

# SILENT VIOLENCE



**Sieg  
Grun**



# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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## **Silent Violence**

A Poetic Revelation of the Cabal's Methods and Madness

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## Cloaca Gentium

In days of yore in the land of the pure  
The race of men created a world  
And within this realm needed labor  
So they enabled passage to 'inferiors'

Serving as labor to serve industry  
To prop up the decadent  
To pamper the spoiled and leisurely  
And to metastasize economics

This the slave labor served  
While the decadent amused themselves  
To chain the necks of the herd  
Of animate tools they buy and sell

Over time through idealistic flights of fancy  
And through a guilty conscience  
They extended rights to the many-too-many  
And faced the voices of the once silent

In many cases throughout history  
These 'rights' were gained through action  
By the violence of revolutionaries  
To gain their desired traction

The outcome of which was  
The implosion of the hierarchy  
Which had become corrupt  
Through segregation self-serving

Into the rubble pile  
The nation's disintegration  
Service without a smile  
The karmic backlash of exploitation

The mixed multitude  
Over whom the revolutionaries rule  
The sewer descend into  
The collapse of all higher rule

The inevitable outcome  
Arrested development  
Atrophy of civilization  
The lofty work undone

In such a sty the higher  
Vibrations are dampened  
Brought down into the mire  
Through the failure of command

Through enabling the passage  
Of those incompatible  
To enter in the dark masses  
And to the whites overwhelm

Always the decadent  
Leadership with their plans  
Requiring the 'Others' presence  
To serve as their hired man

The idealism of the white man  
His Achilles' heel  
Exploited by his 'right-hand man'  
The jewish third wheel

Jewry had infiltrated  
Beguiling the noble caste  
Sowing seeds in the nation  
The destruction of the best

The project of the whites  
Born of idealistic intent  
Noble projects of highest heights  
Sabotaged by jewry in the end

With the presence of jewry  
Who posed as a friend  
And whose assistance became a duty  
Serving as a saboteur instead

The gullible white leader  
Eager to realize his dreams  
Of a noble, elevated world  
Led by cunning jewry

Enabled the taxation  
Of his humble folk  
To subject them to exploitation  
To serve his patrician role

The ambitions of the elite  
Inflamed as Promethean fire  
By devious jewry and themselves  
To build their unwieldy empires

The inevitable destruction  
Of the empires of old  
Were built into their construction  
Through the influence of jewry's role

The mass importation  
Under the guise of trade  
And base slave labor  
To noble ambitions aid

Has led to the *terminus*  
Of all grandiose schemes  
And the genocide and murder  
Of the noble white race

### **Dalai Lama**

In the mountainous seclusion of Lhasa  
The spiritual master the Dalai Lama  
Dwells and has dwelt for millennia  
To control that energy Center

To guard and superintend  
Over the gateway to the interior  
The secret realms of Superman  
The Hollow Earth within

The connection to the higher heavens  
The spiritual adept has forged  
And with his occult weapons  
Has the earth plane secured

The vile black magicians  
Of the demon seed  
Would sabotage this region  
And had with the Chinese

The Communist hordes of the far east  
Were used to destroy  
The noble Buddhist spirituality  
Were with crude weapons deployed

They murdered and maimed  
The higher folk  
The secrets retained  
Yet did not Lhasa overthrow

The protective forces  
Defended the pure  
Against the remorseless  
Chinese terror

After the flames had subsided  
The Llama return  
To his spiritual authority symbolized  
That the Divine city wasn't burned

The crude material assault  
Repelled through the higher power  
The land an occupied redoubt  
The Devas repelling the foreigner

Like Germany after World War II  
Who became an occupied prison  
Lhasa and Tibet the enemy transmuted  
Into a satellite, a mere satrap

Under the sway of the enemy both  
Germany and Tibet were occupied  
Hitler and the Llamas by their foes  
By the infernal Dark side

Germany by the Allied powers  
Deluged by a holocaust of flames  
With Hitler and 12 Tibetans in that fatal hour  
In the bunker their material forms lay

All escaped in a vimana  
Through the black sun into the Green Ray  
To muster their forces, recoup the damage  
And to make the Darkside pay

Over time they will fall  
As they exploit and kill  
Their violation of us all  
Has its karmic bill

The Llama holds down the mountain fort  
Awaiting the proper time  
When with force the dark forces  
Will pay for their crimes

True peace will come upon the earth  
Only when the night gives way  
To the dawning of the true great work  
And the Demiurge's banishing

Until then earnest prayers  
And meditations must apply  
For those truth soothsayers  
Who perceive with their third eye

The future on this earth looks bleak  
And the dark forces unstoppable  
Yet this only the mundane perceive  
That most crudely material

They at higher planes  
Recognize that the evil horde  
Have now lost already  
And so too their Dark Lord

### **Armanen**

From the Hyperborean region of the pole  
The Armanen spiritual warrior  
Casting runes and killing his foes  
With telekinetic forces

The Armanen Aryan adept  
Of primordial gnosis the bearer  
In the crucible archaic  
Like Odin the wise man

Rune casting to get signs  
Of future portents  
To reveal the enemy's designs  
And to route them

To work with the Elder gods  
They who have all but been  
Obliterated from the modern  
A-Brahamic society

To conjure back the memory  
Through runic practices  
Through Atlantean alchemy  
Rekindle the ancient rite

## Asphalt Intellectual

The mercurial cunning of the rationalist

Sitting at his office desk

Plotting schemes to create unrest

To destabilize the host that he infests

Nattering away as he waves his hands

Hearing the sound of his voice

Into the mirror of vanity he stares

With cunning his rhetoric is alloyed

The dapper dandy caparisoned

With the latest greatest fashion

And to conceal his corpulence

A beard to compensate deficient manliness

This chattering pompous sack

Of impacted fecal matter

Giving all a knife in the back

Who do not himself flatter

His fragile ego a raw nerve  
That all rub against  
The slightest criticism heard  
Is the greatest offense

Juggling abstract concepts  
With adept ratiocination  
At deceiving others an adept  
Talk a premium, his vocation

His immersion in the abstract  
Rational formalism  
Of the system of concepts  
Is in life his mission

All thought based upon  
An architectonic  
Of abstract numbers, *quanta*  
Without dimensions qualitative

His formalistic presentation  
Of thought, word and deed  
Would reduce all to a function  
Of his economic greed

The intellectualistic mind  
Of the Soviet commissar  
Is based upon a similar kind  
A robotic cybernetic calculator

The intent of the urban pest  
Intellectual control freak  
Is to trap all in his net  
Of bureaucratic doublespeak

All must be numbered  
Sorted and arranged  
For all difference without regard  
And into a prison placed

The function of his intellect  
Is to control and enslave  
To render all exploited  
When obsolete-into the grave

In his spare time he amuses  
Himself with yet more  
Abstractions of the quintessence  
All higher thought deplores

All harmony and all duty  
Embodied in music and art  
He condemns as crude, 'beneath'  
Substitutes his accounting charts

Buying and selling is his mode  
To absorb into his black soul  
The life force of creative folk  
And to live in decadent repose

His prose is written  
As an automatic machine  
Each word is made to fit  
An artificial scheme

Hearing the sound of his voice  
As a tickertape running  
Reading off the invoice  
His diction and style mundane

His attempts at the finer arts  
Coarsen the nobler culture  
Reduce poetry to verbal farts  
And music to the sound of vultures

Plastic sculpture he transforms  
Into Bauhaus cubes  
To represent his will to harm  
To matricize of rubes

His crude paintings he smears  
As so many shit stains  
On a pure white canvas leers  
A figure vulgar; deformed and lame

The courses of his 'artistry'  
In name alone can be called  
A primitive patchwork tapestry  
Sold in his shopping mall

The asphalt intellectual  
Is incapable of creation  
Behind his coke bottle spectacles  
Naught but economic calculation

The mentality has spread  
Virally in the modern world  
Fashioned in a distorted  
Image of the intellectual

Having its origin and basis  
In the hive mind of the Dark side  
All intellectual abstraction  
From the evil horde derives

From this no good may come  
But simply a spiritual atrophy  
Of our higher function  
Reducing all to abstract quantity

### Lucifer Spirits

Within the pure there resides  
The quality of the Divine  
The holy Graal bloodline  
Which inheres in Aesir kind

Derived from the gods who came  
Into this material world to save  
The base born bestial slaves  
Of the reptilians and their progeny

Came into this world of vice  
To rectify the corruption  
Which is within the Zeitgeist  
Brought by jewry in Lemuria

Mixing with the anthropoids  
Who had been engineered  
By the saurian demonoids  
Who on the earth appeared

The souls of these beastmen  
Broke the chain of earthbound state  
Which was severed through mixing  
To from their extinction liberate

To confer upon Gaia  
Liberty from the Demiurge  
To elevate to Sophia  
The base vibration of the earth

To cast off the astral pests  
Who assume reptilian guise  
And so too their chosen pets  
Who serve as tools of these reptiles

The Vanir, mighty bluebloods  
In and out of the black holes  
Still remain on occasion  
To interfere and the Dark side oppose

Once the battle heats up  
The blue-bloods will enter  
The ring of Dark Lord Saturn  
And bring about the cabals' destruction

Until then we who are  
Of the honorable remnant  
Must attune ourselves to the stars  
And the Vanir befriend them

We must become as they  
A spiritual adept  
Able to combat the enemy  
In all dimensions to have effect

To attune ourselves to the gods  
Not with servile slavishness  
But with our heads in the clouds  
Our iron heels on reptile necks

They who would bow slavishly  
Like a creeping christian  
Venerating their kosher Yahweh  
Will find their way to perdition

To bow and scrape in cowardice  
With pusillanimity  
The behavior of Jehovah's kin  
The kosher reptilian seed

The sons of the gods the Aesir  
The noble blue-bloods  
May attain a place in  
The realm of Valhalla

Hence they must give battle  
In the most effective way  
To save Jehovah's cattle  
From His merciless slaughtering

Those who are worthy  
Will take up their weapons of war  
And will combat the enemy  
Tear down the matrix horror

The true second coming  
Will not be that of a kike  
Who got himself bloodied  
Banged up as 'martyr christ'

Rather it will be  
The return of the gods  
Who in the new age of liberty  
Will spiritualize matters' cross

Will set it aflame  
In the dark of night  
And signal the fame  
Of their virile might

The evil horde will be done in  
Will from the earth plane be banished  
Into the black holes with their reptilian's  
To be consumed to pay for their sins

## Authenticity

The artificial world in which we dwell  
Is transformed from its previous state  
Into a living violent hell  
Crucible of chaos, strife and hate

The world system which enslaves us  
Based upon abstract concepts  
Which are designed to lame us  
And trap us within its invisible nets

Universalist abstractions  
The basis of the cabals' action  
Designed to give them traction  
In enslaving the minds of men

These empty formulae are offered  
As so many poisoned apples  
To the ignorant and gullible  
Swallowed down in school and chapel

'Peace'; 'love'; 'humanity'

'Equality'; 'god'; 'money'

These empty words wholly

Devoid of any higher meaning

Authenticity a complete lack

No organic correspondence

With the world they hijack

Our minds In the matrix trap

Severed from the higher planes

As we within the cube do dwell

From the Elder gods kept away

Laboring under the enemy's spell

Our authentic Tradition submerged

Into the pit of the Demiurge

scales on our eyes do purge

Our mind of any higher knowledge

Back to our origins we must go

Far before the christian curse

The cross which we're forced to tow

Anchoring us to the earth

We must sever this leaden chain  
And escape the slave matrix  
To rediscover our origins  
And obtain the gods' favor

The soil of our ancestors  
Receptacle of their spirits  
The testament of noble labor  
Against the dark forces

Their blood and sweat  
Mingled with the soil  
A higher culture organic  
A formation of their toil

The stone monuments  
To our ancestors  
Stand as Testaments  
To our noble culture

Now nearly lost  
In the ruins of today  
Buried in the Holocaust  
Of revolutions' flames

The Aryan man confused  
Wanders this desert  
Not knowing what to do  
The blood memory submerged

Nonetheless within  
Latent in his mind  
The Divine Spark though dim  
Glow with Eternal fire

Upon discovery  
Of the symbols of the past  
His blood memory  
Becomes active

He observes the swastika  
The symbol of the pole  
Of ancient Hyperborean  
And his blood kindles

In the weathered pages  
Of an old book  
The face of a sage  
Of countenance noble

The eyes of the man  
Radiate their light  
Recalling the modern  
Man to ancient times

He forgets the moment  
With it's ruins of corruption  
And finds his essence  
In the weathered pages of the ancient

A glimpse of Tradition  
He had discovered  
Are all presented  
Between the covers

These works he had found  
Buried in the ruins  
Of the memory of the blood  
Awakened and attuned

The Divine on high  
His conscious awakening  
Taken from the modern sty  
As an emerald shining

It's refulgent glow  
Radiating its inner light  
Bestowing upon the man  
A recognition of the Divine

The sons of the gods  
Of which he is himself  
He recognizes the ancient  
And its cultural wealth

Tradition must resume  
And no longer be paused  
Which in the ruins  
Had been gathering dust

The modern man awakes  
To the luminous light  
Of the Divine partakes  
His consciousness bright

## Blood and Soil

The blood of the Aryan folk  
Through external threats and pressure  
Is now finally made awake  
And to withstand the stormy weather

The blood of the gods  
Flows through his veins  
Blue-bloods the Graal  
Of holy might reigns

The soil upon which he stands  
His ancestral domain  
And with his mighty hand  
Has foreigners kept at bay

His blood united with the soil  
Grounds him in the world  
And enables him to noble  
Magnificent purposes serve

They who would encroach  
Upon his territory  
Will soon find his reproach  
At the point of the sword's blade

They who think they are  
Entitled to feed upon  
And to hitch their cart  
To the noble Aryan

They are in for a backlash  
When the white man awakes  
And tears off the eye patch  
Of christianity and sees

The reality of this world  
Never in tears was soaked  
But in blood and steel  
Christians-to the Lions go!

The noble Aryan  
Grounded in the soil  
Was never christian  
A creed which violates the soul

## Liars; Thieves and Murderers

A man named christ was alleged  
To have some critical things said  
About the orthodox rabbins  
Whose harsh words did enrage them

"Liars; thieves and murderers"  
He cast his rhetorical stones  
Against these slinking tribe members  
Who in whited sepulcher's rested their bones

In the Temple the money changers  
Swindling those who came to pray  
Charging indulgences, demanding favors  
Of the gullible and naïve

The christ entered the church  
And took up his bullwhip  
He laid to against the curse  
Which had the Temple turned to shit

From this the Orthodox throng  
Beset him on all sides  
Hunting him down his trail followed  
To have him crucified

Christ took up his sword  
And cast away his cloak  
So tell the proverbs  
And yet in the end... he only spoke

Sermonizing on the Mount  
In performing his miraculous cures  
He avoided the Jewish crowd  
Who sought him out to purge

Eventually he was taken  
To the place of the skull  
To Golgotha his kosher bacon  
Was filleted and culled

The Roman Pontius Pilate  
He was brought before  
And carried out the duty  
He was appointed for

The crowd screamed: "crucified him!"

And the Roman obeyed

Beholden to his duty he did

Washed his hands of responsibility

The self-appointed "chosen ones"

Who arrogantly claim

To be God's only sons

All else mere slaves

The same excuse their vices

Through this sense of entitlement

And slink about as poisonous vipers

Sucking the blood of Gentile men

As then so today the serpent seed are

Always bent on usurious greed

A liar, thief and a murderer

Living always on other's means

Their cartel of swindling

Has throughout the ages

Attempted to create out of nothing

Something from mere paper

Fractional reserves they claim

Will be guaranteed

To cover their stolen gain

The borrower deceive

Credit implies debt

The flipside of usury

And the pompous idiots

This fail to perceive

The false promise of the serpent

To Eve-elle in the garden

That she shall have immortality

Through partaking of temptation

Neither this nor any other

Promise of the jew

Can all their lies cover

Their falsehood always proves

As with christ upon the cross

So too the martyrs

Who have represented the loss

Of the devils' barter

Abduction of the innocent

Ritually sacrificed

Hung on the crucifix

Impaled with cruel knives

Orchestrated wars

Revolutions and plagues

Famines and more:

Deliberate genocide

Invaders brought into the gates

To mass murder their host

The ingratitude of the kikes

Bereft of the Holy Ghost

The mass death caused

By the violent demon seed

In history without pause

Has served his bloodlustful need

The trek of the jew through the ages

Has demonstrated the truth

Of the words of christ jesus

Indicting the murderous jew

However this itself  
Is probably a mirror fable  
Concocted with secrecy and stealth  
By the jews to others disable

The Bible and the fables  
Contained within its pages  
Are likely themselves parables  
And stories scribed by Pharisees

A gripe on the part of jewry  
Against their rigid dogma  
Or perhaps a cunning treachery  
To the Gentiles passed off onto

This is all confusion  
And has no ready solution  
The text is a pollution  
Of foreign interpolations

Yet the message holds  
That christ allegedly spoke  
That jewry of old  
Is as a criminal indictable

Under the Third Reich

A more detailed proof

To illustrate the criminal kikes

Was by scholars adduced

"The Jew As Criminal"

The book was aptly titled

And exposed thoroughly

Their acts-devious and vile

Hence both Hitler and christ

Agreed in the main

On fundamental points

Essential to the innocent save

To not look the other way

While jews commit violence

And to not passively

Look aside and it countenance

Thus in today's world

Is considered a heresy

To dare to expose the churls

Of subterranean jewry

Exposure is always right  
To rectify the wrong  
Of the international blight  
Which would the world burn down

To preempt the chaos  
And neutralize the foe  
The duty of the just  
To banish jewry's dark evil

### **Over Accommodation**

To enable the infiltration  
Into one's territory  
Of the countless millions  
With their tear stained stories

This the height of folly  
In the name of 'love' and 'peace'  
Of infantile sentimentality  
To displace, contaminate one's seed

The arrogant fools in power  
Serve the demon seed  
Strut about for a vain hour  
Condemn their own in need

They will reap the whirlwind  
Inevitable owing to their sins  
Which have been visited  
Upon their less fortunate kin

In the name of 'morality'  
A creed of emotional instability  
Both liberalism and christianity  
A program for 'die-versity'

A passive acquiescence  
Before the flood of mud  
A bowing and scraping  
Before foreign blood

This considered 'moral'  
The height of virtue  
Within the crucible  
Of the modern sewer

The egocentric leadership  
Have all sold out their race  
Have cut their people's carotid  
Arteries- in virtues name

Though they have accrued  
To themselves wealth and power  
They are doubly screwed  
Through their bad karma

The foreign host of invaders  
Has been brought into the nation  
A horde of enemies who hate us  
And who will cause devastation

The privileged caste of scum  
Who dwell in segregation  
Classist egocentric vermin  
Whose life is a long vacation

These same hatch their plans  
To genocide the whites  
Through coerced mongrelization  
Mixing them with other kinds

Holding white people down  
Denying them a means  
To live in their own towns  
Let alone to live their dreams

While enabling the invader  
To take over their land  
To absorb all from their table  
And to let them run rampant

Any slightest protest  
On the part of the whites  
Immediately the state reacts  
With violence of extreme kind

The recipe for genocide  
By stealth and subterfuge  
Through jewry's big lie  
All are being screwed

'Wealth redistribution'  
The translation of these words  
Means the final solution  
To the white man's burden

The white man is burdened  
With a host of these  
Jewry and other vermin  
Who would upon him feed

The cabal of filthy liars  
Which seeks to enslave  
Must cast him on the funeral pyre  
The white man's in the way

He in their judgment  
Must be put to rest  
Through such manner of tactics  
And into the ground dispatched

Their aspirations are  
To rile up the invaders  
To have the whites disarmed  
And serve them up to the Demiurge

This necessitates  
A backlash against them  
Else they will make  
A ruin of civilization

Targeting the enemy

One must strike the shepherd

The big wheel elites

For the sheep to scatter

The highest level players

In the global cabal

Must be immersed

In bitterest gall

The crosshairs placed upon them

And the triggers squeeze

Dispatching them to Saturn

The crooked shepherds of the sheep

The invaders have been invited

Into our small world

To serve an evil purpose

Under the guise of 'love' amongst equals

They are not all to blame

For their being forced

To leave their territory

And live amongst the foreign

Some have been subjected  
To the destruction of their land  
The perversion of their culture  
Under judeo-christian hands

The Aryans' Tradition as well  
Has been by christians ruined  
And assimilated into hell  
With their masters the Jews

As we must empathize  
With those you have no choice  
But with those who could do otherwise  
They must be cast aside

To attack those not at fault  
Is the height of folly  
And subjected to assault  
Targeting the wrong enemy

This elite would have  
To hide behind their shields  
Their victims black; brown and tan  
Making the white man heel

The proper target thus  
Must be identified  
This the ultimate cause  
Of their intended genocide

The cabal of scum  
Who rule this world  
Through financial swindling  
The global usurers

These alone must be  
Targeted for perdition  
And all their subordinates  
Pathetic slave minions

### **On the Square**

The allure of arcane secrets  
The mystique of hidden meaning  
Concealed within symbolic  
Appearances, not what they seem

The occult, defined 'hidden'  
Concealment of the truth  
The society of freemasons  
Foremost of the sinister group

This alleged arcane fraternity  
With its millennial heritage  
Both the Divine pedigree  
From Solomon and Chaldea

The semitic lodge  
Within which do dwell  
The corrupt entourage  
Of the denizens of hell

This fraternity consists  
Of adherence to a craft  
Which can hardly be called 'innocent'  
Rather lunar black magic

The false light of the masons  
Radiates from the lodge  
A baleful glow of sacrifices  
Souls' captive and earthbound

The gentile elite partake  
Of these sinister rites  
And raised from the beginning  
Molded into this strange kind

Through rites and rituals  
From before conception  
They has discarnate souls  
Await a tense conception

Rapine and sexual abuse  
Not bearing witness alone  
But a performer too  
Conditioning their lost soul

They are brought into this world  
To play a select part  
In the theater of the real  
Are directors' of the art

Staging manufactured events  
Through acting out their role  
In the 'great work' freemasons  
Pay their bloody toll

Through the blood of the innocent

A scapegoat they serve up

Trafficking with entities diabolic

A *quid pro quo* relationship

They receive from these creatures

Dark arcane secrets

And in exchange they must demure

To the beasts' request

Should they failed to comply

Punishment they receive

Are held captive thereby

Controlled by dark entities

The bond which is had

Over their soul

Becomes increasingly desperate

As they forfeit their own

Merged eventually into

Should they not be born in it

The sinister hive mind whose

Grip tightens on them

The genius of their lodge  
Exerts his violent influence  
The mason cannot dodge  
The puppeteers malevolence

He becomes 'squared away'  
Inside of the lodge  
A creature of the matrix  
Trapped in samsara

Should he be born into the cult  
He is born a captive soul  
Or an incarnate being demonic  
Who in the great work plays his role

The entire global system  
Is controlled through the lodge  
And above this the 'chosen'  
In their baleful synagogues

They are subordinate  
Nevertheless to dark forces  
Above them in the pyramid  
The capstone of evil aliens

These creatures transmitted  
The lore of darkest rites  
To their earthly minions  
To then their souls did bind

The occult forces of the globe  
The true hidden mysteries  
Are in allegories and parables  
Presented, and to witchcraft lead

To become involved  
In this vampire cult  
Entails inevitable  
Rites of infernal demons

To attempt to escape  
Should the callow initiate  
Discover the truth of masonry  
He will be done to death

All are bound in a pact  
With the promise of the horde  
Of a delusive immortal cast  
To be an Eternal 'Divine Lord'

Such false promises  
All amount to naught  
As the freemason  
In their nets his soul is caught

Overtime he becomes supplanted  
With these entities  
A biological automaton  
A marionette without strings

The reincarnating soul  
Atrophies over time  
And is devoured by the ghouls  
Of hell, supplanted with their kind

Thus being 'on the square'  
What you never know  
If your friend or 'frater'  
From the lodge has lost control

Or whether he has become  
A lost soul tout court  
And it is a mere automaton  
Possessed by another

## The Law of The Talon

The law of the natural world  
Of tooth and claw merciless  
The christian ethos diametrical  
The exact opposite is

A predatory mind  
In a vicious beasts' body  
The formula and design  
Of nature-ruthless and bloody

Should one need to confront  
This hostile world of violence  
You must recognize the opponent  
And not sermonize in pacifism

He must face the foe  
With feet on the ground  
And not sheepishly bow  
Like a christian with his thorny crown

He will combat the enemy  
And suffer the losses of battle  
And with equanimity  
Attain victory or Valhalla!

### Ingratitude

Giving the gift of knowledge  
Of technology and material benefits  
In the Western mode of development  
Bestowed on the 'undeveloped' nations

This false gift that is bestowed  
Upon those portrayed as 'humbler folk'  
Has strings attached which do choke  
The receiver of this lump of coal

In order to take the giver gives  
So says the Chinese maximum  
A rainbow colored bracelet  
With which to handcuff them

Yet nonetheless gifts are given  
In spite of degrading their traditions  
And substituting with a simulcarum  
A shoddy foreign counterfeit

Nonetheless gifts are given  
Means to elevate the humble  
Nets with which to catch the fish  
To use them to a world 'develop'

Nonetheless in spite of all  
Exploitation by the elite cabal  
Gifts were given that put in thrall  
Those who bit-fishhook in their jaw

They received some 'advantage'  
Depending on your interpretation  
Of this gesture of the 'western'  
Nations who themselves had cancer

The westernization process  
Undergone with much 'success'  
Had turned Tradition into a mess  
Into a sanitized sewage system

A chocolate covered lump of muck  
Whose flavor when in the mouth  
Transforms into its true stuff  
Leaving an aftertaste of dung

This karma they receive  
Who violate the law  
And who through their endless greed  
Must stuff it in their craw

Thus a giving and a taking  
The dynamism of all life  
"Nothing for free" for the asking  
All is "strife, endless strife"

There are gifts and there are gifts  
Most all have their defects  
Especially when bestowed by sadists  
Who make their gift a hex

As the watchword of the wise:  
"Caveat emptor"  
For goods are often disguised  
And 'bad' for the receiver

Thus can be understood  
The ingratitude of the 'humble'  
Who poverty are driven into  
Trapped so that they stumble

Their rancor waxes hot  
And is directed against they  
Who pretend to give a lot  
Yet with false gifts do pay

In spite of all in the end  
The 'humble' have been humbled  
And rather than falling  
They have only stumbled

Their chaos is their affair  
For not playing by the rules  
And they will though unaware  
Receive their just dues

The ingratitude of the spoiled  
Will reap the whirlwind  
Will lead inevitably to travail  
And bite them in the end

## Female Violence

Passive aggression is the mode  
Of the behavior of the modern world  
A sugarcoated smile to atone  
For the sabotage of the enemy 'others'

An iron fist in a white kid glove  
The soft kill approach they use  
To offer the 'other' assistance  
To break their bones and to bruise

A smiling face on the crocodile  
An artful manner of gentility  
Their artificial evil smiles  
Give proof of insincerity

Thinly veiled politeness  
The mask of the corrupt  
Who impose their violence  
Under the façade of benevolence

Passive aggression the way  
Of the devious manipulator  
Who has control of the state  
His ways in the mass perpetuated

All of them are mere actors  
With artificial smiles  
And greasy, unctuous matters  
That grant them their gold pile

Only the most devious  
And underhanded need apply  
The key to the mysterious  
Inner workings of modernity

An exclusive club  
Which shuts all others out  
And in their wounds would rub  
The finest sea salt

Insult added to injury  
An amusement for the scum  
Their *modus operandi*  
The leisure class's fortune

The two-tiered society  
Continues along its course  
Adhering to its 'morality'  
Of unjust double standards

### Rome versus Etruria

The grandeur that was Rome  
Sought expansion of its power  
To extend the borders of its home  
And to all other nations devour

The empire of the ancient world  
Centered in Latinium  
Had a rival in their neighbor  
Of the racial stock foreign

The solar might of ancient Rome  
Embodied in the Patriciate  
The noble leadership principle  
Which steered the Empire's ship

Its principles were expansion  
Outward projection of its might  
A stern warlike discipline  
And bureaucratic oversight

The Aryan culture of this region  
Descended from the North  
And established this stable bastion  
Of power and solar force

A sophisticated culture  
Without the addition of weakness  
A threat to Phoenician cultures  
And to the Carthaginians

The country which threatened them  
Always sought to encroach  
Upon the borders of the Aryan  
To sabotage the *Pax Romanum*

Carthage and Phoenicia  
Rivals also to the purple  
Yet the lunar Etruria  
Had mighty Rome encircled

Their dastardly ways reflected  
The lunar light of the infernal  
Their vulgar culture truth rejected  
With its ecstasies of Dionysos

The fount of pestilence  
It posed a threat to the pure  
The solar light which projected  
From the Roman capital

The origin of pornography  
That abortion given birth  
By this vile nations progeny  
Was only the tip of the iceberg

The religion of veneration  
Of the dark infernal forces  
The mother goddess and her legions  
Of tellurian chaos and disorder

The tearing out of the entrails  
Of the birds and animals  
Examining them to avail  
Their nation of guidance and counsel

The debauched rites of Dionysos  
The lustful desportings of hedonists  
Combined Eros and Thanatos  
In a conjuration of infernal demons

Through cruel torture and sacrifice  
Of their own offspring  
They fillet the flesh with the knife  
To their demons offering

While engaged in coarse rutting  
With eunuchs and sodomites  
They work up their base energies  
Possessed by the dark side

The feral rhythms of their rites  
Beats its primitive cadence  
Accompanied by the wail of pipes  
Conjuring shades from the nether regions

Entwining with their host  
These *succubi* and *incubi*  
Partake of the pig roast  
Of flesh and blood of sacrifice

The timbrel's ring amidst the drums  
An ecstatic cadence of horror  
The slaughtering of their own young  
For the demons to devour

Such was lunar Etruria  
Beacon of the false light  
Which Isaac de Luria  
Represented at a later time

The Roman wisdom of old  
Recognized the danger  
Of the pestilential flow  
Of the Near Easterner

They accordingly gave battle  
To the neighbours foes  
And decimated the rabble  
Beyond the borders of Rome

*"Carthage delenda est"*  
Hannibal met his doom  
And the Phoenician pest  
Was kept at bay too

Yet the Faustian nature  
Of the Roman soul  
Bent on facing danger  
Overextended its goal

The *Pax Romanum*  
Became too unwieldy  
Through the expansion  
Of its borders to the East

It took within itself  
A backwash of the dregs  
Of traders and their wealth  
And their lunar ways

The cult of Cybele was introduced  
The religion of the dark mother  
Tellurian rites of the jews  
And other thieves; liars and murderers

Draped in the garb of piety  
The lunar cults numbers  
Swelling, the ranks increased  
With the dregs of the rabble

The plaintive cries of effeminate priests  
Carried throughout the city  
And tempered the battle cries  
Of Roman legionaries

Their ancestral cults became mixed  
The solar virility of the Aryan  
With the tenor of the lunar cthonic  
Enabling the Semite incursion

Etruria made its inroads  
Attempting to cross into Rome  
To assimilate into its dark abode  
The territory, the light of Aryan home

The battle then commenced  
Between the rival sides  
The noble Aryan legions  
Against the cthonic tide

The battle was won  
By the forces of light  
And yet in subterranean  
Mode, continued the semite

He introduced by stealth  
His mother goddess mysteries  
Inculcated into the host  
The cult of Dionysos and Cybele

These same spawned the chaos  
That would weaken internally  
As a cancerous tumor in the host  
Metastasizing tumescently

The lowering of the mind  
Of the Roman stock  
Was mirrored in the kind  
Which accompanied the mother G-d

The chaos spread in incendiary  
Waves throughout the empire  
And overtime gave place  
To the pestilence of Saul of Tarsus

These seeds of destruction  
Were sown through overextending  
The idealistic plans and Aryans  
To build empires everlasting

Their hubris brought about their doom

As it had in Egypt of old

Concupiscence added to

The ruination of the soil

The flesh pots in Egypt

Were transferred to Rome

And the lesson of regret

For this they did atone

The collapse of the Empire

Brought about the ascension

Of the priestly hegemony

Of the lunar semitic

The figure of Dionysos

Transmuted into 'Jesus'

And the Dark Mother

Into Mary Magdalene

## Consumer Chaos

Within the office in the city

The downtown core administrative building

The apparatchik sits calculating

Loss and gain, their vacation awaiting

cogitating upon their plans

To drink mai ties and indulge the flesh

They cannot hear the crowd of men

The angry rioters they do neglect

Pouring forth from the ghetto

The hordes of impoverished people

Crowding into the downtown

With Molotov cocktails to burn it down

The workers in their office now

Arise and awaken to the crowd

Whose cries are an audible sound:

"Burn it down! Burn it down!"

