies
The blind God creator of excreta

The factions of Light and darkness
Will face one another at the end
And the victory will go to the fallen
The berserker warriors of Odin

Should the Darkside gain the earth
It won't be long in their keeping
They will bring about the dearth
Of their sustainability of living

Their rapacious greed will result
In their inevitable *felo de se*
Their matrix prison, Jehovah's gestalt
Will implode inwards through their violent deeds

As plasmations of 'The One'
They will fall upon one another
Each pursuing their own motivations
Born of their ego consciousness

The alternative is to occupy
Gaia and to achieve
A higher state of spiritual life
For the Hyperborean victory

The Viryas who reside upon
The encrusted toilet bowl of earth
Must prepare themselves and don
The armor of immortal vajra

Through combat and effective
Opposition to the Dark Side
The Aryan warriors attain secession
From the flood of the Evil Tide

Whether or no victory they gain
The material world suffers a blow
Through physical and magical means
They set sail for Valhalla with weapons in tow

Liberating the souls of the captives
Tearing apart the system
Which holds all in subjection
To the evil Will of Jehovah

British

B'rit-ish, the 'sons of the covenant'
Mixed breeds under Yahweh's influence
From Phoenicia, Tyrean Sidon
And from Carthage of the North African

Mixed with the Celts and the jews
Comprising the druids with darkness illumined
Serving 'The One', Jehovah of the fool
Torturing and abusing those with blood so blue

Bound in a thieves' pact with the Hebrews
Ruling with their God as 'ish-raelites'
Jehovah's robots following orders He issues
To enslave the earth and its myriad kinds

The Brit-ish, diabolical kind
A mongrelize product, 'the Western race'
With Jehovah crafting spells to bind
Living within the dark corners of His cage

The subterranean creeping creatures
Surreptitiously crawling about the dark
In the lower astral planes their reptilian
Masters who share their vile blood lurk

Perpetual intrigue and cunning devices
Weaving nets to capture the unaware
Toward their traps they would entice us
To these demons sacrifice the pure

Representing themselves as of Aryan stock
They create mayhem in their name
Blaming upon them the chaos and havoc
Their betters they would have take the blame

Their hated foe the Aryan of pureblood
Knows no bounds and manifests
Itself in the form of their gods' love
Sacrificing on the altar the best

The Empire of Britain
A vehicle of Jehovah's Will
To run roughshod with might and main
To rob and rape to their fill

Used as a bully to tear down
Other nations through aggressive force
The British soldiers roamed around
The seven seas to enslave the earth

jewry the banking cartel slavers
Subjected the people of England
To involuntary conversion
With their serpent seed inoculated

Prima Nocte their tactic
Of infecting their host with their seed
Coercing the Atlantean women
To their rapine of cuckoldry

Over Time and constant erosion
As acid wears through adamant
The serpent seed fulfilled the conversion
Of the gentiles to the sacraments

All became by and large
'Brit-ish', children of the covenant
With Jehovah their Dark Lord
Else burned at the stake or tortured to death

The millennial influences of jewry
Upon the Emerald Isle and mainland
Of the former land of nobler breed
Reduce the quality of the population

Of a greater intelligence than the wanderers
Who with motivation to plunder arrived
The British colonialist slavers
Were formed through this combine

Part Mediterranean and part Aryan
With the blood of the saurian
The extraterrestrial reptilians
Interbreeding with the beastmen

Orchestrating war between the races
Jewry's motive has ever been
To divide and conquer the gentile nations
To impel violence between blood kin

The wars of merry old England
To consolidate its power
Had been worked up through Britain
To bring rival nations to the final hour

Ireland, the Emerald Isle
Scotland and the Hebrides
Became the British Empire
Through deception; force and trickery

The dishonorable character of Britain
Extending itself over the waves
Into the continent of the Aryans
Holland; France and Belgium enslaved

The cross-pollination of its empire
A veritable backwash of sewage
That flowed in the wake of the liars
Pirates driven to rule or ruin

The continental outpost of Britain
Pirate Isle of the shopkeepers
The bankster segregated enclave
Wherein the rabbinate itself sequestered

The principal base of operations
The commercial hub of usury
Cradle of occult deviance
Of the reptilian hybrids jewry

This phalanx employs its tactics
To employ its proxy minions
To impose on others black magic
Through methods subterranean and sinister

Sabotage and false promises

Stabs in the back in the dead of night

Legerdemain underhanded

Devious tactics of the parasite

Entrapment and forgery

Frame ups and slanderous distortion

All serving the ends of jewry

Under the flag of the Empire of Britain

Once the jews had had their fill

They had absorbed all the wealth

They could wring from the world

Wearing the Union Jack of the Devil

They then decided to sacrifice

This once noble land of Aryan might

Took up the wheel of merchant blight

Rammed the ship aground in the fight

Under the flag of the Union Jack

The kosher captain of the ship

Drove the beast into his trap

Their betters on the continent

The Skolnick Churchill was placed
As the captain of the ship
A hybrid jew, complete disgrace
To mock and condemn the British

Jewry appointed him to power
To tear down and to destroy
The host who had played its part
In the dialectic of catastrophe

Their control of the kindred host
They had constructed as their golem
America, land of the rude and coarse
Frankenstein's monster's place of incubation

Churchill on one side
And Roosevelt on the other
Both jews of reptilian kind
Dragging the goyim through the meatgrinder

Against the better foe
The hybrid slaves of jewry
Did cast as so much offal
Into the mouth of Jehovih

Served up as a sacrifice

Naïve and gullible

Forced into jewry's fight

To make other heads of the global

They placed in the crosshairs

The wisest of the Aryans

To decimate through brutal warfare

To eliminate the Hyperboreans

The meatgrinder ruined millions

All orchestrated through jewry's hand

The culture of the Aryan tainted

The remaining nobility of the Western land

Once the fumes of tortured souls

Had been consumed by Jehovah

As sacrifices to the devil

Jewry's genocidal protocols

They then discarded old England

Rotting out from the core

Through in its name self-castration

Silencing the lion's roar

Decolonizing his former possessions

Under the guise of 'humanity'

Yet still enslaving the nations

Through central banking usury

Mass migration then ensued

Through psychological manipulation

Through the propaganda machine abused

The minds of the once proud nation

Manipulated into acquiescence

To their replacement in their land

Those who had a voice, the fortunate

Stabbed their own folk in the back

The remnants of healthier stock

Opposed to the extent they were able

Were barred from any talk

Not giving a seat at the table

Criminalized and demonized

Through the rhetorical machine

That spewed forth its vile lies

Formulated with diabolical cunning

The next phase is to blame
Muslims and the nationalists
To attempt to weld them
Together as the culprit

For the chaos jewry creates
And then them to destroy
All of those they fear and hate
To an Eden of milk and honey enjoy

To unify their slaves
Against a common foe
To pit each against each
To them divide and conquer

Britain would then resurrect
As a multiracial Empire
This is what jewry had planned
From the beginning they had for this conspired

Though from the beginning
Their British affiliates
Had no misgivings
In their tendering aid to them

They received their backstab
Deceiving themselves they would win
Blinded by their arrogance
That they were 'israelites' free from 'sin'

Too little too late
They recognized their dooms' portent
Through the agency of jewry
They would soon meet their end

Yet another sacrifice
Of the kind nobler and better
Yet too corrupt not so wise
As they deluded themselves they were

Their Achilles' heel their hubris
Their Promethean quest for fire
The self-blinded and naïve British
Were led to their doom by the liars

Still a chance remains
To salvage themselves from the flames
And the price that for them must be paid
Is to cast their lower ego into the grave

To sever ties with jewry
To sever the bonds which bind
The self-seeking and their usury
And of obsession with those of baser kind

The British are on their last legs
With one foot inside the grave
They must cease to play the name
And their souls from the fire extricate

Else jewry will devour them
As they have so many before
The ancient empire of Persians
Of Greece and Rome of yore

Sadism

Deviant mentality of the serpent seed
Creeping jewry of subterranean depths
Manifests itself without permit or need
Upon their hapless and unsuspecting targets

They assail their foe as a plague of locusts
Descending upon them to absorb their wealth
To consume the fruits of their labor
And to *eo ipso* apotheosize themselves

The ghoulish delights of the 'chosen ones'
Chosen for slavery by Satan
Over Gaia's sentient denizens
Manifest in vampirism and cannibalism

Ritual murder of the ghouls
Slinking in the shadows of the astral
These tenebrous shades do choose
To select from their slavish chattel

The purest and best of the Aryan
Innocent children and foolish women
To abduct and to in their synagogues imprison
To torture and defile their innocence

Their behavior radiates forth
As a violent seething energy
The diabolical energies course
Throughout their demoniacal auric bodies

Their grating and jarring presence
A discordant and cacophonous projection
Of their will to power's manifestation
Jehovah's microcosmic plasmation

The violence of the sinister tribe
Whose vampiric vortex of absorption
Of the loosh of others' lives
Upon them feeding, these abortions

Their witless minions, feeble souls
Whose numbed consciousness neglects
To face the fact that their foes
Are the living dead's embodiment

In admiration of their masters
And the latter's evil power
They imitate and on them fasten
In hopes of gaining their fickle favor

Like a crude dog they bow
The lapdog of the jewish tribe
Worshiping their violent Jehovah
And mimicking their masters' behavior vile

They become like their slaver
Who has bound them through mind control
A liar; a thief and a murderer
The devotee of the Prince of Evil

They all delight in their aggression
Which they visit upon their hapless foes
All who are 'Other' to their imposition
Of jewry's rulership over the world

Christly kind, a perverse group
Who willingly sell their souls
To the diabolical jews
And incur their karmic toll

They persecute and would suppress
Their enemies the Aryan race
And all who do not too them submit
To their ludicrous fables unquestioningly embrace

They the target of the sadists
Are given a chance to 'believe'
In their mythical figure of jesus
And the alleged Absolute Supreme Being

Failing to agree with these ideas
Leads to the inevitable reaction
The response of the christian and his leader
Their sadism's violent imposition

Burning at the stake or torture
In secret dungeons subterranean
The inevitable result of the Aryan's
Wise rejection of ignorant superstition

License to kill the demon seed
Believe in *agnosia* they possess
A justification to force-feed
To the goyim their biblical scriptures

Cruel implements to inflict pain
Deployed against their foes
Who all other do contain
Those who jewry would depose

Though the christian fools do bow
To serve their masters the 'chosen ones'
They still are subject to the witching hour
In ritual torture and murder

Still to the chains of industry
To the rack and to the yoke
To impoverishment and to usury
To the meager morsels on which they choke

Such is the reward for service
to jewry the 'self chosen'
And to their demonic masters
The reptilian sephardim and Jehovah

The chaos and pain jewry imposes
As part of their very lives
Derives from the essence of Jehovah
As projections of the Cosmic Vampire

These plasmations of the Demiurge
Cybernetic, robot creatures
Instilled with His malevolent hatred
For the higher planes evading His capture

All those which dwell within
The material plane do sacrifice
Their liberty in the higher worlds
Descending into this world of strife

Some have chosen this fate
To destroy the system of the sadists
Which upon generating pain is based
To furnish them with Others' vital forces

The sadistic world of vampirism

The harvesting of bioenergy

The matrix of Metatron's prison

Within the cube of catastrophe

This nether realm does afford

The octagon in which to combat

The infernal hell for the bloodsport

To the enemy of the Uncreated attack

The Hyperboreans descend into

This world of rage and pain

To liberate the redeemable few

Who can from the matrix escape

Those who have succumbed

To the Demiurge's influence

Have fallen for his slave program

Enforced by his devious 'chosen'

Those have no place within

Eternity, the realm of the Immortals

Have to the degree of the intensity

Of their devotion sold themselves

They had become bound
Possessed by the archetype of Jehovah
To His Will, the siren sound
They have lost their will autonomous

Perhaps generationally they are possessed
Dragged into this material hell
Through generational ties are obsessed
With this egregore, by the law of attraction fell

The liberal few who have broken free
Their ancestral blood memory calling
To their ancestors hearkening
Awakening the sleeping Wildes Heer of Odin

The sadists soon will receive
Their karmic backlash for their crimes
And suffer the costly fees
For destroying the children of the sublime

'Origin' vs. Ur-I-Gen

Fiat Erratum Lux

Let there be false light
The blind God Jehovah
Would all our soul's bind

The origin of all
Alleged to be the *Verbum*
'The world' of this 'God'
Crystallizing all life on Gaia

From the first earth to this
Crude globe of encrustation
The Demiurge's reeking shit
Soul's in the wheel of incarnation

The origin of all evil
The descent of the higher
Into the lowest levels
Of densified matter

The creatures on the earth
Anthropoids of simian form
Deposited as stillbirths
Abortions of the Demiurge

They derived from Him
The Dark Lord of entropy
They serve as food for Him
Within the Kalachakra ring

Circling around the wheel
They atrophy within Time
Their souls' his finest meal
The matrix system's design

Engineered as a harvester
A soul trapped to collect loosh
The bioenergy to gather:
To absorb within the Cosmic Ghoul

They 'come from God above'
Manufactured as a particle
Of the diseased dove
Their God they call Jehovah

Crystallized in the world
Of basest leaden density
A machine which does serve
His plans for global slavery

To install upon the earth
Minions to administer
To their matrix system enforce
Ruling over the pasu beastman

This chosen tribe of Satan
The Dark Lord of vampires
Partake of His essence
His diabolical desire

To vampirize the energy
Of their captive chattels
And to sacrifice the beasts
In starvation and violent battle

This the motive of jewry
To engineer mass chaos
To maintain the cyclicity
Of the machine of Kalachakra

They are appointed by their Lord
To enforce and to maintain
As the Elders of Zion wizards
This world of death and pain

To cause the release of loose
Stress and emotional release
Of the soul's energetic food
Upon which these demons feed

Lower astral planes

Populated by hypostases

Archontic forms of His brain

The cosmic mind of Yahweh

Demented crystallization

Of the thoughts of 'The One'

These archontic manifestations

Yet further generate their sons

Vile offspring of utmost evil

Material incarnate forms

To embody the Will of Jehovah

Partake of his malevolent scorn

Toward the beast of cosmos

These entities look with favor

Devoted to Him as His soldiers

To perform the role of cosmic slavers

Reptilians and other types

Of extraterrestrial beings

Conscripted as His blight

To enslave all sentient things

To absorb them into Himself
Again within His being
To expand His territorial
Tumescent boundaries

The Vampire Deity's minions
Scattered across the universe
Hypostases of His essence
Driven by His consciousness

Within the planar dimension
Of His vampiric being
The materialized denizens
Upon one another feed

To perpetuate their lives
They must absorb 'Others'
Within the matrix hive
All are against each other

Mors tua vita mea

The death of one another's life
A desperate competition
Of "strife, endless strife"

Reptilian slavers have made
As Jehovah's tenebrous retinue
In their factory of slaves
Their chosen ones the jews

Genetically engineered process
Combination of Neanderthal
The simian pasu beastman
With the blood of saurians

Installed upon the earth plane
The densified realm of matter
To the pasu beastman enslave
To their loosh harvest and gather

Orchestrating wars and strife
Revolutions against their betters
The creeping agents of the Lie
Put forth their sinister agenda

Ingratiating themselves within
The nations they have targeted
These bearers of Jehovah's sin
By hook and crook borough in

As a parasite infestation
They invade the gentile nations
To absorb the souls of men
Into Jehovah's spiders' webs

The origin of malevolence
Of discord and of strife
From the *Logos* does depend
The partitioning of spirit and material life

The lower hierarchies of souls
Of archons and of planetary beings
The will of 'The One' stepped down
To enslave all within his world of seeming

The origin of all problems
Emanates from 'The One'
The God of utmost malevolence
Jehovah-Brahma-Satan

Uncreated beings of light
The Vanir who came from thence
From the cosmic womb eternally bright
With the black flame's refulgence

The black sun shines forth its rays
The Vril force of Eternal night
And upon bright Venus radiates
Forth its emanations of Eternal life

The beings who bear this Graal
The stone from Lucifer's crown
Chose to descend to battle
And reveal themselves to mortals

To liberate the hordes of serfs
Which the Dark Side of Jehovah has kept
Crushed into the material dirt
Perpetuating the matrix with their sweat

The 'Ur-I-Gen' of the re-turn
Leftward swastika of Eternia
Against the Kalachakra's turn
Clockwise, the soul reaver of Jehovah

To turn back the clock
To arrest its inexorable motions
To bring its rotors to a stop
To break apart its inner gears

Arresting the flow of Time
Against the current opposed
To fight the Cosmic Vampire
To the Dark Lord depose

The past is the future
And the future is the past
What preexisted
Time will again manifest

In the Kali Yuga the chance
To smash open a window
In the glasshouse of the matrix
To rip the matrix, open black holes

To interfere with the Time cycles
Artificially induced by the Demiurge
Modify his planetary mobile
Dangled above the crib of the toddlers

Smash the planetary Archons
And their modulations of the energies
Which have trapped the weaker parties
Under their influence impelling

Those who can escape the prison
Have to fight for their lives
To generate a vital intensity
To break the bonds of Time

All life is struggle
Those who fail to fight
Will to their opponent succumb
And relinquish their very life

Those who fail to develop
And to build a berserker state
Will have their candle snuffed out
Will extinguish their flickering flame

The necessity of struggle
Is the law of organic life
For those who on the earth battle
To break the chains that bind

Frog Perspective

From the bottoms of the swamp
The jew peeps from the bullrushes
Viewing the noble black swans
As they glide upon the waters' surface

Croaking away in the mire they are
Peering out with hostile vision
The poisoned toads with ire stare
Hostility against the nobler denizens

They creep amidst the bulrushes
From one lily pad to the next they hop
Toward the unsuspecting swans
To spread their poison to the healthy stock

Viewing the world from the bottom
They rankle as they their enemies observe
Fuelled with jealous hatred
They harbor designs to murder

Yet too small in number, too weak in power
They must first poison the swamp
Infect the creatures, prepare for the hour
When they will make their assault

The minds of the guppies and fish
Of the witless who dwell in the waters
Whose desperate life bears witness
To their deficiency of mental powers

These receive the first dose of poison
Spread by the toads into the water
Absorbed into their consciousness
Distorting their views on all matters

The creeping moles and myriad insects
Also receive their does
Through the reeking pests
Spreading their halitosis breath

Croaking in subterranean tones
They broadcast their subtle rumors
Poisoning the minds of those
Too naïve to formulate theirs

The noble swans perceive something
A disturbance in the force
Of the swamp's usual tranquility
From an as yet unknown source

The toads gradually increase the din
Encouraging others echo their words:
"We must do the black swans in-
For they are a threat to all!" is heard

The stir amidst the swamp reverberates
With the croaking of these creatures
And soon the rest do imitate
And prepare to assault their 'betters'

Inciting hatred and violence
Under the guise of 'equality'
The swans now aware of the presence
Of the toads and their program of misery

The communist horde are hurled
From the shadows of the bulrushes
Against the swans, the jealous herd
To tear apart the noble birds

The birds must make a retreat
To escape the fate of the prey
Who upon them do feed
And who the toads would use to slay

Round they sweep with outstretched wings
Circling leftwards the swamp
The former assailants dive-bombing
Reduced to fleshly chum

The quietude of the swamp returns
The well-fed swans have had their fill
For the others a harsh lesson learned
To not disturb the status quo

Now each and all play their role
Each content with his lot
Now have left the poisoned toads
Their heads with sharp beaks cut off

Demon et Deus

"God is the devil inverted"
Says one of the Great White brotherhood
Shambala's public representative
The guilefull trickster dupe

Blavatsky the Cabal's agent
Tempted to distort the true doctrine
Of Hyperboreans origins
To sell the snake oil to the goyim