Hurling their blazing brands  
These incendiary robber bands  
Smash and burn and pillage  
The downtown into trash

The office workers now keyed up  
To find an escape to suburbia  
Fire escapes are all blocked up  
Their buildings by the fires caught

A Roman candle this steel structure  
Citadel of masonic power  
Flaring up with the torches  
Molotov cocktails made-to-order

That once calm and Pacific  
Bastion of bureaucratic  
Slavery and information processing  
As a wicker man they are burning

The delights and consumables  
That these yuppies pursued  
As a rat on a revolving wheel  
Now they are the ones consumed

They who managed to escape  
Thought they would hostility vacate  
To the cabin by the lake  
And amuse themselves to recuperate

Their car park smashed and gutted  
By incendiary devices erupted  
Shattered concrete-naught but rubble  
The privileged few far away out of fumble

The mausoleums of urbanity  
Tombs to these celebrities  
In their own mind guaranteed  
To ascend to heaven eventually

The angry horde roaring outside  
The office workers trying to hide  
Doors kicked ajar, opened wide  
Hurling flaming brands inside

The vicious mob throwing around  
Bricks, broken glass from the ground  
And beating the office workers down  
They who 'sympathized' with them, these clowns

No more vacations or luxury goods  
No more sequestering from the crooks  
In privileged enclaves protected by spooks  
Hired goons to defend the elite few

Now they're all dead and buried  
Effaced are their memories  
Their prefabricated fantasy  
Turned into a nightmare reality

### 'Violent'

The forms of violence are not one  
But our multifarious  
In different guises they do come  
Some overt, others nefarious

The conventional conception  
Is that acts of violence  
Always manifest in action  
Brute force not in silence

This a fundamental error  
That is fostered by the foe  
Which enables their regime of terror  
To upon all others impose

They associate any action  
Of a more vigorous nature  
With 'injustice' and 'intolerance'  
With 'ignorance' and 'hatred'

This false association  
Has worked well historically  
To castrate the goyim  
Make of them moldable putty

The christian mind program  
Thoroughly effeminate  
Has castrated the men  
And rendered them women

Its subsequent permutation  
Called 'secular humanism'  
As yet another program  
Of their effeminization

The perpetual hue and cry  
Regarding masculine violence  
A psychic mechanism whereby  
All are put to cowardly silence

This passive aggression  
Is the most insidious  
Form of violent action  
Imposed on the innocent

'Female violence' it may be called  
The violent aggression of a coward  
And a sneaking aged droud  
Who poisons her husband's porridge

Playing victim is the game  
To gain power over others  
A means to their will tame  
Make of them slavish

Taking soccer dives  
And cutting one's flesh  
To show the world to the eyes  
Of the one they would oppress

Elicitation of pity

A plaintive cry of victimhood

A pretense of wounded dignity

The 'self-defense' of the 'good'

This Satyagraha method

The *modus operandi*

Of womanly passive aggression

The trickery of the demon seed

Our world is one of deceit

Of falsehood and feints

Of pretense of hypocrisy

Of female violence made

They who control this world

Operate on the basis of lies

Are subterranean, infernal

Devils in humanitarian disguise

The trickle-down effect

From the top pervades

Conditions the masses

The slaves to imitate

All become hypocrites

Sarcastic chronic liars

Pursuing worldliness

Stoking the flames of desire

Any who obstruct their lives

Of animal comfort

Who don't support their lies

Are beaten in the dirt

Whatever pleasant sensations

Foolish ideas confer

Is imposed as an obligation

To agree with and affirm

The ultraviolence of the mass

Derived *ex cathedra*

From the corrupt elite cast

They serve as agents of

This in the form of shunning

And passive aggression

Of cruel and cowardly

Abuse, 'other' negation

The intolerance of the hypocrites

The mode of their mind

Hostile to the higher man

Who refuses to die

Their hatred for their betters

They who can perceive the higher

Reality without their blinders

They would make expire

Through cowardly mobbing

And pervasive persecution

The violence of these skraelings

Deserves naught but execution

### **Cultural Vacuum**

Modernity has culminated in

A culture of materialism

Kaleidoscopic whirl of sin

Into which implodes Tradition

The vacuum of our modern times  
Has assimilated our cultural heights  
Has reduced into faded lights  
Bespattered them with its grime

All the noble creations  
Of the past of Aryan man  
Have been subject to erasure  
Defiled by the hidden hand

In place of which they substitute  
The counterfeit synthetic  
A representational prostitute  
A cheap piece of plastic

The modern culture of our times  
Designed in a think tank  
A drafted blueprint to tow the line  
Of the international parasite

Planned Obsolescence  
Prefabrication, standardization  
Everything a product  
For the vulgar's consumption

The culture and amorphous mass  
Molded in a factory  
Into a cubic piece of trash  
A toilet for humanity

Postmodern pastiche  
A multi-colored rainbow  
Crushed into a billion pieces  
And tossed into the witches brew

The crucible of unity  
Melting down all difference  
Into a uniform consistency  
A mixture of 'Counter-Tradition'

Synthetic products of consciousness  
Mind programs inserted  
Into the empty heads of the goyim  
transformed into robot minions

Each of the same thoughts  
A vacuous constellation  
Of imagery and sound effects  
To complete their transformations

The standardization of the mind  
Within the vacuum of modernity  
A black hole which vampirizes  
The soul of all organic beings

No authentic forms of being  
Exist within the carnivalesque  
World of illusory seeming  
Save phantoms and mirages

The pursuit of the fictional  
Purely phenomenal forms  
Which have no real integral  
Essence which to Eternity conforms

This realm of illusion  
The phenomenal clutter of imagery  
A fictional work of confusion  
Wholly devoid of beings

Within the cultural vacuum  
Of the modern world  
All are in a state of confusion  
About which way to turn

The cultural hodgepodge

Postmodern pastiche

A product of Jehovah's lodge:

Witchcraft of Judeo-freemasonry

They are imposing upon the world

The nigredo phase of political alchemy

Are anticipating total control

Through the annihilation of organic being

We have now little left

Which remains of our past

Mere tidbits, bric-a-brac

With no guarantee they will last

Thus one must gather these gems

Which are buried in the rubble

And draw from then spiritual sustenance

To elevate us from the rabble

Ignoring the bombardment of novelty

The bells and whistles of the multi-cult

Is imperative and mandatory

To prevent the fragmentation of our souls

Else we will be pulled down  
Into the chaos of the maelstrom  
Of becoming a soul that is earthbound  
For earthly delights ransomed

### Mark of Cain

You accuse me of things I've never done  
You say it is my karmic curse  
To be deluged and overrun  
To the city of Dis driven in a hearse

The mark of Cain I bear  
Instead of my white skin  
This cross I willingly bear  
A mark of what you call 'Sin'

To myself this a badge of honor  
For the deeds of ancestry  
Having roamed the world and conquered  
Established the great cities

This mark of Cain defines me  
As an enemy of the world  
And all the savage armies  
Who would put me to the sword

Everywhere I go they are  
Beleaguered by the enemy  
They wish to dull the brilliant star  
And my ancestors to sully

If they could they would destroy  
Everything my folk had achieved  
All our culture and alloy  
Their own, choke it as a weed

The mark of cain I bear  
Is to me a shining light  
A beacon, a Lucifer  
Possessed of godly might

I owe a debt to none  
The deeds of ancestry  
Even if I stand alone  
On an Olympian promontory

The mass have been conditioned  
To look with self-loathing  
At their ancestors' achievements  
As if they were a horror story

The propaganda machine has made  
The white man's mind confused  
As the foundation of doubt laid  
And cut him off from his roots

How he will recuperate  
And resurrect from his slumber  
Is uncertain, and to cogitate  
Upon the matter he only stumbles

The march of history is no progress  
Toward a golden age  
But a dénouement, a regress  
Within the darkest matrix cage

Perhaps at the end of the tunnel  
A light will eventually dawn  
And transform our basest metal  
And the mark of Cain will rub off

From white self-hate to heroism  
From a self-denial to affirmation  
The white man may attain again  
His place in an earthly Elysium

Else the world will continue  
Along its downward course  
Spiraling down into the sewer  
Of the negrified hordes

He must understand himself  
Who he is and what he can do  
To be effective and by stealth  
To the fire make it through

### **Poo-Lice**

Serving the system of darkest evil  
The hired goon loafing in his cruiser  
Stealing tax profits from the people  
A hired goon, violent abuser

The selection committee which chooses  
Their coterie of iron heel enforcers  
Ensures psychopaths are given first  
Option to do the cabal's dirty work

The profile must correspond  
To the caricature of the dog  
A devious and abusive pawn  
Who sweeps his crimes under the rug

The six pointed star badge  
A symbol of new Saturn  
Pinned to his uniform of black  
An agent of evil with a smiling mask

To the Mossad he answers  
Covering up their bloody trek  
Enabling the spread of their cancer  
To metastasize and society wreck

The police-able to get away  
With murder and theft and with pay  
Driving in their gas guzzling  
Domestic terrorist murder machine

Paid to intimidate the poor  
To enable their harassment  
And to with force ensure  
They pay the slave taxes

The chipping of the populace  
By the system apparatchiks  
The police know full well  
And participate to collect their paychecks

The main *modus operandi*  
Is to gangstalk the citizenry  
Deriving sadistically  
Thrills of power over these

To elevate themselves in rank  
They must demonstrate corruption  
Protecting their masters of the banks  
And participate in the exploitation

To demonstrate a psychopathic mind  
To delight in violence  
The more action of this kind  
The more the sadists are smiling

Intimidation of the poor  
And especially poor whites  
Who swept under the rug are  
With the violence of silence

When the political correctness training  
Is imposed upon the thugs  
They are extra cautious in their dealings  
With non-white criminals

Lest they be punished for their 'sins'  
Against the rainbow nation  
The brutal thugs engage in transferring  
To the white poor their aggression

Hired to keep the slaves working  
The vermin circle their prey  
In the blue-collar area lurking  
To the white proletarian waylay

The slightest infraction is looked upon  
With overzealous glee  
If any impoverished white person  
Should not follow the law strictly

Any excuse to manifest  
Their pent-up aggression  
Roid-fuelled built-up stress  
Released on the 'unperson'

Cowardly creeps hanging in packs  
Amusing themselves at the expense  
Of the taxpaying serf goyim  
Who are chained on the plantation

They are the gang with greatest power  
And though of mainly white personnel  
They serve the jewish power  
For jewry's enemy the death-knell

Fabricating evidence  
Planting on the defendant  
Who is coerced to answer for it  
By their interrogative pressure tactics

The strong arm of Noahide Law  
Employs strong arm tactics  
To bend the rules and break one's jaw  
Claiming a "reasonable reaction"

To censor and stifle

The operations of all of they

Who would escape the circle

Of the Zion matrix to eternity

To create outside the bounds

Of Masters rules of engagement

Called 'laws', artificial grounds

Perpetuate their enslavement

These the greatest threat

To the system of dark forces

Who as Luciferians

Seek truth beyond the borders

They who abide by

The laws of the Cosmos

Not lavishly do side

With the temporal power of its foes

These are perpetually

In the crosshairs of the system

The rebels against the deity

Jehovah, Prince of darkness

The independent-minded  
Who seeks to live outside  
Of the chains that bind him  
And all sentient kind

The servants of the demon lord  
The Demiurge upon high  
Who jewry prostrates himself before  
Come in police and military guise

These attack dogs are trained  
Through hypnotic mind control  
Their feral aggression is restrained  
The influence of demonic folk

Mind control through magnetism  
Manipulation of the aether  
Through covert subtle hypnotism  
The golems thereby tethered

Their education consisting of  
A stock of propaganda  
Synthesizing akadumbia  
Socio-psycho babble

Juxtaposed of bureaucratic  
Machinations of the state  
Mechanisms to combat  
Rebels against the fate of slaves

The robotic formalism  
Of the pedantic mind  
Of the apparatchik of the prison  
Of sinister design

The mind of these brutal thugs  
Structured to function along  
Linear tracks we must run on  
From which to leave considered 'wrong'

An infringement of the 'law'  
They call any transgression  
That does not conform  
To their minutest instruction

The laws are designed  
To serve the parasites  
To fatten the demon kind  
With the energy of they who 'the law' binds

Coerced to follow along

The maze's linear trek

Like a tail chasing a dog

A Byzantine complex

Dysfunctional laws

Designed to create

Chaos and wreck havoc

The population devastate

The order follower enforces

Make up the rules as they go

Yet are always cautious

To cover themselves against their foes

Forever paranoically

Looking over their shoulders

On their faces stoically

A poker face is molded

Their eyes staring with

Hostile feral aggression

In hopes of intimidation

Seeking answers to paranoid questions

In their mind all are  
An enemy combatant  
Speeding in their car  
Juiced up for the action

Hunting their enemies  
Along the city streets  
Against they who please  
To exist in the extremes

Any subtle sign of difference  
Immediately attracts  
The focal point of their attention  
Like a dog who spies a cat

Eager to pursue their game  
Like a shark maneuvers  
They circle around their prey  
And prepare to move in

To accrue to themselves  
A record of sterling metal  
The police weigh the scales  
Selectively enforce the law

They who are their masters  
Before these they grovel  
Accompanying to work and after  
A chauffeur entourage

Once they have made their display  
Of noble duty to the state  
And it's commissar oligarchy  
Of doughnuts they may partake

From thence of duty is to  
Protect after-hours the suburbs  
To confine the poor into  
The criminal ghetto darkness

Highly paid to carry out  
Clandestine assassinations  
They are also contracted  
To serve a private function

The privileged few can buy  
A police officer or two  
To survey his cheating wife  
Or give a rival a bruise

Within the system of quicksand  
Called bourgeois democracy  
The police serve the flimflam men  
Of subterranean serpent seed

To keep the currency flowing  
Into the Elysium  
On the porch while bestowing  
Enforcement of the usury system

### Militard

The holy righteous crusader  
Who fought the wars against the infidel  
Is the fictionalized image  
Of the brutal military thug of 'God'

As then so today  
The war monger must acquire  
Dominion over the mundane  
And that at the price of countless lives

In order to achieve their goals  
The despots of the dark side  
Must conscript into their fold  
Useful tools to fight and die

Theirs is not to reason why  
Theirs is just to do and die  
In the service of Zion's army  
To kill and murder for money

The training of the military man  
Goes with 'morality' cap in hand  
Self-exulting, self-righteous  
Fighting for 'the Lord' of Dis

The 'morality' of this cabal  
Consists in transcending 'good and evil'  
The claim that anything is allowed  
So long as they spread the blood around

Amorality is their ethical system  
No sympathy for their victims  
A fanatical drive to imprison  
To exploit or kill everyone

This template of behavior  
Trickles down to the slave labor  
The military and police force  
Inculcates the psychopath egregore

Indoctrinated to kill and maim  
All inhumanity in God's name  
For 'peace' and 'democracy'  
Excuses for global hegemony

The witless pawns cowards all  
Need an excuse to murder and kill  
To answer their duty's call  
Else squeamish and made ill

The mini-minds of the military  
"Anybody's son will do"  
A tool in Zion's army  
Conscripted to serve the jew

Trained to be a technician  
Of martial strategy and tactics  
A warmongering sadist  
Obsessed with brutal violence

Prancing around on the Parade Square

Shining up their badges

In colored ribbons caparisoned

Eager to leap into action

Used to destroy all they who

Stand in the path of 'progress'

The progress of the evil jews

And civilizations' regress

Animate tools of the war mongers

Skilled technicians of violence

Hurled against foreign powers

Who don't submit in silence

The hyper-aggression of the brutes

Keyed up against their foes

Entrained to aim and shoot

And gnaw upon the bones

Remorseless and lacking

All sympathy for others

A well-trained mercenary

Flying Zions' colors

In the name of 'peace' and 'love'  
'Equality'; 'country' and 'God'  
The military serves the dove  
Of the U.N soaked in blood

Democracy and its discontents  
A hypocrisy of witless idiots  
A system of belligerents  
Who live to get their power trip

Spouting their meaningless words  
Soaked in emotional tears  
And using this rainbow veneer  
To the mass mind engineer

In order to enforce the system  
The necessity of force  
Is a required ingredient  
To the slave program coerce

The conditioning of the militard  
Is no difficult task  
Plenty of liquor for the retards  
And money to buy some ass

This the purchase price  
To buy their loyalty  
And to better entice  
There's the 'cause' of morality

The naïve and stupid  
Eager to gain approval  
To manifest their youthful  
Will-to-power as a system tool

It provides the vehicle  
For their basest desires  
Confers upon them capital  
Of both social and financial kind

The hook for the sheep  
Is held out to snare  
The witless and naïve  
To enter Sauron's Lair

Emissaries of darkness  
They are well-equipped  
With cruel implements  
To do deeds murderous

Within the society of Tradition  
The military had its place  
For the defense of the nation  
And to discipline create

The martial culture of Prussia  
The training of the youth  
Groom them for greatness  
And to elevate them in truth

The truth that all life  
Amounts to perpetual struggle  
That all stress and strife  
Is a test that challenges one

The proper application  
Of Martial energies  
Exists within Tradition  
Not in modernity

Today's modern army  
A mercenary mass  
Seeking temporal power  
And cold hard cash

Better true mercenaries

Then this hypocrisy

Serving the despotism

Of Zion's terror army

The true terrorists of today

Are police and military

Who are the tools of they

Ruling through judeo-masonry

The Universalist Imperium

Of christian and jew

Of freemasonry and communism

All aligned against the Truth

There slave military minions

Who receive their pay

30 pieces of silver

To kill and assassinate

The self-servers

Conceal themselves behind

The veneer of otherness

A 'humanitarian' alibi

Soon they will receive  
Their ignoble reward  
The fruits of their hypocrisy  
For their evil labor

Once a conflagration  
Is brought to fever pitch  
The total decimation  
We'll see them defeated

### Iron

Straining against the crushing load  
T tensile bar of knurled steel  
Is pressed into his collarbone  
He thrusts the mass to victory yield

The repetitions he pumps out  
Straining with the pressure  
Swell his muscles up with blood  
Veins rope-like spiders' webs

The force vector transmitted  
As he presses the load  
Through his axial skeleton  
Extreme force on cartilage and bone

The intensity of the effort  
Causes him to gasp  
Body covered with sweat  
His lungs to expand

The mechanical man  
Animated by Spirit  
Which superintends  
Over physical actions

The vital force  
Through the form flows  
Enlightening the being  
That power knows

Sets upon sets  
Reps upon reps  
All this within  
A schema complex

A latticework of formalism  
A rationalistic conceptual prison  
The weightlifter trapped within  
Yet a springboard Luciferian

His exertions under will  
Guided by discerning skill  
Mind and body mechanical  
Instruments of the spiritual

The force vectors transmitted  
Through his form animated  
Engaging his body activated  
The necessity of resistance

The load of the masses shifted  
His body around it oriented  
Balancing the load while subjected  
To be impingement of force vectors

The purpose of the task to empower  
The being across all dimensions  
To aspire to transcend the hour  
And to storm the gates of heaven

To become who one is  
Develop a superlative state  
To be in Eternity within  
While outwardly the world engage

A Promethean quest for fire  
Lifting the heavy iron  
Against the load exerting  
Lead into gold turning

The furnace *alchemicum*  
Is the path the Luciferian  
Pursues into the heavens  
Against the Demiurge system

Within the wheel of Time  
The Promethean fights  
Against the forces of the night  
He deploys his body-mind

Straight to the bar he goes  
Preparing to pull the load  
To engage his corporeal  
form, as a tool mechanical

Will to powers is brought to bear  
Through the Graal within  
The lift from the concrete to the air  
Through intense linear movement

Developing the power of will  
Through these tests of strength  
Applying one's brutal skill  
Against the inert iron weights

The motive force impels  
The rude objects' motion  
Escaping from the hells  
*via* musculoskeletal violence

The traditional modes of strength  
Were designed to activate  
The bodies systems' phalanx  
Mobilized for the state

In Prussia they were structured  
As part of the curriculum  
Of young men's instruction  
To christian weakness transcend

A reevaluation of all values  
This the noble purpose  
To overcome the attitude  
of judeo-christian neurosis

In the furnace *alchemicum*  
The mighty fire of the will  
Base lead into gold transforms  
The body and the soul

The strongman showmanship of Sandow  
And other jewish actors  
Made a mockery of the Teuton  
Trivialized his *exersus*

As in Rome of ancient times  
The Prussians were reviving  
The Aryan Tradition became alive  
The blood memory kindling

The pestilential miasma  
Hijacked the iron game  
Atrophied its magic  
Its influence in martial training

It became a commodity

A judaized product

A spectacle of the stage

A freak show to gawk at

Louis Cyr and his ilk

Took the iron game

To the North American bill

To prostitute its name

The jewish tribe took it up

And marketed its image

Pharisaical scribes marked up

Its price in their advertisements

From Charles Atlas and his course

To Joe Weiders' and his equipment

Bob Hoffman's alternative choice

Of York barbell minting

The Universal machine

And Peary Radar's "Ironman"

"Muscle and Fitness" magazine

To Mega Mass 2000

An endless glut of garbage  
To bury the iron game  
In a simulacral carpet  
Of useless commodities

The ancient world of Tradition  
Entailed the practices of  
Spartan physical fitness  
And the haltérophile of Greece and Rome

In ancient Vedic India  
The spiritual gymnosophists  
Possessed similar implements  
To the kettle bells of the Soviets

The Aryan Tradition of force  
Of power under will  
Was hamstrung and coercively  
Suppressed by the christian evil

All were rendered sick  
In both mind and body  
Neurotic and inhibited  
Filthy and with missing teeth

The christian despotism  
Of priestly hegemony  
Destroyed all deemed 'pagan'  
The remainder ruled by the clergy

The value of strength through joy  
The Aryan race retained  
In spite of the evil envoys  
Of Jehovah-jews and the clergy

Health and soundness of mind  
Were forever possessed  
By noble Aryan kind  
Techniques of health and fitness

All of the chaos  
Jewry had created  
Deliberately for a payoff  
From their reptilian slavers

Harming others through creating stress  
Giving bad advice to Aryan man  
And indeed all others jewry curses  
Implementing devisive stratagems

Contemporary society is the model  
For the degenerative nature  
Of the misapplication of physical  
Exercise, damaging to engage in

From the extreme of weightlifting  
From triathlons and marathon running  
From CrossFit to MMA and cycling  
All a vicious circle absurdity

An energetic drain of life force  
Generating loosh for the entities  
Wasting away like a work horse  
Superfluous motions draining his energy

This the plan of the dark forces  
And their emissaries on the earth  
To turn us all into workhorses  
To augment their own life force

Hence the endeavor of exercise  
Of hard physical training  
Can be used by the evil side  
Through deviant paths harming

The side of noble exertion  
Developing the atrophying soul  
To improve one's limited portion  
As a fragment of the Divine Will

To recover the ancient techniques  
Is now at one's fingertips  
As the Pankration of the Greeks  
And games of the Olympians

The martial arts and weight training  
That spanned Aryan history  
And existed in each nation  
Have been in essentials redeemed

Nor need have we of Quixotic  
Icarian flights of virtuosity  
But to adhere to a very basic  
Exercise and fitness routine

The Jewish clownish salesmanship  
Has played its Nigredo role  
And has all but finished  
Destroying others' souls

Things have come to a head  
In which the proof of bad paths  
Have been to all made public  
And has broken people left

The wounds caused by bad advice  
Implanted in the naïve minds  
Jewry has introduced his vice  
To profit from the pain of our kind

Those will heal in time  
Under the power of our strength  
And communing with the Divine  
Through such power we will reach

Through Time and against its flow  
Empowering ourselves against the load  
Struggling against the evil foe  
Storming the gates of heaven go

## Blood and Honor

The blood memory contains all  
The recollections of past lives  
And the purity of blood enables  
The pure to distinguish truth from lies

The organic lie of the tainted  
They who are an amalgam  
Who are divorced from the saintly  
Who dwell in the highest heavens

The miscegenated product  
Of the crucibles of volk chaos  
Have in their mode of conduct  
Deviated from the noble course

They have lost their way  
From the straight and narrow  
Following drunkenly  
A crooked path of error

The organic lie jewry  
Especially embodies  
The vices of modernity  
His hybrid solar cacophony

The dishonorable nature  
Of the modern man  
Of the Kali Yuga's disfavor  
Have the masses conditioned

All follow the path  
Of the negative ego  
A liar treacherous  
Living in a mendacious mode

The character of jewry  
Has become the standard  
Of modern degeneracy  
The tumescent cancer

Thus the world has become  
A dishonorable den of thieves  
By the vicious overrun  
Bent on material greed

This a direct result  
Of the defilement  
Of the contamination of the blood  
A witch's brew formula

A dishonorable society  
Is one founded not on truth  
Injustice and impropriety  
A quicksand where no one moves

Sinking down in the pit  
Of the *cloaca gentium*  
Smelling the reeking shit  
Of the foreign invasion

This the outcome inevitable  
Unless the blood is purified  
The sewer in which one must live  
Drowning in the pigsty

The honorable of this world  
Are by nature pure  
Can reach the higher realms  
And in the Truth endure

Avoiding contamination

Spiritual and material

Becomes an obligation

To perpetuate the honorable

To live in the Truth

And attune oneself thereto

Requires honor as one's proof

That no article lie may abuse

To live a lie is the norm

That defines the modern world

And injustice the form

Of action at the most egregious

Hence the outer is the inner

With honor being in us

Our actions are then just

Before the lie no tolerance

Only in an age

Of total dissolution

Can the lie attain

To universal application

The clarion call of 'tolerance'  
Is the watchword of the day  
From the heights is trumpeted  
Its donkey-like bray

No ring of Truth echoes  
With clarity in the aether  
Rather a distorted projection  
The bugle of the great Satan

The hypocrisy of today  
The tenor of our lives  
Will brook from us no dismay  
Upon encountering a lie

From out the mouth pours  
Perfumed diarrhea  
The effluent of the modern  
*Cloaca gentium* sewer

Drowning in the muck  
They the good and true  
The beautiful, pure of blood  
Gasp for breath in the stinking stew

Inharmonious resonance

The nature of our time

A cacophony and discordance

Failed correspondence of kind

Word and object

Are cleaved from one another

Between thoughts and behavior

Failed correspondence of kind

The blood contains the life

Of its fated bearer

And they who commit strife

Can be seen contaminated

The outer is the inner

And action a reflection

Of the motive of the actor

Their good or bad intention

The contaminated blood

Of the bad actor

Is not confined alone

To the purely outward

The fleshly vehicle

Is a denser form

Of the inner soul

Both substances uniform

The changes to the soul

Which are undergone in life

The inner being do mold

Condition throughout the life

Thus they who are pure

Of body may still be

A vehicle of dishonor

As today all can see

The purest type which has risen

To the societal heights

They still bear the stigma

Of the kosher false light

The bourgeois caste especially

Are a cancerous tumor on society

Rotten to the core through mimicking

The behavior of their masters' jewelry

This caste of trash monopolizes  
The full spectrum of society  
From top to bottom their genocidal  
Agenda expresses itself in policy

They the white trash traitors  
Demonstrate their dishonor  
In their self-serving motivation  
Rotten from within the nation

Their mind contaminated with kosher  
Ideological poison of the vulture  
The carrion fowl of higher culture  
Who has blended it in the mulcher

The sewer of the bourgeois mind  
Infected by the kosher slime  
Of ideological pantomime  
Crafted by demonic kind

Beyond this and through it  
They have merged with  
The hive mind of nether regions  
Jewry's Lord: the Prince of darkness

Through interiorising the ideas  
Jewry has crafted  
Their minds being steered  
By the parasite made captive

Their soul has been perverted  
Though the exterior blood is pure  
Subject to a process kosher  
Judaization of the serfs

Though wealthy and endowed  
With power temporal  
With lofty position vain and proud  
Nonetheless and dishonorable

To drink of the kosher wine  
And to inebriate one's soul  
To condition one's mind  
To conform to kosher mold

This he obligation  
Of the current world  
The standardization  
Of the collective soul

The poisoning of the oversoul  
Is a process undergone  
By the creeping devils  
Who spew their kosher poison

From christianity  
To his modern variant  
*Liberalismus* vulgarity  
The 'universal blueprint'

"Everything is one"  
"All are equal"  
The stakes are zero-sum  
And serve jewry's evil

No difference may be  
Expressed by different types  
Nor any personality  
May be considered right

Only the standard mold  
Into which all are obligated  
To cram inside their soul  
And become assimilated

The kike's template  
Is to manifest  
In thought and behavior  
The hive mind express

The demon seed of Zion  
Impose upon us all  
The vileness of these liars  
They would in our minds install

A simple glance  
At the vileness of today  
At the dishonorable men  
And women of the state

Reveals to the aware  
That all are in process  
Of being submerged  
Into Zion's sewage

A world of hypocrisy  
Of falsehood and sarcasm  
Called 'the People's democracy'  
An excuse to hold us ransom

Dishonor is the norm  
Of modernity  
To which all conform  
And prostrate before as deity

All of the principles  
Of this society  
Are false idols  
Called 'democracy'

'Humanity'; 'love'  
'God' and 'peace'  
'Equality' for all  
Naught but hypocrisy

A mask behind which  
The filth of society  
Conceal their motives  
Hoodwinking the sheep

The 'open society'  
Of the globalists  
Is closed to 'humanity'  
Existing only for them

Soon the dishonorable  
Will receive their reward  
Their existence intolerable  
To the noble souls of warriors

These will dispatch them  
With berserker frenzy and rage  
Willing hellfire cast them  
And an honorable world create

### **Transhumans**

The design of the cabal  
To transform all of us  
They would keep on call  
Into cybernetic robots

Their vile agenda consists  
Of eliminating those they deem  
Of no utility and unfit  
To wipe the human slate clean

Simultaneously they subject  
Their goyim animate tools  
Noxious substances inject  
To robotize the fools

Those involved with them  
And their Mephistophelian pact  
They in the back stab them  
In a treacherous attack

Injected into these minions  
What they call a 'placebo'  
But in reality it isn't  
Rather a lethal needle poke

Even their slave labor  
The christians and other cucks  
Are destined for the graveyard  
And will pay for their sins the cost

Transitioning from their human state  
Should they survive the process  
Will into a robot be made  
A soulless automata

Controlled by the hive mind  
Of the Demiurge and his horde  
Represented on earth by the kind  
Of jewry and his cohorts

This hive mind structure  
Is materialized in the grid  
A cybernetic network  
Automated control system

The electronic tentacles  
Which pervade the world  
Web of fiber-optic cables  
Of the spider Demiurge

Autonomy of the soul  
Becomes lost through this process  
Submerged in black goo  
And graphene oxide noxious

A symbiotic structure  
Is thereby created  
Part fleshly, part metallic  
The fruits of diabolical labor

The intent of the cabal  
Is to provide themselves  
And their masters the reptiles  
With replaceable vehicles

The mechanical shell  
To house their evil souls  
And in which to dwell  
Within this fallen world

They would live within  
A futuristic utopia  
A tyrannical closed system  
To sate their bestial lust

All of their Robotized slaves  
Will be without a soul  
A witless drone, a zombie  
Who drudges for their dole

The foolish masses of today  
Subordinates themselves  
To the cabal run by jewry  
And their controllers, the reptiles

Lining up for their 'shots'  
They stupidly comply  
With Jehovah drawing lots  
They gamble with their lives

Soon they will be dead  
Replaced by chinese coolies  
Who will sleep in their beds  
And serve the cabal of jewry

Until then their eyes are vacant  
Staring at the screens  
Computers and smartphones make them  
A zombie in artificial dreams

Their minds are their program  
Derived from mass media  
Having no independence  
From the percepts of which its made of

Sights and sounds and vibration  
The multi-sensory bombardment  
Against their subconscious mentation  
An onslaught of sensa omnipresent

The fragmentation of their soul

An ongoing process of loss

Of the nucleus of one's own

A virtual-reality Holocaust

The broad masses are conditioned

By the system of mind control

To keep their attention fixated

On the focal point of the kaleidoscope

The process supplants the contents

Of the mind of the subject

With the neoteric amalgam

A new man: ecce homo soviet

It is not merely a question

Of modifying synapses

The more serious gesture

That of an invading species

The husks of the pobelvolk

The elite trash would supplant

With their current base born hosts

And subject them to foreign operants

The entities with whom they are bound  
Would like to experience the world  
A fleshly car to drive around  
They have the preference for

Most now or in transition  
From the human the robot  
Rather than reaching the starry heavens  
They had become earthbound

Their souls to atrophy  
Through merging with synthetic  
Artificial substances of black goo  
Graphene oxide and radiation

These automata will spread  
Their synthetic excreta  
Spiked protein and micro filaments  
Zombies like the dawn of the dead

A sad fate for the naïve  
Who are cruelly tortured  
By the sadistic dark elite  
Who delight in mass murder

How many will have to die  
So that these vermin can attain  
Their sick and twisted designs  
Hatched in their perverse brains?

And who will be 'remnant' be  
And will they be of any worth  
Serving these demonic creeps  
As vehicles possessed and cursed?