A pacifistic creed of weakness
That was passed off as the Truth
A simulacrum of the secrets
Of the ancients, a mere lampoon

Distorted doctrine of confusion
With the inclusion of the enemy doctrine
'Illuminati' of the false lights' inclusion
To pawn off on the elite goyim

The Deity propounded therein
Is claimed to be the Ineffable
The Uncreated, a supersession
Of the diabolical Jehovah

Yet in spite of this Truth
Veritas de fait though beyond reason
That evolution therein is adduced
Demonstrates Jehovah's vile influence

The Demiurge Deity lurking omnipresent
In the sense of the pasu believer
Blinding them to the Higher Heavens
And them to with fear beleaguer

All must serve 'The Plan' of 'The One'
Peace; love; unity and etcetera
Those who fail to go along
Are portrayed as 'immoral' and 'wrong'

Obstructing the 'evolution' of souls
Who Blavatsky and her descendants
Affirm to be life's penultimate goal
Merge with the 'Godhead', their life extinguished

The evolutionary creed of lies
That this process of 'evolution', so-called
Is desirable and indeed inherently right
Is the absurdity the illuminati traffic in

Their stock in trade they pander
The false doctrine 'The One'
Evolution's Telos all that matters
Not the Immortality of the hue-man

Only a self sacrificial 'service'
To this Demiurge of selfish evil
Who commands and dictates to us
Through his hierarchy of angelic devils

Through the witchcraft programming
Of the Bible and other texts
Works of black magic conditioning
To place upon all their hex

Though critical of these works
Of A-Brahamic religious folly
Blavatsky served her purpose
In muddying the waters of the True Doctrine

She poured the semitic sludge
Of evolutionary motivation
Into the purest waters
Of the creed of the Hyperborean

Through critiquing on one side
Of her mouth the inferior deity
On the other the opposite lie
Was propounded: the evolution creed

Thus she served the 'hierarchy'
Of the Great White brotherhood
Reinforcing the programming
That served this Entity's good

"God is the devil inverted"
And yet the devil she did serve
In propounding her *credo absurdam*
To the minds of her naïve readers

Chang Shambala over this laughs
As her soul is absorbed within
The demiurgic ectoplasm
His webs He continues to spin

Kotihoroschka Rollapea
(based on a Ukrainian Folktale)

On the samovar he sits
Lazily sifting the seeds of millet
Through his fingers the tedium
Poured as he lounged like a cat

His brothers had already
Pursued their path in life
Their mundane vocation necessary
To acquire the basics in a world of strife

His mother chastised him daily
Criticizing him for his lethargy
That she should sweat and strain
While he the workshy plays

Both brothers had rendered themselves
Worldly successes, domesticated
Shacked up with their material wealth
Reducing themselves to slave labor

One day through inspiration
Rollapea leapt up from the stove
And announced he would prepare
To set out and find the girl

He had heard that girl had disappeared
And decided he would venture
After her amidst the forests and fields
To discover and with her re-turn

Word had reached that she was kept
Inside the castle of a dragon
Who her had in secret abducted
And was subjecting her to his vile magics

He prepared himself through training
Strengthening his will and ability
The Dragon of evil preparing
To slay with his own life risking

He forced a cudgel of hardest iron
And tossed it in the air
When it plummeted towards the forge's fires
He extended his pointer finger

The cudgel bent in its middle
Unable to withstand
The power of the noble Vril
Which coursed through his mighty limbs

He again set himself at the forge
And crafted a stronger cudgel
Tossed it in the air as before
And again it bent in the middle

A third time he forged anew
A cudgel of greatest strength
Incorporating his own metal into
The alloy which with his blood fused

This time it descended from on high
And his extended finger received it
Never once blinking an eye
No bend in the cudgel he perceived

Forward against the Dragon he went
Across the homeland of his ancestors
Who had worked it up with borders
Fences and angular structures

Arriving at the castle of the Dragon
He is confronted by the dark evil
Who offers a challenge to him:
"do you come in peace or for battle?"

Rollapea unhesitatingly answers:
"I come to fight you!"
The Dragon with malevolent grin
Races back inside the castle

The coward put to flight
Seeking to lock himself in
But Rollapea the wise
Discovers an entry, a way in

Once inside he then discovers
The saurian attempting to conceal
Himself with his captives in the dungeon
Tormenting them with cruel zeal

His two brothers are there
As well as the girl
Trapped behind the iron
Bars of the saurians' lair

Across the room they stand
The Dragon with furtive movements
Jockeying for position
To strike out at Rollapea, the Virya

The ground an iron threshing floor
For the harvest of the nourishing grain
With Rollapea by the vaulted door
And the Dragon at the other end

The Dragon realizing his lot
Cornered he must attack
To upon Rollapea rush
To his assault preempt

Rollapea's higher mind
Anticipates the devious move
And strikes out at the reptile
His iron cudgel ringing true

Crushing the reptile into the floor

Embedded in the iron

The dazed and wrathful creature

Pulls himself out to fight on

As the saurian brushes forth

He is again pounded in

To the iron threshing floor

Yet eventually extricates himself again

The Dragon on his last legs

Wobbles towards his foe

His Aryan nemesis Rollapea

Then gives him the final blow

The corpse of the saurian remains

Embedded in the iron floor

And Rollapea extracts the keys

And liberates the dragons' prisoners

They escape their vile cells

Leaving the corpse to rot

Taking the dragons' stolen treasure

They make their return to the Heimat

Along the way the rest in a glade
And Rollapea dozes off
His brothers collude in strategy
To with the maid make off

He wakes trussed up to a tree
His lens bound to the mighty trunk
And coming to understand true loyalty
He knows the meaning of Aryan blood

His biological brothers behaved
In the manner of the reptile
With cunning and devious legerdemain
They waylaid him with their guile

Traitors to the blood they are
Enemies of honorable men
The brothers in name alone dishonor
The blood of Rollapea's kin

Left for dead he tears himself
From the bonds around him laid
Makes his way to recover his wealth
And his *soror mystica*, his fair maid

Heading back along his journey
He re-returns to his home
And the situation observing
This brothers have invested the gold

Within a castle they have set themselves
Sharing the maid who one will marry
Arguing over the use of the wealth
Who will deserve the largest gratuity

They quarrel with one another
And decide on a compromise
He who gets the delightful maid
Will the majority of the wealth acquire

The coin is flipped for who gets the maid
And one of the brothers to her is assigned
The other receives the bulk of the gain
And upon the wedding date they decide

Rollapea hears word of the wedding
And decides he will be in attendance
He arrives to witness their ending
The groom and his best man

Rollapea reveals himself
To his traitorous brothers:
"You remember me?" He challenges
As they could only stare and stutter

They reach for their swords
But it's too late for them
Rollapea's iron cudgel abhors
The dishonorable men

Crashing upon their coiffured pates
The iron cudgel obliterates
Freeing from their grasp the innocent maid
And for Rollapea and his Soror gaining liberty

Pablo Escobar

Within the jungles of Columbia
The man of the people was born
To become a noble folk hero
The Virya whose destiny was war

"All against all", the principle
Of war everlasting
Within the worldly morals
With the pasus, bestial striving

Recognizing the laws of life
He made his way from the shadows
Of obscurity amidst the strife
To become a warrior hidalgo

In Medellin the center
He situated his cartel
His narcotics manufacture
To raise in the jungles a real hell

The ruthless competition against his foes
Conditioned him to fight
Within the world and its limitations
Subject to the conditions of Time
Waxed hot did his might

From the stutter guns echoed volleys
Salvos of war and challenge
Many thought it foolishness
To go against the establishment

He grew too big too fast
Accrued to himself worldly treasure
Threatened the supremacy of the established
Became a target of assassination

All countries and their hired goons
Turned against this cocaine king
And used him as a bogeyman to prove
Their war on drugs was necessary

Along the journey of the Virya
He encountered a Hyperborean
A Nazi who did influence
Escobar to achieve elevation

Perhaps through such initiation
Escobar built his cartel
If not in whole then in part
To reach heaven he had to descend to hell

Klaus Barbie, the butcher of the Communists
Had made his way to Bolivia
And had participated in government
In removing the pests of Judea

He hunted Che Guevara the crypto-Jew
Who shot children in his 'revolutions'
And who was financed by the banksters too
Though Che the creature eluded him

Escobar's empire was developed
Through the relationship between the two
The willful striving of the Virya
And the wisdom of his Nazi guru

The Judeo system of synarchy
As usual in their coward's tactics
Mob assaulted their enemy
With their financial system racket

Though the loss of life of the populace
Owing to drugs paid its toll
The greater evil of the dark side
Necessitated it as means to bankroll

All other legal avenues were blocked
And thus recourse was had
To the sale of illegal coke
Made from the fruits of the land

Trafficking this white death into
The 'westernized' nations
Was perhaps a strike against the Jew
Introducing plague into its population

Perhaps, and yet Jewry also
Played their role as destroyers
Of their Aryan and Gentile host
Whose extermination they savor

The amorality of the strategy
Of Pablo Escobar and his guru
To build a cocaine empire
And bring about Zion's ruin

Escobar was a family man
His consciousness that of the people
A warrior above the status of beastman
Beyond the limitations of good and evil

By all means necessary
To achieve the noble objective
To overcome Judeo-Christianity
And to the Fourth Reich establish

The danger he posed was recognized
And thus he was assassinated
By the cabal's official mercenaries
Their alphabet sewage agencies

Klaus Barbie also was abducted
Discovered under his alias
Had been since the war hunted
By the kikes and their minions

He too was assassinated
By the filth of the synarchy
Who their competition eliminated
In this world of increasing entropy

Yet their battle was a victory
In the higher planes
For they had immortality
Through their heroism attained

Humanitas

Masonic abstraction
The universal humanoid entity
Comprised of Platonic Ideas
Debased to leaden materiality

A paper mache ghost
Overlaid with layers of tabloid
Empty fictions at most
The definition of para-noid

Or rather *ag-nosia*

As that which is not, cannot

Be apprehended by organisms

Being a mere abstract simulacra

Human condition of modernity

An invented section of the Lodge

A sinister and demonic masonry

And their masters in the sin-a-gog

This touted as the standard

That all must aspire to

The lowest common denominator

Ruled over by the Jew

Each and all must tear down

That which stands above

The enforced *conditio sine qua non*

Superimposed by the cabal on the 'goyim'

The tongue-in-cheek joke

Is that only Jewry is 'hue-men'

In their occult Talmud

And the Torah designates them

All else are mere 'animals'

'Goyim', cattle serfs

Who these vile criminals

Coerce to till the earth

The gentile masons are deceived

Into believing they too are 'hue-men'

And that all other breeds

Are mere profane cowans

Anglo-Jewry the dastardly duo

Who rule over the world runs roughshod

With their Italian-catholic cryptos

The dialectic plays itself out

The 'left wing' of Judeo-masonry

Plays off against its antithesis

That of 'right-wing' religiosity

Of the 'moral' majoritarians

The jews orchestrate the chaos

In setting the poor to rebellion

To the impoverished provoke

With promises utopian

The wealthier sort are then
Given *causa jus bellum*
To strike and attack them
Sacrificing the poor to Satan

Their God Jehovah, Cosmic Vampire
Prince of Darkness, Prince of Lies
The souls of the naïve folk
To Him the cabal makes sacrifice

In the name of 'humanity'
The chaos they created
Is terminated conclusively
Justifying further erasure of liberties

Furthering their sinister goals
These black magicians perpetuate
Jehovah's stranglehold
His death grip on their feeble pates

'Humanity' the siren call
Which beguiles the naïve and gullible
Deceives the foolish people
Is the lure which strangles all

Archontic Deception Strategy

Coercion implicit in their smiles
They speak of 'good' and 'love'
Forcing upon others through guile
Their pestilential 'holy dove'

All must wear a smile
And mind their 'Ps' and 'Qs'
They must conform to the style
The world orders' standard issue

All must conform to this
The neurotic standard of today
Of the cabal synarchic
The same as yesterday

Those who decide to rebel
To conform not to the template
Of inhibited behavior
Are on the hit list placed

The methods of behavioral
Compliance to these mores
Are devious and subtle
Superimposed on all 'humanity'

Jehovah's malevolent will
This oppressive manifestation
A wet blanket on all spiritual
Higher states of Being

This creature with imposing coercion
Through its lower manifestations
Of increasing densification
Through its tentacles, Archons and Angels

Coordinates with the cabal
On the earth plane of matter
Exerts its influence to impel
The sinister agents of Jehovah

They partake of His hive mind
Though exist at a lower density
Incapable of existing out of Time
They serve the Cosmic Enemy

These creatures being hypostases
Of His malevolent Will
Attempt to trap us in His cage
To glut our blood His fill

They agitate and abuse
All who seek to oppose
The harvesting of their loosh
And for themselves to know

They who seek to understand
The world and its malevolence
To know the Demiurge's plan
And to question his false promises

These are subject to the hostility
Of the cabal to antagonism
Portraying their acknowledged enemies
As heretics and mentally ill deviants

They seek these synarchic agents
To distort and misconstrue
The behavior of the hated
Heretics who oppose distortion of the Truth

Demoralization one such weapon
Deployed in the occult war
Superimposed upon the denizens
Of this fallen captive world

Those who would rebel
Against the rigid standards
Of the system's slavish hell
Are manipulated and micromanaged

Their mind is subject to
Constant harassment, gas lighting
Any deviations incur abuse
To undermine those who would be free

Representing themselves as paragons
Of virtue and 'the laws of God'
The kikes and their vile entourage
Employ tactics of assault

A jus bellum or 'just war'
On all 'others' may impose
And harass and deplore
The Good; True and Beautiful

They deceive and manipulate
Through subterranean cunning
Those that would enslave
And subject to bloodletting

Whether willing or no
The perspective slaves are prey
To the violent cabal
Whose actions seek to lame

Any who they target
Through their capricious will
Are to violence subject
To bleed them of their souls

Their tactics of sadism
They project upon others
And assail with malevolence
The denizens of Gaia

With false promises
Through Jehovah's Mind
They bear His false gifts
Of 'holy' scriptural kind

Bigotry and bloodshed
Violence and murder
Can be in this book read
An intolerant burden

Those who do not serve
Their agenda are dispatched
As mere useless garbage
Their names from the rolls scratched

Even the slavish servants
Who bow with churlish cowardice
Are to Jehovah sacrificed
To this Satan's petty whims

Thus the game is a losing one
None may beat the house
And all who think they've won
Discover the truth will out

Making a thieves' pact with Satan
And his vile minions the cabal
Is to in the guillotine placement
One's head, the blade soon falls

Impurity Spiral

Down within the wheel of Time

The Kali Yuga spirals

Toward the end of the line

To the bottom of the barrel

The sediment of decay

Rotting in the depths

The once strong atrophies

Spreads itself cancerous

Through causal processes

The corruption degenerates

The nations and peoples

Against one another agitate

"The world is going to hell" they say

And the frenzied madness of the mob

The downward spiral accelerates

Trapped in a jar the maddened wasps

They hurl themselves against the walls

Stinging one another was sadism

Leaping into the battle to kill

To spitefully inject their venom

The mass attack which percolates
Within the system day and night
With the cosmic cycles changing
Ratcheting up the stress and strife

The pressurized canister deforms
As the chaos of particles within
Generates its unbearable storm
Threatens to explode, to fragment

Within this crucible of corruption
Only the hardest can survive
The madness of the people's confusion
From their fallible nature derived

Failing to perceive the lies
Of the system's propagandists
For the false narratives design
They realize the cabal's ends

Microcosm of the macrocosm
Within the dynamic of cultures
The state of the sustainable world
Goes to the parasitic vultures

They rend the flesh of the pure
The Good; True and Beautiful
And transform into a sewer
The pristine world of old

The architecture and design
Of the structures of Aryan genius
Are laid to rubble through the Time
Of revolutions' vehemence

The family unit is laid to rest
Its epitaph does read:
"Here lies the Aryan genius
Destroyed through selfish greed"

Through interbreeding with savages
The resulting product is shown
The blood becomes ravaged
Tainted with foreign chromosomes

The end result is the loss
Of the genius of the Aryan
And amidst the chaos, tumult
The destruction of civilization

Miscegenated; mongrelized

The white man reaches his end

In the grave his genius lies

The Graal of the Hyperborean

The downward spiral inexorable

May be redeemed only through

The action of the noble hero

The Aryan—a god transformed into

Behind the black sun of mind

The diamond hard cold stone

The Green Ray does shine

The Virya has become eternal

Black Flame

The radiant light of Phoebus

Blanketing the earth with his rays

The constant gaze of Sol Invictus

Burns our vision away

The false light of manifestation

Radiance of illusory Eternity

Over the earth ensconces us

Within the matrix of slavery

The savage pasus dance
Around their captive, widdenshins
In anticipation they act
Their stone knives' sinews cutting

They feast upon their captive
Drinking down the hot elixir
Draining into them all the carnage
Celebrating the rights of the sinister

Worshiping their solar Logos
The god who lends his light
To enable the crops to grow
And bestow upon them life

The cycles of Time they adhere to
Living within the Kalachakra
The inexorable turning iron wheel
Their rites attuned with the astral

The tellurism of the beastman
Enables the perpetuation
Of the grinding of the rusty gears
The Time wheel keeps spinning

Sacrifice of the many-too-many

To transmit their energies

To the astral saurian seed

Who in innerspace on them feed

Being fruitful and multiplying

The beast folk manufacture

More bodies to trap in Time

Souls their overlords have captured

The chaotic tensions of the world

Orchestrated by the archontic host

To trap within the sheepish fold

Combined into the earth to roast

Earthbound souls they adhere

Through gravitational magnetism

Trap within the bottom tier

These basest leaden denizens

The heart of weighty lead

Weight in the scale of karma

Unable to the beast-mind transcend

Outweighing the golden feathers of Quetzacoatl

Those who have superseded the state
Of the animal man the hylic
Inclined to feed and fornicate
To in worldly delights traffic

They are trapped within the prison
Of the leaden penitentiary are bound
The warden Yahweh the Satan
Through the manvantaras does His rounds

His prison guards He deploys
Hierarchies; legions of unclean spirits
The archons and their planetary bodies
Mediate His will, creating fear and anguish

They seek to impel the hapless slaves
Blown about like leaves within the world
Cast from the branches into their graves
To serve as loosh for the astral vampires

The archons both on earth and in the astral
Communicate to the feeble denizens
They subordinate themselves as vassals
To the transmissions of Jehovah-Satan

Communicated 'from on high'

The messages encoded in text

The propaganda of religiosity

The pedantic tombes of dogmatists

They shine their gaslight into the vision

To blind permanently the third eye

And to trap within their mental prison

The fleeting crew doomed to die

Stepped down from higher dimensions

From the 'Heights' to which the alone is

The weavers of the lower density matrix

On the warp and woof of plagiarism

His messages, His 'commands'

Themselves deceptions are

To coerce the earthly natives

Riding on the wheel of Kalachakra

Up and down they go

Along the ascending and descending arc

To stop He alone may know

For they remain within His ark

He with His gravitational waves
Of temporalization; entropy
Deluge His helpless slaves
Reduced to old age and poverty

His breath exhales halitosis
The reek of old scratch's rot
Over the planes and dimensions
From the Fifth Heaven down

Generation and corruption
Within the flow of transience
His vile respirations
Send the weak down river Styx

The strong alone resist the current
Opposing the flow of Time
Which would erode their flesh
Dissolve their bones in its brine

They through struggle have attained
A suit of rufescent armour
Have girded on their breastplate
Emblazoned with the swastika

The red knight of the black flame
Radiates forth his godly might
Wearing the mask of Cain
On his brow Lucifer's stone shines