The christian worshipers of the jew  
Believe in their naivety  
That they will work with the chosen few  
In pruning the genetic tree

"It will only be the liberals"  
The judaizing christians say  
Who deserve to be killed  
And thrown in the fiery lake

Their masters diabolical  
Claim they will be safe  
Will only get placebos  
And will be 'saved by grace'

The truth and the reality  
Are never aligned  
When out of the mouth of jewry  
Comes habitual lies

The christ cucks will find  
That their masters are not  
As trustworthy as in their mind  
The Bible verses taught

As they too will go  
To their proper destination  
To the lake of fire below  
On a permanent vacation

Their just reward will be  
Having visited upon them  
What they intended for humanity  
Who was 'other' than christian

The transition to the automaton  
Is a road to perdition  
The supplantation of the soul  
By an infernal denizen

## Tyrannis

The false king of tyranny

The alleged 'King of Kings'

Was conceived in the mind of jewry

A creed of discord for their slaves

All are conditioned to bow

Before this lordly tyrant

Who upon the masses bestowed

His sermons of passive violence

Full of contradictions they

To turn the other cheek

And take up the sword to play

The role of the humble and meek

Jesus the rabble-rouser

The beggar king of slaves

Leading his flock to the slaughter

To offer more souls for the grave

In order to gain a victory  
They had to bow before  
This idol in all humility  
To knock on heavens door

The King Jesus, son of 'God'  
Fought powers and principalities  
So he might overcome the dog  
'Satan' and his hellish coterie

He came not to bring the peace  
But the sword alone  
And yet all he did was preach  
For our sins to atone

He allowed himself to be  
Pinned to the cross  
With the rusty nails of he  
Who served the Roman boss

He preached from the mouth  
Of the Absolute Supreme  
That everything coming out  
Was the word of 'He'

Thus he was 'the Truth'  
Unquestionable and pure  
All contradictions were uncouth  
Mere blasphemous words

Thus the figure was Divine  
According to the creed  
Issuing commands sublime  
Was God's very mouthpiece

He broadcast *ex cathedra*  
To his disciples and adherents  
That no Greek or Jew there was  
Mere devils or Christly servants

A formula for synchronizing  
"All-in-one Christ Jesus"  
A 'spiritual Israel' synthesizing  
A genocide for all of us

Inevitable outcome of this service  
To the Christly Lord of hosts  
Is to do themselves a disservice  
Crippling the Holy Ghost

To venerate the king of purity  
The gentle, meek and mild  
Jesus the jew of Galilee  
The humble christly child

Such is the obligation for all  
According to the rumored 'Word'  
Their own progress forestall  
Waiting on Jesus the absurd

With foolish grin plastered  
On their blank visage  
These christly adherents  
Live in a false mirage

They venerate this fiction  
A figure who never was  
And in this world of 'sin'  
They go to the dogs

Binding themselves to the egregore  
Of Jesus on the cross  
The jewish tribe of conjurers  
Have caused the goyim's loss

They have constructed  
A figure of sacrifice  
To bind the souls' of their victims  
And to crucify

The blood of the Lamb  
Is instead the vital force  
Of the captive goyim  
Who they torture and murder

The tyrants of the old world of Athens  
Of Persia and of the Vedic Empire  
All molded in the solar image  
Of Sol Invictus and Phoebus Apollo

The tyrants in the true sense  
The man of God Imperator  
The brand who lights the fire in men  
The Divine Wills' intermediary

Der Fuhrer and Il Duce  
These the archetypes of the hero  
The traditional Kshatriya warrior  
Self-sacrificing Aryan virya

To fight against the enemies  
Of the noble folk  
To secure peace and prosperity  
Against external foes

This the function of the tyrant  
In his true essential form  
A Word which has been perverted  
By the Chandala who deplore

From the peak of Mount Olympus  
To the depths of the sewers of Rome  
The archetype of the tyrant  
Has been in the gutter thrown

The king of temporal power  
Has been disfigured by the scum  
Has been cast into ignominy  
Bespattered with their vile muck

The noble figure of Hitler  
Has been replaced by a Democrat  
A limp-wristed and Lily-livered  
Modern asphalt degenerate man

The dreary specter of christ  
Hanging upon the cross  
Has dampened the radiant light  
Has rusted the noble bronze

The rust however is surface  
Easily washed away  
In the flood tide of the forces  
Of samsara, reveals our destiny

But the king of tyranny  
Will no longer remain  
That archetype of the meek  
History's bloody stain

The dungeons of cruel tortures  
And the burning of innocent women  
Visited upon their enemy forces  
Indigenous Europeans

The savagery of the cowards of Rome  
Ruled by the craven jew  
Was a direct result of creed of those  
The pestilential 'chosen few'

The sickly morbidity of the kike  
Hanging on the cross of sin  
Was imparted into the mind  
Of the noble Aryan man

This hamstrung and degraded  
The Aryan man of old  
Transformed the legionnaire  
Of proud Imperial Rome

Into a spiritual jew  
Spiteful and cowardly shadow  
Passive aggressive and cruel  
Mere image of the patrician noble

The clergy of that institution  
Of the Roman Catholic Church  
Became sanitized and lunar  
From their hand fell the solar torch

Until the barbarians came  
The German Wildes Heer  
Tore down the feeble and lame  
And installed their berserker warriors

## Indifferentism

The pose of the new normal  
That everything is the same  
That nothing matters anymore  
If it ever did in history

Apathy is the attitude  
A behavior of pure indifference  
That which is called 'cool'  
The lack of care for anything

This attitude derives from the lodge  
Of modern freemasonry  
And the semitic occultism  
Which gives the mass their 'liberty'

The liberty to be caste  
Under the rug of the crowd  
To be looked past  
As if he weren't around

To be shut out of society

And denied a voice

To lack all opportunity

To make any choice

The apathy of the privileged

Has its consequences

Those being the pillaging

Of their box houses

Their deliberate ignorance

Of the plight of their own

Results in karmic come-uppance

And being dethroned

The meaning of dasein

Is to care for others

Not a hypocritical pantomime

Not a cold vacant stare

The selfish stare of the elites

As they look past those less fortunate

Their notice they consider beneath

Driving past in their luxury autos

A transcendent state of mind  
The privileged caste would cultivate  
Envisioning themselves a superior kind  
Who view the poor as subhuman apes

With callous indifference  
They mass murder their own  
Injecting them with poisons noxious  
Replacing them with black; brown and yellow

They have no regard  
For their own population  
And will be discharged  
On a permanent vacation

Once the poor are led  
By discerning and strong leadership  
It will be: "off with their heads"  
And a national dictatorship

Their indifference born of selfishness  
Will be their downfall  
They will incur their karmic comeuppance  
And will be put against the wall

The days indifference will soon be over  
The future belongs to those who care  
Who are able to transcend the lower  
Ego with its greedy and selfish air

To care for others is the beacon  
Of life for future prosperity  
From the winter to the sunny season  
Banishing the gray of apathy

The effect upon the mind  
Of a perpetual lack of care  
Is to detach oneself from high  
And restrict oneself here

Becoming an earthbound soul  
Through failing to integrate  
All the dimensions of his own  
And to attain a higher state

Apathy has caused much suffering  
At the hands of the privileged  
Their cold indifference stifling  
The ailing nations progress

Economics their only thought

No regard for quality

'Man' is their highest god

In the reign of quantity

Blinded by the gleam of gold

Staring in the mirror of vanity

Inflating their swollen ego

While condemning those they deem 'beneath'

Status their sole obsession

That posits their cosmetic image

Their narrow self infatuation

Indifference to all is ego driven

Their lack of regard for their own

Can only be sustained so long

And soon will to them caromb

Putting them behind the eight ball

## Mendacious

The condition of modern society  
Is based upon the big lie  
That anyone, all and sundry  
Can do anything if they only try

However barred from society  
Are all they do not conform  
To the dictates of despotic jewry  
Who the world reform

In order to participate  
In the current world of evil  
The individual must display  
No capacity for the truth

You must be able to smile  
With a pasted on grin  
To with cutting and devious guile  
Get in where he fits in

This the hell on earth of today  
The subterranean catacomb  
Illumined with the lunar rays  
This valley of dried bones

They who are unable to live  
To pretend to be what they're not  
Incapable of serving the canaille  
And allowing their souls to rot

These are the marked man of today  
Who the cabal would eliminate  
They who would not their own betray  
Who would not their foes fellate

The *conditio sine qua non* of life  
Within the modern world  
Is to perpetually smile and lie  
To curry favor with the churls

To plead and beg forgiveness  
For sins you've never committed  
And to serve as a witness  
To their slander and criticism

These mendacious trash  
Exulting their lower egos  
Obsessed with cold hard cash  
Have no scruples to speak of

Their sole purpose for living  
Is to inflate their ego  
And this on the basis of accruing  
Capital-both financial and social

Whatever it takes to get what they want  
They eagerly race to this pot of gold  
To stuff their overflowing pockets  
With yet more fiat currency notes

That no standard of truth prevails  
In a society of the distortors  
All being liars this implies  
Else they will by it be aborted

Lying perpetuates itself  
As a spider's web is woven  
A tangled mass of chaos  
Into which all go to their perdition

That lying creates karma  
And lesions on the soul  
Means that they of the cabal  
Are in their essence full of holes

There inner being to fragment  
Be served up to their masters  
The dark infernal denizens  
Consume the souls they're after

Selling one soul for the almighty dollar  
Is the price one must pay  
And lying the lubricant of their dishonor  
To grease the gears of entropy

Temporal wealth and preferment  
Is the fruits of their success  
Which they leased from old satan  
And through which they will meet their end

## Theozoology

Blueblood shines its radiant light  
Emanating from the being  
The Lucifer from the heavens high  
Upon the earth descending

His vehicle of the flesh serves as  
A mechanism of divine power  
To on earth its falling caste  
Salvage them from the fire

They who have never been  
An elevated being  
But who live as in a dream  
In an illusory world of the seeming

The beastmen, menschentiere  
Were always trapped in the cube  
Until the bright Lucifer's  
Their own blood introduced

From the bright and shining star  
Of the morning and the evening  
Through this celestial car  
Onto the earth to rouse the sleepers

The blue beings Vanir, Devas  
Descended to the earth plane  
Had played the role of aegis  
And to the beastmen liberate

Mixing with the animal men  
They endowed with their spirit  
To salvage the fallen  
And to defeat the prison matrix

The ensuing mixtures of kinds  
Have led to our fallen world  
With the stock of purer life  
Creating the higher cultures

Those more akin to the beast  
Have subsisted in basest squalor  
Have their own sewage ceased  
To have any redeemable qualities

Regardless they are freed  
Their souls from the matrix trap  
And so they may fornicate and feed  
Await the Ragnarok's die cast

Soon enough the meschientiere  
The many-too-many which have gone fallow  
Will receive what they fear  
A drastic reduction of their fellows

This the inevitable outcome of  
The karmic process of overpopulation  
The bait of foreign aid and health service  
Has been taken with consequent devastation

An unsustainable population, burgeoning  
With the teaming millions  
The leaden sickle of Saturn pruning  
This mass from the Third World

Like it or not the judgment comes  
The harsh fate for those  
Who had incurred their karma  
Who have the gods opposed

The greedy egocentrism  
Of the mongrel stock  
Has led them in ignorance  
Away from cosmic law

They dwell within illusion  
And are blinded by the false light  
Of the world of the matrix prison  
The womb which gave them life

#### **Regress to Primitivism**

The drums of the feral brutes  
Echoing in the deep jungle  
Sacrificing a white man to  
The orishas obeah and wanga

Within the subterranean  
Catacombs of the desert temple  
Clad in filthy caftans  
The rabbis follow their example

The far-off Bengal jungle  
Of the dark subcontinent  
In the ghoulish Kali Temple  
They eat the flesh of the innocent

The modern lodge of masonry  
A synthesis of cthonic rites  
The ruthless Lemurian savagery  
Imposed upon an Aryan child of light

Sacrifice of the primitive  
Merely lurks under the surface  
And awaits a resurrection  
To do its dirty demonic work

The foreign invaders who enter  
Over the border of 'Western man'  
Have latent in germ within  
Their mind, a primitive orientation

They have adopted the ways  
Of the 'westerner'  
Three-piece suit, civility and 'grace'  
Which conceals the baser urge

At any moment they may be  
Stripped of their social veneer  
Begin a rampage or a killing spree  
Cater to the demon seed which inheres

A barbarous world with countless bodies  
Whose minds are a degenerate form  
Of those with the Graal, holiest of holies  
Who from the gods were born

Unleashed upon the world the hordes  
Spanning the terrestrial globe  
Though given a civilized form  
Are a weapon ready to unload

This weapon wielded in the head  
Of jewry the mastermind  
Who with it the world would end  
Cleansing the earth of the goyim

Cultural leveling is his way  
To disintegrate the 'Other'  
For all are his enemies  
And he is weak and outnumbered

Hence his cunning strategy  
Is to the poison the minds  
Of the gullible and naïve  
And to place them in his bind

His witchcraft and idealism  
Ideas of the strange and exotic  
Presents a mesmeric fascination  
An act of devious black magic

Practical idealism  
The strategy of disintegration  
Manifesting to being  
Egregores of destruction

Jazz music and pornography  
Drugs and liquor flowing  
The constellation of degeneracy  
For the souls' fragmentation

The primitivization  
Of the mind of all  
The Elders of Zion's  
Witchcraft protocol

Beast consciousness

The mode of the hive mind

Of the broad masses

Of degenerated kind

The culture of the bottle

The 'Satanic' alternative to 'christ'

Neo-spiritualism of the infernal

To the jewish barman pay the price

Transitioning from this slovenly

World of imbibation

To the furthest extremities

Of a drugged up nation

From the bottles of spirits

To the dope and pills

The socialites do adhere

To societies terminal ills

Those who seek alternatives

Won't find them in the prison

Of the reeking *cloaca gentium*

In the Demiurge's matrix

Withdrawal from the corruption

Is a coward's flight

An escapist concession

Of lack of inner strength

The monk in the cloister

And the nerdy recluse

Closeted from the boisterous

Festivities of the fools

These challenges of the world

That are a necessary fact

That we cannot endure

Owing to a fundamental lack

Their weakness of will power

Through a life of dissipation

And even if an austere figure

They have failed in cultivation

These feeble saplings lack firmness

Blown about in the winds

Can grow only in sheltered places

Near the solid cliffs

Should they be transplanted

With the other trees

They will be uprooted

By the windy breeze

These stable souls are seen

Haunting the parasites nests

In the dens of iniquity

The bars and entertainments

They go the way of all flesh

Drinking and drugging to the beat

Their souls they do forfeit

To the demons who upon feed

The lustprinzip is the pole

Around which all circum-ambulate

To stimulate their frayed nerves and extol

Feeding; drugging and was abandon fornicate

The beats of the electronic drums

In the dens of iniquity

The revelers in ecstasy spiral down

Their fragile souls fragmenting

These hives of entities are designed  
By the diabolical jew  
To trap within the goyim kind  
Enticed them with lusts' perfume

To profit at the expense of  
They who they would destroy  
To hold out their simulacra  
As so many baits and decoys

The goal of the creeping jew  
Is a disintegration  
Of their host, and this through  
A Hive mind of their creation

A primitivized collective  
Who lives for the moment  
Their lustful obsessions  
Their atavistic condition

The world will only stand  
For so much more chaos  
And will signal the end  
Of the old Piscean Aeon

## Discipline and punish

A punitive society

Based on jewish vengefulness

Will never let the masses be

And harasses' them to death

The will to power of its rulers

An oligarchy or dictatorship

In the form of basest cruelty

In their hand they hold the whip

Eager to impose their will

They belligerently abuse

With sadistic glee take their fill

In meeting punishment thereto

The society of discipline

All must bow and scrape

Their mode of living is aggression

Toward those who they violate

With eager blood lustfulness  
They upon all superimpose  
Their penchant for violence  
Making of all 'Others' foes

'I' against 'thou'  
'Us' against 'them'  
The worthless infidel  
Bathed in the blood of sin

Within this by society  
All eyes are perpetually watching  
Cameras and infrared technology  
To play the peeping Tom of modernity

Each of the paid spies of the state  
Conscripted to observe and report  
Eager to their bloodlust sate  
With the 'transgressor' desport

Engage the target of the state  
Make conversation to gather  
Data mining to further agitate  
Classically conditioned the target

Stimulus and response

The ongoing sadism

The abuse of the psychos who wrong

The targets of the matrix prison

The network of the sadistic state

An electromagnetic carapace

Overlaid upon its captive slaves

Intermittent shocks coerce them to obey

Omnipresence

Of surveillance

The hydra head of

The police state system

Its tentacles invisible

Intertwined with all nodes

Within the web of the hyper-real

The spiders prey upon their foes

A two-tiered society

Either one is without or within

The Kosher approved party

His fate by the state determined

They who are 'beyond the pale'  
Are persecuted for sport  
The sadists skewer them on a rail  
And this with moral purport

The haves are they who allege  
To possess the truth and the light  
Through agreeing with the statements  
Of the ruling powers' 'right'

The have-nots are they  
Who exist in disagreement  
Who refuse to bow and scrape  
Before the oriental despotism

The primitive minds of the mass  
Are condition to function  
According to violence and sex  
To act without compunction

The oligarchs of the system  
Implant into their minds  
Programs to motivate them  
To implement their double binds

## Rhetoric Magic

Words weaponized to manipulate the mind

Egregoric shafts and spears of signs

Magical manipulation of devious kind

Black magic witchcraft of malevolent design

Rhetoric is a modern form

Of interpersonal power relations

To deploy sound and symbol, create egregores

The ultimate in consciousness manipulation

Rhetoric of the modern sophist

Political whore or salesman

N.L.P and hypnosis

The guileful tricks of the freemason

Mental influence and distortion

Of the conscious mind

Transmitted through the etheric ocean

Signals of a discordant kind

The tone and pitch melodious  
Tenor or baritone as needs be  
The empty puffs of flatulence  
The key to the land of milk and honey

Whether priestly caste mage  
Or corporate pirate  
The postmodern age  
Permits only the liars

They who are adepts at the game  
Of salesmanship, are A-Ok  
Kosher approved to take the stage  
And play their role as a black mage

The priestly caste invest their time  
Manipulating the mass hive mind  
Symbol and tone their pantomime  
Exert their influence on those they deem 'swine'

The dark qabbalistic formulae  
Deployed as the masons circumambulate  
Widdershins around their slaves  
Trussed like hogs their grave they await

The manipulation of the magnetic fields  
Which Interpenetrate as a fabric  
Of our perceived reality, the hyper-real  
Conditions the sheep-like masses of the system

Shape and color, tone and sign  
Planetary glyphs, mandalas sublime  
Thrust into our conscious minds  
By the black magicians' designs

A violation of the thoughts  
Of the sheep who are lost  
Blindly in need of a boss  
A shepherd who will guide the lot

Yet such guidance more than not  
Manifests in their chaos  
The dialectic of power costs  
The lives of they who were lost

The intention of the elite cast  
Of classist psychopaths  
Is to weed out the last  
Those they deem worthless trash

Their manipulation of the mind  
Through usage of coded signs  
Is by them designed  
To allow in only their own kind

The two-tiered society  
Of abusers and abused  
Enables the sadists to merrily  
With rhetoric the mass confuse

The dark occultist of masonry  
Ruled over by the serpent seed  
The diabolical creature of the beings  
Who made them via genetic engineering

These members of the sinister cabal  
Which over the world rules of all  
Conceals themselves in the lodge  
And in their demonic synagogues

Crafting their symbols and signs  
abstract astrotheological designs  
Out of concepts they combine  
To stage a theater they claim 'sublime'

This the great work they seek to reify  
To superimpose their artificial  
Architecture from blueprint lines  
An abstract fiction into the physical

Their whole mentality is alien  
A zombified installation  
Into their consciousness implemented  
Egregores of jewry and the reptilians

A lack of organic knowledge  
Of a confrontation with being  
An suprarational intellection  
Blind to the world by 'Being'

These abstractors of the quintessence  
Contrive all manner of violence  
In the form of symbolic communication  
Quantitative and numerological 'science'

No wisdom this but mere folly  
The dominating will of the Demiurge  
The superimposed violence called 'society'  
A utopia, despotism of the zionists

Doomed to fall as made of wind  
Mere egregores conjured from the void  
Through forms which they claim 'G-d' sent  
But of all substance are devoid

### Ouroboros

The cycles of Time unfurl  
Like a flag in the wind  
Never in the same world  
Never in the same position

The circle of the Aeons  
No linear track of finitude  
In times' Eternal rounds  
The souls seek to attune

They who would enslave the world  
Seek to tighten the noose  
Around the necks of their tools  
The service animals they use

Trap us within the wheel  
Of Temporality  
That they may our souls steal  
Drain our vital energy

Within the cycle we must fight  
Against the current of dissolution  
To face the foe with willful might  
And find our life's solutions

The perpetual current of Time  
Flows through our being  
And dissolves all of the crime  
Purifying us with its stream

How much or how little  
Of our experience  
May be made immortal  
On our skill depends

Within the cycle of Time  
The perpetual merry-go-round  
The kaleidoscopic scenes  
Would attach to us, drag us down

Within this chaotic world  
The soul reaches out with desire  
To the tantalizing swirl  
Becomes earthbound, attaches to the mire

Adherence to the Principle  
Of one's inner being  
Enables the retention of the soul  
And his experiences of meaning

The goal of the jehovists  
Is did attach their feeble charges  
From their inner being  
Their fortress left unguarded

To steal from them the Princess  
The sacred feminine  
And to the demon sacrifice  
To meet a bitter end

The obligation these mortals  
Have within this world  
Is to defend their fortress  
And secure the virgin girl

The enemy seeks to assail  
To bomb the fortress walls  
To decimate and to kill  
To bring about our fall

Thus in struggle we are  
Perpetually at war  
Against the forces of the dark  
The cosmic vampires

To escape the wheel of Time  
Time's penitentiary  
We must against them fight  
To attain a victory

The technology of their prison  
A matrix of perpetual strife  
Designed to create psychic pollution  
And to debase our feeble minds

To bombard our senses  
With stimuli to aggravate  
To disrupt their concentration  
To bestialize our mental state

The control system of the vampires  
Is designed to pull us down  
Into samsara's mire  
To suffocate us and to drown

An assault on all levels  
Physical and regions Above  
To the extent they can meddle  
They will impose their violence

The ouroboros serpent  
Of the larger macrocosm  
Encloses upon itself  
Signaling the cycles' end

Only so much remains in Time  
Before the serpent's trek  
Around the wheel 360°  
Terminates our worldly hex

The Kali Yuga nears its end  
Heralding the new Dawn  
And only they who victory win  
Escape the fate of the pawns

The higher state is attained  
By they who go against  
The current of the age  
The Demiurge's breath of death

They who are able to  
Give combat against the foe  
And who sacrifice for the Truth  
Unattainable by its foes

Circling around the wheel  
Hapless mortals roll  
Held down by gravitational  
Forces which weigh down his soul

Found within the wheel of Time  
On a leaden chain  
Circling around his lifeline  
Erodes and atrophies

The silver cord transmuted  
Into a manacle of iron  
To the earth is riveted  
Barbecued in the fire

The extraterrestrial slavers  
Which keep us in their clutches  
With malevolent intentions  
Hamstring and hobble us

They would keep their service animals  
Within the bounds of their pens  
Within the Saturnian matrix the criminals  
Exploit us for their dividends

All are subhuman batteries  
Which exist to furnish these  
Parasite vampiric entities  
Extraterrestrials who on other's feed

They keep us trapped in Time  
Through fear and trembling  
Through scarcity, hardship and crime  
Strife perpetual, unending

They have created mind programs  
To reinforce this base state  
To trap us in beast consciousness  
From their matrix prevent our escape

The religious programs which do control  
Our minds and standardize  
The collective consciousness of all  
Our own thoughts and actions defy

The priestcraft of their underlings  
They who on the earth carry out  
The dictates of these sinister beings  
Is the mechanism by which they're bound

These *vicarious filiae dei*  
Intermediaries between demons and men  
Arrogate to themselves authority  
To monopolize a spiritual function

They are the slaves of their masters  
The extraterrestrial diabolic forces  
Who work through them as vehicle  
To trap us in Time's wheel

The contemporary world  
Far worse than ancient times  
A total matrix of control  
Acting out a pantomime

All must play their role  
Else they are terminated  
Fired from the system of the world  
Into a shallow grave's extinction

### Stigma/Mark of Cain

The modern world brands its cattle  
With the mark of Cain  
The stigma of its captive chattel  
Those who still have a brain

The mindless or kosher approved  
Branded with the seventh seal  
To participate in the labor pool  
As the cattle, animate tools

Those cast out of this paradise  
Are left with no recourse  
But to fall by the wayside  
Live a life of no remorse

Condemned to the margins of the world

To live a life unfulfilled

One's destiny subverted by the churls

Coerced to eat the bitter pill

Only they who are zombified

Possessed by the demons

In their churches, demon hives

The lodges of judaized masons

All else are slated for destruction

The mark of Cain they bear

Are a pariah implanted

With the ticking time bomb they must wear

The stigma that the pariah bears

Is in truth a badge of honor

The sign at which all others stare

With hostile looks of horror

This as viewed from their blindness

They take is a devil's sign

And with behavior of the vilest

Act out their creepy pantomime

Harassment and abuse they heap  
Upon those they stigmatize  
In the shadows they creep  
And throw stones, slander and vilify

The stigma he is branded with  
A reputation which precedes him  
Cursed with the black magic  
By the Elders of Zion in their matrix

They single out for sacrifice  
Those who do rebel  
And don't conform to the vice  
Of their living hell

They who are too upright  
Incapable of being cast out  
Of their inner paradise  
The evil hordes would route

Persecuted by the mob  
Which seeks to them destroy  
With spitefulness to rob  
Them of that which they enjoy

To obstruct any achievements  
To hold them down and exclude  
To trap in arrested development  
To their quality of life reduce

The sadists of the terror regime  
Delight in persecution  
To thrill with joyous ecstasy  
As they impose their violence

This simian mind eager for blood  
They lust in their power rush  
Their will to power express they must  
To drain down the sanguine flood

The stigma of Cain he bears  
The target of their hostile stares  
Excluded from the social fare  
Shunted to the margins and kept there

Indelibly impressed upon his brow  
The mark of Cain speaks aloud  
For all within earshot the sound  
Screams to all: "attack me now!"

No way to run from the mob  
And to live a life in oblivion  
The mass of arrogant snobs  
Which still seek to do him in

At all times and everywhere  
He is tailed after in pursuit  
A hunted fugitive he is aware  
Of the inexorability of their pursuit

Hence life is lived in Time  
Chased after and persecuted  
Regardless of his noble designs  
He will never be allowed to do it

His mark of Cain waxes hot  
With the blood of sacrifice  
Knowing full well that he cannot  
Approximate a normal life

Hence his only recourse  
Is to oppose his enemies  
To with might, main force  
Route the savage oligarchy

Even should he require  
To sacrifice himself  
He will oppose zion's Empire  
Deplete it of strength and wealth

Should he have to pursue  
Martyrdom and achieve  
Throughout *mors triumphalis* prove  
The righteousness of his deeds

The savage foes will receive  
Their just reward inevitable  
Of this their base minds can't conceive  
But their blindness will be dispelled

The mask of Cain's merit badge  
The emblem of his valor  
That shines forth bright and luminous  
Signaling his inner power

His revenge will come  
In the form of opposition  
Passive resistance and action  
Will be the modes of his ambition

He will ensure the slings and arrows  
Of the verminous vile mob  
Will contribute nothing to its coffers  
And will take from them a lump sum

He will bleed the system  
And will cause it to collapse  
Sabotage to the very maximum  
Of his powers, the enemy to tax

Actively he will reach out  
To agitate against his foe  
Will muster his forces to route  
Zion's army, the evil oppose

The mark of Cain stays with him  
The vilification of the evil side  
Who seeks to undermine, sacrifice him  
On the tree of life crucified

He can solace take in this  
That he a marked man is  
That he has incurred their wrath  
Placed crosshairs by the assassins

For the mark to become dim  
To find agreement with the foe  
A false truths, thieves pact of sin  
A deception it would be alone

His white skin alone brands him  
As their implacable enemy  
Not that it was his motivation  
But it was a part of jewry

His shining eyes of azure blue  
Derived from godly ancestry  
Radiate outward their light of truth  
Source of jealousy and hostility

The Divine Spark, the holy Graal  
Exists within and palpably  
Reflected by their refulgent glow  
Radiating for all to see

This the cause of his stigma  
His superlative merit, godlike virtue  
To the untermensch is an enigma  
They who fail to live in the Truth

## Rainbow World

A world of color no longer gray

The old cathedrals moldering

Devoid of lives they would claim

The liberated souls of Aryans

This the shift away from 'God'

Toward a period of confusion

A breaking away from 'the Lord'

Severing the bonds of consciousness

Within the midst of this Renaissance

The trajectory led astray

Toward misfortune, dénouement

The West's decline, down-going

The cunning filth of judeos

Continued, alluded to hijack

This escape from the bands of Jehovah

To derail the Aryan track

Introduced all manner of vice  
To decimate the population  
To with 'G-ds' fire melt the ice  
Of the blue-eyed Hyperboreans

All edifices constructed by  
The noble Aryan elite  
Were sabotaged by the guile  
Of judeo-christianity

The Weimar Republic the prototype  
Just as in days of decadent Rome  
Replicated in present times  
To the Aryan race dethrone

The gems of the Aryan  
Bespattered with the grime  
Of the invaders foreign and  
Creeping jewry's slime

The spiteful hatred of the horde  
Who with jealousy lash out  
With hatred of the modern world  
Claim: "it's the white man's fault!"

The capitalists; the Communists

The Jehovahists of darkest evil

All are placed on the hit list

Save the jewish children of the devil

The rainbow world of life and light

Has been invented by this caste

Of devious and spiteful kind

Transforming treasure to trash

The new rainbow of modernity

Bears the kosher stamp

For which one must pay a fee

And wave a flag and clap

Else one has recourse to the church

To venerate the kikes

To his own folk asperse

With indifference cast aside

The cunning jew has scrambled

The cultural beauty of the Aryan

His praxiological gamble

To bring about his ultimate end

The rainbow world of vice  
Which he has created  
And in the grain the mice  
Have their waste excreted

They have distorted all beauty  
Into terrible ugliness  
Have transformed the world of harmony  
Into a cesspool of sickness

In their minds jewry are  
The true bearers of the torch  
Have descended to the earth  
As a bright and shining Lucifer

They alone have 'the truth'  
From there G-d above  
All others are uncouth  
Mere slovenly scum

In their misunderstanding  
All are merely 'profane'  
They alone are godly  
And would the world the erase

'Tikkum olam' is their goal  
To cleanse the world of all  
Of they who cannot know  
And who deserve to fall

The true rainbow of order  
Differentiated manifestation  
They would put into chaos  
An undifferentiated contagion

To rectify the fallen world  
The ruins which jewry has introduced  
Necessitates desperate battle  
Against the sinister cunning jews

There worm-like tactics of defilement  
Have been deployed without cease  
Have been their foremost battlement  
From which their missiles are released

The cultural distortion of the Aryan  
The ultimate plan of the judeos  
The jews; christians and freemasons  
To heap up piles of white man's bones

To create their mind programs  
Instill them in the collective  
To their authenticity offend  
With foreign ideas and archetypes

The mind of the Aryan man  
Has been in a terminal state  
Disease and cancerous  
Through the bacilli of jewry

Mental hygiene is a must  
An awakening of the mythos  
Of the blood of Hyperborea  
To defend the Aryan folk

Only then can we be free  
Of the shackles on our mind  
To cast inflames the creed  
Of sickly christ so vile

## Beings within Being

Within the world of manifestation  
Endless particularity of refinement  
Organic life springs forth from the godhood  
Crystallizing on the mundane plane

Each and all have their place  
As a function of their being  
A necessary fact of Divine Grace  
An organism with essential meaning

Kind after kind each to his own  
Within the world of becoming  
Nonetheless they're not alone  
Isolated and from all and sundry

Each vies of each within the world  
Organic life in vicious competition  
Collectivities and their oversouls  
*A bellum omnium contra omnes*

They who are too foolish to know

The necessity of organic unity

Turn against their very own

And tear apart their integrity

The atomization of the folk

A design of the cunning jews

And their minions with whom they work

The coterie of witless fools

The simpletons blinded by

Their fragile egos and rose-colored glasses

Or on their ego drunk and high

Staring into their vanity mirrors

They believe they will be 'kept around'

To maintain their current position

In reality they will be hung

And taken for helicopter lessons

Those who understand real-life

Know that such mental gymnastics

Are masturbatory pantomime

Ego-gratification of the classists

To deny organic life  
And all that entails  
Is to precipitate the strife  
Of the holy war racial

Ignoring reality they are  
The willfully blind and ignorant  
Who care not for the future  
Of their fellow Aryan kin

They seek to hide in privilege  
To take the money and run  
Just like rat in the grain bin  
Leaving their droppings behind

The world of organic life  
Condemned by A-Brahamists  
As a veil of tears and strife  
In their anti-nature stance

This is the world of beings  
And their essential nature  
Should one be unable to see  
This fact, he reveals his lowly stature

Reality denial and willful ignorance

The mentality of these hypocrites

These cowards who are unable

To face truth and consequence

The truth is that all are different

No snowflake or leaf the same

And yet distinct types of organism

No 'individual' of abstract claim

To ignore the organic difference

Of the differentiated order

Is to precipitate one step

Through neglecting the laws of nature

Only as a collective

Will the individual survive

As no man is an island

Living with none at his side

When chaos erupts throughout this world

They who are most unified

Will be most likely to endure

To perpetuate their kind

Until then the hypocrites  
Will tuck their tail and run  
Will hide away with their profits  
In their warrens of suburbia

These filth, traitors all  
Are most deserving of death  
The privileged caste deserves to fall  
And with it their foreign pests

They neglect the laws of life  
And deny their reality  
That all are of distinct kinds  
And none may have equality

Those who foolishly persist  
In attempting to hammer in  
A square peg into this  
A round hole are idiots

Kind after kind  
Seed having life itself  
The organic design  
Of the Divine Will

## Badges of Shame

Through the history of jewry

They have made known

Their deceitful perfidy

Their lack of care bestowed

They have employed their treachery

Through cunning wiles of subterfuge

And through their tainted history

Have others used and abused

As a reaction to their presence

To that of a plague rat or Louse

Their host have usually reckoned

They must identify and single them out

They did conceive of devices

To signify the carriers of plague:

Hats; badges and other items

To serve as cautionary warning

In the medieval ages

They were forced to wear

The *pileus cornutum*

Could be seen from afar

Under the dhimmitude of sharia

They were further coerced

To wear the badge of the donkey

Bells which signaled their presence

This trend continued throughout

Their sordid historical trek

Throughout the ages their account

Was always marked with a badge

The National Socialists adopted this trend

And conferred upon in their star

Yellow color of mercurial cunning

Their stolen yantram of Shiva

Within the concentration camps

All were color-coded

With various badges

That their sins denoted

The jews had their star of Shiva

The alleged 'Magen Dovid'

Of various colors to sort them

Into criminal categories

There were badges for miscegenants

Jews who contaminated the pure blood

And for Aryan female miscreants

Who partook of this perverse 'love'

Hobos and sex perverts

Also were branded

Zoophiles; pedos and deviants

Were given the blackest triangle badges

The freemason traitor scum

Along with other political whores

Were marked with red triangles

Inverted, to their vice underscore

Other traitorous pseudo-spiritualists

Such as the Jehovah's Witnesses

Were marked with brown badges

Connoting the stench of their arrogance

Their refusal to do their duty  
To the nation they lived off  
A Trojan horse within their society  
Passively to undermine they sought

Work shy bums and vagrants  
Alcoholics and imbeciles  
These were in the camps crowded  
Marked with black triangles

Throughout the history of the world  
The populations have signified  
Their dislike of criminals  
And foreign pests who with them reside

These have always received  
Their marks of Cain  
On the part of the caste ruling  
To ensure the people's safety

They see a pedagogical function  
To enlighten the broad masses  
Through primitive symbolism  
To intuitively impress upon them

Christians too were branded  
With badges of shame  
A pig the most significant  
To reveal their base born greed

The markings were usually precise  
And connoted the inner being  
Of the branded, undesirable types  
Who all were thereby made to see

### **Resentment Morality**

The governing principle of this world  
Is that of spiteful hatred  
Antagonism to all aspiring heroes  
And all who reject self debasement

They who stand above  
In terms of excellence  
Are bespattered with mud  
And from achieving things prevented

The mob of cowardly trash  
Work is a collective force  
A putrescent fecal mass  
To others suppress and coerce

In their mind they are heroes  
Of 'virtue' and 'morality'  
For any who are desirous  
Of greatness, they are enemies

Whether christian or communist  
These gutter trash deplore  
Any who stand above them  
Reflect their visage as in a mirror

Like the wicked witch  
In the fairy tales of yore  
The filthy christian-communists  
Would smash the image of the hero

This is revealed throughout  
The annals of the past  
Their destructive influence amounts  
To a dark age of ignorance

They have the resentment  
Towards all who display  
Excellence and superlative  
Virtue which causes them dismay

The heroic achievements  
Of Aryan mankind  
They would in unreason  
Cast into oblivion's fire

In a world of decay  
Whose very principles  
Are oriented toward a base  
And degenerated populace

Such a world cannot stand  
And is doomed to fall  
As it's kosher name brand  
Is that: "all must be equal"

Equal underneath the jew  
The despot of the earth  
The one who must rule  
And enslave the worst

Leveling equality has never  
Conferred upon anyone  
A boon or a favor  
That has lasted very long

Rather deflates  
The sails of the Imperial ships  
Victory and heroism negates  
Takes away the will to win

To instill in the consciousness  
The notion of equality  
As a moral imperative  
A fundamental axiom of 'morality'

This universal *acroam*  
Is quickly revealed in its falsehood  
A sentimentalist poem  
Could not conceal the greater good

That nothing is equal  
And never will be  
That all are one or not at all  
A patent absurdity

All life is struggle  
And differentiated order  
An expression of Divine Will  
The alternative chaos, disorder

They who lack the virtues  
Of the elite caste  
Are with jealousy imbued  
Ready to the foe attack

Through the system of corruption  
Which overshadows the world  
Is one of classist injustice  
Their hostility is understood

In a just society or nation  
In which the person receives  
A proper role and fulfillment  
There is no 'equality'

He receives what he deserves  
In such a hierarchy  
And whether this he prefers  
It is his fate and destiny

## Bourgeois Plutocracy

The money grubbing masses

Within the modern state

Of kosher demo-masonic

Hypocrisy pursue their fate

Their motive principle is fundamentally

'Get' and get some more

A lifelong pursuit of gain and money

Serving the plutocrat bankers

Dead in the jew's money

They sell their soul at a discount

In the land of milk and honey

Fiat currency in their accounts

The illusory nature of this world

Lies in the false promise

Of boundless wealth untold

A veritable treasure chest

In reality a bounced check  
A jingle of unattainable coins  
The scent of untold riches  
Which he can never buy

The bourgeois plutocrats  
Greedy for ill-gotten gain  
Live to rake in the cash  
And for this their soul exchange

Hoarding wealth in their enclaves  
Like Smaug the Dragon  
Their boundless greedy state  
Of loss and gain reckoning

All is reduced to the quantity  
For the plutocrat filth  
With the complete absence of quality  
All reduced to dollar bills

The value of a person  
Is numerically calculated  
The defilement of their essence  
By monetary standards they are rated

The smug arrogance of the bourgeois  
Condescending and ego-driven  
While he gobbles his foie gras  
And guzzles champagne for living

Spitting upon they who are  
Socio-economically beneath  
While he blames them for  
Their life of austerity

He holds them down  
And shuts them out of the world  
Through the eternal rounds  
This has been the rich's standard

While they monopolize all power  
And equate their egos  
Putting themselves on a pedestal  
These arrogant anti-heroes

Within their privileged enclaves  
They conceal themselves away  
Surrounded by police and security  
-A veritable robocop army

They transform the environment  
Into a technocratic prison  
Living in luxury and affluence  
With 'Others' in a ghetto matrix

Constructing a world of slavery  
With themselves as untouchable  
These self servers' knavery  
Creating situations critical

A two-tiered society  
With masters and slaves  
They who 'have' propriety  
And they who 'have not' anything

Blaming the victim offer  
For their own sins  
Which they always transfer  
Onto their poor kin

Scapegoating their victims  
Blaming them for their ills  
That they are subjected to by the system  
For them creates sadistic thrills

This idle caste of parasites  
Invest their idleness  
In harassing those they don't like  
The poorer white 'citizens'

Citizens in name only  
In actuality unpersons  
Swept under the rug of society  
Treated as diseased vermin

The fate of the poorer whites  
Will be a sad affair  
Unless they all unify  
And build strength and power

They must construct networks  
Even if needs be  
Criminal gangs for raw power  
Committing illegalities

To overthrow the elite  
Cast them out of power  
To the pests supersede  
Bring about their final hour

## Demo-Masonry

Façade of power for the people

A simulated potency

A mirage, an illusory chimera

Of justice, occult mockery

Represented by the delusional

The people invest their decisions

Expectant of a grand solution

To all of life's problems

A mere checking of the box

In the reign of quantity

Upon the people of black pox

A disease called democracy

The most astute and competent

Are brought low to their equals

An ignoble stooping, apathetic

Sacrifice of power for 'the people'

In the name of the faceless mass

The corrupt hidden hand

Manipulates by their press

The minds of gullible plebeians

Using the weight of numbers

To hurl against their opponent

Labeled fascist dictators

Those who possess competence

The noble few who oppose the corrupt

Are targeted for elimination

Too ethical, not morally bankrupt

They threaten the rotten establishment

Hence they are vilified

Condemned as 'irredeemable'

Slandered and demonized

By the judeo-masonic cabal

The masses' loyalty is purchased

With the empty promises

Of the democratic churches

And the bureaus of the democrats

Propaganda one way directed  
Toward the mast from the Politburo  
A few more transmission networks  
From the democratic T.V shows

Each corroborates the other  
With a subtle change of voice  
The same messages to uncover  
A Kosher approved set of choice

Paper or plastic, left or right  
The dialectic like a pendulum  
Swinging back and forth to the sight  
Of the masses hypnotized by it

Like a snake charmer they stare  
At the cobra ready to strike  
The naïve folk unaware  
Of their inevitable plight

But neither 'right' nor 'left'  
Holds the key to happiness  
Rather it is the adept  
Mesmerism of the hypnotist

The illusory promises of living  
In the land of milk and honey  
Streets paved with gold and plenty  
Of thrills and cheap amusements

'*Panem et circenses*' promised  
By the political carnival barkers  
Representatives of the masses  
The deceitful illusion makers

Behind the scenes within the inner sanctum  
The demonic rites are practiced  
Those of ancient Lemuria and Chaldea  
Ritual torture and sacrifice

They construe themselves as  
The only 'hue-man' beings  
All else as mere riffraff  
Chaff, sheep for the fleecing

Hoodwinked they are all  
Blinded by the false light  
They believe in their demigods  
The figureheads of the People's 'might'

In the name of 'humanity'  
The demagogues of corruption  
Create chaos and slavery  
Blaming it on their victims

Black magic and witchcraft  
Staged qabbalistic rituals  
Are all the political theater  
That constitute the hyper-real

A simulated world of fiction  
Is orchestrated on the stage  
The theater directors vision:  
To achieve a new golden age

The masses, flocks of sheep  
Shepherded by the iron crooks  
Of the masonic king priests  
Who don't play by the book

They write the rules for the goyim  
The Noahide and statute law  
Which they are always violating  
Following those of 'Jehovah'

"Beyond good and evil"

They esteem themselves

As they abuse the people

Through creating a living hell

The two-tiered society

Continue spiralling down

With the tension of democracy

A cacophony of clowns

The privileged few would master

Their grip on total power

But through their fingers slipped the reins

As they confront the 11th hour

The naïve masses have invested

Their fate in the hidden hands

Have responsibly divested

Conferred upon the freemasons

Have severed ties to the Divine

Absolved themselves of autonomy

Have their consciousness maligned

Placing it in trust with jewry

Their mind merged into the hive  
That of 'spiritual Israel'  
Become more dead than alive  
A living dead goy gentile

The zombified mass is  
Eager to please  
Themselves to display  
Of judaized 'morality'

They have interiorised  
In themselves this creed  
Of jewish falsehood and lies  
'Equality'; 'humanity'; 'fraternity'

"All men are brothers"  
Such is the sickly creed  
That the mass has 'discovered'  
Indoctrinated through cunning

Their mind is a program  
Which conditions them to acquiesce  
To the prison plantation  
Represented as earthly bliss

Fatted bovine animals  
Who feed and fornicate  
Under the democratic mantle  
Their decadence they perpetuate

Willfully blind to the chaos  
They have recourse to a substitute  
A mere check of the ballot box  
Powerless and pathetic fools

The democratic system  
A force lacking legitimacy  
Creating social tensions  
The organic nation fragmenting

Each party is plastique  
Inserted in the joints  
To blow apart social integrity  
At the nation's weakest points

Left versus right  
Male versus female  
The devious kikes  
Their enemies assail

Their means of destruction  
Subterranean and silent  
With the shades of the demonic  
They impose their violence

The ballot box philosophy  
Will only last so long  
The thin veneer of democracy  
Is into tatters and holes worn

"One (wo)man, one vote"  
The total dispersal of power  
Leads us down hells' road  
Towards our darkest hour

The quicksand of democracy  
Is deposited by the fools  
Who have had their ideology  
Gifted and by the jews

A mind program of destruction  
Of cerebral syphilis  
Rotting their feeble cranium  
And trapping them in the matrix

The corruption of the nation  
Is designed to have an end  
The blueprint of devastation  
To install zion's despotism

The nigredo phase in politics  
Designed as scorched earth  
The neoliberal democratic  
Time-bomb to destroy 'the world'

'Tikkun Olam' the blueprint  
Described by the Pharisees  
The marks of the devils' hoofprints  
Are concealed from the plebeians

The dust must be blown away  
To reveal their treachery  
To expose the masses and jewry  
That justice may then reign

Else the world will cease  
And the desert engulf us  
Then the masses will have their 'peace'  
In their whited sepulchers

## Differentiated Order

Emanation from the source

A Divine dispensation

The galactic center's force

From the void radiating

"Let there be light"

Manifestation of Divine Will

The luminescence crystallized

Making the motions still

The densification of the forms

Which constitute our world

Or from the aether formed

Into phenomenon tangible

The plagiary rather

On the part of the Demiurge

Trapping all in matter

The heavens he would scourge

The violent assault of key  
Who is praised as the highest  
Has imposed his plagiary  
Deceived and blinded us

His 'creation' is affirmed to be  
The noblest and most pure  
Yet trapping us in entropy  
His designs are sinister

We exist within the rounds  
Of the cycles of incarnation  
Our souls' vitality erodes  
Through process of degeneration

We must oppose our slave master  
Who the mass of sheep venerate  
Who have become attached to  
This base-born transient state

Trapped within the cosmic wheel  
The cycle of spatio-temporality  
Ground in Grotti's mill  
Our souls' breakdown, atrophy

Trapped within the matrix prison  
We cycle through the incarnations  
Attached to transient worldliness  
In samsara's river, bath of acid

The blueprints of our enslavement  
Follow the rightwards swastika  
Dressed in the black raiment  
Of theocratic religious dogma

The cycle of entropy clockwards flows  
The emanations from the galactic center  
Crystallizing into a denser soul  
Ever increasing until the fimbulvetir

The densification of the soul  
The fate of all who adhere  
To the mind programs which extol  
Pacifistic, cowardice and fear

The creeping slaves of the system  
Have submitted themselves  
To have upon their necks riveted  
Slave collars, iron manacles

Their minds captive in the hive  
A network of egregoric bonds  
A demonic intelligence contrived  
To enslave the witless pawns

Christianity designed  
To reduce all to slaves  
A passive drone in the hive  
Powerless, eager to obey

To instill in the consciousness  
A self image of a martyr  
A christ-like crucifixion  
To castrate the warriors

Living only to die  
Following the blueprint  
Of end times prophecy  
And receive 'treasures in heaven'

Rather than with honor  
Fight on the mundane  
And to route their masters  
And cast off their chains

The programs of passive slaves  
Have been used throughout the ages  
Through the use of christianity  
To pollute their naïve brains

The order of the world  
Has become a prison of inertia  
All dynamic vital forces  
Become congealed on Gaia

These blueprints preach to the masses:  
"All are equal, created by the One"  
And mandate slavish adherence  
To this creed of mongrelization

A universal mind control  
Template of ideology  
Claiming to come from the universal  
The Demiurge deity

Having the weight of authority  
That everything is one  
That no difference need be  
Indeed is forbidden

That differentiated order  
Is the greatest of transgressions  
To affirm the existence of an 'Other'  
Merits total annihilation

This the universalist prescription  
Which prohibits any question  
Of the false presuppositions  
That are egalitarianism

In order to achieve a Divine state  
A universal order of the ages  
To write a new page in history  
On the book of life's bloody pages

One must pursue the trek  
Of the National Socialists  
Follow in their footsteps  
To eternal victory of the Aryan

To preserve identity  
To achieve authenticity  
To oppose the degeneracy  
Of Aryan humanity

Else as Hitler said

All will circle through the aether

Of the bottomless empyrean

And all will be meaningless

### Undifferentiated Chaos

The fragmented world

Into which we are thrown

Derived from higher planes

Billions of years ago

All emanated from the cosmic womb

Manifested under influence of Divine Will

Through the impotence of the Prince of buffoons

Entropy followed suit, atrophy of our soul

The higher planes of Being

Become crystallized

The platonic Ideas

Crudely densified

The higher beings and souls  
Trapped in encrustations  
Of coarsely material  
Demiurgic emanations

Our lucky chance we possess  
Full of meaning and promise  
To spiritual heights manifest  
That our soul may belong to us

To elevate our frequency  
And integrate it within  
To enhance our energies  
Of material excreta disburden

Such is the mission  
Of the Aryan Virya  
Who refuses to give in  
And to live in Eternia

The chaos forces  
Of this world of strife  
Are thrown against us  
To snuff out our inner light

They attempt to utilize  
The subtle magnetic fields  
To trap us in their web of lies  
And drain our souls to the gills

These chaos magicians  
Black magic deploy  
As their foremost weapon  
To strike at the hated 'goy'

With fiends from the aether  
They pursue their course  
Constructed from the darkness  
By the evil alien horde

Receiving instruction from the E.Ts  
Their seraphim and the angelic beings  
These dark mages play for keeps  
Seek to manifest their power mad dreams

Through the usage of chaos upon their foes  
Orchestrate hardship, create confusion  
Upon them stress impose  
Blame it on a scapegoat

These manipulative hidden hands  
Are a pestilential presence on the land  
Requiring removal by the Aryans  
Else they will bring about the Dawn of the dead

The Aryan warriors, awakened ones  
Are the only forces which can overcome  
This creaturely foe subterranean  
Who traffics with lower astral denizens

The chaos of this world of vice  
Becomes unbearable in the container of strife  
To the bursting point pressurized  
Ready to explode, revolution ignite

The Warriors ready to engage  
Their long hated foe and enemy  
Their culture defiled, women raped  
Soon to cull the demon seed

Else the greatest travesty  
Will manifest on this vale of tears  
Should noble Aryan humanity  
Cease to be after all these years

Then truly the chaos will descend  
And civilization meet its end  
The savages fall upon themselves and rend  
Each other limb from limb

The demonic hordes in the astral  
Will feed upon their slavish chattels  
Absorb their souls through the battle  
Move on to the next planet to farm their cattle

#### **Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin**

*Credo absurdam est*

A religion of the parasite pest  
In subterranean darkness  
Concocted out of basest hatred

Moses the despotic jew  
Ascends the mountain of Sinai  
Reaches out and is issued  
Orders from his G-d on high

Commandments for the enslaved  
Of the mundane and profane  
To rule over all the goyim  
His mission on the earth plane

The creed formulated to  
Drag us all down into the abyss  
To the lowest level reduce  
All to the brute simian

Their disintegrative program  
Designed to tear down  
'The nations' and the goyim  
To jewry bestowed the crown

The spiteful hatred of the kike  
Manifesting itself in a program  
To make all differences alike  
To destroy and defiled the organism

The higher and nobler breed  
At him jewry casts his gaze  
And with seething jealousy  
Would cast his rival into the grave

Being of a weak constitution  
He hides away in the dark  
With the mask of the good samaritan  
A poisoned knife behind his back

His outer visage does not reflect  
The inner mainspring of action  
With cunning the treacherous  
Jew prepares his vengeance

His mind program cunningly devised  
To cripple the will of his mark  
To his grandiose projects realize  
And the naïve dupe to knife in the dark

A program and creed of pacifism  
Is created by the Kehilla of parasites  
And to the mass consciousness  
Injected as a tenacious mind virus

The self-destructive creed and program  
That jewry had devised  
Was formulated to render passive  
The slaves that they exploit

The sermon on the Mount  
A creed of effeminacy  
To 'the Lord' they must account  
For the 'sin' of living

With such a crippling device  
Installed upon his mind  
The program of 'Lord christ'  
In reality a magic bind

The witchcraft of the jew  
A qabbalistic magician  
Was vectored, transmitted through  
Their plagiarism of ancient wisdom

Syncretized into an amalgam  
The *credo absurdum est*  
Christ-insanity the jews' program  
To manipulate their charges

The mind virus installed  
Into their consciousness  
Nobler goals abolished  
Christians live to serve the pests

They must scrape before the jew  
Bow in cowardly servility  
Worship these 'chosen few'  
And reduce themselves to penury

The transformation of the Aryan  
From a noble heroic figure  
To a creeping pathetic servant  
Cleaning the decadents' ordure

This the state into which  
The mass have been reduced  
The noble, creative and heroic  
Have been hamstrung and abused

The cowardly creeps the jews  
Bound with their overlords  
Have managed to control the fools  
Called devotees of 'the word'

This 'word' the empty term  
Which purports to be so great  
And which instead is absurd  
With no content empty vacuity

The thought forms of 'christ'  
And 'YHVH Jehovah'  
Are programs of vice  
Which indoctrinate the goyim

These create a soul bind  
Of black magic witchcraft  
Capture the hearts and minds  
Of the naïve in their trap

To cut out the tumor  
Of Christ-insanity  
The spiritual syphilitic humor  
That plagues humanity

This must be done  
As a true moral imperative  
It we must overcome  
To rekindle the spark of the Aryan

## Society of Lies

Within a society of constant lies  
We stand on sinking sand  
No firm foundation on which to try  
And build a future grand

All things which in a nation  
Built on Truth and Justice  
Which one could rely upon  
Are unstable and fragile

The world of planned obsolescence  
Founded on the transient flow  
Of the opinion of the capricious  
Who are here today, gone tomorrow

Nothing can serve as a basis  
A support of a sustainable  
Cultural Tradition, as to maintain it  
Requires a bedrock of the Eternal

A crystal palace not of glass  
One which may resist the chaos  
None of its windows smashed  
Like a paradise for anarchists

Rather a diamond hard structure  
Unassailable by all opponents  
Who hurl their rough hewn stones  
At the illusion of the vulnerable

A world of animality  
Of brutal struggle, play of forces  
That pit each against each  
In the octagon of the matrix

This the world of illusion  
That is the material plane  
A chaos of confusion  
Which hobbles us, renders lame

Traps us within its leaded  
Prison cell structure  
Our soul thereby is deadened  
Its frequency is lowered

To engage in such a world  
With its welter of confusion  
Is to navigate enemy turf  
With all hunting for his person

The masters of the lie  
Have elevated themselves  
Above the nobler kind  
Who Truth and Justice espouse

They who have no honor  
No regard for any other  
Who lie to the 'goyim'  
Deceive even each other

Weaving a perpetual web  
Of lies to cover lies  
To butter their refined bread  
And make endless alibis

At the expense of others  
They feast and fatten  
Exploiting those they call 'goyim'  
Mere cattle, beasts of burden

Within the swamp of lies  
The biggest liar wins  
Over the smaller fry  
The sharks the guppies rend

Will to power is their ethic  
The conquering hordes  
Trample all others in the dirt  
And on their corpses gorge

Having no higher motive  
No attachment to Spirit  
They are not affected  
By their destructive actions

They delight in murder  
In deceiving other kinds  
Who in their psychotic consciousness  
Are mere animals to bind

The same cannot understand  
That others may exceed  
Their brutal state of consciousness  
Are elevated above the beast

They can only view the world  
From their base born depth  
From the frog perspective of the churl  
In the lower astral are trapped

Hence have no comprehension  
No superlative grasp  
Of the internal dimensions  
In which they'll never last

They are the pawns of fate  
Of the G-d, the Demiurge  
And cannot help but violate  
Other nations as a scourge

#### **Four Horsemen of the Metropolis**

The rotten core of America's apple  
The den of vice and corruption  
A ruby pin in the lapel  
And his briefcase bills counterfeit

The political hack in his high office  
Staring down upon the world  
Counts the newly minted cash  
The evidence in the fireplace crackles

Running for public office  
The shiny happy hypocrite  
His honeyed tongue deceives us  
The illusion called 'democratic'

Behind the scenes a philanderer  
And worse a black magician  
In his lodge he is a murderer  
A rapist and torturer of children

In public view he is pristine  
A noble and strapping hero  
He lives the American dream  
And yet spiritually he is a zero

The political hack earns his pay  
Through falsehood and dissimulation  
In the mega-church he prays  
To his true God worldly mammon

Meanwhile the pious priest  
To all appearances and angel  
In the dark recesses he  
buggers children in the confessional

Sadistic mage of the dark side  
Within the realm of sanctimony  
He has witchcraft magic hides  
Under the mantle of 'the holy'

Both mages of the dark side  
In public view a saintly kind  
And in their private lives  
Demons when removing their disguise

The school principal walks about  
His fiefdom microcosm  
His true vocation to justify and account  
For his own pederast transgressions

These public figures represent  
Themselves as paragons  
In the public mind are heaven sent  
To bestow virtue upon us

In reality the embodiment  
Of all sub-human vices  
Traffic with infernal denizens  
Who bind their souls and them possess

The common street criminal  
Is no innocent victim  
The vice of the rulers trickles  
Down, into the gutters of the ghetto

The entire metropolis  
Pervaded with dark energies  
The land of the tenebrous  
Negative alien entities

Through their networks above  
Controlled by the dark forces  
The lower-level minions  
Serve as nodes in the network

These sell their souls for gain  
Temporal power and fame  
Seeking to reincarnate  
And to repeat the same mistakes

Having no future in Eternity  
They cling to the transient  
But neither a peppercorn nor a penny  
Will they take with them

Their spending spree life  
Is exhausted in a moment  
A blink of times' eye  
Their souls by entities absorbed

The metropolis will fall  
In the midst of planned chaos  
Yet they will not be around  
To capitalize on the loss

They who do not dwell within  
The metropolis of misery  
May for a time avoid the influence  
Of the curse of modernity

However as the recent times  
Have testified to its function  
The cancerous tumor of crime and vice  
As a desert it encroaches

These remaining remnants  
Who dwell within this sewer  
Must oppose its metastasis  
With their martial willpower

They may not be sufficient  
In numbers or degree  
Of strength to bring the combat  
Within the bowels of the city

Hence from without there must be  
A mustering of the forces  
From the peasant nobility  
To oppose this vortex of chaos

Else into it all will absorb  
Vampirized of its life force  
As the Shire by the dark Lord  
Penetration of the eye of Mordor

The return of the departed king  
The Kyffhauser Mountains  
Barbararossa, bearer of the ring  
Arisen to lead the Aryans

The confrontation with the world

The asphalt of crime and vice

Will be the last battles' herald

Signaling the end of times

The noble of blood will rise

With the looming threat of danger

The heroes of the dark times

Enter the fray against Fenrir

Like the free companies of old

The freikorps against the alien

All must strike at the foe

And do their most effective

The city of vice pollutes the land

With the corrupt progeny of its culture

From the womb of the hidden hand

Emanate the furies of the sepulchre

Be they in suburb or the ghetto

Or high rise penthouse

All partake of the infernal

All possessed by the dark host

The network of communication  
Which spreads itself across the world  
A spider's web of ruination  
Poisoning even the purest wells

None may escape into the woods  
Hiding away with their cash  
And their cornucopia of 'goods'  
For in the end they will be dead

The mark of Cain follows them  
As an indelible brand  
Seared upon the soul their sins  
Which no expiation will cleanse

Save with their blood and lives  
Those vectors of the darkness  
Their self-serving web of lies  
Will eventually strangle them

The den of iniquity  
Which is the metropolis  
The system of slavery  
Cybernetic prison matrix

Classism within is rampant

All are segregated

Into their caste's encampment

Factions of economic warfare

The poor are crushed beneath the wheel

The rich live in decadence

Protected by their iron heel

Who enforce their corruption

Lording over those less fortunate

They bully them about

Or drive-by with apathy and indifference

Their focus on career and bank account

All is a result of selfishness

The limitation of the mind

Which is restricted to transience

Divorced from the sublime

Only when their lives are threatened

Will they transcend their ego

And cease to think of possession

And position within the Metropolis

The leveling chaos must result  
To eliminate the disparity  
Of artificial classes based on wealth  
Which subvert quality by quantity

Only then will a new world dawn  
A veritable golden age  
In which all are more than pawns  
Trapped within a gilded cage

The four Horsemen of the Metropol  
Out for plunder and exploitation  
Riding over the fertile soil  
Leaving in their wake devastation

They will be stopped else the world  
Will no longer have any worth  
And will be left to whirl  
In the great void of cosmic strife

## Low Trust, No Trust Society

Trust in others is imperative  
Without such a stable bond  
Nothing but chaos in the nation  
With nothing and no one to rely upon

No bond of loyalty exists  
In the fine print of the contract  
Nor any empty promises  
Of imports from foreign lands

Only the blood's magnetic bond  
Can unify a nation  
And they who blood purity wrong  
May be deemed violators

The multi-cultist society  
A community of diverse kinds  
Though considered an impropriety  
It must be said: a total lie

Such 'nation' is not

A mere empty state form

Anemic in its blood

An apple filled with canker worms

To extend one's trust to others

Who have no kinship of blood

Is to one's fate ensure

Hardship with no loss of love

Each unto each by themselves

The unity of their tribal folk

The basis upon which they evolve

The strength or weakness of the folk

Failing unity based on blood

There exists only a temporary bond

The thin tissue of valence

Broken, when times go from right to wrong

The bonds of self interest lie

Within the protective mantle

Of the ancestral tribe

The only unity that is stable

Those who seek to violate  
The bonds of blood which unite  
Will increasing strength create  
And their self interest deny

Only within the collective  
Can one fulfill his will  
As he is a part of it  
At the highest level

His being derived therefrom  
And thereto is bound  
It sustains his existence  
And death results without

No reincarnation may occur  
Outside of the tribe  
As the souls' inherent structure  
Is contained inside

Perhaps the highest element  
Of his vital being  
Can depart the collective  
Find another form of meaning?

Regardless, in so far as he  
An integral soul desires  
He must maintain unity  
With the group so that he prospers

To sacrifice himself  
For his tribal group  
Is to heavenly wealth  
For himself accrue

"Trust in God" the poster says  
But the wise will acknowledge  
That trust may only be had  
In the blood of his ancestors

Yet the distinction is artificial  
As blood is spiritual fire  
The akasha within the vial  
Of the body in which it inheres

This the embodiment  
Of the Divine Will  
On the earth an instrument  
The soul's vehicle

Trust in the Divine

And in oneself

Rooted in the earth

The key to the nation's health

The 'nation of individuals'

Is an impossible fact

Their unity is minimal

As they murder their opponents

All against all

The warrior today

Behind the eight ball

The children of Kali

The condition of the modern world

Is that of savagery

Crude, violent and bestial

Optimal conditions for slavery

That no trust may be had

A community of all and sundry

That all relations are bad

In terms of sustainability

Nothing can be sustained  
When it is based on falsehood  
On the pleasure or the pain  
Of the individuals' fleeting mood

Only the Eternal Truth  
Of the blood can sustain  
And build strong nations through  
Racial loyalty and unity

### **Rainbow World**

The seven colors  
Seven planets  
Seven rays  
Emanations

The rainbow world of differentiation  
Divine manifestation  
Archontic crystallization  
Diamond body integration

Inherence within the prison  
Of mundane samsaric illusion  
The vortex of perpetual motion  
Self-propelling wheels' rotation

This the beauty and elegance  
That is the Divine's inherence  
Within and as *natura naturans*  
The trees; rocks and metal elements

Fire; Earth; water; air  
The fifth element the aether  
Plasmations of the Demiurge  
And the lower archons to the earth

This crystallized matrix form  
The tissue in which we dwell  
To the starry heavens a springboard  
Away from this living hell

The earth and all its beauty  
Defiled by the alien host  
Which would as their despotic duty  
Make our lives painful, miserable

A pestilence released on earth  
Their presence exists to defile  
All the elegance of its structure  
Rendering it ugly and vile

The black magic of these ghouls  
They use to transform beauty  
Into a reeking cadaverous stew  
Condemning it all as 'worldly'

The rainbow flag they exalt  
And posit as symbolic of  
A demonic perverse assault  
Against the 'higher love' of Jehovah

In truth an act of black magic  
An inversion of Eternal Truth  
That supersedes their limited  
Consciousness whose ignorance is proof

They smear the seven colored flag  
With the excreta of deviance  
Creating an ignominious rag  
Through witchcrafts' false associations

The wisdom of the ancients  
Which knew the modes of being  
Of the seven chakras and their placement  
Within the micro cosmos skein

This knowledge hidden and buried  
Concealed from the profane  
Hoodwinked and harried  
To agree to Tradition desecrate

The fools of modernity  
The 'westernized masses'  
The churchgoers especially  
Jehovized and ignorant

These witless pawns of evil  
Fail to understand the game  
Of witchcraft diabolical  
Cunning plans of normative inversion

That the current representation  
Constructed image of the real  
Is naught but a simulacrum  
A counterfeit, a raw deal

To keep the masses in ignorance  
And to hoard all the knowledge  
To restrict it to the elitists  
Who enslave all the masses

All hidden wisdom  
Accessible to the meritorious  
Is perversely twisted  
Rendering it opprobrious

Warding off the healthy  
From partaking of the Truth  
They would trap in slavery  
Their instruments of use

The seven colors shine still  
Though the blind masses fail to see  
In the wide celestial  
Overarching canopy

The defiled, encrusted rag  
Which has limited our knowledge  
To a mockery of fags  
A sad testament to our Tradition

Under the mental shackles  
Of judeo-christianity  
One's possession of gnosis  
He is obstructed from attaining

The black magicians would have  
All view the world with one eye  
Be blind and ignorant  
Trapped in fear and trembling

Only an acquaintance  
With the past may redeem  
The recollection of Tradition  
Through the blood memory

### **Grey World**

Organic light and natural beauty  
Defiled by the encrustation  
Superimposed strife, Demiurgic plagiary  
Demonized spiritual being

His minions on the earth plane

Serving his agenda

Controlled puppets of his brain

Demonic artificial intelligence

The intent to harvest of souls

From the material plane

Through creating a prisoner world

Matrix tissue overlaid

The minions of the Demiurge

Of Abrahamic faith

Of A- Brahma, Jehovic urge

Driven by malevolent entities

These create the equivalent

Of the matrix on the earth

Develop diabolical systems

Install harvesting infrastructure

Churches; mosques and temples

And bars, dens of iniquity

Designed to siphon the life force

Into the vampiric entities

Spray-painted murals of color  
On concrete walls of confinement  
Hollow mockery of ignoble 'sirs'  
To manipulate the levers of the asylum

All is simulacral within this world  
A perverse overlay of artifice  
A trap in which our very souls  
Are suborned to high finance

The false appearances of the world  
Though full of false light and life  
Are simply blinds to the eternal  
Sources of desire and strife

The manipulators of the hidden hand  
Ensure to offer the poison Apple  
To the healthy few who still stand  
Amidst the rest of their chattel

To partake of their false gifts  
Entails a *reductio absurdam*  
To the level of consciousness  
Of the witless goyim

To inebriate the mind  
And to undergo the *delirium tremens*  
By the illusions made blind  
On the temporal become fixated

Machines of industry designed  
To further rape and destroy the land  
To serve the greed of demonic kind  
And the rapacious hidden hand

The infrastructure of the earth  
Designed to harvest souls  
Of plant and mineral and metals  
Of the subhuman cattle

A world of chaos and confusion  
A perpetual whirlpool  
A diabolic vortex of vampirism  
To absorb the souls of the fools

The strife generated perpetually  
In the name of 'economics'  
And the metastasis of GDP  
To justify energy vampirism

Creating stress and strife

The occupation of the land

The desecrated paradise

The violence of the hidden hand

All two serve the entities

Who upon the poor in spirit feed

Who are thereby 'blessed be'

By these vampiric entities

The iron cage coated in

Rainbow-colored plastic

Our home, better called a prison

Within the illusion matrix

Fornicate, feed and 'produce'

Rape the womb of Gaia

To increase the release of loosh

Into the maws of the aliens

## Shiksa

The shiksa of the western world  
An appropriate label for the 'Princess'  
Placed by all on a pedestal  
So that she may displace her betters

The cunning jews in the shadows scheme  
Installing her in her figurehead position  
Inside her barbie doll material dream  
They with luxurious gifts shower her

The feminist female installed  
On the bureaucratic throne  
And behind the scenes the devil  
Manipulates her as his puppet drone

Her foolish mind blind to the facts  
That she is a useful pawn  
A chess piece of the globalists  
To be sacrificed for a song

She serves as an instrument  
Of the displacement of white men  
And yet think she is heaven sent  
A Divine angelic emanation

The despotic consciousness of the shiksa  
Her will to power as feminist  
With caprice ruling like a pasha  
Has deleterious consequences

Neglect for the law of consequence  
Of simple cause-and-effect relation  
Blinded by sentimentalism  
She proceeds to ruin the nation

In the name of 'love' and 'peace'  
She opens the floodgates of the kingdom  
And allows to pour in the meek and weak  
In her queenly gesture of usurpation

'Unclean meat'; 'menstrual blood'  
The Yiddish words describe the whore  
Who lives in comfort amidst the flood  
And delegates her more unpleasant chores

The feminist whore betrays her kind  
Sells her soul to the kikes  
And muds and other deviant types  
As long as she's in the public light

The false spotlight of matriarchy  
Lets her live amidst the collective  
In the despotic hierarchy  
She seeks perpetual elevation

Her mirror of vanity lies beside her  
Into which she stares habitually  
In her self-serving agenda  
She neglects posterity

Her ancestors she does defile  
Sells her grandfathers' heirlooms  
Urinate on her forebears' grave site  
Collector filthy lucre too

If she wants she can have more  
Finding a sperm and money donor  
Spreads her legs like a whore  
The privilege of a postmodern woman

She deprives men of careers  
Obstructs the progress of the world  
Darkens the sky of this vale of tears  
As she rides the beast like a whore

Her simple mind fixated  
On her selfish self  
As the mother goddess figure  
In the center of it all

She needs others to stare  
Into her vanity mirror  
In order to carry out her affairs  
And to be the most popular

A shiksa she nonetheless remains  
In spite of all appearances  
Her chaotic, emotional brain  
Suited to a nurse and caregiver

Her Prince charming must come to save her  
Else the higher culture is doomed  
And in its place will be a graveyard  
Wherein the superman has his tomb

## Hive Mind

Egregoric prison structure  
Enscorning all and sundry within  
An all pervasive bubble  
In which the goldfish swim

They cannot think without  
The gelatinous ooze which binds them  
And in which they carry out  
Their drudgery in a state of blindness

Their consciousness manipulated  
Through electrical transmissions  
Whether feelings of 'love' or 'hatred'  
For their masters are mere goyim

The inputs transmitted to them  
Are broadcast from technology  
Controlled by inner space aliens  
Who enslave Gaia and 'humanity'

The fools witless, unthinking  
Believe their thoughts are theirs  
While in the bars they are drinking  
And in the churches transmit their prayers

Possessed by the entities they are  
Within the hive mind egregore  
By the Prince of the Dark Star  
In Orion, their souls harvested

#### **Will to Truth**

Will to power is the creed of the brute  
He who dwells within the arena  
Whose life of combat is his pursuit  
Of a victory that could only be pyhrric

Tantalus grasping at the rotten fruit  
Which hangs over his head on the vine  
And all in ravenous this he would abuse  
To gain the morsel before he expires

His will to power is his undoing  
In the arena all contestants he beats  
Until his turn comes he is 'winning'  
But to lose is his fate ultimately

The game of life he plays with vigor  
An adept at enduring its obstacles  
All life is struggle and the bigger  
Overcomes day to our weekend 'pitiful'

Such is the credo of the 'world'  
A transient chaos of becoming  
Within the wheel of hardened steel  
The cycle of temporality