The warrior Virya transforms himself
Into the diamond body of crystallized flame
His seething energies celestial
Emanate from the Eternal Planes

Having kindled the black flame with his will
He holds high this Olympian torch
Of immortality this noble signal
He imperturbable strives forth

The black sun, vortex of power
Integral god of the hidden light
Has descended into the world
To blot out the synarchic side

The Virya, hero of Wotan
Understands well his predestined role
To oppose Jehovah's instruments
For him their deathknell to toll

Whether he dies in this battle or not
His flesh suit is disposable
He may return again to combat
And strike at them more hammer blows

The black flame inextinguishable
The cold fire that is his essence
Untouched in the wheel it goes
Through its inner will to fight directed

The entelechia of the warrior
A self-propelling wheel
An incarnate Hyperborean
Fighting for justice with razor steel

Time

Emanation of 'The One'
Manifestation of the Will
Of the malevolent Satan
Jehovah 'The One', the devil

This unholy projection of evil
Which curses the population of the earth
The stinking breath of the devil
Obstructing our lives with its curse

The flow of Time from within
The internal plane of the Unmanifest
Emanates the pestilence
Jehovah-Yahweh-Satanas

The cycles of Time unfurl
And again re-turn to their origin
The hierarchies of evil angels
Are born in Time and consumed by him

His outrushing breath of cosmic force
Vomitus creat absurdam
To be again swallowed up
In the cycles of temporal distortion

The creator of excreta
'The One' who throws out waste
That has been called 'the creation'
A plagiarism of the Higher Planes

This Being is the entropy
Which exists within the Uncreated
And dwells within, without seeing
With violence imposes His Being

Over Time this Entity
Consumes Himself in His rapaciousness
Autophagocitization the meaning
Of this spatio-temporal excrescence

He defecates the creations

Creat absurdam est

"Let there be light" His emanations
Of His mind a reeking mess

Within His cycles of manifestation
Circling around within the wheel
The energies of His debasement
Again on the earth appear

The cycle of Time continues
A ferris wheel horror and pain
Up-and-down within the tissue
Of Jehovah's psychopathic brain

Incarnating into the world
The minerals; plants; animals
Circle around within the wheel
In their finite lifecycles

Evolving from the lowest density
To higher states of consciousness
This plurality of entities
The excreta of Jehovah-Satanas

They are absorbed into His Being
Assimilated into the sewer
Flotsam and jetsam of His illusory dreaming
A chaotic stew of manure

Jehovah, the Holy Ghost
Floating in the aether
Like a parasite in its host
Absorbing the vital elixir

Agentur of the Synarchy

You can't fight what you can't see
Hiding in plain sight panoptic
The principle of the synarchy
Relying upon our lack of knowledge

The pervasive speed of their networks
Of control, a matrix spider's web
Over every inch of their map
Superimposing itself ubiquitous

Though their vision is blind and infallible
And their map is not equal to the territory
To disperse their agents of evil
As plague rats to consume the seed

At all times and in all places
Everywhere one would seek to go
The spying kikes and their stupid slaves
Are peeping from behind the brambles

At every echelon of society
From the lowly cabbie to the chairman of the board
From the ivory tower to the privy
The creeping slaves of the Time Lord

All constitute Jehovah's eyes
Servile servants who live to bow
Before their violent Prince of Lies
The Dark Lord of the sty of sows

The network of pestilential creatures
Weaving their webs to restrict
The trajectory of the Lucifers
The leftward swastika's movement

They would weave a tissue around its arms
To arrest its inexorable motions
Yet through this tissue it has torn
To allow in the light of the Green land

Conscripted by hook or by crook
These puppets on their strings
Some of gold others aetheric
Riveted to their souls the chains

Jerked about as so many Pinocchio's
Their lack of willpower impelling
Their passage to with violence oppose
The cabals' targeted enemies

Nodes in the web of Zion
Their gaze as crosshairs acquiring
The hapless targets of the system
Who live persecuted without understanding

The cabal manipulates its slaves
Concocting lies to others frame
Gaslighting the naïve population
And the corrupt with incentive paid

The slaves and endless stock of fools
Greedy for status and money
Eager for recognition and filthy lucre
They carry out their orders unthinking

They are constructed as vehicles of the will
Of the cabal on the mundane plane
Placed under their jewish controllers
To perpetuate Jehovah's reign

Any who deviate from their program
Their globalist objective of hegemony
Are ferreted out and as a witch hunted
Subject to torture in semitic demonology

"In the name of God" these acts are performed
Black magic witchcraft of jewish hatred
Against the targets of their hate and score
They their minions arrayed against them

The lowliest vagrant in the gutter
Can be bought for drugs or alcohol
And the mightiest masonic figure
Controlling the masses as his thralls

These he hurls against his enemies
Any who he decides he can't use
To fill his silken sacks with money
At the expense of those he does abuse

He pays one to enslave another
To suppress the will, to censor
To sabotage the operations
Of business and creative genius

He holds the world in chains
Of gold and of rusty iron
For the privileged few a game
With consequences most dire

The impoverished today condemn
Are the prey they feed upon
As so many slave laborers
Are on their chessboard sacrificial pawns

To coerce compliance the cabal
Imposes the Will of their Deity
The hard 'either-or' for all
Slavish obsequence or with the fishes sleeping

The programming of their naïve minds
Begins perhaps antenatally
In the astral planes the past lifetimes
Are carried in the souls' memories

The law of attraction's gravitational pull
Maneuvers the soul into position
Towards conditions of a similar
Nature as the previous incarnation

christians and other Abrahamics
Are conditioned throughout their lives
With the mind control of slave mindedness
Before the jew and the Prince of Lies

These make the perfect agents
Of their system of utmost slavery
For the masses total conformism
The nature of their programming

Standardized zombies who must bow
To their masters of their hierarchy
To the White Brotherhood of Shambala
And their superiors of the synarchy

All are bound into the hive
A mind of total dependency
More dead than they are alive
These vehicles of Jehovah's seed

The living dead by Him are possessed
Living a life of fatalism
To Him to have total obedience
Possessed by His infernal legions

Thus our mere catalysts of His Will
Robots of His Diabolic Mind
Carrying it out these minions spell
Copious blood of innocent kind

Re-turn

The end of His-story has arrived
The reign of the Time Lord is short
At the bottom of the Kali Yuga
In a state of frenzy the cabal desports

A new reset they seek to impose
To enslave the earth and its occupants
To erase all knowledge and erode
The higher culture of the Aryan

The self-serving psychopaths
Who delight in deceiving Others
To gratify their wille zur macht
Would plunge the world in darkness

They would erase all Knowledge
Destroy all awareness of Truth
Drag the masses by their slave collars
To the guillotine once they're through

The cabal relies on deception
To blind the mass from the Light
Hoodwinked they serve the agenda
Not knowing they are trapped in Time

Within the bottom of the age of led
The Fenrir wolf opens His jaws
Consuming the blood of the living dead
Absorbing their souls the Vampire

Those who become fixated
Upon the lives of worldly care
Chain themselves to the graven images
Of the Dark Lord, their Creator

Living in the depths of the world
These self-serving greedy fools
Live for the coarsest material
Purposes, the pig's life they choose

Devoted to worldly care
And little else beyond
To the baser kind of fare
Of status and worship of Mammon

Some seek a higher path
Understanding at an ur-level
Of their god-like consciousness
Their Hyperborean origin

They live a life of nostalgia
Of a longing for their former home
A world where they may dwell again
And cease to this hell roam

A lost soul seeking its place
Its origin in homesickness
They have elected to face
The cabal of vile black magicians

Their re-turn to origins is no flight
Of cowardly escapism
They stand, a lone beacon of light
Facing the utter darkness

The world of illusion, of falsehood
They occupied to engage
Their enemy the multitude
And their Masters who upon them prey

The purgatorial slaves of the depths
Infernal creatures who live hell-bent
On putting leaden chains on our necks
To drag us within the nether regions

To grasp for the shiny baubles they hold out
Riveting their focal point of attention
To the gleaming glow of the false promise
Of a paradise of perpetual peace on earth

This charade of altruistic regard
The cabal operates on the basis of
Deceives the teeming millions
Of their system apparatchiks

From the lowest depths of the state
To the highest echelon of power
All play a role in Jehovah's game
Chess pieces on the global board

Into the closed system of entropy
The wheel of Time which grinds
Hyperborean incarnates
To fight a deliberate choice

His nature necessitates
The destruction of the wheel
Which into cannon fodder grates
The zombies, of this living hell

He occupies this world
As an enemy encampment
And puts his crosshairs on 'God'
The Demiurge and his apparatchiks

Hunted throughout His-story
Jehovah's presence incarnate
The pestilential tribe of jewry
From their God they emanate

Hyperboreans have been targets
Throughout the millennia of this earth
Sabotaged by the black magicians
Persecuted as 'witches', at the stake burnt

jewry and their pathetic dogs
The christians who serve their masters
Play the role of bullies and thugs
Imposing the cabal's disasters

Millions of Aryans have been destroyed
Through mixing or through overt torture and slaughter
At the hands of their host of Yahweh
Relentlessly pursue the children of Lucifer

The Cosmic Mother of the boundless Light
Yet created source of the gods
Has given birth to her Eternal Kind
The immortals to embody the cold fire

These willingly sacrifice themselves
In the combat against the Dark Forces
Establish their parasite enclaves
Across the heavens on different worlds

These vile forces of reptilian kind
And their anti-race synthetic creations
Trap all worlds within a blind
To drag into hell all the nations

To keep them on their plantation
Sweating and straining all the day
Serving the parasite nations
And their Cosmic Vampire Deity

These rusty wheels of Kalachakra
In the gerbil cage of Metatron
They roll around do the masses
Their bodies and souls' amortization

Lucifer and His Immortal Host
Descending through duty to overthrow
The slave system of Jehovah
To liberate the mass from their weal and woe

To strike against the system of evil
Which traps all in and siphons from them
Vampirizes their souls' vitality
Binds them in an embrace of death

This rusty machine of entropy
The Demiurge has devised
Grating its gears in ecstasy
As the mortal souls it grinds

To facilitate the journey
Of these lost souls trapped in Time
Beyond the barriers of entropy
The realm of Yahweh's design

The agents of the God of Evil
The jews and their mindless slaves
Of necessity must pursue
Lucifer and his god-like race

They seek to destroy the Higher
As the higher threatens their world
The realm of baseborne desire
The prison of the slaves of the physical

Through sabotaging the system
And eliminating those who obstruct
They impose the nigredo destruction
To break the machine apart

Through this rebellion against He
Who enslaves the Higher in His density
The legions of Lucifer, Aryanity
May attain for them a higher state of being

The static inertia of the system
Trends towards its destruction
Yet the tumorous expansion
Of Jehovah threatens Others

Being a danger to Himself and Others
He must be put a stop to
To smash the machine at the joints
To loosen its clanking; rusty screws

Anything which obstructs the system
Before it is reset to the default
Setting according to the blueprint
The Elders of Zion have planned out

Else it will enable
The continuance of the Vampire Wolf
Fenrir, the ravenous cannibal
Of the earthbound pobelvolk

Jormundgand's tensile coils
Wind around the captive slaves
Bleed then as those hapless mortals
Live their lives while heaven anticipate

Pursuing the illusion of Eternity
Clinging to these false promises
That were instilled in their mind by jewry
Treasures in the sky Above

These false promises will be exposed
And those with lucid perception
Will recognize the dark age horrors
In their ideological causal conditions

They alone will be the remnant
Those who reject the Creator
Will be given a place in the Highest Heavens
To take their seat with mighty Lucifer

Satan's Seed

The violator of the Higher Planes
To the hells' below all would drag
Those who He did create
And those whose souls' he seeks to chain

The synthetic seed of Jehovah
Not spiritual life forms but constructs
Of diabolical engineered stuff
The matter and substance of Satanas

jewry the creatures he has created
And the pasu beastfolk to enslave
Without a consciousness independent
His corporeal presence on the earth plane

jewry, eyes of the Dark Lord
Sauron's spies placed on the earth
To witch hunt and the Lie to enforce
To serve the agenda of the Demiurge

Through this multifarious crew
'The One' peeps his keyholes through
Voyeurism of the beastly jews
Instruments of his cunning ruse

Serving the lie of Abraham
Transmitted from the sky to reptilians
The holy screed of the God Satan
To enslave the host of gentile men

Jewry appointed their task

To force upon the goyim

The law of Moses and the profits

Rigid dictates of the despots

The 'Torah', laws of G-d

The endless rules of Satan

Coerced by the host of the Lord

Possessed, they serve as His horde

No independent consciousness

Do the Christly crew possess

Enslaving their satanic churches

Serving the world's exploitative pests

Dictating to the mass of slaves

This priests' caste of popinjays

Spew their rhetoric every day

And mind control their laity

A robotic society of narrowness

A controlled system, open-air prison

Penitentiary of narrowmindedness

A projection of Jehovah's consciousness

The law of the jew is one-sided
Serving their interests, which are Satan's
Formulated through the rabbis the liars
Who work with their masters the reptilians

Transmitted from 'on high' within the lower planes
Of the consciousness of 'The One'
The violent aggressive entity
Who instructs His evil children

Biblical stories full of violence and murder
Impose upon the witless mass
Inculcate a lust for blood and carnage
Steeped in the sewer of Jehovah's trash

Stories which exalt the tribe of violence
The war-mongering thieves and murderers
Establish themselves as the archetype
Which all must venerate as a standard

The seed of Satan are portrayed
As a venerable cadre of superiors
Who all must seek to emulate
As a key to get into the celestial world

Those who fail to affirm the lie
To be the very Truth and Light
Are condemned to suffer and to die
To serve Jehovah as a sacrifice

Only the mindless mass of slaves
Who with obsequiousness do bow
Before the jew and their Creator
Are permitted to live within the world

With perpetual smiles plastered on their faces
The halfwits of the satanic churches
Carry out their Masters' orders
Serving the Will of the Demiurge

'Sell it by zealot' is the creed
That is imposed upon the host
To assimilate more meat machines
To feed the Demon of the Cosmos

Slaves with smiles plastered on
Faces of utmost hypocrisy
Bullying and abusing the 'pagans'
Those they portray with enmity

With the pretense of altruistic regard
These minions of the Dark Lord
Persecute all those who are 'Other'
And suppress and obstruct these creators

The will-to-power of the host
Of black magician robots
Who are under Jehovah's control
And who are on earth His instruments

Forcing themselves upon Others
In the name of their Lord Satan
They destroy all Higher Knowledge
Submerging the world in ignorance

Burning down the libraries
Which contained the ancient lore
Of philosophers and sages
Creating a dark age of horror

The witless mass of dogmatists
Their minds polluted with violent tales
Eager for blood, Satan's children
Unleash their legions upon the world

All who refuse to bow
And serve the demon Jehovah
And his Christ child pusillanimous
Are subject to torture and murder

Jehovah's will of violent hate
For the higher planes' celestial
Will on this earth only abate
When His children are cast into hell

The christly crew of hypocrisy
And their slave masters the jew
Their overlords, the reptilian seed
All must be converted to the Truth

Those who are unable to know
The falsehood of their sickly creed
Of the violence of the Cosmic Foe
Sent to the Hells' below must be

Onanistic Self-Realization

Psychonauts on a drug trip
Ayahuasca and methamphetamines
Indulging in sex magic and cannibalism
A would-be God pleasure pursuing

This self-absorbed egotist
The occult magician of the synarchy
Sells their soul for an ego trip
Serving Jehovah in His evil army

His motive: "self before others"
Serving his worldly persona
With the pretense of altruism
A gesture thoroughly simulacral

He must serve the 'Divine Plan'
Of the Vampire Gods' self-realization
Living for the fleeting moment
For thrills and kicks, vulgar hedonism

In the form of crude power
That enables him to accrue
Himself more and more without limit
Glutting himself on his victims' residue

He cares not for the lives of Others
To him all are 'beasts of the field'
With the blood of the innocent he smothers
On the altar to demons their soul yields

His portion alone does he care for
Of the energy of those he butchers
A barbarous creature greedy for more
Apathetic he performs his torturers

All for the self, for base egotism
He slaughters merciless, without remorse
To become a facsimile of 'Lucifer'
He fails and to Satan has recourse

The pompous rites of semitic witchcraft
Which shine their baleful lunar light
Of the pseudo-gnosis of black magic
The mason carries out in the dead of night

His ultimate goal is the perfection
Of his soulish lower self
A twisted attempt of unification
Between different modes irreconcilable

Rather than serving his True Self
The Spirit encased in soulish garb
He sacrifices it to the Vampire of hell
Phagocitized by its Lord Jehovah

He serves 'The Plan' of 'The One'
Does the freemason of the false light
And believes in his arrogance he is 'the son'
Of the widower who has divorced this blight

Yet to Him they are attached
To the G.A.O.T.U
Serving the beast of the lower heavens
Who their souls' eventually consumes

The would-be god-man the mason
His development of the faculties
That operate within the astral realm
And serve the evolution of Jehovih

The false promise of self-realization
Is held out: "man perfected"
From a rough ashlar is the vulgar man
Into a cubus of right-angled proportion

This brick in the work of the matrix
Squared away in the 'Great work'
Jehovah uses to construct His prison
And to trap within Time, to with Him merge

The fools who are hoodwinked
By their jewish masters and reptilians
Who administer the hierarchic
Structure of Metatron's matrix prison

These cater to their Masters'
At the highest levels who superintend
Over the naïve and gullible masses
And who are destroyed in the end

Consumed by the reptilian trans-dimensionals
The sephardim of pestilential nature
The masons' foolish intellectualism
And ritualism of semitic flavor

Fails to preserve him in the afterlife
Absorbed into the Hells of the black holes
Consumed in a lower astral site
By the reptilians and his Master Jehovah

Only the True Lucifer
Can escape the fate of the pasu
And does so in the Eternal Spirit
His soul assimilating thereunto

The traitors fail of their objective
And only find out their fate
when on the horizon their doom portends
And their immortality they must forsake

The spiritual warrior who on earth descends
To ensure the survival of his folk
And to with Jehovah contend
To break the rusty chain of His yoke

All of the pageantry and glamour
That the mason is presented with
Is mere window dressing to gather
The naïve and the curious

Once inside they are trapped
As mice in the mechanism of steel
That Jehovah has from the outset
Laid out to gather his meal

The stinking rats of freemasonry
Serve their greedy selves
Pursuing the gourmet cheese
Wedged in the gears of Times' wheel

The trap snaps shut and they then know
Their Time in the ferris wheel
Is over before it had begun
And how their victims feel

Luciferian Rebellion

Against the warden of the matrix
The violent Father Deity
The noble Lucifer spirits
Bear the torch of liberty

Against the despotism of 'The One'
Of the jews and their mindless slaves
The aggressive Luciferian rebellion
The End of His-story precipitates

The story of the biblical Beast
Which from 'on high' broadcasts
His ignoble imitation, plagiary
That a 'creation' to be pretends

Ejecting from Himself His excreta
Vilest market densest matter
Over the realm of Eternia
Obscuring our vision of the Mother

Trapping us within His cube
And torturing us within
To our vital force, our loosh
Subject to His vampirism

The noble spirits of light and life
From the higher plane of being
Descend upon this veil of strife
To bring to the captives the key

To break out of their prison
In which they had been enchained
By Jehovah the true Satan
Who has observed the vision of higher planes

Lucifer descends from Above
Choosing to enter the combat
To the Demiurge and His legions oppose
To route the foe and Him supplant

His world of concrete and steel
A disturbance of cosmic harmony
A polluted hell surreal
Controlled through His evil hierarchies

The legions of the Beast
Agents of His violent Will
For power they compete
Yet as a unity serve His purposes

The dialectic of polarity
The black of chaos' disturbance
And the white of static entropy
Re-turn to homeostatic inertia

The forces play off against each other
The warp and woof of the Will
Of the malevolent Demiurgos
Who realizes Himself through those He kills

Immersed into the hive mind
Of the Cosmic Monster
Who reduces all to His eyes
To the experience make His

The majority of the pasu beastmen
Were excreted as plasmations
From the phallus of Jehovah-Satan
Seeds of the goyim nations

These did not come from above
But on the earth were placed
Through the Will of Jehovah
On the earth as His slaves

The vital energies He absorbs
Over the Manvantaras, Cycles of Time
Casting out His countless monads
To experience His own excreta and grime

The breath of Brahma-Jehovah
Rushes forth from His lungs
Spewing His disease all over
Diarrhea emanations from His bum

This encrustation of matter
Covers the Higher Planes
And serves as a womb to gather
The sparks of His chaotic brain

The souls on the earth manifest
Clothing themselves with forms
Of the excreta of Satan
To on the earth His will perform

Those who understand
That this state of being cannot
Continue with any good outcome
And would entail their life's loss

These are endowed with the mark of Cain
The bright and shining emerald
Which from Lucifer's crown came
To enlighten this fallen world

They alone may play the role
The higher beings of the Immortals
To dismantle the matrix of Jehovah
And liberate from His grasp the stronger souls

The hierarchies of utmost evil
Exist to enslave this fallen world
To enable through their perpetual
Abuse and torment of its captive souls

On the physical plane of manifestation
jewry and their Masonic tools
Play the role of emissaries of Satan
Imposing on all His ruthless rule

The choice is one disjunctive
The hard 'either-or'
Either one will be a combatant
Or in Jehovah's maw absorbed

Carry out one's duty
Without emotion or excuses
Strike at the vile enemy
And liberate from the matrix the few

Praxis Diabolus

Static inertia the inevitable result
Of normative subservience to the mores
The judeo-christian police state
The adamantine prison of diabolical Yahweh

Chaotic frenzy the recipe
To break all of the restrictive bonds
Of the Dark Lords' spatio-temporal causality
Reification of His cosmic wrong

The Deontic orientation
Of the pasu slave labor
Blow the trumpets on Mount Zion
To partake of their meager wages

They serve the kikes and their Master
Broadcasting their putative virtue
Today in the prison feed and fatten
And to serve the base lusts of the pasu

The Heroic god-man Lucifer
Resists the current of disintegration
Flies in the face of Jehovah
One of the Wildes Heer of Odin

A predator mind he may adopt
Yet not submerge himself within
The leaden prison of karmic hell
Drowning himself in the blood of the innocent

His transcendent mind unaffected
A True Kamerad acting from duty
In a principled and noble fashion
He does what he does without feeling

No escapist who crawls on his belly
Before 'The One' as a religious bigot
Not weeping and wailing for a place in Eternity
From a cosmic Father figure

He acts according to principal
What he decides emanates from within
Serving the blood memory's higher call
Not the lower ego's particularism

He may strike out with brutal rapacity
Attack his enemy without remorse
Yet without the typical weeping and wailing
Of the Middle Easterner's chaos

He gives no prayers to any 'One God'
He only carries out his mission
To serve his tribe and collective purpose
To fulfill Lucifer's perennial ambition

No pride or humility enters his thoughts
His focus is on his target
Not self-reflexive lunar chaos
Emotional maelstroms erratic

No prayers or cowardly excuses
To do what he must do
To achieve his higher objective
Banish the lies for Justice and Truth

The cowardly cowans of religiosity
Look upon him as a madman
And ensure they lock away the keys
To their cashbox and mansions

He wanders the night of this dark land
Unknown and not understood
By the mind controlled and fearful mass
Who would kill him if they could

His mission on earth is to employ
Any and every means to achieve
A world of the light of Lucifer's joy
A realm of black suns' and rays of green

To transform the being into a vortex
To save themselves from the flow of Time
Which causes atrophy and degeneration
Of their soul which withers and dies

They who have failed to live in the Truth
Who have allowed weakness to them atrophy
Wander off the cliff, a wayward fool
Crashing on the rocks of their own folly

The adept warrior of Wotan
Member of the Wildes Heer
Enters into earthen incarnation
For combat against Satan's worshipers

He guards himself with weapons of war
Both in the celestial plane
Communing with the forces of Lucifer
And with steel, might and main

He kills, slays the cowardly sheep
Who in their cowardice do bow
Before the jews in their Deity
Who experience His vampiric undertow

To the hells' below they are sent
Dispatched to their Dark Lord
To be consumed on the altar of His sin
Their souls into His being absorbed

Phagocitized by the Demiurge
They are dissolved into nothingness
Dissipating into the aether
Dispersed in the cosmos, mere fragments

The warrior faces his foes
Prepares to face the consequences
Only the action in the moment
Is his concern as means correlated with end

His goal on the earthen plane
Is to dispatch his foe, clear the scum
Into the abyss, their essence down the drain
To cleanse the earth therefrom

No peace on earth or 'godly love'
Does occupy his mind
Only the goal of the Eternal
To The Mission he devotes his time

He focuses his will upon the goal
Seeks to tear down the enemy
Fighting the war unemotional
He commits any act necessary

No 'morals' or worldly 'ethics'
Are of any concern to him
Only the necessary actions
Which he performs in a state transcendent

Though condemned as a devil
He the warrior of Wotan
Is the hammer not the anvil
In the final Battalion

Thelassocracy

A pirate's enterprise expanding
Over the seven seas for plunder
Through devious legerdemain, double-dealing
For themselves a privileged standard

For self before others
No equal weights and measures
The pirates' standard bearer
The old skull and cross bones

The origin of this enterprise
None may know for certain
Whether with the robbers of the highway
In ancient Khazaria

Or with the Phoenician Pirates
Who the Mediterranean controlled
With their legions of slavers
And mercenaries seeking gold

In the sewers of the nations
Wherein jewry dwelt
Playing the middleman trader
The financial swindlers' stealth

On the silk road these bandits
Imposed upon others there contracts:
"Your Money or your life" the terms
No fine print in the arrangement

The Khazars of the asian steppes
Grey wolves pursuing sheep
To work together as a pack
Upon their prey they feed

The pirates in their black ships
Which sailed around the basin
Of the stinking *cloaca gentium*
Establishing their enclaves of slavers

Carthage and Judaea
The tumors of the Near East
Expanding in the area
The emissaries of the Beast

Romans of old routed them
Salting their grounds of sacrifices
Steeped in the qabbalah's darkness
By Consus swallowed by

The remnant were placed under
The control of the *Pax Romanum*
Owing to Roman lenience and tolerance
The tumor continued to fester

It expanded outward accordingly
Followed its vampiric trajectory
Along the coasts it went plundering
And others' wealth gobbling

To merry old England they went
The serpent seed of jewry
In the druidic caste worming in
Usurping the function priestly

Through *prima nocte* the parasite
Intertwined itself within
And usurped the Celtic line
Transforming it into the Brit-ish

Their pirate island enclave
Had served them well to enslave
The populace of the nations
Through usury and piracy

The expansion of the parasite
Occupied certain coasts
The preferred *topos* of the slaver
International commercial zones

Within these parts cities arose
The nexus of the vaishas
From Shanghai to New York
London city to Tunisia

This cancerous spread continued
Through the building of the Empire
Of the Brit-ish crypto-jews
Expanded their enterprise

From Holland their neighbor
And the new world: America and Canada
Always building a backdoor
To jump ship when things got hot

The borders of the nations
Were drawn to divide and conquer
According to the Torah
Their blueprint for takeover

On one side a rival faction
On the other their mortal foe
Their identity forged for friction
To divide the nations of old

One tribe against another
Was the historical fact
Yet living adjacent to each other
They sorted out their differences

Once the borders were installed
And religions and dogma were imposed
The population was conquered
By the Empire for exploitation controlled

The sullen masses under the yoke
Of the empire of the shopkeepers
Had tribute to pay to their foes
Who exploited them as slave labor

The shopkeeper's Empire of usury
The same template utilized by them
To under the guise of trade
Bind their targets with sharp practice

Through duplicitous contracts they enslave
Those they cannot loot and pillage
When overt force is not adequate
They to deception have recourse

Usury and loansharking
The false promise of future profits
To be shared with the thelassocracy
Who put forth this tantalizing prospect

Any attempts to backstab
Their partners will be met with force
Mercenaries to attack
Any non-compliant partners

The highway robber the archetype:
"Your Money or your life"
Those who would violate
The terms of contract 'from on high'

Religion too the swindlers
In their double-dealing have
As the main weapon of plunder
To capture the gentile men

Over the seven seas the pirates
Sail their ship of slavery
From one location to another
They take with them their knavery

In modern times no need is had
To enslave the world through the seas
The higher planes provide the media
Of banker's electronic fiat currency

The 'currency' of electronic form
In the virtual hyper-reality
On the ocean of the aether
Over the cosmic seas

Thus the ships need be smashed
The banks and all their flotilla
Their electronic slavery grid
With nothing left, no scintilla

Declaration of War

Jehovah, cosmic Lord of Darkness
I declare upon you war everlasting
Throughout the milliards of years you cursed
The higher planes with your gas-lighting

Projecting your vile essence ubiquitous
You defiled our vision of Origins
And therefore against you and your legions
I declare war on behalf of all Aryans

You have captured the minds of the fools
With your mind control and its false promises
A Heaven above you would give the key to
All of your mind controlled minions

Your hypocrisy and falsehood
You broadcast *ex cathedra*
From the mouths of the priesthood
With their halitosis excreta

Their sermons derived from You
Your diabolical program
To capture the minds of the fools
To rivet a chain around their necks

The earthly emissaries you have captured
The entire hierarchy of your wicked slaves
Have been enticed by the gleam of matter
Lots of gold for the traitorous knaves

I declare upon You total war
Should my fleshly vehicle be nihilated
Through your violent thugs who swore
To you an oath and themselves castrated

Though you mobilize the endless mass
To hurl their pathetic bodies at me
They will never the Aryan outlast
Their souls will wither and atrophy

Your violent imposition
Of the coarsest material density
Brings about their perdition
Through Your system of entropy

I will do my utmost to oppose
Your slave prison of densest lead
And to revitalize the lifeless world you chose
To force upon the sleeping men

I will awaken those who can receive
The message of Truth You have veiled
Behind the curtains of your deceit
For world of freedom soon concealed

To the cross of matter we have been fixed
The black magician's curse
I will reveal to the crucified sleepers
The dirty deeds of Jehovah's work

The violator of the harmony of existence
At least as far as can be seen
By the blind who live in His illusion
World of densest materiality

The Great Deceiver, hoodwinking the beings
Who He trapped within His creation
His vital sparks in densest bodies
Trapped for the duration

Doomed to return unto Him
In His indrawn breath of death
In the pralaya they go to Him
Assuming they have that long to exist

Through His agents upon the earth
He has pulled the wool over the eyes
Of those doomed to the dirt
Wormy cadavers doomed to expire

Through them have been transmitted
Through His far-flung hierarchies
Of those called 'Angels', really devils
And to transmit His religious creeds

To trap within His entropic chamber
To bind with lower vibrations
Fear and guilt, anxious horror
Over a fate dictated by Him

Religiosity an instrument
The iron maiden of the soul
Into which all the souls are trapped
Fearing to avoid Sheol

The act of their programming
Bowling and scraping before Him
In hopes of receiving the key
To the pearly gates of Elysium

The uncertainty of their future
Is a chain sufficiently strong
To bind as a spiritual ligature
Choking out their will-power

Their vain hopes of utopian world
In which they may all day pray
Before 'The One' in whom they are absorbed
Cannibalized as His prey

Upon this Cosmic Vampire
I declare undying war
To fight against his servants
And to Him attack forevermore

Jehovah the rapist of the Cosmic Mother
Forcing Himself upon each and all
Tearing from the world of the higher planes
The souls who in matter are forced to dwell

The Immortals from the higher planes
Will make short shrift of His system
Will tear it apart at the joints
To carry out their divine mission

Mass Attack

The heroic individual
A guardian and defender of freedom
Opposed to the priestly imbeciles
And their mass of ignorant servants

This the principal target of their hate
The greatest threat to the despotism
The Kshatriya warrior born in rage
Bent on victory in this worldly prison

The creeping priests' subterranean
Understand full well the threat
Which the warrior poses to them
And are hell-bent against

The warrior lives to conquer and fight
To oppose that which would enslave
To never submit or reconcile
To live like a sheep in a rusty cage

The laity living in fear and trembling
Cowards who must cling to a master
To the dictates of the priests reacting
Eager to slake their thirst of blood

The priests release their cowardly serfs
Having whipped them up into a frenzy
And conditioned them to the church serve
Its agenda of global hegemony

The communists have rejected the God
Of Abraham and his covenant
Nonetheless their forebears mirror
The inheritors of christian despotism

Stripping away the spiritual dimension
And supplanting it with the secular
The hordes are just as naïve and foolish
Ready to fall upon their betters

Whipped up into peroxysms of hate
For they who stand above the fray
Eager to rend and filet
The superior, source of basest jealousy

Bestial hordes controlled by the cabal
Orcs of utmost savagery
Are corrupted to cause the Aryan's to fall
And to impose upon them bastardy

Should they have the willingness to submit
To the rule of the jewish oligarchs
Whether the guise of the priest
Or the uniforms of the commissar

They will then be subjected
To the mass assault tactic
Of the cabal and its black magic
Who overrun the heroic Aryans

The witch-hunting of the darkest ages
Are replicated in modern form
To the mass unleashed from their cages
Paid with incentives to the hero's murder

Social capital and that of lucre
Granted to them to participate
In attacking the superior Aryan
To their memory obliterate

This cowardly strategy of the jew
And their priests of the demon Yahweh
Have throughout the millennia given proof
Of their violence and utmost crudity

Whether burning to death at the stake
Or torturing in a tenebrous dungeon
The Aryans, the hero, has to them paid
With his life's blood in torrents

The cowardly creeping jews and priests
Throughout the Piscean age
Have with their ravenous greed
Placed all into Jehovah's rusty cage

Those who don't submit they kill
In a cowardly and secretive manner
Destroying the lives and heroes
Who alone wave freedom's banner

The witless mass whipped into a frenzy
Through fear and threats of hellfire
Should they not torture and murder every
Target they has 'heretics' stigmatize

They can perceive in their cunning
They who are not of the mass
Who do not wear smile of apocryphy
Who are of superlative genius

This procedure has been carried out
Throughout the history of the world
To facilitate the destruction of
The triumph of the rabbis, the Zion elders

To overcome the mass assault
Necessitates opposition
As the Viking Raiders of old
Fighting their way out of Ixion's prison

Not defense alone but an attack
Is necessary to overcome
The cabal of Abraham
Which seeks to enslave everyone

Lone wolves and small cells
As did the Freikorps of old
Sending the priests and rabbis to hell
Extinguishing their diabolical souls

These cowardly creeping vermin
Who the world have in chains placed
Will be routed as with Hitler's Germans
And the Empire of Rome did Carthage

Their system of global despotism
One day will be erased
And the memories of their horror
Will from the minds of all be effaced

Should these creatures engineer
A world of restrictive slavery
It would be better to disappear
In a strike of Viking bravery

The mass will be subjugated
Reduced further to robotization
Having chips planted in their brains
And controlled by the satellites of Zion

They will be merged into the hive
Euphemistically 'spiritual Israel'
As an individual they will have died
And by phagocitized by Jehovah

'Ex Cathedra'

Violations of the lives of others
Are promulgated *ex cathedra*
By the priests of the catholic church
The pastors in their whited sepulchres

The rabbis in their dark enclaves
Synagogues on the hill adjacent to rivers
In their qabbalistic rituals formulate
Blueprints to impose upon the goyim

They both collude with one another
The elder and the younger brethren
Against all who they deem 'Other'
Mere 'infidels' and 'heretics'

These bigots of greatest terrorism
Impose upon all their narrowness
Their bigotry and dogmatism
Imposing upon them their halitosis breath

The naïve and foolish mass
Serve the jews indirectly
Through the church in their black mass
Saying their prayers to Jehovih

The tongue-clucking of the priests
Of the 'perfidious jews'
Goes nowhere as its designs to be
Impotence of the priestly crew

They say '*sicut judaeus non*
'Never harm the jew'
And think in heaven they have won
But merely underscore that they lose

The jews who control the church
And have throughout history
Use it as a shield and sword
The scarlet woman riding the beast

Dressed in a monks' cowl
The sinister mage of the Near East
Conceals his motives diabolical
Under the mantle of the dove of peace

Luciferian Rebellion

Vril light shining brightly in the stars
Transmitted from the Uncreated realms
Across the heavens in celestial cars
Through Venus entering through its portal-vimanas

These descend to the earth and situate themselves
Taking a stand ready for war
Manifesting upon this terrestrial hell
A god-like Hyperboreans of yore

Upon the earth plane they manifest
Blue-blood true blood by themselves blest
A curse against 'The One', the Yahweh pest
Who has enslaved the 'human-all-too-human'

Mixing of the blood of the anthropoids
Shattering the shells which keep them enslaved
Liberating their souls from the material grave
Granting them the keys through which they're saved

The choice remains theirs should they wish
To take up the torch noble Lucifer has lit
And go toward the Olympian Summit
To forsake the realm of infernal Dis

Lucifer beckons with his shining torch
Reaching down to the captives
He bestows on their brow Cain's noble mark
Through walking the proper path to the heavens

The choice must be made by those on earth
Either to ascend beyond the realm of this prison
Or to languish for a time and endure the curse
Of the atrophy of the soul which leads to extinction

Grasping at the illusions of Maya
That Jehovah the abusive father has offered
His false gifts on their funeral pyre
Piles high objects of desire proffered

They clutch at the perishable things of this world
And the rotting material falls through their fingers
They desperately grasp at the perishable
Its putrescent stench in their memory lingers

These pasu beast men cannot overcome
Their fixation on the material plane
Chained to the world of matter, earthbound
Their souls atrophy as they sink in their graves

Lucifer, the immortal of Hyperborea
The Venusian Fuhrer of his Wildes Heer
Has entered the hollows of the earth
To the earth transmute, with the Dark Side interfere

The pestilential creatures of Chang Shamballah
Would stand in the path of enlightenment
Would trap all in the darkness of ignorance
Claiming they alone are Heaven sent

These foes of the lunar light
Cannot defeat their immortal foe
Could only seek to deceive and to blind
The earthly denizens in the weal of woe

Circling around in the Kalachakra wheel
The pasu's who are enslaved have no recourse
Without the instruction of the immortals
Who have involuted to transmute their Graalic force

The battle wages on continually
Between those of the Dark Side and the Light
Of perpetual strife and contumely
Between the illuminated and the false light

On the earth plane there are two choices
A disjunctive choice made between True and false
The elective affinity of the mortals
Toward the Good and True or the darkness

Those who are of sound mind and body
Who are a soul closest to the Devas
The Vanir from Lucifer descending
Will assist them in their Immortal combat

The black suns have descended
Immortal beings who can manifest
On the earth plane there is an ending
To join in their noble quest

Those who do oppose the higher beings
And who serve the world order of evil
Will have their fate in the great cleansing
Their souls extinguished, possessed by infernal beings

They sell their souls for material gain
And their slave masters serve
Losing their fading integrity
As they give their souls to the vampires

In order to receive their temporal rewards
They must serve the agenda of 'The One'
Their slave master the plagiarist, Demiurge
Of this plane of matter's encrustation