The sage within the matrix lives  
Yet his true being persists  
Within the maelstrom of the city of Dis  
He dwells in Eternia on earth as in heaven

His will is oriented above  
Toward the gods of Olympus  
His gaze on the broad celestial  
The blue azure above the material

The sage lives the contemplative life  
Away from the fray and its perpetual strife  
Yet on the battlefield he dies  
A martyr to Truth amidst the lies

The red knight prepares for war  
In suit of immortal vajra  
An integral being spiritually pure  
Through combat and victory in battle

Nonetheless his feet on the ground  
He is anchored in the worldly battle  
With weapons of war he is endowed  
With the fools to beat off the stampeding cattle

The magician adept he unifies  
Both Spirit and matter within  
His body he does spiritualize  
To gird himself with armor and weapons

He engages the enemy from the heights  
Bringing down the Divine forces  
Communing with the gods in the fight  
The blows of the Norns he suffers

His will to truth is no escape  
From the broad Elysian fields  
Rather on them he does engage  
Yet descending from the Celestial

His will to Truth serves his purpose  
Fulfilling his destiny as best he may  
Incarnating on the earth his Telos  
To carry the battle to the enemy

He understands within himself  
The motor principle of the war  
That between the forces of evil  
And those of the blue azure

He has no choice but to choose  
No reservation or resignation  
He must enter against the scourge  
Of the forces of heavenly Elysium

To bring upon the earth a state  
'Civitas dei' the heavenly city  
Through his will and skill is made  
Through the defeat of the enemy

His will to Truth is will to power  
Elevated beyond finitude  
Situated in the green land, Eternia  
His actions match his attitude

One of transcendent grace  
Of an elevation beyond immanence  
Of a recognition of his place  
Within the world of transience

This capacity to perceive the Truth  
The necessary state enabling him  
To test the facts, tender proof  
Of the Truth and falsehood of men

They can perceive the liars  
With their cruel smiles and evil designs  
These he will dispatch in the fires  
The proper place for infernal kind

His wars is a war of Truth  
To establish the kingdom on earth  
To route the flow and his duty do  
To bury the creatures in the earth

## Will to Truth: Redux

They who live in the Truth  
Have the key to the kingdom  
To others their actions prove  
That they may extend trust to them

On this basis a nation works  
Functions to develop  
And this firm foundation serves  
To all members elevate

Coordination of all parties  
In their thoughts; emotions and actions  
All are on the same frequency  
A complex of elegant integration

Like the gears in a watch  
They mesh without the slightest deviation  
Each finds his place, an exact match  
For him the optimal location

A nation based on the truth  
Will permit they who resonate  
Will the healthy element include  
And the sickly remove or eliminate

Such a nation will express  
The utmost potential of its members  
Will reveal to all its people's best  
Their creative talents and endeavors

Such a nation will attain  
The highest state its able  
Even should all enemies  
Work against it to it disable

Such is the manifestation of Divine Will  
Working through its earthly emissaries  
They achieve what the higher instills  
Regardless of their adversaries

They who don't act on Truth  
And who instead live to defile  
The Good; the True and Beautiful  
Are soon the cast in the lake of fire

Any group of cacophonous beings  
Of this nature will always fail  
To attain their corrupted dreams  
As any rotten fruits will not avail

These same souls will inevitably  
Cease their sick and perverse lives  
In a state of lower frequency  
Disintegrate, the fragmentation of their kind

When fortune has enabled  
These sick creatures to enter in  
To the harmonious foreign nation  
To introduce its degeneration

Introducing their perpetual strife  
Into the state of harmony  
To the stable destabilize  
And attempt to instill their hegemony

The process of entropy initiated  
The healthy nation rots from within  
A cancerous tumor incubated  
Destroys its host through metastasis

A slight deviation amounts to  
A larger one and a later point  
And the nation which allows a few  
Will open the floodgates to the blight

From thence the host will suffer the plague  
A virus nearly terminal  
From this pest all progress will then lag  
As the bacillus goes viral

Only they who have eyes to see  
And who alert the folk to the problem  
Will be able to oppose the adversary  
Who has infiltrated the borders to rob them

The war is one of Truth against lies  
Of the noble and pure of the light  
Against the subterranean and vile  
Who wear on their face a crocodile smile

*Christianos ad Leonum*

The witch burnings of the innocent  
Accompanied by the ghoulish grins  
Of the fanatical and ignorant  
Leering at better men and women

The slavish slaves of the Demiurge  
Gathered round the blazing fire  
To sate their bestial and repressed urge  
Under the guise of righteous ire

These sick and creeping perverts  
Delight in their sadistic abuse  
Of all of the good and the pure  
In the name of the fictional jew

The bloody history of this creed  
Which is served to suppress  
Much of the higher meaning  
Of the remnants of Tradition

The dark age of Abraham

A-Brahma, true 'Satan'

The Saturnian limitation

Imposed upon the 'goyim'

One must believe in the jew

Who was executed on the cross

Though no evidence is adduced

And were he nailed up, he would fall off

The absurd stories scribed by the jews

which constitute the mind of the fools

This creed of witchcraft ruse

To the Demiurge bind them to

The karmic history of the pests

Of jewry and their slaves the christians

Necessitates a one-way trip

To the darkest nether region of Dis

Christ-insane these masses are

Their thoughts and opinions mere folly

Mere invented narratives

Described in the east by Pharisees

This program they superimpose  
With violence and aggression  
Through endless persecution of those  
They delight in sadistic harassment

They want to share the 'love of God'  
Venerating a semite on a stick  
Reading the passages that have been taught  
In their naïve minds inculcated

The dogmatists of the Abrahamic faiths  
The violent abuse they manifest  
As they read the 'holy books' pages  
Their sadism a substitute for sex

Their ultraviolet behavior  
Their natural tendency  
Imposed upon all 'Other'  
And revel in their destroying

All are in their minds 'pagans'  
Devils concealing their evil ways  
Which they must for their 'Lord' revenge  
And put all others in the grave

Such is the praxis of the christian  
A proselyte of intolerance  
Of violent irrational aggression  
The virtue they claim 'heaven sent'

The minds of the christians are programmed  
As a ticking time bomb  
To act according to their blueprint  
Set forth in their bibles

From Genesis to Revelation  
They must follow a linear track  
According to the foreign installation  
Implanted in their consciousness

The 'end times' is always here  
The sword of Damocles suspended  
Over their heads inducing fear  
They pray and worship to end it

'End of times' being ever near  
These Wolf crier's forever weeping  
That the Wolf time will appear  
And awake Fenrir from sleeping

This their greatest fear:  
That old scratch should get them  
Hence they must the Lord fear  
Or their soul is in the fire tormented

A life of neurotic inhibition  
Is that bestowed upon them  
Through repetitive and obsessive  
Bible passage consultation

The self program of the mind  
Initiated through upbringing  
And in the churches entities bind  
Amidst the Psalm singing

'Sell it by zealot' the mode  
Of transmission of the dogma  
Both priests and laity will go  
To the lake of fire as their karma

The hypocrisy of these bigots  
Plastered wide on their faces  
Smiling masks of the idiots  
Are in the christian commonplaces

A pretense of help to conceal  
Their will to power desperate  
To gain treasures in the celestial  
Realm through witch hunting sadism

In the church they are beset  
Bound with the infernal  
The entities of nether regions  
Who absorb their feeble souls

These same bind to their charges  
And absorb their energy  
Through quotation of Bible passages  
These demons they are invoking

Throughout the ages these astral parasites  
Bind themselves to their host  
From individuals to whole tribes  
They drain away the vital fluid

The jewish hybrids who were installed  
Upon the earth to force upon  
The host population indigenous  
To violate their cultural organism

To capture the souls of their host  
Bind them through witchcraft  
Is designed to hijack the oversoul  
Of all other nations

To track within the matrix  
Bind to these entities  
Who empower themselves through this  
A vampiric parasite leech

Over time and intensity  
Of the christians' development  
Their perpetual bible reading  
And regular church attendance

This enables the program  
To perpetuate itself  
'Sell it by zealot' marketing  
Ingrained on their souls' to their ill health

A Hebrew laser etching  
Gouging grooves arcane  
Into their minds sketching  
A code of conduct insane

They are programmed round-the-clock  
to proselytize their dogma  
To the 'witches' ferret out  
And to torture those 'anathema'

For their violent aggression  
These sick and sadistic creatures  
Will reap a hellish whirlwind  
When they depart from this vale of tears

Their just fate must be  
To immolate themselves  
And to like the dodo leave  
And ascend into the depths of hell

Their inevitable destination  
To be absorbed into the beings  
Who over them superintend  
And vampirize their energy

The Romans of old were too kind  
Simply casting them to the lions  
While they are in their sick and perverse minds  
Happily departed the earthly plane

Nero of old was poorly advised  
By Seneca his stoic tutor  
To christians too charitable and too kind  
In dealing with this terminal cancer

The Roman Empire fell through  
The inner rot and decay  
From the Near East introduced  
A fever that wouldn't abate

This time the window has nearly shut  
To finish what Nero failed to do  
To in the bonfires burn them up  
The bibles and the christians to

Given the extent of their power  
One must not make drastic moves  
He must commune with the Elder Gods  
And destroy the christians through the Truth

Exposing the lies of these fakes  
These witless pawns of the dark forces  
Who serve as vectors on the mundane  
To bind all as slaves in their churches

Liberation comes at a price  
That being a noble gesture  
A selfless deed of sacrifice  
An a spiritual *Mors Triumphalis*

### Exotic Allure

The foreign flesh of the 'Other'  
Dangled before one's vision  
A mechanism by the foreigner  
To initiate their usurpation

The age-old trade is always plied  
By the cunning infiltrator  
Who inveigles himself inside  
Currying the hosts' favor

The desire of the fallible  
Who is blinded by his lust  
Or by his wonder incorrigible  
In seeking out foreiegness

The allure of the exotic  
The mystery of the unknown  
The curious consciousness  
Of those who venture far from home

The natural inclination of  
The Aryan mind holds its danger  
In research and investigation  
The backlash of the stranger

Trojan horses are introduced  
Into the mind of the Aryan  
To insert therein the spoors  
Of the noxious bacillus

In many cases the poison  
Is transmuted into medicine  
And still others the learned lesson  
Is that of Faustian man

Growth entails expansion  
Just not the form of cancer  
Of an incautious sampling  
Of the foreign smorgasborg

The primitive mind is allured  
And without discrimination  
Falls into a cultural sewer  
And with foreignness is tainted

The foreign object of desire  
Appeals to the primitive mind  
Which wishes to acquire  
Their lust object of sight

Be it women or ideas  
Art or music unusual  
These exotic and appealing dainties  
Are hidden in their truth

They appear to be what they're not  
To the eyes of the undiscriminating  
And on these objects they do glut  
Their greedy consciousness unabating

Those who have the capacity  
To discriminate in their judgments  
In their mind evaluating  
The virtues and vices of the foreign

Not like the christian, willfully blind  
Nor like the cultural dilettante  
Constructing a papier-mâché of the mind  
Of bits and pieces, flotsam and Jetsam

The postmodern pastiche of the superficial  
Is a structure which has no integrity  
Will fall to pieces as an artificial  
Composition of falling modernity

To find integrity in this dark age  
A near impossible task  
And thus as the wisdom of the stage  
He must think before the form he grasps

To bloat one's mind with irrelevance  
With sights and sounds inauthentic  
To tear oneself into 1000 pieces  
Following conflicting tangents

Such is the state of the modern man  
A chaos and a confusion  
That he never knows where he stands  
Blown about in the maelstrom

The wise man of today  
Is found with increasing rarity  
And yet those who are may  
Carve a path in the yuga of Kali

The dry path of asceticism  
Of minimalist and austere living  
Secluding oneself at least *in mente*  
From the chaos of the worldly

He may immerse himself in art  
In the works of beauty that serve  
As a window into the Sacred Heart  
Of the black sun beyond this world

Detachment from the world of chaos  
Is only one possible route to Eternity  
The other remains and is a bigger payoff  
The *ars regia* and other forms of beauty

To fail to follow this nobler path  
One soon discovers his error  
He in the wheel brings about his death  
And his higher Self does murder

They who follow the path to perdition  
Receive their reward inevitably  
That being the souls' extinction  
An outcome they themselves precipitate

The foreign culture and foreign flesh  
Allurements which beguile the mind  
Of these the discerning are not desirous  
But pursue pathways of authentic kind

Those strong and brave enough  
May seek to venture off the track  
But those with no great acquaintance  
Of authenticity had best turn back

Too many have fallen  
Stumbling along life's paths  
Attaching themselves to the foreign  
Falling for the enemy's traps

The healthy man of race  
The Aryan of Divine grace  
Pursues his destiny  
Yet within his lofty place

As Odin on airthrone  
Observes from his Celestial height  
All of they in Midgard home  
And with wisdom he guides

Unless one has inner strength  
And perspicacity of discernment  
He had best immerse himself  
In his ancestral tradition

### **Mors Triumphalis**

Backed into a corner  
Beset on all sides  
Beleaguered by the foreigner  
Who would see that we die

We must unify our folk  
And oppose the desperate horde  
Else we will all go up in smoke  
Amidst the barrage of war

Our cause is fought for Spirit  
To maintain his place on earth  
Though all the foe does fear it  
As it is their final scourge

An orderly world of light  
Not the darkness of the age  
That is now passing by  
Heralding in the next stage

The Piscean age of darkness  
Soon will its dark clouds lift  
And needs a lightning war  
To usher in Aquarius

The battle confronts one daily  
He has no choice but to fight  
Everyone he confronts is his enemy  
And against then he must sacrifice

For the ideal of the kingdom  
Of heaven on earth they engage  
The enemy who rings round them  
And with their life would make them pay

The ancestral battle  
Which has waged throughout the ages  
Continues on its death rattle  
The chaos and pain unabating

That one cannot sit  
On the wall and spectate  
That he must engage in  
The war, he must participate

Should he desire to act out his foolish dreams  
And sit on the sidelines for himself  
He will quickly be torn down by each  
Of the factions, regardless of his stealth

There is no concealment, no escape  
No means of avoiding the inevitable  
He must take his side, plant his stake  
And face the consequences of his decision

The war of all against all  
The storm clouds looming over the horizon  
One will stand or will fall  
Depending on his will and the Nornir

Hence you must confront the facts  
However harsh and unpleasant  
That those of softer temperament  
Would when facing tremble and balk at

Stoically he faces the foe  
Unaffected by their assault  
And does the combat undergo  
To attain victory or Valhalla

"Those who do not wish to fight  
Do not deserve to live"  
As Adolf Hitler said  
The cowardly are no innocents

They will fail inevitably  
As they have laid down  
Their arms before the enemy  
Who is not willing to be merciful

They lie in the dust of the arena  
Attempting to lick the feet  
Of he who looms over them  
And taxes their blood as his fee

These pathetic churl's prostrate  
Themselves before their foes  
Hoping thereby they will escape  
His ruthless hammer blows

*A Mors Triumphalis*

Is the inevitable fate  
Should one not have the power  
To overcome the enemy

A self-sacrifice

Is the dasein of the wise  
Who understand that earthly life  
Entails a finite stretch of Time

That it is an inevitability  
That one must leave this world  
And thus he must in this tragedy  
Play the conquering heroes' role

Though he loses life and limb  
Within the wheel of Time  
Gathering experience as it spins  
Knowing that he must someday die

He will return again  
To continue the combat  
And to fight and win  
In this life or the next

To sabotage the matrix prison  
Break apart the black cube  
Which surrounds the earth plane  
And traps all as soul food

To be resigned and pacifistic  
Is to precipitate one's step  
And with the enemy to be altruistic  
Is to harm his racial kin

Hence he must have fortitude  
To oppose the enemy  
And with heroic attitude  
Stake his claim to eternity

## Inauthenticity

Artificial thought forms assimilated  
Into the consciousness of the masses  
Foreign egregores percolated  
As a drip feed into the witless

The cultural conditioning of the drones  
Who passively receive their message  
Into their minds the ideas go  
Wrapped in flashy aesthetic packages

Sights and sounds of stupid wonder  
Bombard their five restricted senses  
Submerged in the tide they go under  
On wax soft minds ideas impressed

The variations on the theme  
Of the novelties of the modern world  
Keep them staring at the screen  
And enraptured with their foolish goals

Living in their own limelight  
Basking in their false glory  
Staring out with blinded eyes  
These egocentric blind zombies

Those who walk in blindness  
Will stumble and fall on the path  
The minds of the modernists  
A pastiche of cultural trash

They live for thrills and amusement  
Their consciousness a kaleidoscopic whirl  
Of sense data have accumulated  
The papier-mâché of the postmodern

They are pinatas filled with excess  
Eagerly awaiting their next pay off  
And to smash apart with baseball bats  
The modern man's poetic justice

Whether the impoverished masses  
Or the bourgeois elitists  
All consciousness is captured  
Within the nets of the matrix

As goldfish in the fishbowl  
They peer out at the walls of their prison  
Which are painted murals  
That obscure and distort their blinkered vision

Happily they circle round  
Within the wheel of Time  
To the Demiurge they are bound  
With electromagnetic ties

They have severed from the source  
Their souls which are immersed  
Within the chaos of the modern world  
And from the higher planes divorced

Life to them both rich and poor  
Is a roller coaster ride  
Of hedonistic pursuits' allure  
Of which there is no end in sight

These same live for the moment  
Within a wheel of Time  
Harass and attack their opponents  
Who would transcend temporal binds

The multi-cult of modernity  
Amalgam of everything  
mixed into a commodity  
A child's plastic plaything

One can buy the culture  
Of the foreign invader  
Who trades his ancestors  
For the monthly flavor

With this purchase  
Comes the deleterious cost  
That of the foreigner  
Who represents a loss

The cultural exchange  
Between the judaic west  
And the foreign strain  
Leads to a mutual destruction

The germ of inauthenticity  
Which has been introduced  
By the creeping demon seed  
For destroying others is used

## I'm With Stupid

The cunning kikes have contrived  
Myriad theories to deceive  
Their gullible dupes to blind  
To hoodwink the foolish and naïve

A perpetual introduction of  
Divisive ideologies  
That have a covert purpose  
That being off a cliff to lead

The foolish bourgeois intellect  
Beguiled by wonderful dreams  
Instilled in his consciousness  
That he may not their ruse perceive

Deflections and red herrings  
Deviations from the straight and narrow  
Unable to get their bearings  
The fools wander all over the world

Introduced into the mind  
Nonsensical absurdities  
Such as that 'human kind'  
All deserve 'equal opportunity'

That black is white  
And gayest straight  
And transvestites  
Are not a blight but 'A-OK'

That all problems  
Do trace themselves  
To defective cogs  
In the machine of the self

That 'psychology'  
Is the answer  
The golden key  
To all life's problems

Freud's Id-I-Its  
And Jung's arche-types  
Are for all a fit  
Reflected on the outside

The *ultima causa*

Of the problems of life

Can be inferred from the

Twitch of an eye

Yet other nonsense

Is trafficked by the cabal

Introduced in their subjects

As potent mind control

That all come from and apes

In the jungle of darkest Africa

And magically evolved to escape

The primitive conditions of the savages

Else it comes out of the man in the sky

A vengeful being who seeks all to enslave

An all-powerful anthropomorphized

Beast, veritable shaitan full of hostile rage

In all cases all are posted as 'One'

Uniformly equal save for 'social factors'

'The same' with no evident distinction

All affirmed 'true' by the cabal's bad actors

The crazy ideas spiral out of control  
Chaos designed to induce confusion  
And fear and a loss to the bankrolls  
Of the masses who grasp at the offered 'solutions'

To attempt to rewrite world history  
And portray it as mere 'buncum'  
Is designed to install their theory  
That by their God they are chosen to run it

'Recentism' a ludicrous notion  
That the historical record  
Was merely a vain concoction  
Of the cabal creating discord

Yet it is the cabal themselves  
Who orchestrate the chaos  
Who contrived the idiotic ideas  
To bring about their Zion utopia

Their goal is to eliminate  
Their hated foe the Aryan  
He who embodies the light  
Of Truth and Divine Justice

They desire to obliterate  
The history of the Aryan  
Who wrote a story accurate  
The Truth transcribing

They would supplant it with  
A concocted narrative  
Of distorted lies and arrogance  
That serve their self interest

In place of accurate history  
Based upon copious details  
Compared and sifted carefully  
By methods hermeneutical

They would throw out a package  
Of distorted theories to justify  
Their hair-brained narratives  
And ideas of a twisted kind

Anything to pervert  
To wreck and to destroy  
The nations of the Aryans  
And attain hegemony

The transparent obviousness  
Of the current lies  
Are themselves a concealment  
For yet more lying behind

To deceive, confuse and bamboozle  
The masses of the 'goyim'  
And install their latest 'Truth'  
Based upon the bible narrative

That all is Babel  
Gog and Magog  
In the end times fable  
Staged apocalypse

In its place they intend  
To impose their pseudo-'Truth'  
That the jewish alien nation  
Is chosen to rule the roost

Should they this state attain  
And manage to orchestrate  
Their matrix of zion cage  
All will become their slaves

Such a world is unworthy  
Of the Aryan presence  
To kowtow to these dirty  
Pestilential miasmatics

Hence such a world must burn  
Be terminated with the lies  
Of the creeping falsifies  
Of the evil tribe of kikes

With them their lies will go  
And in their place the remnant  
Will resurrect from the blows  
They have endured for millennia

Jewry will have their day  
As every dog must needs  
Tangled up in their webbing  
Poison spiders to the flames

## Cynical Intelligence

The bourgeois lounging in decadence

Cultivate their strategies

To enslave the minds of 'lesser men'

And to furnish themselves with luxuries

The rational calculation of the bourgeois

His mode of consciousness

Derived from the life of a mercenary

For-profit, his life is business

Should the bourgeois attain

A foothold within the state

And oust the old nobility

He aligns the nation with his fate

Transforming the world of Tradition

Into a merchant enterprise

As the same did in old England

Distorting it into a pirate island

As in Phoenicia of old

The empire of the shopkeepers

Held all down to pay their tolls

Through control of global commerce

Hiring mercenary crews

Which operated as Pirates of rapine

Sailing the seas to make their dues

They place the world in chains of iron

The currency flow of their enterprise

Established as an international

The control of the waterways

Corporations of the waves, monopoly capital

The bourgeois attain the heights

At the expense of the higher

Attempting to reign in hell for a time

A fleeting moment before the fire

The world became internationalized

Each and all uprooted from their land

Coerced by the will to survive

Dependent on international finance

Their homes and farms subject to tax  
What was theirs was lost  
In all but name the abandoned the past  
Their ancestors and their accomplishments

Driven from their land into the city  
They became mere serfs to parasites  
Forced to labor for a few pennies  
To pay the exploiters' taxes and tithes

The parasites installed their nests  
Inside of the towns and cities  
With hired thugs to their shtetl protect  
To exclude all from their stolen property

The state was formed with blood money  
Extracted from the labor of the folk  
And over time was increasingly  
Into a cancerous tumor developed

In proportion to the power of the pest  
Liberty waned in its own name  
With the empty phrases the folk were hexed:  
'Egalite!'; 'Liberte!'; 'Fraternite!'

The cunning rogues had attained power  
Their decimation of the nobler caste  
Through interbreeding and overt slaughter  
Employing their mob of the impoverished

Once in power they prescribed  
A template of behavior  
A model that all abided by  
Implicitly without knowledge

They became 'spiritual jews'  
Decadent and selfish  
Serving themselves and not the Truth  
They pursued their base ends

The world has become standardized  
The demonic hive mind expands  
Engulfing all the Prince of lies  
Few may his power withstand

His emissaries the parasites  
International thieves  
Who drink the blood of other kinds  
And all anemic leaves

Fattening themselves on the host  
Absorbing all of their substance  
As a rotting cancer they oppose  
The nations' healthy function

The bourgeois caste have usurped  
The rightful place of Others  
Have their noble function submerged  
Into the sewers of commerce

This has created this social chaos  
An inversion of the Traditional world  
In which each had their place  
According to their natural role

Now the castes have been corrupted  
Degraded and rendered decadent  
Judaized by the internationalists  
Who are themselves thereby elevated

Buying titles- mere simulacra  
Papers and plaques- false claimants  
Which purport to testify to the  
Inborn nobility of the parasitic

The rogues of upset the Divine Order  
Dialectically creating chaos  
Attempt to install a new world  
Superimposed on the ruins of the past

The cunning mercurial nature  
Of the bourgeois hypocrites  
Will not work in their favor  
With these congenital idiots

### *Autarkeia*

Self-sufficiency is the only way  
That anyone who still retains his sanity  
Can live amidst the chaotic interplay  
Of the forces competing for hegemony

To enter the list of the combat  
Is to precipitate inevitable loss  
Of life and limb to the attack  
Given the greater force of the cabal

Yet attack one must in order to  
Defend his folk against the savage crew  
And through thought and acts he may undo  
Their spiders web he is woven into

*Autarkeia* self-sufficiency

But not a cowardly escapism  
Rather a confrontation with the enemy  
To prevent their harming his kin

He is as independent as he may be  
No burden to others is he  
Carrying his weight from Eternity  
As he descends into a lower density

He is self-sufficient though he may be  
A vagrant dependent on government cheese  
And spending his time preparing  
To act with wisdom for victory

*Autonomy-Autarkeia*

The mentality of the man of race  
Whose nerve fiber is made of  
Oricalchum and by Divine grace

He possesses the holy Graal  
The blood of the gods flows  
Through his veins of blue-blood avails  
To energize his form with force of Od

A Lucifer, enlightened being  
His form a Dynamo of force  
Contained within himself a mystery  
That all who are aware lust after

Rather than hideaway in the woods  
As a self-serving pusillanimous coward  
He will fight for the Eternal good,  
His race and ascension to godhood

They who would creep away from the fight  
Who would hide from the enemy  
As Hitler said are unworthy of the right  
To life in this hellish frenzy

'On earth as it is in heaven'  
Such is the *telos* of the hero  
To bring about a spiritualization  
Of the denser planes of this fallen world

This may only be attained  
Once the cobwebs have been cleared away  
And the dark horde put into the grave  
And then a '*civitas dei*' arranged

Should one perish in the battle  
He will have his place Above  
In the celestial halls of Valhalla  
And if needs be return to fight again

Should one have the Truth he must  
Sacrifice himself if necessary  
To the gods upon Olympus  
And flee this penitentiary

In all cases and states of being  
He retains autonomy  
The transcendent soul whose reality  
Dwells in the realm of Eternity

The halfwits who hideaway  
Under a rock with their beans and bullets  
Hoping to escape the chaotic fray  
Dig their own graves through cowardice

Many are called but few are chosen  
To enter the realm of the Divine  
And whether on earth or in heaven  
The hero gives combat to the evil side

Centered in his Self he is  
Of diamond hard caliber  
Like Wolfram or adamant  
Unaffected by the slings and arrows

Not hiding away in domesticity  
Behind his white picket fence  
Indulging in hedonic ecstasy  
Or monkish quietism

Within all is stillness  
He hears echoes of Eternity  
And throughout the violence  
Of the war he remains steady

Standing his ground amidst the fray  
He decides without wavering  
And acts Principially  
From instruction of Divinity

The loss of physical wealth  
Of a sound state of vigor  
And of any sign of health  
He views as mere theatre

The game of life he seeks to play  
To achieve and to undergo  
To oppose the pervasive enemy  
And to send to the hells below

From the blackening of the war  
He will arise triumphant  
And seek to the heavens soar  
On wings of scarlet crimson

### **Money Thinking**

The reign of quantity is upon us  
With all reduced in the accounting  
To a tally of numbered units  
Stripped of all their personality

Each views each as a tool  
Which may be used, if not discarded  
These usurious nature of the jew  
Is a condition of the postmodern

Each and all are witless pawns  
Of the hidden hands' manipulations  
Yet view themselves as akin to gods  
With their devious, cunning temperament

Their one thought is to appear  
Before others as a brighter star  
Reflecting their essential inner  
Being, that of a mammon worshiper

The gleam of gold is all they seek  
As Tantalus grasped forbidden fruit  
And though they possess wealth aplenty  
Their life is an empty, trivial pursuit

All perceptions and sensations  
Reduced to desires' greedy grasp  
An accumulative motivation  
To stuff without end their swollen stash

A formalistic calculation  
Their consciousness a desiring machine  
That undergoes mentation  
To serve their endless greed

All is reckoning, a calculus  
Of means and ends reasoning  
And money manipulation of others  
And exploitative usury

The cunning calculation  
Motivated by egotism  
Serving the jewish nation  
In their usury banking system

All thoughts conduce to actions  
And the actions of the money grubber  
Will bring about the situation  
Of revolution; violence and murder

Serving themselves against the nation  
They absorb its vital substance  
As vultures feed off carrion  
These wastrels fall upon us

Usury is their game  
Driven by egocentrism  
A desire to obtain  
As much as they can get

Their means is their end  
And to perpetually acquire  
Money has as its dividends:  
A one-way trip to the lake of fire

Becoming an earthbound soul  
Attaching oneself to the world  
And all of its gleaming gold  
At this price he sells his soul

Such is the Luciferian  
In his distorted and twisted form  
A veritable diabolical Satan  
Who from his desires will be torn

The money thinking of our time  
Is the standard mode of consciousness  
Rather than fix upon the Divine  
One's vision is by Golden dreams blinded

Rather than focus upon the Truth  
of that wherein one's True Self resides  
Foolishly he negates himself through  
A fixation on the illusions in Time

Rather than dwell with his kin  
And immerse himself in his Tradition  
He follows a path to the abyss  
Pursuing base born selfish interest

Rather than dwell in Eternity  
He fixes his place in Time  
In the world loses his integrity  
And digs a grave in which he dies

Fixated by Tantalian desires  
Objects of lust and vanity  
He pursues these myriad disguises  
That mask his True personality

Traveling anywhere in this world today  
One sees the same arche-type  
A selfish ego that would partake  
Of anything and everything in sight

Pac-Man is the character  
The players of the game must be  
The biggest mouth of the vampires  
Attains the Golden Laurel wreath

Social darwinism is  
A direct result of the secular  
Humanist myopic vision  
A contemptuous gesture dismissing the sacred

A profane motivation  
That of acquisitive gain  
That pervades the Aeon  
Driven by desire insane

Get; get and get some more  
The jewish mental state  
Selling one's soul like a whore  
For ill-gotten material gain

With all pursuing their self interest  
The nation's fragment into chaos  
The Mammon worshippers' motivation  
Neglects his folks' greater loss

Witless fools blinded by  
The lustrous gleam of gold  
Pursue their stony hearts' desires  
And finish at the end of a rope

The bourgeois mentality  
The template for our time  
Derived from wandering of jewry  
Replicates their vicious crimes

Whether a welder or a banker  
The mind is little different  
In the garden a poisoned canker  
A worm in the Apple of Eden

Gorging itself on the hosts' substance  
Absorbing into itself the vitality  
Of the mass who are robbed of it  
And excluded from bourgeois society

All who do not live for such  
For this vile motive of greed  
Are cast into the abyss of  
The hellish world of poverty

The classist world that we live in  
Is the world constructed by the kike  
A social darwinist prison  
In which all are forced to fight

The most animalistic and bestial  
Are they who achieve the prize  
Which necessitates sacrifice rituals  
Of all 'Others' who are alive

Only the kike, tribalistic brute  
Works hand in glove with his brood  
Welded together in their crude  
Fanaticism which they exude

All have become 'spiritual jews'  
The merchants of modernity  
Have been from Spirits' altitude  
Torn down to the earthen plane

The ultimate dream of these rogues  
Is to bask in luxury  
In silken suits and designer clothes  
As their slaves rub their feet

Most will struggle in insecurity  
To attain these desire states  
Always failing of actuality  
The match between them, their fate

Hence they will live a life  
Of disappointed discontent  
Have been from their estate  
Subject to a displacement

When no one plays their role  
As they have no role to play  
Their dreams of glory ignoble  
Become the nightmares of their day

Only a state of Traditional norms  
Can structure the fragments  
Of the population who are absorbed  
In the vanity mirror of selfish prostration

A state or Empire of glory  
Alone can resurrect the fallen  
As no societal rubbish heap  
Will any dignity grant them

Their indignity is manifest  
In their base pursuit of shekels  
Like the cunning talmudist  
They mimic their master the devil

### Silence is Violence

Within the black cube we are trapped  
A prison designed by our enemies  
Who vampirize our souls' vital sap  
And do with us as they please

To brutalize and abuse us  
*Modus operandi* of our adversary  
Within the leaden *cubus*  
All must the tithes and taxes pay

Their life's blood is consumed  
Through the brow sweat of labor  
And the tasks for which they are groomed  
Create the loosh which the demons savour

Chained to the wheel of Time  
Sweating and straining all day  
While the cabal schemes and designs  
Yet more mechanisms of slavery

Within the cube of zion  
We are oblivious to its walls  
Which upon our dimmed vision  
We take for the sum total

The borders of our minds  
Within the dybbuk box of Time  
Limitations imposed of a kind  
Substituting truth with lies

Within this right angular  
Prison of the soul  
Of the current catastrophe  
And on him the walls to close

The recycling of his soul  
Drains it of its energy  
Amortization takes its toll  
As upon it the demons feed

This mad cyclicism of the parasite

A closed system of entropy

Breaking down over time

As a steal our energy

Their abusive behavior

A violation of our integrity

Is inherent in their nature

And which no force can modify

Hence in dealing with the adversary

The parasite who enslaves us

We must acknowledge that essentially

He is incapable of any changes

Hence a purely negative force

One which must be viewed

As a hostile presence, more

An enemy who must be made to lose

Their aggressive assault

Against all and sundry

Human; animal; vegetable and mineral

Upon all kingpins they do feed

There vampiric deity  
They call 'Jehovah'  
This violent being  
They would impose on us

Without explication  
They force upon us their will  
Emissaries of the Demiurge  
We labor in their mill

Silently the slaves do bow  
Before their dark Lord master  
And with main force they plow  
Till feels for the money manipulators

With silence aggressive force is deployed  
By the subterranean black magicians  
Who slink in the shadows alloyed  
With their masters, tenebrous demons

Their attempt to cheat the hand of God  
In punishing them for their crimes  
Through occult communication symbolical  
To deceive and blame others their design

They would exempt themselves  
From the net they've woven  
To sentient life ensnare all  
And gorge themselves on the innocent

However with each strand  
They extrude from their abdomen  
The black widow of the hidden hand  
Tangles its many legs therein

Scrambling to attain their goal  
Of global despotism over all  
They leave a bloody trail  
Of the carcasses they murdered

Their futile attempts to deceive  
Do not expiate their sins  
In revealing their cruel mysteries  
In subtle and covert communication

Deceiving the gullible and naïve  
That black is white and up is down  
Does not discharge liabilities  
For their violations of karmic law