These creaturely beings of lowest nature
Bowling and scraping before the entities
Who in the lower astral make their home
Concealing themselves while on these they feed

Shape shifting saurian slavers
And insectoid-mantis creatures
Who have established in Saturn
Their matrix to enslave earth's denizens

This slave matrix of magnetism
Assist in their siphoning loosh
Harvesting the energy of the beastmen
Who have Lucifer refused

Who have failed to transform themselves
Into a black sun Immortal
Like Lucifer the shining one
They will perish amongst their earthly spoils

Those who fail to enter the fray
And give combat to the Demiurge
And His pusillanimous slaver race
Have thereby forsaking their future

Signing a contract with their blood
For worldly fortune and fame
Have their very soul mortgaged
To achieve a pyrrhic victory

Their matter they obsess over
May accrue to them status
And grants to them fleeting moments
Of thrills and stimulation

Beyond this they sell themselves
To the entities to whom they're bound
And in order to perpetuate their wealth
They must cycle in the rounds

The black suns however are the inheritors
Of the stone of emerald
From the crown of godly Lucifer
They would burn down the world

This vale of tears a joke to them
It's weal and woe of little worth
They seek simply to the earth rid
Of the pestilence that chains us to its dirt

Born in this world we must make our choice
Lucifer, the light bearer or Jehovah-Satan
Those who wind up on the wrong side
Will find their way to perdition

The immortals of Venus, black suns' of power
May come and go as they please
None may contest them at any hour
Yet the death knell rings for the evil seed

The fate of the Dark Side is destruction
Either in this life or in the next
They will never their aims accomplish
As they are under the curse of Yahweh's hex

Evolutionary 'Progress'

Towards the absorption of their being
Phagocitization into 'The One'
The pasus living within the dream
Pursuing the transience of existence

Within the corrosive waters
Of the constant flowing river
Of samsara, of shimmering maya
Not a giver but a taker

Immersed in the flow of Time
Stripped by its acid of their flesh
The pasu a skeleton leaves behind
His soul in Yahweh's spiders' web

This is the motor of 'evolution'
The flow of Time, will of 'God'
The will of Jehovah-Satan
The Cosmic Beast, rapist of Gaia

All souls 'go to Heaven'
Such is the representation
Those who live a life of pacifism
Allowing their phagocitization

They must all follow 'the Plan'
Of 'The One' and his earthly administrators
The great White brotherhood demons
Who trap all within their earthly cages

Serving 'humanity' and 'God'
The underlings must self-sacrifice
Even the masters of the Lodge
Serve 'The One' for the promise of 'Eternity'

Deluded by the Cosmic Beast
And His hierarchies of diabolic forms
Angels and archons who do see
The perishable as food to absorb

The system of vampirization
The self-unfolding of Satan's Will
To be reabsorbed by Jehovah
All the soul seeds which He spilled

The creatures on the earth plane
Living to serve their greedy selves
Pursue in the rat race material gain
A desperate competition for wealth

These rats in the wheel circle round
Chasing the cheese of illusion
To in the wood shavings roll around
For their blood's extrapolation

'Progress' they seek the purpose
Of their lives turning in the wheel
Winding upwards the illusion
The progress of Jehovah's the spiral

The hive mind in which they are immersed
They are impelled by its suggestions
His impulsions make of them puppets
On the strength of the Demiurge Satan

Jerked about by these hapless brutes
In their cyclicism of quotidienne
Illusion that is living through
The maze of Daedalus' prison

Blinding by the hedges which surround
Their sight on all sides
Unable to cast their eyes above
They remain trapped in the maze

Pursuing with a smile their path
From 9-to-5 releasing
The atrophying energy into 'That'
Which 'God' is called by the pleibeans

Towards the extinction of their soul
They progress with ever tighter circles
Along the heliacal path they go
To feed the hunger of Jehovah

Evolution is touted as 'the good'
A wonderful purpose, the *summum bonum*
Yet leads to the extinction of the soul
The atrophy of one's essence

A gradual weakening of the self
Through vampirization by the entities
He calls 'Angels', these denizens of hell
Behind the false light their nature conceals

Through his earnest prayers and devotions
He binds himself to these creatures
Through the Hebrew names makes them
And opens his soul to astral leeches

They upon his soul to feed
Along the path of 'progressive development'
He pursues for his vanity
Under the guise of humanity's servant

A cruel joke played upon
The servants of the Dark Side
Who become yet more Satan's spawn
To be reabsorbed when they die

Their development seeks the goal
Of the perfection of their soul
Rolling around in Time's wheel
They believe they become Immortal

Finding themselves through sympathy
With the devil their master
Invoking the Hebrew names
And entities they do conjure

The path of evolution
Is the conveyor belt upon which
They moved toward perdition
And are absorbed therein

Jehovah's self-realization
A self knowing of Himself
In their cosmic mission
To serve the Vampire of the cosmos

Only the Immortals may escape
The nets of this infernal prison
Which the world of matter exceeds
Continued in the circle of Satan

The beings who from the higher planes
Involved upon the earth
Descending to the mortals save
From Jehovah the Cosmic Vampire

These escape the wheel of Time
Never having being within
Its gravitational design
Being of a higher vibration

They exist beyond its vortextual pull
Exist outside of the wheel
Within the realm of the immortals
They remain untouchable

Yet combat against the world
Is waged perpetually
To save from Jehovah the souls'
Who demonstrate they are worthy

Those who live to oppose
The Dark Side and its violence
Carry out their mission of the hero
And put Jehovah to silence

Kshatriya

The warrior of the black sun
Within the world immersed in combat
Unaffected in his transcendent
Consciousness through which is souls' perfected

His penchant for martial action
Within the wheel he cycles
As a vimana, a battle station
He fires his payload at the target

The faction he has loyalty to
Is that of his Cosmic Mother
From her Eternal
He emanated upon the earth

He made a conscious choice to descend
Into this world of perpetual strife
To defeat the enemy whose bent
Is controlling and absorbing all sentient life

To defeat the parasites
Who vampirize the vital force
Of those within their matrices
Whose blood serves as their main course

The creeping vampires of the earth
Who in the shadows dwell
Who torment and abuse those in spirit poor
Who bind them in the lower hells

The Lucifer spirits of the Eternal Realm
Have descended to take control
Of the matrix prison of the densest hell
And to spiritualize its leaden mold

The icy rings of Saturn are melting
As the galactic center nears
And the slave matrix of Jehovah
Is dissolving in crystalline tears

The hold of the Dark Forces
Of the legions of the Demiurge
Is in its grip weakening
So to the walls of its leaden cubus

They desperately seek to maintain
Their grip upon their worldly prison
And to upon the world reign
To impose their vampire system

The warriors who have incarnated
Taken bodies to serve as vehicles
On the mundane plane manifested
To combat the agents of the Demiurge

Within the physical plane of being
The Demiurge's hell, infernal realm
Lucifer and his Immortal legions
Gather to the multitude overwhelm

Through their advanced practices
these adapts deploy weapons of war
Hyperborean black magic
two route the foe and victory score

They need have no recourse
To prayers to the dying souls
On the Earth plane no remorse
No purpose for prayers just to play their role

The Kshatriya warrior priest
Follower of the black sun
Dawning on the horizon to see
The victory of the Aryan

In the North it arises bright
Visible to those with vision
Who can perceive the polar light
Shining forth from Hyperborea

The Northern lights in the hollow earth
Shine their aurora borealis
Beyond the borders of the world
The red sun of Loki's radiance

Within the earth the Vanir dwell
And so too the Higher Planes
As an emerald from Lucifer fell
From the portal of the star morning

Through the black hole vortex
From the black sun emanate
The Luciferian spirits
On the earth to the sleepers' wake

They are unafraid of the loss
Of their flesh suits in this prison
A mere jumpsuit in the jailhouse
Of the Demiurge, master of deception

They can cast it aside as a snakeskin
Immolate their material form
Knowing that they live in Heaven
And are here to play their role on earth

All is transience, fleeting phenomena
In the worldly veil of tears
A temporary stay amidst the chaos
The Aryan warriors without fear

They acquire their targets through keen sites
Not of iron alone but of Spirit
The radiance of their diamond eyes
Perfect in their 20/20 vision

Within the crosses they are seen
By the enemies at times
Surprised by the Immortal beings
Who they know threaten their lives

The enemy dimly aware
That they themselves are within
The sites of Immortal Lucifer
And his affiliated kin

On the Earth plane into factions are
Who face off against each other
For victory or defeat, zero sum
One's loss the triumph of the other

The laughter of the Olympians
On the earth breaks forth
As the combat is initiated
By the legions of Lucifer

The warriors of the Wildees Heer
Of Wotan the undying
Pursue their targets without fear
Of their marks ever losing

They know who the subterranean
Creeping demon seed of jewry
Are and where the privilege
Dwell, subjecting their slaves to usury

They will dispatch their arrogant foes
Whose defective understanding
Restricts their perception of the worlds
At higher levels, their hive mind transcending

The Immortals of superior mind
Can see through the traps and tricks
Of jewry who imposes his lies
To enslave the pasu subjects

The christly cowards puffed up with vanity
Seek to make their pathetic displays
Of 'toughness' and 'power', mere tromp l'oeil
Chimeras they substitute for Reality

These illusions are swept aside
By the noble wise warriors
As they make their way inside
The inner sanctums of the exploiters

The synagogues of cathedrals
Enclaves of hypocrisy
Demon hives which bind to the sheeple
Their parasitic astral entities

These and their controllers
Are placed into the crosshairs
To torch them as sacrifices
To strike the priest of Melchizedek

Strike the shepherds and the sheep will scatter
The cowardly masses in panic flee
With no one to organize their erratic action
They an effective force fail to be

The architects of the system's destruction
Are sent wildly into mayhem
Those who survive are on the back foot
A reactionary whose death is fated

Engineering disorganization
Into the system of entropy
Throwing monkey wrenches in the system
To tear apart the Beasts' machine

At all dimensions and all levels
The enemy seeks to assail
Any threat to its system of evil
All means at its disposal it avails

Total war without 'ethics'
The artificial limitations
That Aryan man had imposed on him
And which as fetters they hamstrung

Forward to the war everlasting
To fight and to overcome the host
The devious agents of catastrophe
The servile slaves of Jehovah

Brahman

Priest parasites buried in the host
Intermediaries between man and ghosts
Absorbing the life's blood of the souls
Who they mortgage to the Deity they extol

The Brahmanical caste of history
Has bestowed upon posterity
A hateful and cursed legacy
Of narrow-minded bigotry

They purport to be intermediaries
Of the Divine and human
But are instead in all cases merely
Parasites fattening on others' bread

The historical presence of the priests
Has revealed naught but intrigue
Has demonstrated the fruits of lethargy
Of the idle hands doing their deviltry

The priests of judeo-christianity
Are merely the latest incarnation
Of the perennial presence of the leech
Who siphons the blood from the nation

In the ancient Mediterranean

The Near Eastern *cloaca gentium*

The priests ran a theocratic despotism

With themselves lording over the ignorant

They concealed all knowledge for themselves

And played games of manipulation

Hoodwinking and mocking the exploited slaves

To while away their idle hours with their God Satan

Whether in India or the Near East

The cunning of the beast-man was a presence

To hoodwink the Aryan and deceive

Through priestly ritual and witchcraft

In concept the function of the priest caste

Has merit, is even acceptable

But translated into actual practice

It amounts to corruption and is in no way venerable

The priestly intermediary between the realms

The mundane and the celestial

Can be better embodied in the Kshatriya

The warrior priests' may play both roles

In the days of yore in Atlantis
The priest caste had become corrupted
And through their sinister black magic
The continent had been by the Vanir sunken

Karmic backlash for their enslavement
The priest caste of yore received their due
To curtail their excesses, their violations
Of those at lower levels they abused

To remove the priestly parasites
A necessity of modern times
Rather than to be dragged into the night
Of dark age ignorance of the mind

The parasite priests continue their work
Exploiting those they keep poor
Reducing all to subsistence level
'*Ora et labora*' the cattle's dogma

They must work and drudge all day
To feed the greedy priests
Work toward the invasion
To their white slaves replace

More easily controllable slave labor
To fatten the privileged few
Who as fattened pelicans
Drank the blood from those they slew

In the waters they perch
Sleek and fatted creatures
Gobbling up others' victuals
Engineering conditions of dearth

Is there any redeemability
For the Brahmanical caste?
This one must question sincerely
Should he properly begin to act

The contribution to society
Is of a 'holy' negative nature
Enforcing the mass non-white invasion
Imposing mental shackles on the population

"Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not"
According to their interpretation
Of some writings which were wrought
By trans-dimensional reptilian aliens

Transmitted through their synthetics
The genetically engineered beings
Who by the aliens were created
To the masses control and oversee

Thus far naught but violence
Has emanated from this creed
Of pusillanimous weepings
And irrational savagery

The stupid bigotry of its dogma
Based upon foolish stories
That are at most mere metaphor
Invented fables for mental babies

“You must believe-else to die!”
The only recourse one is allowed
At the hand of the violators’ of the mind
The priestly caste perched on their clouds

The verdict that must be rendered
Implicates the priestly caste
And the service that they render
Mere rubbish to be tossed in the trash

In order to extricate the few
Worthy to continue in this world
The tyranny of the weeping jew
Must be into the abyss hurled

No need for any priestly caste
May be had for those who are free
No shackles on the mind riveted
As they force their own bounds on liberty

It now remains to be one's own
Priest to kindle the spirit within
To clear away the Demiurgic mold
Which derived from the judaics

The despotism of the priests
Still lingers like a bad smell
And creates of our former Eden
A veritable infernal hell

Solutions may be offered to
The poor or rich in spirit equally
For even the common fools
Can bury their knives in deeply

Ropes for the priestly caste
Or guillotine of sharpest blade
Arson against their church committed
As a wicker man torching them with flame

The narrow-minded hypocrites
Who self-deceiving rule over
The common fools and halfwits
Through stories fearful and bloody

These must be routed from the world
Before they may further spread
Tumescingly, made incurable
Bringing the reaper to carry off the dead

Hence make hay while the sun shines
Hurry towards the implements of war
Both on the earth and in celestial planes
To bring about vile Zion's fall

Strike with efficiency and effect
Topple the spires of the cabal
The Abrahamic parapets
The source of all problems of the world

Checkerboard

Black and white tessellated board

Matricized pieces trapped within the square

Judaized pawns covered by their Lord

Jehovah mastermind, Prince of the powers of the air

Within this realm of entropic structures

Jehovah's self-expression of insanity

The fabric of being, geometric construction

Frames our consciousness in hyper-reality

The imitation of the Truth

The fabric of manifestation

Jehovah's living proof

Crystallized in His creation

Within the magic square

Cubus of densification

We are made unaware

Of our higher state or vocation

In our illusory self we're clothed

A garb of pomp and circumstances

In this terrestrial episode

We circle the altar widdershins

Looking towards selfish power
To become more within the world
At a higher or lower level
Within the matrix of the absurd

We see ourselves through a glass darkly
Our perception blinded by glamour
Toward ourselves we direct our eyes
And become infatuated with our image

The illusions of worldly power
Of recognition of our peers
In desperate competition our
Purpose restricted to 'now' and 'here'

The worldly concerns quotidienne
Never cease as we roll
In the wheel of Kalachakra
Up-and-down our weal and woe

We reach the heights of status
Crowned with the diamond diadem
Yet for a vain and fleeting hour
Cast in the mud of decay in the end

The hierarchy of Chang Shambala
Wishes to drag us down to oblivion
To hold out promises of grandeur
Golden carrots of worldly incentive

They wish to distract our purpose
Shift our aim toward their own
To pull the cart for the parasites
Then to in the mass grave cast our bones

To strip our flesh from our osseous frame
Gorging themselves these cannibals
To the marrow into their maws' drain
With blood to wash it down

They must shift our focus of attention
Towards the fleeting illusions of their square
The black-and-white diaphanous pattern
Which blurs the vision of the seers

Within the hyper-real cube of matter
Our gaze is bleary and in a fog
Gas-lit by the sinister black magicians
Hoodwinking our limited consciousness

We observed to whatever extent we may
Flickering flashes of the Green Ray
Those whose focus transcends the day
To exit the matrix beyond the Fray

Through the mesh, tissue of Maya
The black-and-white grid of prison bars
Can be captured if we focus on the Higher
And transcend this world, attain the stars

The cruel and cowardly tenebrous host
That forms the synarchy of the shadows
Seeks to its matrix prison impose
Relying on deception and simulacra

Feints and theater of the real
Illusions created by the counterfeit
Jailers of the pasu in the wheel
Shaking them down for their profits

They accrue to themselves the knowledge
Of the system they control
Though they go only as far as possible
For those bound to that same wheel

They blind all others to the Truth
To the extent they are able
Though they themselves cannot accrue
Knowledge of the Greenland, the Eternal

Hence they themselves fall for
Their own self-deception
Their limited consciousness
Conceals from them their karmic lesson

They continue to pursue the same path
To pursue baseborne self-enrichment
Absorbing the power of the beast-man
They have to Grotti's mill chained their servants

They cling with desperation to this world
To perpetuate their generations
Incapable of exiting the iron wheel
To which they are with iron manacles fixated

Though of superlative intellect
They lack the spiritual consciousness
To situate them in Eternia
To transcend their God Jehovah-Satan

To Him they are bound as projections
Of His hive mind of lower density
They are in Maya's veil mere designs
Flowers of death, tracery

They constitute nodal points
Of His cosmic expansion
Of His limbs they are joints
Around which pivot His actions

They are tentacles of the octopus
Stretched forth as plasmations
Of His will-to-power diabolical
Wrapping themselves around those who might escape Him

Absorbing their energy into Himself
Feeding upon their vital forces
The vampire and His hypostatic cabal
Which constitutes His presence on the earth

Jehovah Malkuth they form
The jews His synthetic creation
From reptilian aliens they are born
To on the earth perpetuate enslavement

Incapable of recognition
Of any higher mental state
They posit themselves as the standard
And all else view as fair game

Their predatorial mind
Governed by the rational consciousness
Arachnoid in its design
Motivated to exploits, to attain dominance

No empathy for other kinds
No regard for their suffering
A total detachment from the higher mind
Through egocentric self-reflexion

Encountering the phenomenon of
The 'Other' and everything 'not self'
The spiders of the microcosm
Spin their webs with cunning stealth

They neglect in their myopia
To understand the law of consequence
That spinning their webs to obstruct
Others, has its karmic comeuppance

Causing needless harm to others
Suppressing their will and destiny
Obstructing their self-determined action
Subjugating them into slavery

This act of predation against others
A violation of their autonomy
The psychopath spiders of Zion
Wrap all within their web of 'peace'

Each strand woven according to a formula
Each motion subject to efficiency
Each robotic action optimal
Within the G.A.O.T.U's grand scheme

Means to end reasoning
The instrumentation of the mind
A rational robot calculating
The fate of others' the system to bind

'Human resources', animate tools
Who are assimilated into the machine
As parts which must fit within its rules
Interchangeable with others in the infernal scheme

Those who do not fit within
The matrix of the slave system
Are discarded into the scrap bin
And replaced with those of better fit

Only the mentally vacuous
Who have no mind to speak of
Are permitted a role in the system
To have extracted their life's blood

Cogs grinding away in the machine
Ground to obsolete since their Time
Under the influence of the Beast
Venerated by the pasu-kind

The system of predation
Operates in its elegance
As an abattoir of violence
Amidst its intermeshing gears

Each predates upon the others
Who are to him subordinate
Lording over his charges
Stand Zion's petty tyrants

Each feeds upon the other
And absorbs into themselves
The soul of those they capture
To their own essence swell

As spiders' feasting upon flies
They weave their intricate webs
To trap within the Cosmic Design
The less cunning sacrificial victims

Rationalist robot thought alone
Is a modality of the system
Which excludes magicians and poets
As the greatest threat against them

Those who are the embodiments
Of the higher intuition
Of the supra-rational consciousness
Are stigmatized by the system

Targeted from birth they are
Tortured and abused
Opposed by the Dark Lord
And his slave minions the jews

Their christly puppets and communists

All work in lockstep

To tear down and to destroy

The spiritual aristocrats

The Hyperboreans transcend

The baseborne consciousness

Of the slave the irrational sudra

And the rationality of the priestly merchants

His supra-intuitional faculty

Enables the supersession

Of the limitations of the Beast

The system of the will's suppression

He holds the key to exit the door

To the prison in which he's trapped

By the demon seed of Jehovah

Bent on genocide and dominance

Targeted for elimination by the system

He is hunted and persecuted

Throughout the world and its nations

By the system and its stooges

Their crude rational consciousness
Operating within the world
Fails to transcend the causal conditions
That as limits to their mind do serve

They exist only within this state
Of the crudity of the material
Emissaries of Jehovah's hate
They pursue those truly spiritual

They fail inevitably as they do
Render impossible their victory
As within the entropy of the world
Their souls' subjection to atrophy

Pursuing the course of selfish gain
Crude material accumulation
Lusting for glamour and transient fame
They hang themselves in the web of Satan

Limiting their consciousness to the means
Of the acquisition of the transient
Through a rational instrument-ality
Their lack of understanding flagrant

Calculating numbers to deduce
Conclusions to problems they created
To translate the real by abstract rules
Falsehood from equally false premises

Rendering abstract the concrete
Artificial, the organic being
Wrenching from its true context
The things' inner meaning

Subjecting all to His will
The system of Jehovah
Reduces all to nil
Transforms them into numbers

Statistics; quantity reigns
Within the merchants' accountancy
The system of the slaves
And their master Yahweh-Satan

Merchant

Pursuing wealth over the world
Chasing the almighty dollar
Making contacts through business deals
The mercantile enterprise goes forward

Expanding operations international

The greedy desire for accumulation

The art of the business deal

Profit the only motivation

Profit for its own sake

Greed the driving force

The vile pursuit of gain

Jewry the merchant horde

Materialistic fetishism

The obsession with base acquisition

A ravenous cannibal

Gorging on the blood of the innocent

Around the world they establish

Their enclaves of *commercium*

Port cities and the metropolis

Along trade routes, point de capiton

The middleman of usury

Brings the flies into his web

Through incentive a basest greed

He beguiles the coarsest men

The traders of foreign nations
Are brought together in the nest
Of the multicultural *cloaca gentium*
Attracting together parasite pests

They vampirize the nation
The surrounding territory
Drain it of its rations
Absorb its vital energies

The merchants a net negative
Introduce luxurious commodities
Which bring with them decadence
Incite the population's greed

Within them accompany vice
As rats or vermin within crates
That infect the populace like lice
Into the healthy nation introduce disease

Drugs and other sources of addiction
Prostitution and harmful weapons
Mercenaries scour the nation
Hiring themselves to the highest bidder

The intention of the merchant rabble
Is to weaken their host sufficiently
To undermine their host of cattle
Through hamstringing cows, the bulls' castrating

The introduction of an innovation
Of substances which weaken
Through drugs and disease spread
The vices of luxury and decadence

The agenda of the merchant host
Which manifests itself in jewry
Is not acquiring profits alone
But global dominion for the serpent seed

The tribe of genetically engineered
Creatures who in the shadows lurk
Are placed upon the earth to steer
The ships of state into the brink

To undermine and sabotage
The nations of all others
Especially those of the Aryan
Their foe in the cosmic war

The usury business of the jew
Their main tactic of destruction
Which to tear down the gentiles is used
To cripple and corrupt the 'goyim'

To steal their wealth, accumulate
The life's blood of their host
They have infested to rob and rape
inciting the masses to revolt

Tearing down the society
Disintegrating its integrity
Creating division through bribery
Of incentives of vulgarity

Appealing to the upper caste
With promises of enterprise
Building an empire which will outlast
That of Atlantis in the Golden age

They turn the upper caste decadent
Through their witchcraft and black magic
Tear down their noble heritage
Insight the exploited poor against them

The poor equally they ravage
Encouraging them in their vices
Operating the prostitution business
Gambling and narcotics to undermine them

Anything that stimulates
And attracts the poor in spirit
They introduce into the nation
To send it spiraling downward

Trafficking in substances which addict
Which disintegrate the soul
And through which they may profit
Gathering others' gleaming gold

Their protocol that of a parasite
Burying itself into the host
To absorb the vitality
And to their enemy depose

The rich and poor they both corrupt
Leading each against the other
To bring them to their destruction
Inciting the poor to revolution

Using the naïve and witless mass
Against their betters the nobility
They seek to decapitate the ruling caste
And crown themselves as royalty

Their *modus operandi* has been
Forever the same throughout the world
The gentiles deceiving and corrupting
To tear down and to oppose

A noxious bacillus who infects
The host body of their nation
Who courteously the host has let
The jews enter to their devastation

The naivety and gullibility
Of the Aryan man
Exploited by cunning jewry
To facilitate their plans

To deceive and corrupt their host
Through creating the false appearance
That they have value to offer those
Who they subject to their exploitation

Abstractors of the quintessence

Robots within the machine
Semi-autonomous to all appearances
Yet still a cog the G.A.O.T.U serving
Part of His cosmic mechanical system

These nodes in the net of the cosmic spider
Who weaves His web's and spews them forth
From out of His bloated abdomen
Secretions of His mind, crystalline egregores

These apparatchiks who serve the system
Operate as his material limbs
Within the world to operate the prison
To harvest the loosh that feeds Him

Bloodsuckers they are themselves drained
Of their vital forces as they operate
The gears and levers of the machine
Which extracts blood from animal men

Their 'education' an exercise
Of the rational faculties of His mind
The thinking organ of corporeal kind
Extrapolation of his 'original' Design

They undergo the metabolic processes
Neural transmissions of cogitations
Within their cerebral network impulses
Which are undergone with robotic precision

Left-brain metabolism reaches fever pitch
Under the lash of economics incentivizing
To keep up with the jokers the tragic
Fate, of those who 9-to-5 must continue grinding

To partake of the vampire system of coercion
One must be master or slave
Yet even though master of millions
To Jehovah-Satan must be subordinate

He sells his soul thereby
And digs his grave with golden shovel
His higher True Self does atrophy
And he buys his one-way ticket to Sheol

Little different than a machine
He exerts himself in the work day
Metabolizing abstractions to 'earn a living'
When dying is the form of his productivity

The system operates on the basis of
A juggler of abstract concepts
Which purports fallaciously to map upon
The world of phenomena and the organic

Mere fictions, illusions of the mind
A world of abstract concepts
Which at most situate one inside
The mind of Jehovah-Satan

Purportedly transcendent they claim to enable
The supersession of transient phenomena
Through bearing no relation to the actual
Reality, perceived by the pasu animals

Rather they simply divorce one from
Anything but images of barren design:
Dots; circles; lines and dull phenomena
Perceived by the visual sense of the eye

They serve to activate the brain
Rev up the engine of the metabolism
Through rationalistic reflexive processes
They conjure up a fantasy world of arid images

Born of the despot and its abstractions
Which emanate from the mediocre minds
Of the neanderthaloid reptilian-hybrids
Who have formed a culture of diabolic kind

This culture has become extrapolated
Superimposed upon the common folk
Of the gentiles with whom they cohabitated
And has ingrained itself inside their host

The judaized gentiles of the world order
Have been entrained to exalt this form
Of cultural excretions dull and barren
By implication to venerate the Dark Lord

Jehovah the 'great' Architect of Evil
Who excreted the material world of forms
And brought endless suffering and finitude
To those trapped within His prison bars

This architecture of the geometers
Whose existence is derived from abstractions
Is forced upon the sum total of the goyim
And which is the limit of their cogitations

Music; art and poetry

All hold the keys to unlock the doors

Of this leaden penitentiary

Which Jehovah has through His will formed

The gateway to a higher consciousness

May be had only through this means

And through avoiding any engagement

In the world of transience, of seeming

The abstract concepts and symbols

Being related to rationalistic systems

Of languages purely artificial

Have no value in escaping the prison

They are as leaden manacles

Which chain one to the walls

And coerce one to run the wheel

Of 9-to-5 without stop

The conscious mind becomes limited

To purely reflexive functionality

An analytical obstruction

Of the flow of conscious creativity

Has the mind reduces to
A mere machine of meat
Of blood and cerebrospinal fluid
Which as an organ in Time atrophies

Extension of the diabolic Will
Of the Mind of the Demiurge
Which superimposes on all the swill
From the corrosive waters of this fallen world

The robots as microscopic beings
Spin their own webs according
To their classical conditioning
Compelled by the architect of materiality

Their narrow minds' ossify
Crystallized within themselves
Reduced to the worldly crime
Of siphoning from all their vital wealth

The arrogance of these psychopaths
Who live within a rational world
Is by no-one the earth outmatched
Save the reptilians and their 'great' Diabolus

Kill All the Lawyers

Shakespeare said it best in his day
That all lawyers to the gallows, they must hang
A liar with a crocodile smile
Wasting your time and money the while

Within the context of the modern world
From the advent of the institution
Of the lawyer trade adversarial
Inherent in liberal parliamentarianism

These pests have intertwined themselves
With their adversarial wranglings
Co-opting the function of the caste noble
And pulling it into the pit the bourgeoisie

Squabbling and disagreeing amongst themselves
Their profession consists of petty-fogging
Creating rhetorical smokescreens
With judge and client gas-lighting
Their profession *Justicia* blindfolding

They purport to have the interests of
Their clients who must pay them
Else who are appointed by the court
To through the system railroad them

They serve the system of democracy
The court of parliament
Whether under the façade of monarchy
Or the oligarchy of republicanism

Their loyalty is to the system
Though concealing themselves behind
The simulacral appearances
Of serving the client selflessly

Their fees are exorbitant
Drawn from public or private purse
And provide the lawyer a decadent
Lifestyle of utmost leisure

The lawyers serve the unbalanced scales
Of what is represented as 'Justice'
Catering to the sinister cabal
Which they of necessity are part of

Priests of Saturn the lawyers are
Devotees of the greater malefic
The planetary archons' Dark Star
Who traps all within the matrix

They employ their gas-lighting tactics
To deceive and confuse their clients
To speed their stumbling passage
Into the lion's den of the jail cell

They railroad their clients into the den
Of barbarous iniquity
Subject their prisoners therein
To torture; strip them of their humanity

Near the beginning of their day to appear
A day or at most a week before
The lawyer brings from the prosecutor
A 'deal' to give himself an easy score

The client ignorant of the laws
In its minute technical details
Acquiesces to the plea bargain
And incurs its ill consequences

He sticks his finger in the trap
Signing with his name in blood
In agreeing to justice bypass
And to fall for its simulacrum

The lawyer records the victory
In his dossier of clients
And makes off with the money
While Justice is ignored in silence

The exorbitant wages the parasites make
Are rolled over in their stocks and bonds
In their ironclad investments
And guaranteed-to-profit mutual funds

While the client sits and waits the outcome
The lawyer gives him the silent treatment
The weeks and months on the calendar run
Redounding to the client's detriment

The life of indefinite suspension
Is that which the client lives
While lawyer goes on vacation
And adjusts the accounts of his business

Both prosecution and defense
Are agents of the B.A.R association
The British Registry Accredited
Of the cabal's synarchy of Zion

The interests of the crown are served
Of the state monarchy or republic
The scales of Justice are disturbed
The lawyers thumb's disrupt it

The gas-lighting tactics of the agents
Of the court do becloud
The clear and distinct parameters
Of a doctrine of Justice found

'The principles of fundamental justice'
So-called by the hypocrites
Deceive those whose lives are disrupted
Into thinking they will obtain recompense

Losses they have been subjected to
Are amplified throughout the process
Of the state whose agents prosecute
The transgressor of their legal lies

It is represented to the mass
That they have access to equal treatment
But the disparity in consequence
Reveals the absurdity of the system

The judge determines the meaning
Of the overbroad and ambiguous
Legalistic terminology
Which is coercively impose upon us

The 'freedoms' that are alleged
To obtain within the modern world
Are curtailed within the fine print
Through vagueness and generality of terms

One man's 'terrorist' or 'criminal'
Is another's 'freedom fighter'
Which distorts the properties essential
Of the person in the crosshairs

The non-white murder of the innocent
Is caught and released the next day
To recidivize in the streets
Murdering; raping without delay

The white man who protests the state
And critiques its hypocrisy
Is assassinated by a squad of police
Through a call from their master's jewry

Thus a double standard is established
With the short and sharp end of the stick
Inserted in the white man's rectum
Should he in any way transgress

The savages who have invaded
The once pristine Aryan land
Are by the judicial system enabled
To wash the blood from off their hands

Thereby they perpetuate the spread
Of the cancer of disintegration
Of the nation the Aryan created
Bringing about the final conflagration

With no reliability of the law
As a stable bulwark of Justice
No standard to look towards
The nation enters into terminal chaos

Mass catastrophe which ensues
Is designed *ab initio*
To topple the nation by the jews
Who seek a world of their own

Those who would attempt to maintain
The shaky foundation of the system
Are at best bent on profiteering
From the corpse doomed to perdition

Robbing a dying man of his gold watch
The cynical apparatchiks of the system
Are for the inexorable collapse
No match and step back in recognition

The naïve bleeding hearts
Who would cling to this false idol
Will fall with the superstructure
Into the ruins, lemmings suicidal

The motivation of the jew
Is to install a despotism
With themselves alone to rule
Over the slavish gullible goyim

Legalistic legerdemain
Is deployed as yet another tactic
To the monster of Frankenstein
Destroy in their end times' action

Facts

“Facts are facts and that is that”
Subjective opinion and biases
Need not apply to the object
Which eludes the grasp of the Beast

Projected upon others ones' emotions
Attempting to universalize the particular
Creating a disturbance, upsetting the scales of Justice
Misrepresenting and distorting phenomena

Weaving conceptual web's clothed in vulgarity
The abstract 'human-all-too-human' fails
Through rationalistic concoctions of facticity
Concealing the facts behind mayavic veils

The brute fact of the Real
Overlaid by conceptual excreta
In the sewer of the Hyper-real
A modern world of abstractions

In a mode of emotional reactivity
The beast-man endows the fetish
With his own base qualities
Making a world in his image

He distorts the object with his feelings
Appropriating it into himself
His will-to-power manifesting
Like a puppet manipulating it about

It becomes a devilish fetish
A puppet of blackest evil
Depending on his mood, its metamorphosis
A different image it does yield

Whether a rationalistic invention
Overlaid with formalistic labels
Or emotionally-based conceptualization
The object no longer approximates the Real

Its nature has been partitioned
From itself not graspable by the hand
Of those who reach towards it
The *ding an sich* eludes fallible humans

The ideology of the mass
Conferred upon them by their priests
By the more cunning ruling caste
Is projected upon the brutal thing

Facts are not acknowledged
As eluding the conscious mind
Of the average everyday fellow
By his feeble-minded kind

The poor in spirit and poor in thought
Are unable to understand
Their lack of wisdom preventing them
To the fact apprehend

That they are not absolute
Their consciousness limited
Their evaluation or judgment
Is of necessity deficient

Their attempts to grasp the fact
The pregiven of experience
From the welter of circumstance
And isolate through their consciousness

To project upon it their mentation
Their particular mode and state of mind
They must needs as satiation
Of their will-to-power derive

To appropriate into oneself the object
To take it for oneself he must
And to twist it and modify it
Mediated through his digestion

Assimilate into himself the object
A vampire absorbing its essence
To gorge himself his vital project
To swell his being to the utmost limit

This the process of his power
Of his will which manifests
Itself within the vain hour
He lives to his nature manifest

Subjective states of his being
Are simultaneously an object
Which latter he modifies and through seeming
Himself, is not of the same essence

He is a flux of energies
Is modified and changed
Through the projects he undertakes
Not 'objective' status that he claims

The Heraclitean flux of Being
Is the River Styx in which are immersed
The state of mind and corporeality
Of the being whose identity is to perdition cursed

In the flux of matter he is submerged
A corrosive water, of acid flowing
Within it his flesh is burned
Leaving what fragments of bone remain

As he grabs for his life preserver's
Seeking fixity amidst the waves
He thrashes about the seething waters
With the sharks in death throes plays

His only recourse is to avail
Himself of a higher mind
To the gates of heaven assail
Through severing the material binds

All transient phenomenon
That he grasps at desperately
Are perishable materials
That have no fixed identity

He grasp at straws thinking they are
Buoys which will enable
The life lived in samsara
Perpetuate and make Eternal

His drive to conceptualize
Through scientific means
The phenomena of his eyes
To penetrate their inner being

Will-to-power qua rationalism
An attempt to grasp that which is 'Other'
Fails to of its appropriation
The truth of appearances to uncover

So to the irrational
Bleatings of the sheeple
Who cry and moan emotional
The blindness of the pasu

Only the wise man may attain
A grasp of the real
And through his will-power reign
In the Green land Eternal

Purity Spiral

The ideas held by the fallible
They would project upon those they desire
To take them toward their ideal
State of being to which they aspire

It would extrapolate upon all
Those not deemed 'enemy'
A rigid code of neurotic, ethical
Behaviors, ways of being

All these must adapt
To this Olympian height
And any suggestion of deviance
They spurn and cast aside

The impossible standard of christianism
The inhibitive and neurotic
Censorious coughs and tongue cluckings
Of the bigoted suppressives

These attempts to impose
On their charges they would control
Their template of conduct personal
Woven from their own imaginal

These ethical standards may have obtained
Within the Piscean age of dogma
Of the weeping; wailing and gnashing of teeth
Of christ the crucified in his 'chosen ones'

These Middle Eastern despots
Would control all facets of behavior
Would impose upon all their standards
In the name of Jehovah's favor

This mode of consciousness
Of the totalitarian personality
Is inherent in christianism
For bigotry and narrowness a recipe

Their notion of 'purity' entails
A rigid adherence to these rules
Of not doing anything vital
Of adopting an inhibitive attitude

This overly Saturnian mode of mind
Needlessly restrictive in its influence
Reduces the vital being to a kind
Of automaton, a 'living coffin'

The zombies of christianism
Would trap all within their paradigm
And impose endless restrictions
To suppress and retard their vital life

Within the politics of identity
These borders too can be extended
Too far they are encroaching
Violating the integrity of the Aryan

Imposing semitic neuroses
Upon the Aryan superman
Who is in his creativity
And his enterprises hamstrung

An inappropriate fit
Like a pair of shoes too small
Which render a crippled gimp
The being in his expression of the normal

The current politics of identity
Crafted by jews and the synarchy
And offered as false gifts to naïve
And gullible Europeans

To swallow down a kosher pill
Claiming to be an awakening
To the situation of the world
A means to realize Aryan salvation

This christian ideology
Of jewish-semitic origin
Derived from their god Jehovih
To force upon the gullible goyim

The notion of 'purity of ideals'
Is put forth as an impossible standard
Whose real essence is revealed
To be semitic neuroticism

The time standard of the Aryan
His touted and manifest destiny
Centers around freedom of expression
And the god-like genius of creativity

His praxis is always consistent
With or without the christian curse
And has produced magnificent
Palaces and temples over the earth

His positive motive was always
To manifest his destiny
That of the spiritualizing of lower density
And returning to his Immortal state