The skuld's net of consequence  
That their violence has woven  
Has tangled them in its mesh  
Leaving them floundering and choking

Violence thus carombs against  
The violators of the law  
They who in their fallibility transgress  
Will reap the rewards they've sown

Their *modus operandi*  
Of cowardly secrecy  
The unconcealment of their lies  
Will expose their conspiracy

So many contradictions  
unexplained lacunae  
are their malediction  
awakening all to their slavery

The silent method of killing  
Of usury and exploitation  
Of a subtle brutality  
The cabal's strategy to win

However the silence echoes  
In the vastness of Eternity  
No fooling fallible mortals  
The echoes increase in volubility

Trapped within the Time cube  
We drudge and serve as slaves  
And the life force we exude  
The despotic system perpetuates

Millennia of voiceless assault  
The cruel murderers imposed  
Upon those they use and then fault  
For their own deeds, conceal the blows

This weight of karma  
Heavily presses down  
Upon the demonic creeps who harm us  
Their backs bent to the ground

Soon they will receive their dues  
In dividends of suffering  
For their violent use and abuse  
Upon them hellfire will rain

## Unholy Trinity

Dialectics of the shaitan

Manifested in A-Braham-ick religion

A recipe for the enslavement

Of the powerless and ignorant

Their target the Brahmanic

The spiritually enlightened who resonates

With the Divine not the Satanic

Who would spiritualize the Earth plane

The wise who attuned to the higher forces

Alone gain a victory

Against the darkness which ensconces

The folk in a pall of lower density

These my programs of A-Braham

Designed to engineer a caste

Of limited and witless pawns

Who by the cabal are exploited

Those amongst them who demonstrate  
A corruptibility and tendency  
Their evil and hypocritical traits  
Are elevated in their hierarchy

The more duplicitous and cunning  
The more false and devious  
The more power and more money  
For himself he accrues as usufruct

First is formulated the program  
Of the curse of christianity  
The insidious mind poison  
Which has ever since plagued humanity

This creed of moralizing fetishism  
A perverse obsession with "thou shalt!"  
And "thou shalt not!", their catechism  
Transgress and one winds up in the stocks

The fanatical zeal of these holy 'ones'  
Diabolical in their adversariality  
Toward all those truly spiritual  
And those who won't pay the fees

Christianity, the passive aggressive  
Creed of ignorant dogma  
Which superimposes falsehood  
And fictional simulacra

Upon the populace these chains  
The leaden weight of dogma  
Weighing down the mind are placed  
Substituting Truth for falsehood

The mode of consciousness  
Conditioning of the mass mind  
To passively submit  
To the masters of demonic kind

The female role the christians play  
In the dialectic of A-Braham  
Is designed to serve jewry  
As animals on their plantation

To serve as meat shields in war  
Conditioned by their masters to be  
Sacrificial pawns on the chessboard  
Else a labor pool of industry

These farm animals play their role  
Serving the egregore of 'christ'  
To their masters transmitting gold  
Their energy as they dissipate their life

Opposed to these creeping slaves  
Whose pose of humble righteousness  
Is counterbalanced by their agents knaves  
Who style themselves 'God's chosen'

They have concocted yet another  
Mind program to serve their agenda  
In the vast desert of Arabia  
The creed of Mohammad and Allah

This creed designed as template  
Of the Titanic warrior archetype  
Who is used to generate  
Chaos and for others to destroy

The jews then deploy their thugs  
The christians to put down the host  
Of agitated muslim jihadists  
Destroying all the wiser folk

This dialectic of violence  
Of A-Brahamic witchcraft  
Putting the soothsayers to silence  
And imposing their zion despotism

Once enough wise men are sacrificed  
Jewry seeks to reconcile  
Of the A-brahamic Trinity  
The masculine and feminine sides

'Chrislam' is thus formed  
The synthesis of these opposites  
Their minds have performed  
Their role in the A-Brahamic dialectic

### **A-Brahamic**

Not possessing Brahma  
The A-Brahamics see no problem  
In perpetuating the trauma  
Which they impose on all of us

Not resonating with the Divine  
They are unable to harmonize  
With the sum total of human kind  
Who the exploit and brutalize

These creatures of the Demiurge  
Their 'G-d' Jehovah seek to purge  
Of the minds of captive serfs  
For Truth and Justice the slightest urge

To render witless pawns of theirs  
Sitting on the wooden chairs  
Within the pews of demon lairs  
They call their churches- whited sepulchres

Extolling the virtues the A-Brahamics  
Divorced from the laws of Brahma  
They lack the ability to manage  
To create themselves in the Divine image

They are a distorted reflection  
Within the sewer of the mundane  
And fail to make a connection  
With the dimension above the profane

Their fanatical aggression is directed  
Toward all those 'Other' to themselves  
Upon the earth they are a malevolent  
Presence displaying their 'virtues' and their wealth

Whether christian or muslim or jew  
The A-Brahamics are the same  
A sadistic and hateful crew  
Of hypocrites who slander and defame

The satanic cabal of this world  
Best exemplified in these bigots  
To create a counterfeit, simulacral  
'Humanitarianism'; 'godly', false appearance

Satanic A-Brahamics are  
Lacking a connection with the source  
The purity of others they do mar  
And defile and harass without remorse

In the name of 'morality'  
They seek to tear down their betters  
To obstruct the path of humanity  
Negating all achievements in progress

The sour and unpleasant creatures  
Who bow before their Demiurge  
Are incapable of any achievements  
Impelled by their will to power urge

Superimposing upon all and sundry  
Their template for how the world will run  
The creed of A-Brahamic frenzy  
Instilled coercively in their consciousness

Bow and scrape before 'the One'  
And his chosen progeny  
Else you will receive the treatment  
Of their abusive bigotry

A desire to dominate and attack  
All who don't tow the company line  
The modality of the A-Brahamic  
Fanatically bent on constructing zion

The muslims are deployed as mercenaries  
Of Allah who they bow before  
Coercively assaulting an imposing  
Upon all their Koranic word

In the dialectic of Shaitan

The christians play the passive role

Enabling the chaos to begin

And decimating all 'pagan' folk

They then obstruct the chaos

Of the sword of Mohammad

Step in and impose their 'justice'

Fighting and destroying the 'evil pagans'

They then shake hands and reconcile

Their differences after the fray

On their faces bloody smiles

Testifying to their sadistic hate

The jews first among these 'equals'

Receive the lion's share of the spoils

Stealing the lifeblood of the people

At the expense of others' toil

They split the remainder of the wealth

They has stolen from the creative

Who they have destroyed by stealth

Their memory cast into the graveyard

The dialectical process  
Of A-Braham the shaitan  
Entails unending mass death  
Murdering all the 'heretics'

### Scarface

O Lucifer thou hast fallen, thou has fallen  
And yet thou hast fallen by choice  
To manifest on the earthen plane to mend  
The fallen world of material which emanated from the void

Into the world that you have coveted  
To possess it and everything in it  
By desire you are pitted against it  
Your ego against the world of sin

You have chosen to pursue your Destiny  
Within the earthen plane of vice  
To follow the paths of dichotomy  
That of wrong or that of right

Lucifer the fallen one  
Not weighed down by christian 'sin'  
But rather choosing manifestation  
In order to gain experience

In order to develop and empower  
One's soul in the midst of the chaos  
Of the world for his life's hour  
To elevate himself 'be the boss'

Fixated on the life of luxury  
Obsessed with acquisition of base gain  
He sacrifices his chances for higher meaning  
And incurs karma for a life profane

The world of the Demiurge he does enter  
The kingdom of 'G-d' upon the earth  
And the agents of the Prince of Darkness  
On all sides beset the fallen Lucifer

The demon seed of Jehovah  
Chosen by their master to enslave  
All within the world's mundane circle  
The matrix prison of this leaden grave

Lucifer attempts to violate  
The rigidified laws of the system  
To the Demiurge obfuscate  
And liberate all from the prison

The scar bears the mark of Cain  
Disfiguring a hybrid being  
With one foot in the coarse mundane  
And one in the celestial plane

He bears the scar of the imperfect  
The qliphothic shell, fallen being  
And yet in spite of his corruption  
He refuses to bear the yoke of the slave

The system apparatchiks' are rewarded  
With copious earthly treasures  
For perpetuating the entropic order  
Of the closed system of the Demiurge

These decadent souls crystallized  
In their own corruption, apparent purity  
Fold in on themselves, decay and die  
Within the Dark Lords' plagiary

Scarface pronounces his judgment:

"You are too afraid to be what you want to be!"

As they point their finger at him

Neglecting from their eyes the jutting beams

He makes his moves independently

After gaining entry onto the mundane side

Living in a parallel reality

He makes his own rules by which to abide

Rather than the hypocrisy of the agent

Of the Demiurge with his restrictions

His rules liberate for greater chances

Granting temporary respite by the prohibitions

In order to gain a little he must sacrifice

Opportunities of a humbler variety

Rather than situating himself inside

In another dimension he finds his agency

The shadow of the blinding light

Of the Demiurge he discovers

A means to gain access inside

And to avoid for a time being uncovered

The system agents ring him round  
Attempt to throw obstacles in his path  
And given chances to Jehovah bow  
And to punish himself for his transgressions

His shadow world of the black light  
Is that into which he makes his escape  
In the underground amidst neon lights  
He pursues his ill-starred fate

Pursuing worldly advantage  
He understands is a necessity  
And yet in his higher consciousness  
He seeks to unify his fragmented being

Within the world he seeks  
His counterpart *soror mystica*  
Forge with her a bond of integrity  
To with her attain a higher Love

In order to achieve this destiny  
He must needs enter the fray  
And his warrior propensity  
Grants fortune to the brave

To unite with his soulmate  
through the turmoil of this world  
near impossible to attain  
and yet venture and he will

His attachment to worldly treasures  
Has caused him to jeopardize  
His attainment of an alchemical marriage  
With his female partners in crime

As Icarus he seeks to live  
Towards the sun blinded by the light  
And fails to understand and realize  
The consequences of his rapid rise

"Those who last in this business"  
His worldly boss had advised  
Are they who fly straight, within  
The parameters of the world of lies

He makes moves on his own  
In contravention of the law  
Which tolerates corruption in those  
Who keep up false appearances

The Integrity of Lucifer

His honorable and honest nature

Prevents him from the dirty work

Of the hypocritical system

His quest for power and for gain

However are his Achilles' heel

In his boundless quest to attain

He fails to exit the Time wheel

Flying too high toward the sun

On waxen wings he burns up

A flash of light living by the gun

By the thunderbolt of fate is struck

His apparent weakness

Is actually his strength

And it is his meekness

Wherein his salvation lies

His capacity to have regard

For others is his downfall

Within the world cruel and hard

Where only demons dwell

He may suffer a fall  
Into the world of corruption  
Yet in heaven he stands tall  
Through his adversarial action

His pursuit of selfish gain  
Conflictual with his higher purpose  
Of unifying with the sacred feminine  
His Lilith *soror mystica*

The conflict repels her  
And weaves the tangled web  
Of the Skein of karma  
Which precipitates his worldly death

He accomplishes his mission  
Only by half measures  
And yet through his experience  
He climbs a stairway to heaven

Rather than living a life  
Of fleshly Adam and Eve  
He seeks to attain heights  
Beyond the circle of temporality

His nature cruel and hard  
To function within the world  
From earthly delights he is barred  
For him such a life is absurd

Cycling around in the wheel  
Adam and Eve in the garden  
Partake of lust with zeal  
Their souls burning in the lake of fire

Atrophying forms  
Which perpetuate  
Themselves amidst the storm  
Through base desires progenerate

He is the serpent  
Of wisdom who has descended  
Into the closed system  
Of the world and to bring an end to it

Though he may fail in his mission  
He has introduced  
New changes in the system  
To free its captive souls from the loop

Those within the worldly plane  
Of whatever station  
Continue to sweat and strain  
Condemning themselves to perdition

By following the rules of Time  
They trap themselves within  
The spatio-temporal design  
Of the Demiurge and his chosen

Those who follow the trek  
Of the bright and shining Lucifer  
Are on the winding way back  
To the realm of Eternia

Though their journey is rough  
And fraught with snares and snags  
They manage to attain the  
Distant celestial heights

Hence the path of Lucifer  
Is the necessary course  
Along which those of noble heart  
Must go, the gates of heaven force

## Schadenfreude

A black pall of jealousy  
Of hostile intent toward the 'Other'  
Storm clouds, shadows of the enemy  
The light of the sun now obscured

The perpetual darkness ringing us round  
The pestilential miasma of today  
From which no escape is to be found  
Beleaguered by it and harried

The shadowy forms in the astral  
Have crystallized and seized  
The material bodies of our masters  
Impelling them to assail us as a disease

Chronic infection virally spread  
Throughout the postmodern world  
The land of the deceased, the living dead  
Who have been ravaged by the vampires

This matrix cage of perpetual strife  
Traps us with its electronic mesh  
Invisible to the naked eye  
In skuld's web we face our death

Like an animal on the farm  
Cattle-prodded by the sinister beings  
Who exploit us as their slave labor  
And seek to drain us of our energy

These cruel despots brandish the whip  
Over our heads with sadism  
Gleefully lashing us if we but slip  
From their 'laws' the slightest deviation

They are forever seeking an excuse  
To agitate and cause of stress  
To seek to vampirize are loosh  
Induce us in complex for which we must confess

Everything we are is 'wrong' and 'bad'  
Inadequate and lacking all worth  
They alone are the standard  
Boastfully claiming their 'chosen' status

In their specious and self-deceiving minds  
They have convinced themselves  
That those of any different kind  
Are infinitely deficient of any worth

They thrill with the feeling of power  
As they abuse and torment those 'Other'  
They deem men animals, goyim  
Who are suitable only to serve them

Their mentality trickles down  
Like diarrhea from the capstone  
Of the trapezoid of power  
Toward all of their lapdogs

The freemasons bask their light  
The false light of the apparent truth  
Their souls are shaped into the kind  
Of the denizens of hell, become their food

Through adherence to the ethics  
Of the demonic figures  
They condemn themselves with hexes  
Trapped within the nether regions

Their mentality that of the beast

A dualistic contentiousness

One-upmanship is their creed

An ego-driven antagonism

*Bellum omnium contra omnes*

A "war of all against all"

Total separation from humanity

Is their goal of kaivalya

The left-hand path they follow

They would distort and pervert

Towards a harm of others

To augment their own power and force

These sick and sadistic creatures

Pretend to be 'above' the human

A 'transcendent' nature their defining feature

Which they through violence attempt to prove

Violation of the laws of the Divine

They transgress everyone

As proof they have become sublime

And are above and beyond the 'goyim'

This pretended status

They attach to themselves as a badge

Shining with the false light of

The fallen Lucifer, an Icarian

Their worldly prison they have constructed

Architects of a violent realm

A hellish world of mass destruction

For the vampires of zion

All features and functions of their system

Are designed as an elegant

System of technical invention

Operated by black magicians

Economic; social; legal

Political and educational

These facets of the Blackstone

Their conscious mind designed to dull

Wearing down the goyim

To a state of exhaustion

Through the imposed obligations

Serving the vampiric system for their bread

These conditions of bare subsistence  
And absurd wage slavery  
Serving a meaningless system  
Based upon a demonic economy

All is subordinate to energy  
Cannibalization of the life force  
Everything is endless competition  
For the vital resources

A kill or be killed society  
To the most aggressive beast go the spoils  
The adversary of humanity  
Eagerly rubs his hands as the goyim toil

The bloodthirsty vampires  
Reaping their base advantages  
Seeking to douse the noble fires  
Of they who may attain a godly status

To chain Prometheus to the rocks  
Of industry and then the grave  
To keep all in a state of shock  
Worrying over their survival state

Used as slave labor to serve the scum  
Abused by the rapists of the soul  
The goyim still have yet to overcome  
The chain of industry under which they toil

Not recognizing the cause of their abuse  
Knowing they struggle beneath the wheel  
Unable to identify the causal agents who  
Exploit their labor with sadistic zeal

In ignorance and blindness they lash out  
Against those that they perceive  
To be the cause of the world's faults  
Of their violation of peace and harmony

Anyone who looks intelligent  
Whose physiognomy implies a superlative  
Status, a cut above the rest  
These they turned and rend to death

While the hidden hand of black magicians  
Rubs their white gloved paws  
Within the lodge of infernal genius  
Gorging on blood their greedy maw

Proletarians drugged out of mind  
The broad masses by the media  
By its holographics hypnotized  
Their aggression directed toward simulacra

The scapegoats they are turned against  
Those of the opposition to the powers that be  
The people's potential leadership  
They strike out at with blind frenzy

Should these groups but unite  
They would overcome the vermin who rule  
And kindle on the earth a spiritual light  
Banishing the masons; christians and jews

The wicked forces of violence  
Who aggressively enslave the earth  
Have with demons formed an alliance  
Are possessed and slavishly them must serve

The violent temperament of the brute  
Instilled in their consciousness  
Inherent in the character of the jew  
Not acquired through means of the environment

The anglo-saxon, Judaized Gentile

The progeny of prima nocte

Of the serpent seed the anglo

A hybrid form of dark forces

These two rogues are allied

Within their dialectic of good versus evil

In a thieves' pact of diabolical kind

They would hoodwink the 'profane' people

Judeo-christian masonry

The project of the Demiurge

To enslave all of humanity

Within a global whited sepulcher

A technocracy of ubiquitous

Expense, it's nets ensnare all

And through cowardly deception

The black magicians steal our souls

Their temperament expands outwards

Like a poisoned well

The essence of their life force

Deadly; noxious and miasmal

The world and all its populace  
Become ever more ensconced  
In the malevolent egregores  
Which are instilled in their mind

The Prince of Darkness oversoul  
Wraps they corrupt elements  
Of the despotic system of control  
Judaizing the goyim

All are cast in the image  
Of the dark side of this world  
The negative vampiric aliens  
Who leech from us our souls

The more corrupt and selfish  
The masses do become  
The more evil, more jewish  
Molded in the image of scum

## Hierarchy of Evil

The world order hierarchy

a clandestine coven

An occult theocracy

Ruled by witches and madmen

These power mad despots

Have bound themselves in a pact

To capture the earthbound souls of

All and sundry in the reincarnation trap

At the summit of the trapezoid

The ziggurat of darkest evil

Are seated the serpentine humanoids

That all know by the name of jewry

Beneath them their highest servants

Who cater to their will and whim

Placing jewry first and foremost

After the genius of their lodge demon

The capstone of the pyramid  
Which overlays their consciousness  
A representation symbolic  
Of the coterie of reptilian aliens

The all seeing eye radiates  
It's false light overall  
The blind god who predates  
Vampirically on our souls

The black capstone of the trapezoid  
Crushes beneath its weight  
The lower tiers of humanoids  
Who passively accept their fate

Those closest to the false light  
Are the most corrupted by its rays  
Become molded into the kind  
Of those they seek to imitate

The deadly orgone of emanations  
Which originate from Sauron's eye  
Radiates throughout the nation  
Poisoning the smaller fry

This edifice fissured and cracked  
The deadly mycoplasma spore  
Glowing with poison, radioactive  
Infects even the minds of the rural

The spread of the infection  
A meltdown of demonic substance  
Leaking in the ground deadly sewage  
Submerging all in its corruption

The Prince of Darkness spews his plasm  
From out his purblind eye  
Over the crystallized bricks of matter  
Which constitute the rubble of the sty

The once fertile fields are now aglow  
In the phosphorescence of the light  
We experience its vortex, undertow  
As we sink into the poison slime

Still oblivious the masses are  
Unable to perceive the Truth  
That the false light is the barrier  
Which blinds the vision of the fools

The Hierarchy of evil serves  
To furnish the loosh of the slaves  
Who are crushed into the manure and dirt  
To create the necessary pain-and-suffering

This forces them to undergo  
Stress, and initiate the cascade  
Of the physiological process  
Of hate, depression rage and pain

The system of slavery  
Operates as a clandestine network  
Under the evil influence of jewry  
And their masters the Orion Dracos

The vampire system is two-tiered  
One for the master, one for initiates  
And either one is a 'Royal' peer  
Or crushed under the more elevated

The parallel society  
In which only the privileged dwell  
A bifurcated hyper-reality  
For the mass all but invisible

Mere glimpses here and there  
Revelations of the method  
The dark occultists lay bare  
Themselves as karmic discharges

Knowing that most all will not  
Detect their evil conspiracy  
Hiding behind the veil they scoff  
And torture and abuse the many-too-many

Their fatal mistake their arrogance  
Will soon precipitate their fall  
And bring about their final end  
Lifting from the earth their black pall

### **Bend or Break**

The rules and laws of the system  
Designed to make us bow before them  
Before they who call themselves 'chosen'  
And who look upon us all as mere 'goyim'

A two-tiered system of slaves and masters  
They who rule as despots over us  
And they who are ruled as voiceless servants  
Perpetuating their vampiric and usurious agenda

The endless rules and laws they create  
Are the straitjacket which they impose  
A system of binds to generate  
Mind controlled and witless drones

"Thou shalt!" And "thou shalt not!"  
This the modal logic of the system  
Following the masters' rule book  
One traps himself inside the prison

Else one is declared 'criminal'  
And any 'Other' of the state  
And where he goes its agents follow  
To monitor; harass and surveil

At no point may he be left alone  
To manifest his noble plans  
"No rest for the wicked" they echo  
Out of their book of jewish witchcraft

The slaves of the system following  
The rules imposed upon them all  
Are considered 'good' pawns in the game  
To sacrifice for the creation of zion

They in contented oblivion  
Carry out their masters' orders  
These alleged 'good Samaritans'  
Who slave with devotion before their masters

Being a pawn in the system  
As animals they are groomed  
Contented and fattened  
To furnish the vampires with their loosh

Those deemed 'criminal'  
Are excluded from the world  
Through the networks of their animals  
Who bully and harass like schoolgirls

The marginalized 'Other'  
Who society rejects  
Alone may achieve justice  
In his acts and omissions

The rules and laws of corruption  
Which the cabal seeks to impose  
He is unable to avoid transgressing  
As his nature is to injustice oppose

Hence he will be broken  
Should they ever have their way  
On the wheel of Ixion  
By the agents of the corrupt state

The Noahide laws are constructed  
In the back rooms of synagogues  
By the rabbis for the destruction  
Of all who transgress their 'laws'

Only the cowardly sheep  
Christians and other underlings  
Are permitted to live contentedly  
The wizards of zion serving

The black mages' 'laws'  
Reflect the two-tiered society  
For themselves no bounds  
And for the 'goyim' universal slavery

Straitjacketed by the codes  
Of the Noahide imposition  
To their jewish masters the oath  
Of loyalty as a ticket to 'heaven'

The hell world they assist  
In creating and forcing upon all  
From it they will not desist  
Until 'all' are 'one' in manacles

The rebels against the system  
Have no ability to bow  
Their essential obligation  
Is to break the corrupt kosher laws

Jewry and their dark masters  
Manipulates this tangled skein  
A spider's web of darkest power  
To the energy of their slaves glean

All are bound up in the system  
Wrapped in red tape and implanted  
With the egregores of the vampires  
'Jesus' and other rabbinical inventions

## Apoliteia

The situation of the modern world

A maelstrom of chaotic forces

Ensnaring one in its vortexual

Whirl as a dancing dervish

He must go with the flow

And yet retain his center

Must not by the winds be blown

But his integrity preserve

Neither the right nor the left

Not on any side his loyalty

But rather will the adept

Play both sides against each

Rather than the trap laid out

By the cunning instigator

Who seeks to play the game to route

The host, reduce him to slave labor

He will not fall victim to  
The shell game of the tricksters  
Who play both sides to accrue  
Their hosts hard earned riches

The game of appearances  
Is perpetuated under his aegis  
With neither side yet winning  
The struggle: truth versus lie; justice versus injustice

The prudent adept knows the score  
Doesn't participate in predictable ways  
Knows playing by the rules, he must abhor  
In order to gain a lasting victory

Nonetheless he conceals  
Himself behind believable masks  
Creating appearance to reveal  
A false front to deceive the trash

A chameleon he must be  
In order to escape their assault  
To blend in to the society  
And not be targeted by the mob

Behind the scenes he must work  
To oppose the ruthless madman  
Who pursue their sinister purpose  
Of constructing their despotic prison

Their legion of minions they conscript  
And paid to do their dirty work  
Are hurled against the exceptions  
To their standardized laws and rules

Hence to stand out, to be a target  
Through word or deed in public view  
May service its role in avoidance  
Of the slings and arrows of this vile crew

Yet what impact one will have  
In creating the groundswell of revolt  
Against the left and right halves  
Of the multidimensional whole

If he does not choose a side  
Initiate prudent and effective action?  
Such a move is pure suicide  
Fighting on the side of zion

Left-wing and right both  
The secular and religious  
Are mere mental handicaps and copes  
For the feeble-minded idiots

His actions targets the ultimate cause  
The puppet master controlling his slaves  
Playing them against each and all  
Driving them into a mass grave

The crosshairs the adept places  
Upon the vital center of the foe  
As the black mage sadistic manipulator  
In a frenzy works them up for the final blow

From the shadows the shots ring out  
Discharged from the lethal weapon  
Of the mind of he who is devout  
To the old gods of the Aryan

The occult war continues on  
With both sides trading blows  
Behind the veil of simulacra  
Amidst the chaos of many opponents

To be wedded to politics  
Is to fight a losing game  
Within the cube of the matrix  
Descend to the level of the profane

Amidst the world of appearances  
A losing game one does play  
Only in the realm of the transcendent  
Can the adept of victory attain

The contingencies of the times  
May necessitate a selection  
Outwardly and in plain sight  
A factional particularism

A change of heart may occur  
Outwardly and for the mass  
To influence them to concur  
With necessary or expedient changes

The dynamism of this world  
Necessitates fluidity  
One moment he plays the absurd  
The next cold logical necessity

Hence no fixed or rigid rules  
Will safeguard one's integrity  
But like a courtly fool  
He wears costumes convincingly

Nonetheless in his heart  
He is constant and immobile  
Morally pure and diamond hard  
Though outwardly weak and imbecile

His integrity he preserves  
His essential dignity  
Though to all appearances outwards  
He is fawning and cravenly

Feints of weakness play their part  
In deceiving the enemy  
But do not affect his pure heart  
He bides his time awaiting victory

## Culture Distortors

Introducing the bacillus of the foreign  
Into the organisms' consciousness  
Entangling it with their pestilential forms  
Assimilating it into their void of darkness

A vampiric presence on the earth  
These creatures impelled in frenzied chaos  
To bind themselves to all others  
Impose upon them the noahide laws

Infiltrating their host by stealth  
A biological parasite  
A vampiric pest seeking wealth  
Created by other kinds

The organism which they invade  
Naïve and unaware  
Of the danger of the knaves  
Who they enable to enter

This vile pest excretes its poison  
Coating it with sugary syrup  
To make it appealing to the goyim  
That the unaware may eat up

Poisoned apples are their gifts  
Which are tailor-made for the host  
By the cunning culture distortors  
Who upon the goyim these gifts impose

Inebriating the mind of their targets  
The poisoned morsels take effect  
Confuse and abuse their consciousness  
Modifying the cultural organism

The healthy host suffers a harm  
Whose cause he does not perceive  
And buys from the poison seller  
Yet more noxious remedies

The cultural organism endures  
Persisting in spite of the poison  
Yet declines through the injuries  
Accumulating within the system

The authentic is sullied  
A once pure tapestry of beauty  
Which had sewn into it the ugly  
Designs of the Hebrew sorcery

The traces of the vile pest  
Are interwoven with the host  
Abominations of the aesthetic  
A defilement of pure folk

The pure is tainted by the pest  
It's cultural poison excreting  
Transforming the nation into a nest  
Of parasites absorbing their vitality

This biological infection  
So pervasive as to be  
Near incapable of excretion  
By the host though once healthy

The Higher planes are controlled  
By the entities with whom they're bound  
And their emissaries in the world  
Enforce their protocols a step down

The spiritual infection

The virus of the consciousness

Introduced by the pest

And their masters', malevolent aliens

Only they who are adepts

And the purest of the pure

In the noblest moral sense

Can this infection purge

The higher type can alone perceived

The diabolism of the dark side

And they alone have what they need

To their cultural organism rectify

The superlative power of the soul

Only the Aryan possesses

And may use it against these evil

Pestilential miasmatics

## False Organicists

The culture disorders were portrayed

By theorists of philosophy

Oswald Spengler and Yockey

Who wove theoretical tapestries

These crack-brained theories

Were nebulous and ill-defined

Susceptible of ambiguity

And passed off as apodictic

Mere invention based upon

The prevailing social darwinism

Concocted to deceive the pawns

To install the elites system

The hurrah and heaping of praise

Upon these nebulous theories

Was yet another trick of the trade

Of the jews and their masonic slaves

A system of raceless 'racism'  
Denying and ignoring the biological  
As a means of inserting the de-men  
And their non-white followers

The foolish nationalists who buy  
This ambiguous mystery gift  
Will find to their dismay  
It's apparent 'good' is falsehood

#### **Prussianism or National Socialism?**

The Prussian militarism of Bismarck  
Was no Aryan creed introduced  
And the Junkers of the catholic oligarchs  
Were under the sway of the international jews

This cabal were largely schizoid old  
In a direction and their mind  
In their confused ideology and ideas  
Masonic and catholic 'universalized'

Nonetheless their Germentum  
Manifested itself in their praxis  
Directed toward elevated ambitions  
Against they who knew not which

This militaristic orientation  
Was seeded by the kikes  
To work up war between the nations  
Blame it on the bellicose Deutsche

To serve up as a sacrifice  
The German people in conflict and war  
In colonialist enterprise  
And on the home front of Europe

Friedrich the great the freemason  
Had naught but disdain  
For the Germanic Tradition  
Universalism polluted his brain

Stated his cannon sounded better  
Than the Neibelungenlied  
Had naught but contempt for tradition  
Of his nobler ancestry

Later the ideology  
Was extended forward  
By other philosophers of bellicosity  
Such as Nietzsche and Spengler

The 'will to power' was the phrase  
Which encapsulated the ethos  
Of the Prussian Luciferian mage  
"The antichrist" and his ego

Steeped in masonic lore  
And bound up with jewry  
An initiate of the sinister  
Was Friedrich Nietzsche

He penned the creed of Germentum  
Perhaps as an agent of the cabal  
In the end his folk he betrayed them  
With his philosophy of the judaized gentile

The philosophy of the Demiurge  
The Prince of darkness, deity of the 'chosen'  
Was prescribed as the authentic  
Path of all healthy minded Germans

His bellicose aggression

Was introduced opportunely

To fight the Franco-Prussian

War and to build up the colonies

To prepare the ground for World War I

To instigate aggression yet again

Tangled in political alliances

Served up as sacrifices the Germans

Taking the torch from Nietzsche

Mischling jew Spengler

Was delegated the agency

To again wind up the war machine

Serving the 'right wing' junkers

The masonic landed gentry

And their affiliates the bankers

The international cabal of jewry

Spengler's social darwinism

Was the rhetoric of the beast

Designed to frame the Germans

As incorrigible in their bellicosity

His goal was that of the cabal  
To instigate meaningless war  
To scapegoat the entire German people  
In jewry's qabbalistic ritual

"Man and Technics" the template  
Which prescribed a darwinian  
Animalistic state of mind  
The bird of prey against his weaker kind

"Might is right" the phrase  
Or "will zur macht" it's analog  
These did Spengler praise  
Leading the Germans off to war

The gods however intervened  
Siding with their Deutsche folk  
And introduced saner ideas  
To avoid the jewish rope

Alfred Rosenberg  
The National Socialists  
And Alfred Baeumler  
Martin Heidegger

Straightened out the fatalism  
In Spengler's dreary tomes  
Rectify the Aryan doctrine  
Dimly present in Nietzsche

Johann von Leers wrote  
"Contra Spengler"  
To attune the German folk  
To introduce a creed nobler

One based upon destiny  
Not on lunar fatalism  
Which was the fatality  
Of Spengler's own weltanschauung

Nonetheless the Nazis  
Were to orient towards  
The naturalistic ideology  
Lacking a distinct spiritual form

The contingencies of the war  
Retarded of necessity  
Their efforts to lead upwards  
The Deutsche volk's philosophy

They had to deal with the curse  
Of jewish christianity  
And thus had to ensure  
The suppression of their True doctrine

Hence National Socialism triumphed  
Over the greedy grasp  
Of the Prussianism of Empire  
The junkers' last gasp

#### **Hitler or Stalin?**

The false image constructed  
Of the dictator and his power  
Of the judeo regime a simulacrum  
Invented to other nations devour

Through vilification and slander  
Of the enemy 'Other'  
The regime and judeo masons  
Set up their chosen targets

To establish a simulacrum

Of their enemy

And with this distortion

To justify attacking

Benevolent leaders of their folk

Are perversely portrayed

Cast in the monster's role

In the media's imaginary

Thus Hitler the benevolent

Becomes equated with Stalin

The defender of the Europeans

Associated with the Soviet regime

This false association

Designed to vilify

The only real solution

To the rule of judeo-masonry

Hitler banned the masons

Recognizing them as a threat

Stalin held the top position

In the regime of the Soviets

Stalin was a high-level mason  
And a fanatical zionist  
Funded by the jewish bankers  
To rule over their despotism

Hitler was an initiate  
Of the Thule Gesellschaft  
A noble Aryan adept  
Who served Europe to the last

At this late stage of modernity  
The jews to control the system  
Have vilified all and sundry  
Who put forth the slightest opposition

To justify taking down the folk  
They slander and vilify  
Create political scandals  
And raise a great hue and cry

"The dictator is committing!":  
X; Y and Z acts of violence  
Against his folk and nation  
...Without any justification

"He's harming the innocent!  
He's committing genocide!  
He's attacking his neighbors!  
He's of a demonic kind!"