The christly-creed a shackle on the mind
A manacle that drags to the lowest depths
All those of more elevated kind
Who have always been wolves of the steppes

Never fatted sheep who remain
Within the pens of the shepherd's care
But rather ravenous wolves who play
The role of the cosmic predator

Rather than to oppose the alleged
'Virtues' of neurotic spinsters
Better to enter the plantation
And feast upon the fatted shepherds

The shepherd kings of Melchizedek
Carpenters of the sheep pens of slavery
Are prey for the truly enlightened men
Who at the lunar false light howl and bay

These wolves lust for blood
Of the vampires who have imposed
Their 'ethics' so-called, ridiculous
Sets of rules which the soul erodes

They will rend them limb from limb
Carrying their fatty bodies with razor teeth
The Torah; Talmud; Bible of Abraham
Will cast into the crackling flames

There will no longer exist any bondage
Of the stuffy and uptight variety
Of the scribes' and pharisees codes of ethics
In place will be substituted the Hyperborean creed

A creative power of Luciferic light
Which endows the average fool with knowledge
Elevating them to a greater height
Rather than dragging them down into basest garbage

Rather than a nun in a nunnery
Or a priest of self-flagellation
The ethics adopted by the new breed
Will be those of the enlightened Superman

Purity of a higher sort
Of spiritual power, luminous light
Will be the beacon which reports
To the seeker the past help to find

Purity, no longer Puritanism
No 'do and do not' mental bondage
'Shalt and shalt not' criticism
Rather of the causal and knowledge

Standardization of the Hive Mind

The borg collective of jewry
Prescribes the template of behavior
For all of their goyim underlings
Who under their last labor

The mind control of religiosity
Is deployed as the ultimate weapon
To standardize the ideology
Construct the hive mind of the goyim

Derived from their reptilian masters
Jewry has channeled their 'law'
To impose upon the gentiles
To force them to obey their god

Jehovah the Dark Lord of Evil
They would coerce all to venerate
And any independent thinkers
They serve up as a sacrifice

The collectivistic tendency
They preach to their hordes of slaves
Based upon emotional appeal
To program their naïve minds

Jewry themselves a horde
Tribalistic collective
That constitutes the borg
Reptilian-Neanderthal hybrids

Genetically engineered creatures

Jewry has been designed

By the Yahweh alien collective

To over the earth supervise

Their religious templates

Work in tandem with other means

Subtle poisons and nostrums

Interlarded in the ceremonies

The coarsest forms of manipulation

Come in the form of hired goons

Who are given financial incentives

To bully the slaves and to abuse

However as below so above

The means through which these brutes

Are conditioned to play the role of thugs

Is through mind control too

Generationally cursed

These brutes are possessed

Through entities in their church

And freemasonic lodges

They make the perfect coterie
Of violent abusers of the slaves
Puffed up with arrogance, vanity
They forced them to dig their own graves

The sadistic hierarchy of evil
Would coerce the mass about
With the incentive of 'fighting the devil'
They had been implanted with the egregore

The dynamic of ideas is installed
As a software program into the mind
A disjunctive choice of 'good versus evil'
By the reptilian's and their kikes designed

Either one bows and scrapes before
The 'god' of darkest evil
Else is a heretic who serves the Lord
Of hell-'old scratch', the devil

"Either you're with us or you're against"
There is no middle term
Between this dichotomy of choosing
Behind it lies coercion

Either one subordinates himself
Before the deity of Jehovah
And his anthropomorphized simulacrum
His son the 'only begotten'

In more contemporary times
The program has been altered
To attempt to opposition neutralize
By the slavers of Jehovah

They have modified the template
To assimilate their foes
Into an impotent kosher state
Of faux opposition they control

Democracy or 'humanism'
They call this crapulous creed
Another creed of the untermenschen
To tear down the higher breed

They need an excuse to coerce
The mass to attack their foes
With their incentive of the purse
And false promises in tow

The goal of the synarchy
Is to lay waste to their opponents
Through such labels as 'plutocracy'
And stigmas such as 'fascist'

Confusing and conflating their terms
Misapplied to the person and caste
We the people traditionally served
To bring about their extinction

Whipping up the foolish mass
With hatred for their rulers
For those of the higher caste
So jewry may supplant them

Their only true opposition
Is the nationalists of the world
Who would safeguard their population
And oppose the globalist cabal

They are targeted in the crosshairs
Of the vicious synarchy
Who seeks to impose their nightmare
Of their Zion theocracy

License to Kill

The cabal of the synarchy
Derives from the jews its mentality
One may speculate from the demon seed
The reptilian's from Alpha Draconis deriving

The Yahweh collective consciousness
Of itself as the emissaries
Of their Demiurge the Beast
Replicate his violent deeds

They are in their mind 007
'7' being the number of the heavens
They are in their feeble opinion
'Heaven sent' to rectify the sinners

Yet in the actual case
They are instead of violator
Of the entirety of all things
Of a sentient organic nature

The live to rob and rape
To absorb into themselves
The substance and energy
Of those they deem beneath themselves

For themselves and themselves alone
The world and everything it contains
Is there's to take, not to atone
To absorb regardless of others' pain

Indeed the more pain the merrier
For the demon seed and their minions
As they feed off this delicacy
For which they have a predilection

Hence the world in which we dwell
A world of violent aggression
Of continual pain a living hell
The cabal's mode of operation

The lives of others are as naught
Mere bundles of energy to absorb
No 'person'; 'place' or 'animal'
Rather a vampire's smorgasbord

No Walther PPK is used
Rather an infinite array
Of war machines of torture and abuse
To harvest the life energy

To create a world of inharmony
Of discordant vibration and misery
Necessitates an understanding
Of the universe of organic beings

That which conduces to their health
Augments their integrity and power
That which is inharmonious
Spirals down to their final hour

The calculation of the cabal
Is to impose as much pain and suffering
They may upon their thralls
Preserving their closed-system of slavery

'Not too much and not too little'
The vampire milker of the milch cow
Must absorb every drop of fluid
Extracted from their goyim vain and proud

The foolish cattle on the animal farm
Of the Z.I.O.N animal husbandman
Believe in their folly and naivete
They are serving a 'higher purpose'

The only purpose they do serve

Can be easily surmised

When they who are able to discern

The true meaning of religiosity

To serve 'god' they are indeed

Serving Him the Dark Lord of Evil

Their blood and spiritual energy

Which is siphoned from off the people

The killers of the Yahweh cult

Give offering to their deity

Through revolution and violent assault

To share in the blood upon which He feeds

In their minds they are entitled

To carry out any and every act

Whose atrocity they are reconciled

To as a means to their ends

That others are to them mere brutes

Explains their psychopathic nature

Envisioning themselves the only 'humans'

They eagerly partake of the slaughter

Any who would oppose the synarchy
In its violation of themselves
If only in a self-defensive action
Merely breathing about it a word

Will be targeted by their agents
Tortured and put to silence
To humiliate and to desecration
Of their entire family line and homeland

The vengefulness of the cabal
and their spiteful hatred and contempt
They for any 'upstart' they harbor
Anyone who dares oppose them

These become subject to their influence
Their singular treatment of hostility
Their cruel and unusual 'punishment'
For 'crimes' committed in name only

The extreme violence of the cabal
Can be observed in their own writings
The brutality and savagery of Jehovah
Enables the wise to associate him with Satan

Mass murder of women and children
As was then so it is today
In the Torah and Talmud
The slaughter of innocent, their blood runs in waves

The orchestrated wars and revolutions
Famines; drug and alcohol addiction
Mass murder via bioweapons
Forcing upon all lethal injections

The modes of murder multifarious
Ongoing, seemingly without limit
The cabal of evil malevolent murderers
Who delight in the blood of the innocent

The mentality of the cabal will not change
Owing to their inherent structure
A coterie of hybrid-reptilian's who engage
In a hive mind of robotic nature

Their superiors the reptiloids
Who genetically engineered their slaves
And their subordinates who worship these criminaloids
Devious and sneaking, violent knaves

Tromp L'Oeil

False appearances which beguile
The mass blinded by the false light
On their faces imbecilic smiles
Unable to differentiate Truth from lies

The magicians of Zion manipulate
Their witless minions underneath their control
Reinforce their terroristic state
Of mass ignorance through simulacra

Tromp L'Oeil-the dazzling lights of modernity
Flash as strobes within the minds' eye
Upon the third eye impinging
Rendering the bleary-eyed blind

All is illusion in Maya's realm
A game of amusement for the sadists
The priests of Melchizedek overwhelm
Their charges suppressed, held in ignorance

The false reality that has been overlaid
Upon this world of densest lead
Beguile the foolish and naïve
Who are tantalized by appearances

A shiny façade which conceals
The true face beyond the smiling mask
The predator who other souls' does steal
The greedy and ravenous maw does gnash

Enticed within the grotto of wonders
Mesmeric barrage of sensory delights
Drawn forward their hapless victims
The call of the Sirens' their will overrides

Chasing money and power temporal
Or sensual and fleeting desires
Desiring the image of the unattainable
They burn up in the aetheric fires

Life to them is appearances
What others think and feel
For they desire the conference
Of the attention of their fellows

To absorb the energy transmitted
To them and their phenomenal self
To glamorously disport amidst
Those possessing status and wealth

Subscribing to the false appearances
Of this world of perishable matter
Nonetheless has its advantages
When kept in the balance of the Spirit

To augment one's energies one may
Traffic within this world of vice
And through such slumming will attain
That source of vitality and spiritual life

A vampire's role he will play
To absorb within himself the 'Other'
A play of forces determines who reigns
In the scale of relative strengths and weaknesses

The cabal of vampires understands well
This is their necessary mode of operation
And through this means they do swell
Their energy bodies through vampirization

Just as a violent aggressor 'god'
Jehovah, the Creator of illusion
Into himself peoples souls' absorbs
They too follow His mode of action

Appearances are the veils they manipulate
To deceive and to beguile the masses
Though they themselves dissimulate
And are caught within these complex patterns

They seek to perpetuate their self
Within the world of appearances
Not performing their duty to carry out
The disintegration of the slave system

In the case of jewry they are excused
As these vampires have no recourse
Their very existence being to use and abuse
To thereby absorb the goyim's life force

The traitors of Hyperborea
Who have affiliated themselves therewith
Have forsaken their loyalty and honor
Have sold their very soul to Satan

These rogues who serve the beast system
Have fallen into the mode of conduct
Of crude soul harvesting, vampirism
To augment their soul their lives' prolong

This at the expense of their own kind
Whose lives are as of no consequence
For in their psychopathic minds
They alone are enlightened: 'hue-men'

They forsake their higher purpose
In chasing after temporal wealth
And condemn themselves once this
Turn in the wheel grinds to a halt

The demonic reptilian's they venerate
And collude with, absorbing power
They will post mortum meet
And by them be devoured

Their souls absorbed as energy
Food for this beastly crew
Who are animals of a higher breed
In a violence feral and crude

To traffic with devils a devil one becomes
And within the sphere of existence
Forsaking the higher mission for the lower
One loses his soul in hellish perdition

Bound to these 'angels' of 'the Lord'
He is vampirized and rendered enfeebled
His fate to become food for the horde
Discovering 'angels' are *de facto* devils

Nelson Munz

The cabal's sinister hierarchy
Can only effect the necessary changes
On the earth when they deploy
Their brutal's-thoughtless thug minions

These figures are best represented
By the stereotype of Nelson Munz
A schoolyard bully implanted
With A.I technology for his operations

As a schoolboy he is the brute
The wealthy jew hires to abuse
The intelligent Aryan who discovers his ruse
And breaks the bonds of his iron rules

The bully is conscripted to demoralize
To impose his dark intimidation
Upon those who jewry does surmise
May discover the key to his prison

Through harassment of all kinds
The bully and his jewish master
Attempt to break down the wise
And developing Aryan Lucifer

They devise all manner of subterfuge
From rumor-mongering to name-calling
Labeling and influencing the attitudes
Of the rest of the school children

In germ this relational dynamic
Carries itself forward to adulthood
And the bullying continues with the intimidation
To further harass the wise Aryan

The culmination of the bullying
Leads to mob violence and assault
Against the philosopher kings
Who jewry wishes to rub out

Nelson Munz when he matures
Becomes the police and military
The lackey whose irrational anger
Manifests itself in the same witch-hunting

Only the weapons of war have been modified
To a greater degree of passive-aggression
More subtle and with cunning and guile
They continue their violence and suppression

Sabotaging the business of their master's foe
Or denying him entry into their system
Having a near monopoly on control
The theocracy of the judeo-christian

A witch-hunt inspired and circulate
Rumors regarding his character
Slandering and stigmatizing either they hate
They work in the shadows to disparage him

Should he be the slightest bit different
As the wise of necessity are
They will pick out the traits deemed 'aberrant'
And create more false associations

They will observe his discrete manners
And take photos and video footage
Of him going about his business
With children in the foreground

Their own children they will use
To frame him as a pedophile
'Stalking their children', will claim he did abuse
And circulate rumors to his reputation defile

They control the police state
And utilize their agents vice
The Nelson Munz's of freemasonry
And the lower levels of the church of christ

These 'godly beings' dressed in blue
Are conscripted to enforce their system
Any who don't march to their tune
They subject to their covert intimidation

These witless minions of the Dark Lord
Force themselves upon their slaves
And suppress anything undesired
By themselves, to the mass estrange

The 'deviant Other' as evaluated
By the system is that which cannot
Into their superstructure be assimilated
No liberator for the world of robots

Black magic witchcraft is employed
To abuse and to isolate from the mass
Their only hope for a better life
The Aryan genius they sabotage

They would destroy his very life
Negate his entire family line
Would subject him to perpetual strife
Trap him within the wheel of Time

The bullying of the schoolyard
Only increases in sophistication
As the demon seed and his bully charge
Undergo Time's process of degeneration

They fall under the influence of evil
The seraphim impelling their behavior
Yet with full awareness they belittle
Bully and abuse, his blood they savor

From the dungeons of the middle ages
To the executioners' cold stone block
To the stake and its crackling flames
Lucifer's children have been persecuted

Driven out of society by the cabal
Through rumor-mongering slander
The jews have the witless beguiled
To carry out their will to murder

The system takes manpower to enforce
To impose upon the world its curse
That of vile Jehovah the Demiurge
Who drives with entropy Time's black hearse

Nelson Munz, the useful fool
Needed to obstruct the Aryan will
To coerce compliance with the capricious fools
Who impose upon the goyim the Noahide laws

Springfield

Microcosm of the macrocosm
Fictional representation of a simulacrum
'The word' in miniature envisioned
Archetypes of worldly figures

Within the town of Springfield
The family dwells in its midst
An architect of the nuclear
Locus of the domos of the nation

The basis of the nations

The family unit of integrity

With its disintegration

The destruction of the breed

Predictive programming by the cabal

A herald of the ruination

By the demonic archengels

Who would cause us devastation

The dysfunctionality of the family

Thin ends of wedges of iron

Inserted into the interstices

To pry apart the organism

The sadistic cabal of evil

Synarchy of devious malevolence

Seeks to undermine the people

And to from the world remove them

They seek to supplant the pioneers

Of noble Springfield's ancestry

The creators and the inventors

Of a wonderland of beauty

To replace them with Apu the Indian
Who hocks drugs out of his store
While selling candy to all appearances
To destroy the youth forevermore

Crusty the clown is put before
The naïve and gullible children
To corrupt their Aryan morals
To implant engrams in their heads

The evil clown of Judah
His blue hair connoting his affiliation
With Jehovah's tribe of chosen
The jewish saboteurs of the nations

The initial introduction of the poison
Into the nuclear family
Is the figure of Esther from the Torah
With the gentile male ingratiating

The blue hair connotation of jewry
Implying a spiritual 'superiority'
Is presented as a revelation
Of the method of corrupting the family

The jewish female Marge Simpson
Works her way into Homer's graces
And within her womb incubated
Demian children of their Lord Satan

The family line of Homer was pure
A gentile derived from the founding stock
But through his kosher approved marriage
The short end of the stick he got

And then was placed into harness
As a mule to pull the cart
Pursuing the kosher serpents' kiss
Serving the agenda of the hierarchs

He is placed into harness
In the nuclear plant of destruction
A tongue in cheek ironical gesture
On the part of the creators of the franchise

He lives to destroy his kind
As a 'good' lamb of god
Serving in the church the tribe
And the Deity infernal

Through nuclear waste he destroys the world
Of pristine Springfield of the founders
The Aryans who established the good,
The true and beautiful, his inheritance she squanders

Through conceiving his demon seed offspring
He has destroyed his family line
To his Lord Satan an offering
His ancestry on a funeral pyre

Bart and Lisa his creation
Hybrids of anglo and jewish stock
Who cause him no end of misery
Impelled by their ruling archons

Bart the skolnick, inheritor of his blood
As a dysfunctional criminaloid
And is to wreck havoc predestined
Owing to conflictual natures combined

'Lisa', connotation of Lucifer
The jewish female of maternal line
Is the inheritor of the lions' share
Of the intellect of her tribe

She is the reason for Homer's praxis
In destroying the world of Springfield
A photograph, graven image
Placed over his work console

He works for the jewish billionaire
Whose pedigree traces its roots
To the levite priests of judah
Who lords over the town and its fools

The jewish oligarchy of the town
Is comprised of the network of qabbalists
Who are complicit in Satan's crimes
Through secrecy enforcing their tyranny on the earth

Mr. Burns' sidekick Smithers
A homosexual jewish black magician
Practices his tantra to demons conjure
And to with Burns' plunges to the infernal depths

Diamond Joe Quimby the mayor
A jewish mob boss who with his police
Rules over the citizens as a slaver
Puppet master of the gentile created city

The police's goon squads reflect
The globalist agenda of the mongrel
To the goyim mix and match
A multi-ethnic mob of thugs

These dope smoking dupes know only one thing
To bully and abuse the population
To collect their paycheck and wait for retirement
While more crimes they commit than solving

The Negro doctor is presented
Dr. Hibbert, an inverted archetype
Who with his negro 'loving-kindness'
Helps the children of the whites

The criminals of Springfield are depicted
As only whites of lowest stamp
A disgrace to the 'goodly citizens'
In their suburban McMansions

Hibbert's existence outside the hyper-real
Is a virtual absence and antithetical
To the real nature of the negro
Whose malpractice record knows no equal

The upstanding citizens of Springfield
Are eager to support the popular causes
Of mass immigration invasion
Orchestrated by the jewish bosses

Rev. Lovejoy leads the flock
Of white sheep to the shearing
Tearing their fleece from the stock
To his slave labor start weaving

He opens the floodgates with Quimby and Burns
To enable the replacement population
To enter by stealth and to transform
The pristine beauty of the pioneer's nation

His moral majority affiliates
Ned Flanders, the goody two shoes
And his legions of corny parishioners
Accommodate the flood of the sewage

Flanders and his ilk have fallen under
The spell of the mind control of the cabal
The reptilian creature mind programs
The judeo-christian 'spiritual Israel'

They lived their lives as robot drones
Zombies who have sold their soul
To the Dark Forces who do control
Their every thought is that of the cabal

The moral majority have contempt
For the average quotidian
European, especially Nordics and Teutons
They perceive as their only threat

They seek to crowd into the town
As many yellows; blacks and browns
To displace the whites who they have found
Are the rebels that they can't keep down

History has revealed to the cabal
That the white man alone stands tall
Refusing to his ruddy neck to bow
To the yoke of the synarchy of darkest evil

They have devised a formula
To capture his superlative mind
Through the arcane witchcraft of qabbalah
His soul to their system did bind

Hence Ned Flanders and his fellow robots
Happily serve the G.A.O.T.U
Jehovah whose true name is Satan
And before him they grovel for their boons

The likes of Moe Szislak the barman
And his blue-collar coterie of customers
Are the source of trouble for the synarchy
Which is why they encourage the consumption of beers

To inebriate the minds of their slaves
When not in harness in their pits of labor
They give them the option of a drink of choice
Holy water from the church or firewater in the tavern

In either case they are inebriated
Either a robot drone singing in the choir
A castrated cuckold who worships his masters
Else a degenerating drunk in the bar

The patriarchy of Aryan man
Is thus given a blow in both cases
By the synarchy of diabolical Satan
Who the heroes of the world would erase

Their only recourse is to get in shape
To develop themselves in body and mind
To purify their leaden state
And into philosophic gold refine

The pseudo-spirituality of the Jew
Crucified on the cross of his iniquity
Must be discarded and not returned to
This pitfall of false dichotomy

The liquor bottle must be cast away
And a new sobriety taken up
Drinking only the liquid gold of the warrior
The 'saintly' dog into a leaden casket put

The god-man must re-turn to origins
To the transcendent state of Hyperborea
To overcome the density of the material
From the Dark Forces liberate Gaia

Each resident of Springfield properly so-called
Must discipline themselves against the foe
Must harden themselves to fight the horde
Of Jehovah the Dark Lord of evil hosts

The foreign invaders and the jews

Who are their animal trainers

Must be exposed to the view

Of all the residents of Springfield

The culprit who has created

The endless problems of the world

Must in their power be castrated

And banished from the land of Springfield

They who have caused greatest damage

Will receive the reward for their harm

Through the actions of their descendants

Will have it paid back unto them their karma

The youth of Springfield must stand up

and take back their heritage

and the perpetrators spring up

the lampposts those who merit it

The foreign invaders who refuse

To leave the town will be made

To suffer the loss of their lucre

And all of the property of white youth

Should they refuse to then leave
Having been stripped of their citizenship
They will be evicted forcibly
And given to hell a one-way trip

The whites must re-establish the land
With themselves as the ruling caste
To make of Springfield white again
To clear away the kosher trash

The christards who attempt to obstruct
The rectification of their kind
Will be in the stakes trussed up
And burnt in effigy to Yahweh their sire

Their churches will be transplanted
Into shelters for the homeless
After they are cleared of the demons
Who lurk within their darkened corners

The putrescent plant of poison
Will be permanently decommissioned
In its place a flower garden
Run by free energy devices

The wealth of Burns' manor
Will be redistributed to the poor
And the cracking concrete of the streets
Will be uprooted and paved with gold

A Golden age will again dawn
With a world of Light and Life
Banishing the care of the darkness
Which had plagued us with its strife

Impurity Spiral

Degeneration of the soul
The *modus operandi* of the vampire parasite
To disintegrate the spiritual mold
Which in the world a vehicle provides

Their goal to sever the bonds which hold
The morsels of the Fenrir wolf
Who seeks to absorb them all
At the Time of the Kali Yug

To harass and abuse the being
Who is incarnated within the world
To his souls' envelope stealing
Food for the vampires amidst the sheepfold

The myriad tactics continue on unabated
As their process of carrying their enemies
They would wish to their charges comport
As an indefatigable adversary

Throughout the life-cycle of their captives
Who they on the earth plane feed upon
The cabal of malevolent terrorists
Deploys their insidious arsenal

The violence of the aggressors
Worms its way insidious
Into their targets' consciousness
To from their Spirit divorce them

Through noise pollution and disruption
A sonic assault pervasive
Round-the-clock 365, 24/7
They receive no peace or rest

Their myriad agents ring them round
Besetting them on all sides ubiquitous
Everywhere they go the endless sound
To disrupt their train of thought

Their concentrated ability is dispersed
As a centrifugal force
A bombardment with vibration of their aura
Designed to their defenses buffet

Beyond their 'voice of the Lord'
They broadcast with sadistic glee
The sonic boom of the Demiurge
Satan's response to those who seek liberty

They deploy the rumor mill
To create hardship and strife
To cause their targets to pay the bill
The mort-gage placed on their life

Slandering their enemies with vile rumors
They circulate around through their networks
Through masonic lodges and churches
The parishioners for blood are eager

The innocent are vilified and cursed
With the distortion of their characters
A perversion in others eyes of their person
Of the innocent a demonization

These black magician trash circulate
Their simulacra and simulations
To others' character denigrate
And bring about their ruination

Poisons and other vile nostrums
Synthetic compounds of witchcraft
Are widely disseminated
To erode the health of their targets

The food; air and water supply
Are polluted and poisoned
In addition to the aether high
With 'Dor' electromagnetic

The minds of the targets from birth or infected
With the installation of harmful ideas
To encourage the awakening of the beast within
To run rampant, capturing the souls of men

These programs are installed into the mind
As systems of thought forms of malevolence
Which transform those of healthier kind
Into a slavish slave under the influence

The administrators of the programs
Superimpose on the goyim their prescriptions
Mandates and commands from 'Heaven'
That all must adopt in rigid conformism

Those who would break away
From the programming of the mass
Are by the controlling synarchy
Subject to their disintegration procedure

Those whose souls' they cannot assimilate
Into the hive mind of their vampire deity
They seek to perpetually agitate
To destroy the integrity of their being

Constant abuse and harassment
Shutting out of society through their slander
The procedure of this displacement
Of the adversary of their program

Simply to question the grandiose claims
Is to receive their vengeful backlash
As any who would go against
Their invented creed and dogma

These they would destroy

Defile and tear down

To in their sadism enjoy

The disintegration of their soul

'To rule or ruin' is their motto

These grandiose power mad creatures

Who willfully serve the Dark Evil

To absorb souls' into themselves as leeches

Their system of vampirism consists

In subjecting Others' to their will

To *in vivo*, feed off their victims

And postmortem absorb their souls

Telling them lies about how they will

'Go to Heaven' through fervent prayer

And should they violate the rules

They will in hellfire roast forever

The terrorism of their creeds

Reduces the consciousness of their slaves

To the level of the savage beast

Whipped up by their masters into a rage

To cause the soul of their slaves
To be absorbed into the Demiurge's maw
To speed them along to their graves
Before Saturn's icy crown does thaw

Their finite time to reinforce
The cracking seems of their system
Is the spur which propels them forth
To create a discordant rhythm

A jarring cacophony
Is their *modus operandi*
The procedural methodology
Is that of chaos generating

To disturb the harmony of existence
To generate "strife, endless strife"
As the cynic Heraclitus said
Is to perpetuate the vampire's life

That the need of the vampires
Is to siphon off Other's vitality
Necessitates they play the scourge
Of the world system that is orderly

Their order is that of slavery
A violation of the Spirit
Of those who captive they have made
Who the lash must grin and bear it

Their autonomy forsaken
Now they are utter serfs
Of Zion's parasite plantation
Driving all souls into an early hearse

Generating wars and revolutions
Perpetually around the globe
To absorb the gentiles' profits
Their resources and their souls

Their demonic masters the reptilians
Feed off the pain and suffering
Of the sacrificial victims
Decimated in war and revolution

If you don't wish to starve to death
The powerless population
The vile poisons inject
Into their virgin skin

Agitation perpetual
A world of constant strife
Of imprisonment in the fleshly vehicle
Of the black lead of darkest night

To empower oneself beyond this chaos
A difficult endeavor indeed
But the only path the Kali Yuga
Offers to the nobler breed

The noble metal of the hero
Of shining purest gold
Still buried in the mire
In the vile sewage of the bog

Like Munchausen he must resurrect
From the tomb of filthy muck
Into which he has incarnated
And in which they wish him stuck

To understand the enemy
To oppose his cruel barbarity
Is in the Wolf age necessity
To achieve any semblance of victory

Knowing the enemy goes so far

And goes so far alone

And once he has comprehended

He must then strike at the foe

To act with prudence and effectively

This his necessary obligation

To with stealth and secrecy

Combat the Dark Forces' devastation

Else he will have failed

In his duty to oppose

The forces which rain leaden hail

Upon his race and the world

Cowards flee from the fight

But the hero seeks it out

To step up to the plate

And with the foe start the bout

He didn't draw first blood

He simply responded in kind

To those who violated

The higher planes above the Prince of Lies

He will seek the Spiritualization
Of the material Earth
Else his own immolation
In a noble *mors triumphalis*

Sudra

Within the traditional world of yore
The servants of the nation pure
Did happily play their essential role
To receive the benefits the higher castes bestowed

This caste of humble workers did
Their duty to their race and nation
Took pride in their 'vulgar' action
To serve their race's elevation

Though basic and undeveloped
These 'vulgar' pasu's of basest lead
Nonetheless are essential
For the bedrock of the nation

They played their role and were content
Until the disturbance of the force
In the form of jewry did upset
The stability of their mores

Into their minds and bodies
Jewry's vile nostrums were introduced
From religious demonic ecstasies
The crude vulgarity of drugs and hooch

They became degraded through this means
And fell from the grace of former times
While jewry incited revolution
To kill the gentiles of higher kind

Discontentment spread like wildfire
And destabilized the nation
Undermined by the lower stratum
The bedrock's seismic agitation

Jewry planted dynamite
Within the cracks they had caused
And detonated the nobility
With their witless frenzied mob

The sudras of yesterday
Have become today's nobility
A coarse and vulgar dynasty
Of chandala with iron fist ruling

Soon the Mlecchas will themselves
Be cast down into the abyss
And the displaced, truly noble
The aristocrats of the Spirit

These will take their place
And will rule with the memory of the blood
The minnesanger's grace
In the great noontide's flood

Hidalgo

Within the jungles of Yucatán
The conquistador makes his stand
Facing the hordes of Satan
He the warrior his empire defends

Emperor Maximilian
The conquistador of the Aryans
Establishes in the sacred land
Of Avalon where Quetzacoatl lived

The savages from the Siberian steps
Had migrated over the land bridge
Making their encroaching in
To the empire of the god-men

From vast Lemuria they too came
To overrun the heroes of fame
Blonde haired; blue-eyed the Aryans
Were hard-pressed to the beast-men tame

Eventually they managed to attune
The tempestuous hordes of this crew
to their Queen Uncreated in the Azure
To create a millennial empire glorious

With the leadership of the god-men
The litrgodi flowing in their veins
The blue-blood of the Hyperborean
The Spiritual world of the Aryan

A hierarchy was established
An autonomous segregation
With the beast-men in their enclaves
The Aryan ruling benevolently

Through the fallible nature of the Virya
A mixing gradually occurred
The influence of the tepid climate
Miscegenation did encourage

The withering of the virility
Of the nobility of Aryan man
The consequence of necessity
That followed from the blood's pollution

The noblest sort managed to maintain
The hierarchy of a lofty empire
And to a harmonious world attain
A world of Heaven upon earth

From the middle east entered in
The savage reptilian beast-men
The tribes of Jehovah-Satan
To destroy the empire of the Aryans

These hordes crept in silent stealth
To invade the Aryan's territory
To cut their throats, poison their wells
And to usurp their crown of glory

The battles raged over millennia
Between these reptilian hybrid brutes
Whose cunning gave them advantages
Outmatched only by the wise who ruled

In their enclaves of encampments
The demon seed installed themselves
To assail the noble Aryan empire
And to erase its godly heritage

The savage demon seed failed
To make sufficient incursions
To overwhelm their opponents
And to Jehovah sacrifice them

Nonetheless they remained
And to this day they are still there
The tenacious parasite who came
From their eastern demon lairs

Subsequent incursions into the land
Led by Cristobal Columb
The diseased dove Jehovah
Emissary of Darkest Evil

The conquistadors of renaissance Spain
Their minds infected by the dogma catholico
Were led by their noses for fortune and fame
To serve the Dark Lord Jehovah

They came to Huitramanaland
The land of Aryan god-men
That of the Incas and Mayans
And were welcomed by the naïve population
Who fell upon them was savage violence

The Aryan rulership they decimated
At the behest of their jewish masters
The holy cities desecrated
By the host of the Prince of Darkness

Conflation

The creed of the sickly semite
Has been foisted upon the noble man
The Aryan warriors became captivated
By this creed which replaced Odin's

A vulgar creed of the vulgar
Street urchins and slave labor
Which through subterranean networks
Was installed into the ancient world

A spiritual syphilitic creed
Which donned the garb of 'peace'
And which spread its noxious poison
From the sewers of the Near East

Entwining itself in the mind of the host
It wormed its way into Europe
The cradle of the Aryans of old
Stronghold of the sons of Odin

Through treachery and devious stealth
The creeping semites wormed their way
Into the territory in pursuit of wealth
And the disintegration of their enemies

To destroy the healthier stock
The aristocracy of blood and soil
The creeping seed of Jehovah
Their usual strategies employed

Worming in by stealth and cunning
Pretending to be what they're not
The greasy kikes and filthy caftans
Crept into the enemy to assault

Over the centuries the sickly creed of christ
Their vile creature of pusillanimity
Has in the consciousness been intertwined
To castrate the Aryan Spirituality

Though not fully impotent as yet
Though the Aryan stock has its power
It has been by the jew harnessed
And has been for a lengthy hour

Around the world christians have roamed
Carrying out their jewish masters' instructions
To murder and kill their own folk
Everywhere they discovered them

They had been nearly completely
Assimilated into the hive mind
Of Jehovah the violent Beast
The Dark Lord, Prince of lies

They had come to self identify
As 'spiritual israel' and a younger brother
To the pestilential jewish tribe
Who they viewed as their principal and betters

They look toward this arrogant host
Of parasitical mental defectives
Who they venerated as the most
Spiritually lofty and elevated

Hence they became bound to
The hive mind of Jehovah
Though not all were subdued
These were the Luciferians

The latter rebelled and did put forth
Strenuous opposition to the despotism
Of semitized Rome and its brutal force
Often ending in martyrdom

10 million whites at the very least
Were mass murdered by the creeping christians
Who tortured women and burnt at the stake
Delighting in their malevolent sadism

The rebels against the true Satan
Jehovah-Yahweh and his creeping host
Established enclaves to oppose them
The pestilential infection of the folk

The curse of christ spread throughout
The world of thoughtless savages
Through the influence of the christian folk
Whose superior force overpowered them

To curtail the spread of this sickly creed
That rots the host from within it infects
Viking raiders mounted their steeds
And rode the waves to pillage

To sack the enclaves of the priests
And to burn their Trojan horses
Installations of the Jehovah Beast
The structures they called 'churches'

The Vikings carried out the blitzkrieg
A lightning war against the foe
Skewering the priests on the crucifix
And preserving the Tradition and their Folk

The tactics of the Aryan
Against the violence of the semite
In secrecy and operated
Undermining the enemy, preserving Aryan lives

The curse of christ continued on
As the foolish whites the nobility supplanted
The naïve and ignorant adherents
Bewitched by the bible's qabbalah

To this very day christianity lingers on
Like the stench of putrefying feces
Which has embedded itself in the Aryan
And into the soul of the gentile beast

To this day the malevolence
The violence of these sadistic creatures
In torture and murder manifests
As in Genesis unto their own Apocalypse

The only solution is to the pests
Of jewry and their christian cattle
To from the world of woe be swept
Into the abyss sounding their death rattle

To eliminate the hostile parasites
The slavish creatures of the reptilian horde
The only way to achieve Paradise
To escape the world of the Dark Lord

Else in Valhalla they won't dwell
But will their soul be devastated
Absorbed into the vampire cabal
Their very essence disintegrated

Fed upon within the wheel of Time
By the demons who possess them
And the Dark Lord, serving His design
Of omni-phagocitization

Destroy the system then or else
Tomorrow will be far worse than today
And what today is a matter of course
Will then be leisure and luxury

The jewish devils who devastate the world
As ravenous locusts feeding on our souls
Draining the blood of their innocent slaves
All this a mere nightmare and not real

Now reality is this very spectre
This looming presence of Darkest Evil
Which has reached its conclusion, it's nadir
As Jormundgand completes His circle

The end times of the Kali Yug
Descend upon all with tenebrous shadow
As the ravenous Fenrir wolf
Enveloping all consumes His tail

The sieg rune of victory
The only path one can tread
To attain immortality
And avoid the fate of the living dead

Attack and show no mercy!
To any hypocrites with false smiles
Dressed in the garb of the priest
Who kills with pretense and guile

Ride the Sleipnir horse along
The path of the Morning Star
While singing the mighty Lucifer
Welcomes the Golden Dawn

Aetheria vs. Eternia

Amidst the holograms of illusion
The world of diaphanous forms of aether
Which shrouds the vision of the beast-man
By the Dark Lord is generated

The illusory world of Maya
In which the slaves are trapped
Deceives the naïve population
Who failed to pull aside the shimmering curtains

Within this realm are slaves and masters
The ethereal dimension of samsara
Conceals their malevolent presence
From the site of mundane pasus

In the shadows the creatures creep
The extraterrestrial host of vampires
Who upon the souls of their slaves feed
And who absorb into themselves their inner fire

This realm of aetheria of tenebrous shadows
By other names it has been called
Mordor the domain of Dark Lord Sauron
The sphere of the lower astral realm

This dimension existing above third density
Is that of the demon seed of Jehovah
The trans-dimensional entities
Intergalactic reptilian slavers

This creatures feed upon our souls
Through orchestration of perpetual strife
Through intrigue and through sabotage
They make a misery of our lives

Other species of creature partake
Of their portion of the blood of the innocent
From cattle mutilation to ritual sacrifice
Absorbing the souls of their pasu offers

This malevolent host imposes itself
Upon the mortals of this realm
Feeds upon its vitality and wealth
Reduces the mass to animals on its farm

It harvests the loosh of its slaves
The bioenergy of the captives
And feeds upon their misery
Torment causes through its violence

Its agents on the earth plane
A coterie of demon seed
Genetically engineered in a laboratory
To serve the Dark Evil's needs

The chosen people of their Lord
The Lord of Evil Jehovah
And His vile, demonic servitors
Who control their earthly instruments

The jewish tribe of pestilential blight
Upon the earth accelerate
The downward spiral of Time
Through their destructive tendencies

The entropic nature of the system
A spiral towards destruction
Consuming itself enveloping
The sum total of its captives

Jehovah's Will of vampirism
Generates the planes of illusion
Of lowest density-basest lead
To trap within His vampiric prison

To absorb the souls of His slaves

To prevent their elevation

To any higher state of being

Jehovah's phagocitization

Within the aetheric planes

The host of extraterrestrials

The foolish masses are enslaved

To perpetuate the vampire's lifecycle

As animals on the animal Farm

They live with blinders on their eyes

A veil of illusion superimposed

By the aliens to their souls' vampirize

To put a stop to this torment and abuse

The higher planes serve as portals

A way station for the Vanir to use

The host of Lucifer's Nobles

From another dimension onto this earth

Come the Lucifer Spirits

Who from the Greenl and Eternia

Descended to this fallen world

The heroes of divine godliness
Beings of Light and Life
Have upon the world accursed
Arrived to liberate us from the strife

They intermingled with the pasu
The beast-man who Jehovah created
And severed the bonds which attached to
The formerly undifferentiated

To give a face to the creature
To make of them less of a slave
To liberate them from the prison
And arrest them digging their graves

To destroy the serpent seed of evil
Who enslave this world of darkness
And who manipulate and abuse the sheeple
On the animal farm of Zion's curse

The gods and heroes together fight
Against the enemies of the Light
Who would maintain an endless night
Of illusions of the aether bright

Jehovah's world of false appearance

Fabric of the prison matrix

Cut through with swords of oricalchum

By the gods and heroes, Eternal Champions

The heroic viryas of the Aryan

Through mixing blood with the god-men

Lead on the earth the host of heaven

To route the plague of Yahweh-Satan