The kike propaganda mill  
Turns out it's irrational rhetoric  
Coupled with sights and sounds  
Designed to work up their goyim

This serves as a basis  
To justify the 'intervention'  
Into the foreign nation  
To affect a regime installation

To the stupid masses  
Who have no basis for judgment  
This cartoonish propaganda  
Is an adequate justification

Hurling their mercenary troops  
Into the enemy nation  
They seek to affect a coup  
And achieve their usurpation

The zibots are programmed  
From the cradle to hate  
All of those who can  
Oppose their zionist state

The simpletons are mind controlled  
To adopt the ideology  
Of the hypocrites who always pose  
As defenders of 'peace' and 'liberty'

They shout their slogans on demand  
Of their oligarch masters  
And broadcast over the land  
Their self-important message

They are 'the just', 'the virtuous'  
The morally superior majority  
"You are with us or against us!"  
They chant in the midst of their frenzy

Eager to fight by proxy  
The sluggish masses raise the flag  
Whose occult, hidden meaning  
They know nothing of yet do brag

These fat Walmart shoppers  
Eagerly roast their slaughtered pigs  
In their backyard barbecues  
Under the banner of jewish masonry

The red; white and blue  
Song of murder and violence  
Promising all the fools  
A package of 'rights and freedoms'

These are the baits  
Impaled on the hook  
Held in front of their slaves  
Motivating them to follow the 'holy book'

The sell their souls for cash  
For a silver dime they sacrifice  
Their higher Self these trash  
Serving the despots of Zion

Better Hitler than these  
Oligarchs of darkness, chaos  
Who live to all deceive  
And to orchestrate their holocausts

## Superman

Joel Siegel manifested

The idea of judaism

The 'mild-mannered' appearance

Concealing 'man-godism'

The false humility of the kike

Concealed within the wrapper

An 'intellectual sophisticate' type

A jew York shitty reporter

Possessed of mighty powers

Which exceed all others

And which enables them to devour

The world for zion's elders

'Superman' the Jew

A pretended invincible

Mere wishful thinking too:

A mere illustrated serial

In reality the rogue  
Who conceals himself  
In the tenebrous shadows  
Of Gotham city's criminal hell

This mild-mannered creep  
Forever spying on others  
With his fellows he seeks  
To them subvert and conquer

He draws upon his magic  
Qabbalistic diabolism  
To manipulate the masses  
As a parasite assimilate them

All the heroic and noble  
He views as 'evil' and 'violent'  
Who have higher ideals  
In their genius creative ambitions

The inversion of morality  
With the Eternal jew  
A pusillanimous creed  
Of necessity he does 'chose'

This ideology he embodies  
Fighting for the downtrodden  
The weaker and more pathetic party  
While his trumpet players from zion

His 'heroic' archetype  
Is motivated by resentment  
And by the bigger lie  
Of his 'chosen' selfishness

He establishes himself  
As a shepherd of the weak  
A defender of those who in the gutter dwell  
Licking the dust from his feet

Should they not have the willingness  
To happily bow and scrape  
Before his hegemonic despotism  
Those who won't bend he'll break

The Noahide laws he imposes  
On the goyim animals he yokes  
To his plow, and once done chokes  
To serve them up is purim Festival

He celebrates his 'victimhood'  
While he grinds their bones to make his bread  
Crying crocodile tears into his mezuzah  
Rending the flesh of the captive goyim

Superman or rather de-man  
The untermensch who would  
Storm the gates of heaven  
And enslave the entire world

Clark Kent the bourgeois kike  
Dressed in his three-piece suit  
Coke bottle glasses augmenting his site  
So he can better target his goyim fools

His outer aesthetic concealment  
Designed to beguile and pacify  
To attract positive attention  
To present to 'Others' a blind

This simulacrum of the virtual  
He puts forth as his persona  
A team player, a 'regular'  
Average everyday bourgeois Joe

Underneath his true essence  
A chameleon shedding its skin  
And out of the shadows of Gotham  
Springs the kosher untermensch!

The fictional portrayal of the jew  
A revelation of the method  
For 'peace' and 'love' there is much to do  
And it entails genocidal action

Siegel revealed the hidden hand  
Behind the velvet glove  
The cruel claw of the saurian  
The reptiles from Orion

### **Society of The Ants**

Modernity the condition of the ant heap  
All endowed with 'rights' and 'freedoms'  
The 'right' to play the role of the beast  
'Freedom' bounded only by that of others

The leveling of the higher ideals  
Which preexisted the quicksand  
Into which all life force is congealed  
Each limiting each, an inertial condition

The one-time heights and culture  
Dragged down in the swamp  
The stinking filth of the sewer  
The slops the elites serve up

That which is of value  
Within the reckoning  
Of the modern chattel  
Slaves of judeo-christianity

Is the most common  
The basest thrills and lusts  
Shared with the animals  
As they revel in the dust

Any who would pursue this  
A path of a higher trajectory  
Attempt to reach the summit  
Of the qabbalistic tree

These are torn down  
The structure burnt by the mob  
Reducing all the boisterous around  
Into modernity's swamp

The standardization  
Of the mass mind  
Engineered by the magicians  
Of the dark side

"We are all one"  
The masses in unison cry  
And anyone who don't respond  
Are their lives then denied

The spiteful and hateful masses  
Seek to destroy their betters  
Imbeciles and halfwits  
Contending with creative geniuses

Tearing down their superiors  
They sadistically delight  
In the torture and murder  
Of those a better kind

The statues and monuments  
Testaments to the spirit  
Are cast into the gutters  
And burnt to blackened cinders

Crawling over each other  
The teeming multitude  
For all superiors a hatred  
Hostility their attitude

Any who have features  
Regular and in classical mold  
Are placed into the crosshairs  
Their weapons locked and loaded

Eager for blood they strike out  
Blindly with irrational frenzy  
Against the bourgeois they lash out  
With jealousy and envy

Even against their 'equals'  
At their social level  
Who they know to be superior  
In properties essential

These may be their advocates  
The defenders and leaders  
Yet their jealousy blinds them  
In their mind a raging fever

All of the superlative  
Qualities of the elite  
Who ontologically  
Embody superiority

Regardless of position  
In a society of the ants  
Are with malevolent intentions  
Sought out and dispatched

The Untermenschen's hatred  
For those a cut above  
Manifest in a graveyard  
For all higher genius

The vermin who superintend  
Over their slave caste  
The bourgeois de-men  
Will receive their karmic backlash

They wish to deflect attention  
From themselves as causal agent  
Toward their competition  
The former nobles and artisans

These they stigmatize as 'fascists'  
'Capitalists' and other slander  
While they themselves are this  
Only concealed behind a 'democratic' banner

They would have their proletarians  
Attack their enemies  
Eliminate their greatest opponents  
And cast all into slavery

### **Jew Goo**

Demiurgic ectoplasm  
Disseminated from the vast cosmos  
An egregoric germ infection  
Interpenetrating the collective consciousness

Symbiotic viral spread

An aetherial carcinogen

That forms a cybernetic web

The spiders of zion have woven

Their technological apparatus

A diabolical latticework

Overlaid upon the broad masses

Conditioning their consciousness

The alien technology of E.T's

Distributed over the world

Blanketing the sky's canopy

With carbon nano particles

Pervasive assault against all life

Across all kingdoms of sentient kind

Body; soul and conscious mind

All are submerged in zions' sty

The carbon goo of the Demiurge

Slime of the beasts' underlings

As a vehicle of his mind serves

To imprison all in lower frequency

To entwine itself with the host

And it's multitude of nodes

The population of the world

The reason for which they did explode

The net enables the entities

To view the world and control the streets

From satellite to brain processes

All merge into one: hyper-reality

From thence they can be programmed

Sacrificed when intended

In their qabbalistic plans

Blood rituals to feed the reptilians

The jew goo of Demiurgic plegm

The ejaculate of the Prince of Darkness

Endowed with his malevolence

Transmitted to earthly sentient

All become immersed in the hive

Drones slaving for Yahweh

The androgynous vampire deity

Who seeks to absorb our energy

Mass sacrifice, pain and loss

His *modus operandi*

His emissaries transfer the costs

To the slave minions in the prison of zion

As venom in the marvel comic

A pure Aryan blue-eyed

Becomes infected with the noxious

Black goo, symbiotic life

The blonde haired good man

Becomes a vehicle of darkness

A vicious creature, malevolent

Puppet of the negative aliens

Perhaps the predictive program

A revelation of the method

That reveals to the profane man

The sinister magicians' plans

Yet another vehicle

Of mass conditioning

"The Prince of Darkness" theatrical

Venue of his illusory dreaming

The ectoplasmic substance  
Mycoplasmic transmission  
Of the conscious mind of Him  
Into His targets assimilating

Through a quantum entanglement  
Agent and patients are reconciled  
The agent availing itself of  
The patient as a helpless child

All thus serve as instruments  
Once they become symbiotic  
Vessels of His consciousness  
The Demiurge's chattel

Through sitting within his churches  
They their energy transmit  
Allow the E.T.'s to attach to them  
And enable their vampirization

The entire complex of influences  
At all dimensional levels  
Creates the tissue of the matrix  
In which the soul is held

Trapped within this line  
The sinking quicksand  
Congealed around our mind  
And in Time we meet our end

To sever ties to this source  
Of bondage and erosion  
Is the difficult course  
Up the craggy mountain

To acquiesce with prayer  
And utter plaintive cries  
To this soul reaver  
Is to commit suicide

To oppose the current  
Of the entropic force  
Which transmits its urge  
Of willpower against us

This requires a strengthening  
Of the soul and mind  
Across all dimensions of our being  
A union with the sublime

The deity of religion  
Is this violent aggressor  
Who imposes His motivation  
To consume all that is 'Other'

He must be opposed  
And this through the fire  
Of the serpent power  
Raising our spirits higher

The negative E.T's  
And their demonic father  
Would lower our frequency  
To feed these vampires

Hence we must be positive  
Not happy Jesus freaks  
But noble Aryan warriors  
To bring about His defeat

## G.I. Joke

A mercenary conscripted to  
"Fight for freedom"-and 'God' too  
Serving the international jew  
In his obscuration of the Truth

The violent aggressive thug  
Requires an excuse  
To blast his impotence  
At those he would abuse

Empty phrases of jingoism  
Trumpeted by the state  
To which he pledged allegiance  
For his ego's sake

He applied as a mercenary  
To his warmongering masters  
For prospects of money  
And the adoration of the masses

His bloodlustful constitution  
Programmed from childhood  
To possess behavioral reactions  
Of a violent, bestial mode

Video games and vaccines  
Infant formula and fluoride water  
Bombardment of virtuality  
Movies; phones and cell towers

This total onslaught  
Bombardment of the senses  
The souls' very marrow  
By these forces is conditioned

The automaton android  
Manufactured through these processes  
Serves the state as its toy  
Soldier in the Demiurge's army

This training entails further steps  
In his dehumanization  
The black magic of the adepts  
Rendering him a mere machine

Eager to "blow shit up!"

The psychopathic robot

To further conditioning is subject

A mechanized drone without thought

In the theater of war

This creature is unleashed

A lowbrow mercenary whore

Who bears the mark of the beast

Chipped and robotized

Injected with nano tech

Wetware in the guise

Of a human 'subject'

This music that he listens to

Working him up to fever pitch

A jarring cacophonous mood

Instilled with feral aggression

Given a license to kill

He eagerly abandons

His soul to the devil

Who binds to and consume him

"Live and let die"

His only motto is

To adhere to the lie

Of "fighting for freedom"

Should he manage to extricate

Himself from the war zone

And to with his warlike mates

Return to his 'Western' home

He will then bask in the false light

Projected upon him by the jews

In their mass media it's lie

As a 'hero' represents the ghoul

His vacant smile of vain glory

Reflects his emptiness

Sub-human wetware machine

Loaded with arrogance

The black eye he gives

To his own race

Through killing innocent children

Makes of him a disgrace

The melodrama and sentimentalism

He intoxicate his mind

To serve as a mental curtain

Behind which he conceals his crimes

He knew he 'did wrong'

Expiates his sins

Through childish melodrama

To make himself feel good again

The protestant mentality

Serves as a justification

To commit works of knavery

Balancing them with 'good intentions'

Fighting for abstractions:

'Peace'; 'love'; 'democracy'

Full of infantile feelings

For 'God' and 'humanity'

This veil of appearances

He uses to conceal

His True face which ignores

The Truth of his sordid ordeal

## The Sacred and Profane in Art

A representation of a representation  
The classical forms of Grecian aesthetics  
Replicated by the German nation  
During the time of the National Socialists

This naturalism in art  
Underscored the organicism  
Of the Nazi projects' target  
To focus the mind on *this* dimension

Rightly or wrongly they did direct  
Their aesthetic projects thither  
Toward the beautiful natural objects  
While they left the stars obscure

Nonetheless the masses required  
A shift of their blinded focus  
Toward the Truth which is not marred  
By the falsehood of christian pseudo-gnosis

Their groundedness in Being  
Was a wholly authentic praxis  
Rooted in the collectivity  
Reflected in the aesthetic

Their conscious gaze was directed  
Away from the demon Jehovah  
And toward the elder gods connected  
Answering to the call of the blood

Christ-insanity and its creator jewry  
Were diminished in their power  
Through the German people's energy  
Being directed toward their ancestors

As a feedback loop they empowered  
Themselves and their folks soul  
And with each passing hour  
They diminished the Demiurge's hold

Nonetheless the artwork  
Was focused overmuch  
On the things of this world  
And not enough on those Above

The ruins and symbols of the folk  
Served to unify their mind  
To synchronize their consciousness  
And with the Elder Gods align

The structure of the sacred  
Fabric of the real  
Was neglected for a neo-pagan  
Emphasis on the mayavic veils

It served its fundamental purpose  
That of a True unification  
Not a freemasonic Prussia  
But the correct alignment with the pole's axis

Aligned it was yet not enough  
For the contingencies of war  
The noble projects' hamstrung  
And there was not time for more

The cymatics and geometry  
Of the sacred structure of the Real  
The hermetic principles encoding  
In forms aesthetic and spiritual

The Persian art of the ancients  
And the residue of the Hindus  
Derived in part from Aryans  
Though degraded in the sewer

The symbolic geometry  
And architectural elegance  
Of the ancient cities  
Of the sacred Testaments

These the Third Reich replicated  
The Doric and Corinthian styles  
The Grecian and Roman Colosseum's  
And temples to Apollo and to Isis

However they had not adequately  
Represented the ancient structures  
Though they did admirably  
Attempt a historical reconstruction

This and the fascism of Italy  
Were the best that had been achieved  
And ingrained in the People's  
The gods of the Hyperboreans

Today's art and architecture  
A continual nigredo phase  
Abominable aesthetic clutter  
Bric-a-brac, purchased on a shopping spree

These aesthetic corruptions  
The very definition of profanity  
Jarring colors and structure  
To sight and touch an obscenity

Fecal matter on a canvas  
Plastic fantastic stucco  
Poisonous chemical madness  
Molded together like playdough

The art galleries filled  
With canvases whose gestalt  
Is sufficient to make one ill  
And this to the artists' fault

The world has been profaned  
And the only remnants of beauty  
Can be found in museums  
Or sacred sites and old buildings

All music; painting and art  
Of whatever variety or structure  
Are made to fall apart  
In the nigredo of the dialectic

They who tear down beauty  
Cannot of necessity create  
And their pyrrhic victory will see  
The ruins of all that was great

Unless a resurgence occurs  
On the part of Aryan mankind  
Who will by his agency scourge  
The profanity from the land

### **Segregation**

The policy of separation  
Which has historically been attempted  
Throughout the world's nations  
Has never with fortune ended

To contain within a larger region

A plurality of diverse kinds

Is to prepare the conditions

For a conflagration of violence

To coerce different types

To submit to an artificial

Structure which metastasized

Into a prison unofficial

This a recipe for chaos

With each group antagonistic

Each subject to potential loss

Of their ancestral traditions

The melting pot harms all

Whose healthy mind supports

The preservation of ancestral

Organic cultural forms

Only those who disregard

The authentic life of the folk

Would ever demand that they depart

From their proper path follow

The failures of the past have borne  
The fruitage of inept and ill-conceived  
Plans and policies of the nobly formed  
Who thereby degraded their superior seed

They had allowed the dark hordes  
To enter into their precincts  
To use as a slave labor force  
And to mingle with in their lusting

The noble cast took their sport  
With the savages they partook  
Of the forbidden fruit they adored  
The result of lustful looks

Their society imploded from within  
As the soft-hearted noble caste  
Granted the rights of citizens  
To those of dark foreign flesh

Once they had attained sufficient power  
The teeming multitude asserted themselves  
Were led by the cunning interlopers  
To tear down the Aryan caste of nobles

Like a rotten fruit on the vine  
The nation fell to its doom  
And from this fetid pigsty  
Emanated the stench of ruin

The ancient empires of the world  
Fell through this process  
A demographic cacophonous  
Whose only tenor was violence

Within the contemporary times  
The same processes are at work  
Continuing the old pantomime  
Of 'rights and freedoms'; 'just desserts'

The rabble-rousers raise their fists  
In the ghetto hells of the cities  
Fighting for more benefits  
And tearing apart the scenery

This the law of consequence  
In its manifestation  
Attempting to make things fit  
Which developed in separation

Combining together in the state

Of asphalt and urbanity

The different kinds to mate

In a slurry of 'humanity'

Wrenched from their natural home

The diverse kinds by hook or crook

Are dragged thither to the new Rome

To derive their sustenance by the book

The laws and regulations of the state

Through the culture distortors' subversion

Are modified and renamed

To include all diversity of 'men'

The universal blueprint imposed

As a formula of happiness

Upon all with their difference ignored

To standardize the Imperium

Those of more elevated castes

In their own territory are brought thither

To the foreign nations' affluence

They would for themselves partake thereof

"A better life", for some necessary  
Driven from their home by war and want  
For others less serious is their story  
Bent on greed and selfish thoughts

In the nation they are inserted  
Strife immediately does occur  
The indigenous population  
Deprived of what should be theirs

The nation from which the foreigner came  
Is deprived of what they might offer  
And the absentee émigré  
Is from his role displaced often

Hence strife, endless strife  
Constitutes the resultant condition  
Of violating the laws of life  
That all exist in separation

Hence segregation will occur  
And each unto himself will be  
On his homeland's ancestral turf  
Else there will exist naught but travesty

## Judaism

The religion of the serpent seed

Conceived of through their creators

The alien collective of Jehovih

A constellation of supremacist ideas

This religion encompassed

A range of archetypes

And atavistically references

The Phoenician and Judean kind

The various archetypes and figures

Archons and legions of 'the One' Being

In their blood memory lingers

In their sacred practices manifesting

The qabbalists of arcane rites

Syncretised from varied sources

Ultimately from their Lord derive

Jehovah- Yahweh the Demiurge

Witchcraft practices of the sinister  
Dark rites of the subterranean  
Blood magic cruel and inhuman  
A *quid pro quo* with Yahweh and his legions

The Nets of the spider are cast wide  
Encompassing the practices of others  
Assimilating them into the dark side  
A black mass, alchemical marriage

The new age permeated  
With judaized archetypes  
Its doctrines and egregores  
Of the Near East, semitic in-kind

From the upper echelons of masonry  
To the offshoots it has spawned  
Ordo Templi Orientis and Crowley  
To Mathers and The Golden Dawn

To Dion Fortune and Gardner  
The judaized English qabalah  
And later variations of Steiner  
His anthroposophical garbled doctrine

Even the secret doctrine of Blavatsky  
A distortion of the Vedic teachings  
And intertwined with gnostic gleanings  
And overlaid with invented cosmology

Subsequent figures and their orders  
The Ordo Fraternitas Saturni in Germany  
Were inter-penetrated with hebrew qabbalah  
And led to a judaized ariosphy

Meanwhile the A-Braham-icks  
Violently impose their rigid dogma  
On all who they condemned  
As pagan heretics- burned and slaughtered them

These two were mere offshoots  
Kosher mind programs of the dark side  
To enslave the laity and to rob them  
Furnishing the jews with their utmost desires

The claims of the hebrew qabbalah  
Of Isaac de Luria and his adherents  
Shabatai Zvi and Jacob Frankl  
Are yet more culture distortors

These subsequent practitioners  
Were True to the original  
Judaism of the pharisees  
The creed of Yahweh and his angels

The further lie put forth  
By such as Arthur Koestler  
That the Khazars absorbed  
Judaism into their midst

Changing the pure and good  
Original of the dogma  
And interlarding their talmud  
Later commentaries and qabbalah

Such itself is a mere blind  
As the mother Goddess tradition  
Has existed from ancient times  
And had jewry as its vector of transmission

Though changes in permutations  
Had occurred throughout the years  
Its substance it had preserved  
And it's tenebrous origins mirrored

Judaism thus manifests itself  
Even to this very day  
As the power which rules the world  
On the earth a poison stain

The trans-humanist agenda  
A technologized monstrosity  
Transforming organic life into robots  
To serve the despotic serpent seed

Making of all the goyim chattle  
Golems under the influence  
Of the rabbis who bleed the cattle  
Rendering of the life force anemic

Judaism the juggernaut  
Designed by diabolic forces  
On the earth their cybernetic robots  
Jewry, into the hive mind all absorbed

Jewry the puppet master  
Controlling all from this hive mind  
The diabolic A.I structure  
Jehovah G-d of the blind

The alien entities with whom they're bound  
Sephardim and angelic hosts  
Appear as bearers of altruism  
In reality a negative, vampirizing their host

In the churches the laity  
Smile and sing their psalms  
Worshiping they who enslave  
The earth's denizens who they wrong

Transmitting their bioenergy  
Toward their jewish masters  
And their infernal entities  
Who feed upon the masses

### **Contra Spengler**

The social darwinist  
Philosophy of the jungle  
A tooth and claw ruthlessness  
Was manifest in Oswald Spengler

His *modus operandi* was  
To bring forth this ideology  
To propagandize the masses  
Of the Teutons of Germany

He may have been event agent  
Of the bankster cabal  
Carrying forward the preachments  
Of Charles Darwin, et.alia

An octo-jew he had  
One-eighth jewish blood  
And was under the influence  
Of the Dark Lords 'chosen ones'

Presumably a member  
Of the cult of darkest evil  
He derived in his origins  
From bourgeois servants civil

His early photographs  
As well as of his parents  
Clearly bear the stamp  
Of semitic origins

Beetle brow and hook nose  
A slight receding forehead  
A harelip of which the bottom  
Was negroid and protuberant

His beady dark eyes  
Stare out from the photograph  
And that he occupied  
A respectable place is suggestive

That he was affiliated  
With conservative elites  
Including jews in Prussia  
Underscores this thesis

That he was attempting  
To introduce these ideas  
When Germany was entering  
Conditions of breakdown, social chaos

To ride the wave of the chaos  
And to the steer the mass mind  
Towards an acceptance  
Of the militaristic weltanshuang

This had been developed  
For a while in Teutonic Prussia  
Under the junker influence  
And in the shadow of Austro-Hungaria

The jews had their intentions  
To create a war machine  
In the same mold as the Romans  
Transforming Germans into legionaries

Bismarck was the Caesar  
Selected by cabal  
A competent war monger  
Who as a mason played his role

Spengler adopted the ideas  
From the judaized Darwin and Galton  
Materialistic and bestial  
The creed of the 'animal man'

This was designed to frame  
The entire German nation  
As an atheistic beast to blame  
The heel in the war with France and England

Colonialist expansion

Competition between the powers

And the inevitable conflict

The 'decision of the hour'

After this and leading towards

The first apocalypse of World War I

Led by their noses the Germans

Played their role: sacrificed goyim

Spengler's works attempted

To justify this absurdity

Predictably programming the citizens

To serve as fodder for the war machine

"Man and Technics" he did write

A bellicose work

Social darwinism encapsulated

To incite the Germans to go berserk

In his work "the down going"

Of "the Western lands"

Spengler portrayed 'their' survival

As a desperate struggle against all men

He prophesied the culture cycles  
Lifespans of the racial soul  
Which was a nebulous structure  
That underwent birth and growth

It's down going could only be  
Rectified through aggressive warfare  
And thereby attaching  
To the Germans a stigma of a 'war monger'

Hence the nation was set up  
To play the heel or brute  
In the dialecticus politicus  
To the German nation's power reduce

This as means to bring forward  
The grandiose plans of jewry  
Their intended global government  
Create their paradise of milk and honey

Spengler did his damage  
As an agent of his masters  
Stigmatizing the German reputation  
And bringing them into disaster

He attempted to perpetuate  
His ideology of aggression  
And its predictive programming  
To create more dynamic tension

### **Saboteurs**

The cowards of the cabal  
Delighting in their sick perversions  
Targeting the exceptional  
Spiritual adept of the goyim

They who have the potential  
To oppose their mind control  
Their programs of limitation  
The religious of the matrix world

Those in tune with the old Gods  
Who can with them oppose  
The despotism of the 'G-d'  
Jehovah and his chosen folk

They are cabal's agents  
Are forever seeking to make  
The true Aryan opposition  
Into their helpless prey

Hence they hamstring them  
Throughout their life's course  
Curtail their development  
Of any occult powers

Attempt to retard their growth  
Of brain and body and soul  
As means to their vitality choke  
By any and every mode

Fluoridated water  
Injections of poison  
E.M.F in the aether  
Chemtrails in the atmosphere

G.M.Os in the food supply  
Heavy metals and hormones  
Constant bombardment of the mind  
With vibrations; sights and sounds

Should he make it through this gauntlet  
Anything he seeks and desires  
The cabal will withhold from him  
And sabotage what he could attain or acquire

Should he seek to create  
A superlative mind  
The cabal will orchestrate  
Obstructions to his designs

The jewish teacher will fail him  
Or give him unjust grades  
That do not compensate merit  
But misrepresent his faculties

They will sabotage his G.P.A  
In academic endeavors  
Lowered self-esteem create  
To ruin his career prospects

Should he managed to succeed  
And this against all odds  
He will be barred from society  
In any careers he might have had

The network of scum

Who work to blackball

Any true Aryans

Who have superlative powers occult

They who are of pure race

And who haven't subordinated

Themselves to the kosher G-ds' 'grace'

They viciously target for annihilation

Their slander and rumor campaigns

That they operate in secret

Are undergone this vicious trade

To achieve a character assassination

Framing others as pedophiles

As drug dealers or insane

As terrorists who would deny

The 'good citizens' their security

Turning the witless masses

Of sadistic conformists

Against the greatest threat

To the malevolent dark forces

Should one have a marriage  
Or be in a relationship  
This will by them be sabotaged  
The spouse turned against him

Should she have no willingness  
To betray her 'sacred vows'  
Against her will be made death threats  
And failing that made a sacrificial cow

Thus the potential adept  
They seek to neutralize  
The Aryan potential occultist  
They would have atrophy and die

Their goal is to sever him from  
That which they understand  
To be that which truly threatens  
Their despotism over the land

To disconnect from the source  
Of the ancient Aryan gods  
And to serve him up as the main course  
As their sacrificial hog

At all times throughout the day  
And into the dead of night  
He is spied on and waylaid  
Disrupted by the pestilential blight

These sadists know no limit  
To their demonic witchcraft  
From assassination of his children  
To torturing his dogs and cats with poison

His drinking water polluted  
With noxious substances  
Gas pumped into his apartment  
With poison his food injected

Their goal is the annihilation  
Of their superiors  
So that they may enslave the goyim  
Over all the world

Hence all must oppose them  
With extreme force attack  
Else they themselves will lose their  
Souls, should the dark side win

## Pirate Island

In the ancient world was formed  
An enclave for the seed of darkness  
Exclusive and not easily swarmed  
Away from any potential assailants

The Land of Angels it was called  
The tenebrous beings of the astral planes  
Who predate upon the people  
Their vital forces they seek to drain

This island of auspicious weather  
Was once occupied by the Teutons and Gaels  
Who created a harmonious atmosphere  
In their druidic practices of old

When the pestilential host arrived  
From Phoenicia and North Africa  
They mixed themselves with the tribes  
Who occupied merry old 'England'

The corruption of the druidic priests  
Enabling these foreign stock to invade  
With the priestly caste mixing  
Of the racial stock transforming

*Prima nocte* was the rule  
With the mass desecration  
By the foreign hordes of jews  
Who defiled the Aryan women

From such a mixture they created  
A stock of hybrids who were placed  
Under the sway of the creatures  
Who with jewry from the east came

Over time yet more arrived  
Jewish hybrids from the continent  
The catholic hybrids of the style  
Of judaized Gallic Normans

This vile brew was mixed together  
To create a violent stock  
Who with their more jewish masters  
Could be used to others rob

The pirate island played host  
Throughout its tempestuous history  
To internicine racial struggles  
Between the purer Aryans and jewry

Jewry was at one point cast  
From the borders of the pirate Isle  
In Wales they were concentrated  
Awaiting a return to rule the rank-and-file

With Cromwell jewry received their chance  
To once again ascend to power  
Uncontestable by any Aryan man  
Their hegemony a result of cunning guile

From this point they embarked upon  
Their power mad colonialist venture  
Under a queen who was a figurehead  
Who trafficked in qabbalistic occultism

With John Dee and Edward Kelly  
The cunning jews expanded their power  
Their infamous pirate galleys  
Spreading throughout the terrestrial globe

Like an ouroboros serpent  
Twining itself with inexorable grip  
Around the entire circumference  
Of the earth pursuing its profits

The sun refulgent in the heavens  
Shining upon zions' Empire  
Which enslaved and exploited others  
Adding fuel to its power mad desire

The very embodiment of 'the west'  
Can be seen concentrated in this island  
The expansion of the rapacious  
Violence of the dark hidden hand

Over the world the Pirates sailed  
Slashing and burning their foes  
And there Demiurges' hebrew Bible  
And forcing upon wiser folk

Orchestrating war and chaos  
From a distance by force of arms  
Cruel Iron cannon and grapeshot  
The mechanism of doing harm

Under the guise of 'God'  
Of a '*jus bellum*' against evil  
They spread themselves across  
The seven seas, genociding people

The ancestral cultures of the world  
Became decimated in the flames  
Of the incendiaries who did burn  
The ancient world's sacred remains

This empire was replicated  
By other kosher enclaves  
Holland; Spain and Portugal  
With the addition of France and Italy

These kosher nations  
Were the tools  
Of the global usurpation  
Of the semitic ghouls

They pitted one another  
Against each in competition  
Sowing the seeds of ambition  
Within the minds of the royal goyim

These escapades established  
Colonies of hybrid stock  
The native indigenous  
Worshiping the kosher God

The cunning kikes then dismantled  
Their empires on the surface  
Created yet more simulacra  
To blind their empires' service

'Freedom' and 'independence'  
'self-governance' the mantra  
And yet kosher provenance  
Was the only *ultima causa*

Through Incorporated companies  
The piracy continued on  
The veil of corporate secrecy  
Concealing the jewish hegemon

The remnants of the indigenous  
Aryans were used as slaves  
As labor and mercenaries  
To dig the other 'goyim' graves

These then were blamed  
For the cunning malevolence  
Of the jewish knaves  
Who orchestrated their death

All actions of the Empire  
Were apportioned as follows:  
The good to the jewish sires  
The bad to the Aryan people

This 'good' versus 'evil' dialectic  
Has been the constant mainstay  
Of the devious jewish pest  
Whose power-madness never abates

Now the jews have greater plans  
In their ruthless expansionism  
They no longer need the land  
Of merry old kosher England

Hence they have introduced  
A host of vicious foreign stock  
Who in their plans they seek to use  
To finalize their sinister plot

To hurl the hordes against their foes  
The Aryan race and its culture  
The race who the Elder Gods' chose  
To subjugate them and their Demiurge

Whether they will succeed  
Only Time will decide  
And if the nobler breed  
Will achieve victory against the dark side

### Mass Hysteria

The Kali Yuga winds down  
With ever increasing rapidity  
With all pursued by the hell hound  
Fenrir and a host of Muspell's seed

The programming has attained  
A fever pitch of intensity  
With A.I programs to entrain  
The witless masses for victory

Their mind a programmed chip  
Comprised of protein and fluids  
Which flow through their person  
Transmitting the information

An electromagnetic transceiver  
That processes the data  
Programmed into the retards  
To deploy them against each other

This campaign of mind control  
Is instituted to reify  
The desired reaction of the people  
To the cabals' evil designs

Acting upon prophecies  
In their book of witchcraft  
Creating global cacophony  
To decimate the populace

Turning one against the other  
Males against females  
The left against conservatives  
Whites against Negroes

The factions are worked up  
Through the propaganda machine  
To fall upon each other  
And then mixed in the mode of Kalergi

The powder keg of Rahowa!  
Is on the verge of explosion  
In tandem with the biblical  
Prophecies of Ezekiel

The cunning kikes intent  
Is to hurl the mass of slaves  
Into the meat grinder, expend  
The many-too-many into the grave

The technological apparatus  
Which they have installed  
As a death grid cybernetic  
Ready to flip the switch on us

The mass death which will ensue  
Once the supply chains are severed  
In the faulty power grid  
Comes under engineered bad weather

Tornadoes; hurricanes

Floods and quicksand

Snowstorms and drought seasons

Geopolitical chaos engineered

Consequent fallout over the land

Food shortages and starvation

Riots; looting and murder

A descent to the primitive

Within the maelstrom of the 'end times'

The prophecies of doom reified

The priestly caste and a cache of tithes

Keep cozy by the fireside

Watching on their C.C.T.V

Via drone camera over the cities

They partake in vile ecstasy

Of their witchcraft sadistically

They delight in the murder of the mass

Who slaughter one another wantonly

Derive occult power from the clash

Via sacrifices for their demonic beings

The mass hysteria is their triumph  
The crowning feat of black magic  
As they establish their empire of Zion  
Blowing their bellicose trumpets

The remnant of their pathetic slaves  
Who enable this feat to manifest  
Have sold their souls to the knaves  
In exchange for cash on the barrel head

They speciously deceive themselves  
That they are the 'elect'  
Who have been kept around  
Owing to their spiritual 'blessedness'

In reality mere cowardly slaves  
Who in hypocrisy deceive themselves  
That their masters the jewish knaves  
Are the chosen ones of 'G-d'

These worthless wretches, the mindless  
Eagerly anticipate the death  
With an evil smile on their faces  
Of all of those they are against

All the intelligent and creative  
The thoughtful; those attuned  
To the higher states of consciousness  
Who with the old gods commune

These the vile hypocrites  
Slander and asperse  
Their betters, the spiritual adepts  
Who they assail with curses

They slander and assault  
Those who possess the light  
Who they claim are at fault  
For their own perverse crimes

The 'remnant' of 'spiritual Israel'  
Are a vile pack of rogues  
Who aggressively bully their foes  
Slander them everywhere they go

The black magicians of the cabal  
Insist on injuring others  
Minds; bodies and souls  
To propitiate their demon masters

Through the chaos they engineer  
These demented rogues  
Would achieve the false veneer  
Of a Divine harmonious world

They will fail inevitably  
And bring about their destruction  
Through these karmic processes  
Tangled in a web of their construction

### **The Empire**

The Empire of the shopkeepers  
From the shores of the Near East  
Hijacking the merchant ships  
Of other nations in the name of 'peace'

The banking cartel of usury  
The parasites cast their nets  
Over all their adversaries  
As fishers of gentile men

Their expansion led them around  
The Mediterranean and Atlantis  
The rapaciousness knew no bounds  
As they exploited their slave captives

Through main force they imposed  
The whip hand on their animate tools  
Used them to rape the fertile ground  
And to poverty their serfs reduce

In the Americas they landed their ships  
Took over the Aryan societies  
Slaughtered the noble priestly adepts  
Forced upon them the law of the Noahide

From thence slaughter to their gods  
'Yah' of the reptilian cadre  
On the altar soaked in blood  
The victims' flesh was arrayed

Sacrifices for their masters  
Who dwell in the astral planes  
Burnt offerings to accrue power  
Through massacre of their slaves

Establishing yet more parasite nests

This crew of Pirates wandered

Onto the shores of England

And the druidic sect infiltrated

The resources of tin and other

Metals they wrenched from the earth

To more of others wealth absorb

And leave a waste for their serfs

The Druids fought back

But were overpowered

Were tortured on the rack

At the stake burnt, their souls devoured

They disappeared in the underground

Concealing their secret lore

Which had all too often become entangled

With the arcana of the sorcerers

Though this parasite cast

Had been cast out through rebellion

They clung on to the last

Having their claws in the goyim

In Judea had continued  
Operating their usury cartel  
Enforced through worldly wisdom  
Mercenary troops and arcane spells

The Romans reacted with justice  
Titus leading his legions  
To destroy the parasite nests  
The bronze of the mighty Romans

The Temple of 'yah' was turned to dust  
The foe routed from the land  
And in its place was established  
A Roman province and populace

The revenge of the wandering jew  
Cunningly bided its time  
And formulated a noxious brew  
Of mind poison to Rome destroy

Saul of Tarsus their agent  
Intruded into the borders of Rome  
And like a noxious bacillus  
Spread the poison around

The jews had infiltrated their host  
As subversive terrorists  
To tear down and depose  
The old gods and their noble children

The witless masses were conscripted  
To fight for the distorted deity  
Of Helios and Sol Invictus  
Renamed as the spawn of Mary

This led to the decimation  
Of the Empire of Rome  
The lunar transmogrification  
Of the solar Aryan home

From thence the Empire spread  
It's pincers arrayed around the heart  
From points of great distance  
Targeted Aryan's solar heart

From the savage Americas  
To semitized Angle-land  
The land of the 'angels'  
And the Eastern Empire Roman

The 'Hellenization' of the Greeks  
The Egyptians' and of Rome  
Had sown the poison seed  
Of destruction of the Aryan home

The formation of this witches brew  
Cauldron of diverse kinds  
Boiled in a putrescent stew  
An amalgam called 'mankind'

Over the European continent  
The poison seed was sown  
Choking out the better men  
The old gods dethroned

The sickly semite on a stick  
Was planted in the vanquished  
As a spear of longinus  
Or tumor of terminal cancer

The East encroached into the West  
The Hyperboreans had already fled  
Into the land of Elysium  
Where the parasites could not tread

Whether any resurrection  
Or resurgence could ever be  
Is the Elder Gods' decision  
And ours to realize our destiny

Zion's army has overrun  
The land and it transformed  
Into their image and has become  
A merchants' exchange and bazaar

Most all have become judaized  
Cast in the image of their overlords  
It now lies upon us to do or die  
To preserve their Aryan honor

To cast off for good the shackles  
Which have been placed upon us  
And to liberate our captive souls  
To unify the elder gods

## Zelda

A link to the past

To the age of Hyperborea

With the Aryans, ice blue-eyed

Their locks of blonde hair

The warrior berserker

Adept of the tri-force

Captive by the usurper

Who absconded with the Princess

Trapped within the dungeon

Inside of the darkened cellar

Awaiting his execution

The hidden hands enclose upon him

Until he through the aether

Here's the voice of his She

Who the sacred feminine

Confers upon him the key

The cellar door of his dungeon  
He manages to break  
And to with his will and intuition  
Evade or slay the enemy

Released through his aptitude  
He answers the call  
That he had received through  
His higher consciousness

He must seek the tri-force  
And to complete his quest  
To rescue from the dark forces  
The sacred feminine

To unify, integrate  
Within his True Self  
Body and soul to elevate  
The coals into a diamond meld

Combating his opponents  
Who perpetually assail him  
Strengthens through dynamism  
His soul to overcome them

As a dynamic *entelecheia*

A self-propelling wheel

He is an Aryan warrior

Fighting with soul and steel

His head in the celestial plane

His combat boots on the earth

Like Thor he makes the lightning

Of the Vrill strike the enemy where it hurts

On his heroic quest

He pursues the golden crown

The philosophical treasure chest

That Gannon has stolen

Fighting the exotic beasts

Creatures of alien kind

Who with the enemy

And through selfishness aligned

The horde of the dark side

Serves this arrogant pest

Who buys their fickle loyalty

With treasure and preferment

Link the Hyperborean mage  
Follows the golden thread  
Throughout the land of Hyrule's age  
Striking the foes to death

Through his ingenuity  
And his swordsmanship  
The blue-eyed sage  
The noble Hyperborean

Confronting Gannon at his fortress  
In the desert sands' lofty ziggurat  
The semitic black magician  
The sinister qabbalistic rat

The sacred feminine  
Princess of Hyrule  
Is concealed behind the demon  
The hook nosed palid ghoul

Link with his power sword  
The kundalini serpent power  
Combats the Saturnian bearer  
Of the darkness of the Demiurge

The Saturnian mage of darkness  
Attempts to deceive and confuse  
To fight dirty with deviant ethics  
To blind the seer of Hyrule

Link with his shining sword  
The dark foe he pursues  
And speaks the arcane words  
Of the lost in buried Truth

Slashed with The sword of Truth  
Gannon is slain by the hero  
Releasing the Graal of Hyrule  
To its proper Aryan owner

The land is freed from the tenebrous  
Clouds of noxious substance  
The black shades to the nether regions  
Have been forever banished

Link and Princess Zelda  
Have in marriage *alchemicum*  
Forging the bond of diamond  
From their separate elements

## Darth Vader

The consciousness of modern man

Dragged down into the sty

With the pigs on the animal farm

Squealing away, profits to derive

The modern of today's fallen world

His mind a mere meat machine

Calculator of informational

Data, structured and quantified logically

The left-brain robot of zion's Empire

Calculates advantages and loss

To become the best he does aspire

Would sacrifice all to pay the cost

His cunning intellect a tool

Utility to leverage power

Over all of those he deems fools

His goal to rule for a vain hour

The animal world in which he lives  
The jungle law of the talon  
Is the feral legislation he imposes  
And has imposed by those above him

Though a hammer, a petty tyrant  
He is simultaneously an anvil  
Pounded upon when non-compliant  
With the cabals' despotic will

Darth Vader, minion of the Empire  
Operating within the worldly realm  
His consciousness rooted in desire  
To dominate, his competitors tear down

His life and experience of accountancy  
Of cost and benefit, loss and gain  
To serve his ego at the expense of these  
Obstacles to his supremacistic aims

His lofty ambitions are curtailed  
By those of similar designs  
In the hierarchy is entailed  
Ruthless competition for the heights

In order to climb over the mass  
He must be the most aggressive  
And behind his smiling mask  
Be always reckoning advantages

His service to the Empire  
Is rewarded with temporal delights  
Sights and sounds and impressions  
Available to only the favored kind

Neglectful of his duties  
Towards his race and culture  
He conceals himself behind security  
Hired goons, system enforcers

Ignoring reality in his suburb  
Hidden away from the social chaos  
He counts stacks of dollars  
Reckoning investments and potential loss

He sips a glass of fine wine  
As the inner-city burns  
Watches the frenzied chaos and crime  
From the cameras of helicopters

All is pacific indulgence  
Until the growing sounds  
Penetrate the walls of his mansion  
And in his overheated brain echo

The mob makes its way towards  
His enclave of privileged decadence  
He notices something untoward  
Attempts to notify the security men

No response is received  
As the noise of the crowd grows louder  
In his mind he does conceive  
Of the desperate conditions surrounding

He ascends his flight of stairs  
And looks out his bay windows  
At the crowd lighting fires  
Smashing and looting his neighbors

He puts down his crystal glass  
Of expensive fine wine  
And races toward his arms stash  
To his sub-machine gun find

He slides open the patio door  
And puffs chest with machismo  
Takes aim with his Tavor  
And discharges a magazine of ammo

The staccato burst of gunfire  
Alerts the angered mob  
Like a swarm of hornets' ire  
They turn and him observe

The desperate visage of the yuppie  
Brows creased with a frown  
As he fumbles for another magazine  
To discharge another fusillade

Before he can acquire target  
To release his pent-up rage  
The mob of frenzied plebeians  
Discharges their own lethal pay

The bay windows cracked and smashed  
Peppered with the barrage  
Of a hell of leaden death  
Showcasing the yuppies *rigor mortis* shuffle

His aspiration to become  
A god-like being of dominance  
Is revealed as empty, hollow  
An absurd life of nonsense

He invested all his life  
Focusing his psychopathic mind  
On the perpetual stress and strife  
Of the globe so wide

His soul earthbound grasps  
With empty-hand in desperation  
At the unattainable cache  
Of his ill-gotten possessions

His crystallized consciousness  
Limiting itself to the phenomena  
Which become his obsession  
Rendering his life a descent to hell

Purely left-brained robot  
He pursues only that which  
Is perishable and is not  
Lasting in Eternal bliss

His consciousness riveted  
On the objects of his desire  
His sole and only business  
Is to accumulate vile lucre

To pursue the carnal delights  
Partaking of the flesh  
Of the dens of iniquity  
In the midst of drunkenness

One thrill after another  
Is his motive principle  
Blind to any higher  
Modality of consciousness

The Darth Vader figure  
The golem of the rabbis  
Who have effectively conditioned  
Their minions for a worldly life

Every bauble and object  
Of their insatiable desires  
Is placed before their perception  
To stoke their concupiscent fires

The alternative modality  
Of the Darth Vader figure  
Is to be a sterile priest  
Full of repressed anger

His overtaxed mind waxing hot  
Blood boiling in his pulsing veins  
His meat machine blowing gaskets  
Percocets assist to numb the pain

Aneurysms and strokes  
The fruitage of his mentation  
The perpetuation of the old  
New World order slave labor

Darth Vader the thrall  
Forever on a mental leash  
Held in the hands' of the cabal  
By the rabbis, their kept beast

Chained to the wheel of industry  
The blue or white collar slave  
Dead in the jews' money  
Chasing retirement from the grave

His greatest thrill in life  
This exercise his power  
Over others to impose strife  
During his existence's vain hour

Dominate and attack  
All who are 'not self'  
A cunning beast, power-mad  
Will soon wind up in a deeper hell

His dualistic consciousness  
A result of left-brain imbalance  
To his ego wholly devoted  
Superimposing on all others

The dark side of the force  
Embodied in the Vader robot  
From the sacred feminine divorced  
El and Ella become distorted

His link to the higher planes  
If ever existed, is severed  
A life lived in the mundane  
Atrophy of all that is sacred

His atrophied and ugly soul

Greedy and desirous

Wholly bent on bankroll

And service to self exclusive

Rings and baubels he pursues

Possessions which capture his mind

Investing all his thought into

These trinkets within the wheel of Time

Vainglorious and arrogant

He makes display of his ego

Portraying himself as a success

Along the winding path to hell he goes

His 'service to self' behavior

Serves all that is transient

Having no place in Eternity

He lives for fleeting amusement

The psychopath consciousness

He develops through his analytic

His mentality on logic dependent

Detached from the higher intuition

Through such overemphasis  
On the psychopath mind  
He from his soul detaches  
Severing his silver cord lifeline

A complete automaton  
A trans-humanized structure  
A meat machine of zion  
Mobilized to kill and injure

The robotized mentality  
Of the left-brain psychopath  
Is engineered to serve the  
Rabbis, qabbalistic architects

The training program of the 'goy'  
Suitable for the world disorder  
Can be seen in their employ  
Of the military-industrial operators

Conditioned like an attack dog  
To operate machines of death  
To violate the karmic laws  
And incur further repercussions

The psychopathic apathy  
Of the self-serving robots  
Will bring about their destiny  
And they will be no more

Those who have been subject  
To their arrogant abusiveness  
Will cease to be so tolerant  
As they burn them in their mansions

A true holocaust of flames  
Burnt offering of the parasites  
Who others have lamed  
While they to this suffering turn a blind eye

#### **Storm Trooper**

"Just following orders!"  
The paid thug declares  
As at the mere 'civilian'  
He with hostility stares

The Judge Dredd of post-modernity  
Amidst the landscape of ruins  
Though to all appearances of thriving  
Mcworld of economic boom

The ruins lie within the minds  
Of the teeming multitude  
Who squealed within the filthy sty  
Of the westernized sewer

These mere 'goyim' are surveyed  
Monitored and controlled  
By the technology of the modern age  
To secure the riches' bank rolls

Coerced by invisible chains  
To run along the trek  
Of the treadmill the slaves  
To pay their bills are desperate

The system enforces are conscripted  
By the cabal who oversees  
The functioning of their matrix prison  
Training their thugs so bloodthirsty

Trained to view all as enemies  
As mere 'civilian' chattel  
Parts of the system of slavery  
Against them all arrayed for battle

The thugs are juiced on steroids  
Packed with meat and muck  
The dull-brained violent droids  
Engineered to spill our blood

Their academic curriculum  
Is to adopt the frog perspective  
Of modernity's scientism  
The religion of the 'westerner'

Lauded as a hero of the Empire  
His self-congratulatory air  
Fuels his sadistic behavior  
Toward the 'civvies' cremates his care

Looking upon all as 'beneath'  
Who occupy 'civilian rank'  
Uploaded steroidal thief  
Who robs their taxes for his bank

His exorbitant wage reflects  
The corruption of the modern world  
Upon him its function depends  
To ensure the productivity of the churls

They who don't pay their rent  
Or mortgages or property tax  
Will have their door kicked in  
And become a homeless vagrant

In order to pay, pay one must  
Circling around in the wheel  
From 9-to-5 the endless costs  
Our modern life's ordeal

The system enforcers of the Empire  
Employed technology  
To monitor all of our lives  
To the minutest degree

Chipped and tracked 24/7  
The system enforcers are aware  
Of the nature of the control system  
A mechanism of schadenfreude

The storm trooper psychopaths  
Gleefully delight in harm  
To visit upon the broad mass  
Under the guise of 'helping' them

The underlings of the system  
With whom their hired goons are bound  
Are to harass their fellow citizens  
Conscripted and paid in money or in drugs

The cowardly trash who are aligned  
With the control system of belligerence  
In harming others find delight  
The schadenfreude of harassment

Spies and agents are arrayed  
Around the enemies of the Empire  
Taking turns to agitate  
All coordinated through system A.I

Satellites and drones  
The electromagnetic generators  
Of smart meters and cell phones  
Send and receive the information

Chips planted in the brain of the citizens

Designed to monitor all circuitry

Thoughts; emotions; neural processes

Robotized slaves of industry

The droids of the system monitor

All interactions with their chattel

Manipulating and controlling them

Like so many witless cattle

The neural technology

Can observe the emotions

And thoughts of their slaves

To prevent any 'adverse' action

'Pre-crime' is the condition

Of all who are not drones

Who think outside the system

Who threaten its 'self-chosen'

All of the intuitive

And creative citizens

Who able to think independently

Are placed in the crosshairs of zion

Their storm troopers are unleashed  
To beat them back into submission  
Through the discourse of modernity  
Justify their violent action

Pervasive agents abound  
At all levels of the system  
From the ivory tower to ghetto  
They are all arrayed against us

Within the Traditional world  
The enforces of the nation  
Were an essential feature  
Of a healthy organism

They maintained Order  
Through necessary force  
The iron heel crushing disorder  
Maintaining the nations' course

The criminal elements of vice  
Vermin polluting the nation  
Are dealt with in a Trice  
Putting a stop to the corruption

Servants of the people

From whom the military derived

The police a necessary tool

To ensure safety and security

In the nation of Tradition

All participated and had their role

Contributing to the elevation

Serving the whole exclusively their own

The thugs of today

The enforcers of despotism

Mercenaries for pay

They drink of the blood of the innocent

Their loyalty to their masters

The central banking system apparatchiks

And the A-Brahamic priest caste

Who would trap all in the matrix

For the almighty dollar

And all of that which it procures

The iron heel enforcers

Would the civvies torture and murder

As they rise in the ranks  
They become more psychotic  
Experiencing all the vice  
And corruption of the population

They themselves foremost  
Are the bearers of Cain's mark  
Through the acts they undergo  
They heap karma upon karma

Their silverplate of filigree  
Laden with their vices  
And interlarded with their money  
And the stains of their own crimes

In the hierarchy of the system  
They reach a certain point  
At which they undergo initiation  
And with innocent blood are anointed

These masonic ghouls  
Are considered the 'elite'  
Nonetheless are utter fools  
Who lick jewry's feet

These ill-lights of the system  
Whose baleful glow radiates  
From their fleshly prison  
Casts its sickly lunar rays

These psychopaths are devoid  
Of any vital spark  
And in their paranoid  
Minds, they are shining stars

Service animals of jewry  
They put their boots upon our necks  
To bully and abuse all and sundry  
Who refuse to bow to their masters

The rabbinate in their synagogues  
Scribes who are bent on Dominion  
Translate their Noahide laws  
Into contemporary local jargon

These are then implemented  
By the apparatchik oligarchs  
Who pull the wires and levers  
Of the machine of injustice

The witless masses fail to understand  
That their entire world  
Is by despotic rabbis governed  
And that they are slaves to churls

Their system enforces  
Who over them superintend  
With a license to kill  
Permission to torture their fellow men

These goons are conditioned  
To perceive their 'civvie' slaves  
To view all as combatants  
And mere fodder of industry

With contemptuous pretense  
Of altruistic regard for them  
They defile the citizens'  
Alleged 'fundamental freedoms'

From illegal search and seizures  
To planting fake 'evidence'  
To outright home invasion  
Or as a clandestine assassin

When not bullying and abusing  
The citizenry for sport  
They are occupied in amusing  
Themselves with high-class whores

These paid dogs of the cabal  
Are in their minds 'virtuous heroes'  
Yet inevitably they fall  
Into the infernal health below

#### Counter-Tradition

Tradition has only one form  
That of the manifestation of the Eternal  
Through the races; cultures and norms  
Which particularize the Universal

The only Tradition which can be spoken of  
Lies in that of the far North  
The primordial home of the Hyperborean  
The blue-eyed blondes, the Aryan Nords

This group derived from the Devas  
The Higher Beings which on the earth came  
From their higher state they involuted  
And manifested as earthly men

With this involutorial fall  
Their density decreased  
In proportion to their being involved  
In the world, mingling with the beasts

They remained attached to Spirit  
To the higher planes of Being  
And cultivated noble practices  
Which enabled their immortality

This subsequent philosophers  
Purporting to be wisemen  
Dubbed the *lapis excellis*  
The path of the Boreal Tradition

They grasped at straws to discover  
The original form of this True life  
Desperately they tried to uncover  
The hidden wisdom of primordial times

They stumbled along the path  
Carrying the lantern with its gaslight  
Groping their way in darkness  
Bent on finding the True sight

From eastern mysticism and practices  
Yoga; meditation and more  
Buried within the invented religions  
The spiritual brightness of the inner core

The debased and mixed stock  
In which these 'traditions' persisted  
Mingled with the blood of the Gods  
The demonology of the Lemurian beastmen

Hence rather than the runic signs  
Which from Hyperborea derive  
Is supplanted the hebrew semitic lines  
Of blackest witchcraft of alien kind

This or Arabic with its spiders' webs  
Of script and devious meanderings  
Supplant the original Sumerian  
Distorted remnants, the original modifying

Sanskrit alone preserved the most  
True representation of the Hyperboreans  
Through script and practices also  
Interlarded with the Dravidians

Taoism with its hexagrams  
Reveals a significant signpost  
To the original magical system  
Of the Northern mage primordial

Nonetheless all is distortion  
A corruption mingled with the hybrids  
Who overran the wandering Aryan  
In his colonialist migrations

He shared his gnosis with the others  
The humbler earthly denizens  
His involvement with the indigenous  
And with foreign merchant invaders

They either destroyed or mixed together  
Noble stock becoming alloyed  
With the comparatively primitive  
Their culture and customs destroyed

Hence the current 'Traditions'  
Are only dubbed such by fools  
Who fail to understand them  
Their neglected history a testament to

This are their representation  
Of the facts of history  
They choose to conceal from men  
To facilitate Traditions' discovery

The open acknowledgment  
By such as Julius Evola  
That all of the remnant  
Of the Tradition are mere 'shells'

Rene Guenon didn't agree  
As his writings bear witness to  
His devotion to corruption and plagiarism  
His infatuation with mirror residue

His contempt for 'Europeans'  
Who are improperly so-named  
The original Hyperboreans  
Who bear the Tradition in mente

The blood memory alone bears witness  
To the Truth of the original forms  
Of the primordial Northern Tradition  
Neither from East nor West was born

To follow any paths' extent  
In the fallen contemporary world  
Especially that of A-Braham  
Is the depth of folly, a mortal danger

That senile Guenon followed this path  
Infatuated with 'the One'  
Of wisdom demonstrated a lack  
Exulting mere 'Counter-Tradition'

### **Suburbia**

Escaping to the Mcworld of dreams  
Prefabricated boxes in which robots dwell  
Each a carbon copy of celebrities  
At least as far as they can tell

In the image of their false idols  
They attempt a reenactment  
Of their chosen ideal lifestyle  
The life of the rich and infamous

A consumer life derived from TV  
Purchased at the shopping mall  
On display for all to see  
The decadent status seeker, a Barbie doll

They who follow this path to perdition  
Have no substance within  
They lack True Being and essence  
Their True Self atrophies in the swamp of their sins

To overcompensate for this lack  
Which even they dimly perceive  
They join the local congregation  
And pray to a fictional deity

Those who are redeemable elements  
Amidst the massive automata  
Find life amidst suburban battlements  
*A bellum omnium omnes contra*

A life of ruthless competition  
Each vies with each for gain  
To climb the hierarchy of the system  
All competitors to rend and maim

The goal to realize the standards  
Of the Hollywood lifestyle of modernity  
Bimbos who stare their vanity mirror  
And numbskulls who pay for their fees

The cookie-cutter box houses  
All aligned in their narrow plot  
A living tomb, their McMansion  
A prefabricated garbage box

Mowing the lawn at the same time  
In the same way as their neighbors  
Polluting the atmosphere their crime  
To accumulate social credit and favor

Neurotic smiles plastered on their faces  
The obligatory pose of sociability  
The appearance of the social graces  
The mask which all must wear in society

Should any display any countenance  
Not best approximating  
A recent trip to the plastic surgeons  
That of the latest celebrity

They will be shunned and condemned  
By their conformistic neighbors  
Their reputation will be questioned  
A shadow cast upon their nature

Hiding away in suburbia  
Away from the horrors of 'savages'  
A cowardly escape from the problems  
They had created in the first place

Further and further away  
From the rotten core of the city  
Commuting to work to receive their pay  
Back and forth on an endless chain

Their desperation to escape  
From the inferior 'Other'  
Blows up in their arrogant face  
Through the policies of the system

Government housing projects  
Freebies and emoluments  
Given to browns and blacks  
To displace the white population

The cowardly whites who hide away  
In their enclaves of privilege  
Sought their paradisiacal escape  
In poorly defensible cul-de-sacs

Amongst these the delusional  
Christians drunk on holy water  
The teeming Third World multitude  
They thought they could ignore

The suburbs turn to rubble  
Over a short span of time  
Crime and vice becomes normal  
By the cabal facilitated

Drugs and promiscuity  
A life of selfish hedonism  
A coarse carnal ecstasy  
Introduced into the consciousness

The negrification process  
Of the Western lands  
Ostensibly for profits  
Or 'humanitarianism'

In reality the secret plan  
Of the corrupt elites  
The weight of the hidden hand  
Crushing all beneath

Suburbia conceived as a fortress  
The shtetl of the jew  
The installation of a Trojan horse  
The goyim to give battle to

This replicated by the whites  
Christians and other hypocrites  
Who with their money take flight  
To their own defensive fortress

The siege of their cul-de-sac  
By the hoards of orcs  
They attempt to push back  
Through means of economics

Increasing the cost of their dwellings  
Manipulating the real estate market  
Their implicit bias concealing  
In their desire for autarky

What once was a 'white area'  
Becomes overrun with 'Others'  
Though they are 'christians'  
They are not our brothers

The delusional congregation  
Of white suburban sheep  
Enables the dark invasion  
Of the foreign enemy

### **An-Arche**

An absence of authority  
Leads along a downward course  
Out-of-control were spiraling  
Into the abyss, hurtling forth

A fragmented society

Across all lines divided

The illusion makers of majorities

Having power, for them has decided

Each seeking their self-interest

And curtailing any common purpose

Denying the higher to invest

Will and skill and collective betterment

Rather to drag down to the bottom

All in a squabbling mass

With each pursuing their own wanton

Vicious desires, bestial and crass

The illusion of democracy

Leads towards this state

Of free-for-all anarchy

Leading toward the grave

That the current system

Has not as yet fragmented

Become irreparably damaged

Is attributable to its being an illusion

The false choice of controlled  
Political parties who purport  
To 'represent' the people  
For the cabal a cruel sport

"That the illusion of freedom  
Is the cruelest slavery"  
As Kai Murros dissented  
Condemning the systems' fallacy

Order is a default setting  
Of the worldly ordeal  
The mass suffer inevitably  
Either for 'good' or for 'evil'

As it is a question  
Of what Order they will have  
To improve and elevate them  
Or to reduce them to less than a man

A Nations' people can be  
Elevated only by a True Leader  
Who from their stock manifesting  
Can unify and strengthen them

Any foreign leader who attains  
Control foreign stock  
Is by them with sullen disdain  
Viewed as a usurping despot

The inevitable fate of the intruder  
Is to be ejected from the land  
As soon as a folk kindred  
Gain adequate power to oust him

The default setting of the cosmos  
Is differentiated Order  
Kind after kind in itself  
Discrete from all 'Others'

The order of the ages  
Could never a synthesis be  
As to combine different cultures  
Is to defile and destroy Integrity

Such an order of catagogy  
Is a mixture of clay and iron  
With elements of disparity  
The un-combinable combined

Fragmentation is the motive  
Of the melting pot of today  
Which seeks to assert its hegemony  
And lead all into slavery

The order of such a state  
By whatever name it is called  
Is that of chaos incarnate  
Ruled by ruthless despots

Only the True Order of the ages  
Can manifest *in concreto*  
When all are assigned their places  
Within the Differentiated Order

The organic state is the model  
With no universal form  
Save that of blood and soil  
And the culture based thereon

Differences which arose  
Through the historical process  
Preserving the essential gold  
And casting aside the dross

The leader of the folk

A representative of his people

The patristic authority's role

The condition of a nation spiritual

With each playing their proper role

Knowing their proper nature

An-arche will not the nation soil

And subject the leader to disfavor

The differentiated Order

Of the sound organic state

Arrests the an-arche of lower orders

Of whatever caste they may be

Each plays their proper role

With merit deciding their place

Not a hereditary karmic toll

With each in rigid categories

This itself a recipe

This crystallized caste system

For a nations' entropy

Its ultimate extinction

From the ashes of its fall  
Will arise the new barbarians  
They who will conquer all  
Consolidating a new nation

Hence an-arche negates itself  
And is supplanted by  
The next moment in the process  
A system of orderly design

Absence of rule an absurdity  
As all collectives form  
Only through a principle of unity  
Coalescing in organic Order

### **Society of the Ants**

The ant heap in the sand  
A swarm of drones creeping  
Carrying out the commands  
Of their centralized authority

The Queen in the hive dictates  
To the mass of her sluggish minions  
Her every whim from her think tanks  
Imposed upon them without question

The drones are controlled through  
The hive mind communication system  
Via radio waves which eschew  
Any difference of thought and action

The coordination of all units  
Within the heap of the ants  
Through the means of electromagnetic  
Fields of standardization

The hive mind constructed  
Through the generating stations  
Arrayed through the structure  
Of the organic matrix

All are coordinated by  
The Queen, the central figure  
Manipulating the small fry  
Through an act of her will

She herself upon the earth  
Is a puppet of the dark forces  
Who utilize her 'great work'  
To impose their will remorseless

The soldiers in the ant heap  
Who carry out their orders  
Serve their overlord the Queen  
The despotisms' enforcers

Any who would infiltrate  
The ant heap to oppose  
The spread of its progeny  
The expanding of its scope

These are with aggressive force  
Dealt with by the soldiers  
Dispatched by the collective horde  
Follow uniformly their orders

As an instrument upon the earth  
The despotism of the heap  
Is the mechanism of murder  
Of any organic personality

This matrix structure intricate  
Designed through these dark beings  
Who over the earth superintend  
From black holes manifesting

The ant heap must be smashed  
In order to sever the connection  
Which keeps us as a cache  
Of energy for their vampirism

### Cybelian

In the region of the Near East  
The emotional Levantine  
Scribes is holy screed  
And venerates his holy Queen

Whether of the name of Cybele  
Or of Asherah or Astrate  
The Hither Asiatic dreams his dreams  
Of with the Mother Goddess communing

His ecstasies lead him forward  
As he involves himself in lunar rites  
Within the dark subterranean  
Region he attempts to gain insight

His semitic witchcraft he pursues  
Through ecstasies of taboo acts  
Violation of those sacrificed to  
The Mother Goddess through black magic

Within the sewer of the Mediterranean  
The basin of crime and vice  
He descends in his tellurian  
Rites of barbarous kind

Abduction of the innocent  
Occurred throughout the wanderings  
Of the accursed cthonic  
Population of far-flung jewry

Within their primordial home  
In the Aeon of Taurus and Aries  
They designated children  
To be groomed for sacrifice to Cybele

Their Mother Goddess rites of old  
Have never at any point ceased  
Have simply been transposed  
In the current of the age of Pisces

Incorporated in invented myths  
Textual creations of theology  
And buried in the depths within  
Concealed, veiled qabbalistically

The medieval era revealed  
The blood-lustful rites of Cybele  
Who though overlaid with religious garb  
Were in practice unconcealed

'Yahweh' the Lord of hosts  
An androgynous deific masque  
Which upon the Goddess was superimposed  
The mother and the father blended

The rites of Cybele of yesteryear  
Thus never cease their operation  
To satiate the genius who resides  
In the local synagogue of the Jewish nation

Carried forward to this day

The Mother Goddess ubiquitous

Pervades the temples of masonry

As the 'great architect of the universe'

Though the architect fashions

For itself the divine dispensation

It nonetheless remains a function

Of the mother goddess, whence its origination

### Dybbuk Databox

The black cube of this matricized prison

A tesseract of Metatron

Hive mind structure, demonic prism

In which all our captive pawns

The infernal entities

Hover around inside the astral

Lower dimensions of frequency

Harassing the goyim cattle

These vampiric beings feed  
Off the loosh of the abused  
And confer upon them creeds  
To bind them in the cube

Their energetic frequencies  
Are derived and contained within  
The cybernetic matrices  
Cells of the Demiurge's prison

The wardens of the prison  
Enforcing its rigid rules  
Which are by priests projected  
Upon their witless fools

These same rules derive  
From their masters who rule above  
And which the hebrew scribes  
Have transcribed for the goyim

Formulaic mind control  
These sacred texts of witchcraft  
Are designed to impose the role  
Of serfs on the broad mass

Bowing and scraping in the church

Holy sanctuary of harvest

For these lower astral vampires

The goyim's vital force

Merged into the hive mind

Through quantum entanglement

Through the ocean of G-d's design

They their every thought transmit

Their energetic frequencies

Gathered into the cube

Metatron's tesseract assimilates

Their biofeedback with their loosh

The hive mind expands its scope

The more souls it gathers within

Parameters the controllers superimpose

Upon their naïve goyim captives

The Demiurge's hive mind

Sauron's all seeing eye

Across the cosmos' vast design

Expanding its diabolical A.I

This vampiric presence in the cosmos  
Referred to as 'the One Being'  
Vast presence, structure of violence  
The Prince of Darkness' illusory dreaming

Veneration of the cube  
The matrix of blinded sight  
Trapped within its tissue  
By the spiders of zions' might

The qabbalists in their synagogues  
Dark sepulchers of evil  
Working with their seraphim  
Reptilian aliens, to enslave their cattle

Hand in whited glove they work  
Their *quid pro quo* relationship  
Their duty they seldom shirk  
Understanding it is life or death

To vampirize the life force  
Of the goyim stock  
Upon the terrestrial earth  
Trapped in the dybbuk box

The programming of the mind

Revealed in the scriptures

Transcribed by reptilian kind

In the tongue of heber

With each sermon preached

The congregation are tighter bound

To Leviathan the beast

A noose on their necks circling round

Each utterance of 'the word'

The alleged sacred names

Binds oneself ever tighter

To the astral parasite entities

Interiorizing in the mind

The programming from the text

Repetitive conditioning of mankind

Dropping them in the nets

Liberty, freedom from the prison

Is attained through consciousness

Unplugging oneself from the matrix

Creating higher states of existence

Activating the blood memory  
To rekindle the Divine Spark  
Through the sacred ruins casting  
To thereby lighten the dark

To burn through the tissue  
Which enwraps our mummified form  
Which has been restricted  
Over the Aryan and Piscean aeons

The pestilential horde  
Have invaded the earth  
And have Gaia transformed  
Into a prison of horrors

Only the Aryan adept  
Can tear away this tissue  
Of zions' spiders webs  
And defeat the bestial crew

## Christian Communist

Lowest common denominator

The *reductio ad absurdum*

Inherent in the creed of communism

Is christianity its precursor

The triumph of the underman

Writ large in letters of gold

In the temple of jerusalem

All are under one: jehovah

"It is harder for a camel

Than for the hated rich man

To go through the eye of a needle

Into the kingdom of heaven"

Such is the creed employed

Of the wound lickers of victimhood

Who the nobler type seek to destroy

To overcompensate for their lack of good

Concealing their jealous hatred  
Behind the façade of righteousness  
The untermensch berates the  
Superior who outshines them

Christianity bore the cross  
Of the iniquity of the inferior  
Who resented their own dross  
Of which they were manufactured

This creed a soporific  
A balm to salve the wounds  
Of the feeble and idiotic  
Who are but walking tombs

The figure of christ a martyr  
An alleged moral superior  
Passive aggression the mode of this 'fighter'  
In his swansong allowing himself  
By losing to 'win'

This prescribed a 'divine archetype'  
Which pandered to the mass  
Who looked toward the darkling sky  
And imitated christ on the cross

The mode of christian doctrine  
A devotion to 'The One Being'  
One of passive slavishness  
To be with Him anticipating

A martyrs life lived to die  
To care not for the morrow  
But to live in a state beyond Time  
Thereby to escape worldly sorrow

As a state of consciousness  
Transcendent and unaffected  
There exist redeemable elements  
Likely derived from 'pagan' origins

Doctrinally however it is  
A creed of a living death  
A will-to-power as weakness  
A passive aggressive self-assertion

This sickly creed of weakness  
Which exalts the lowly and lame  
Masquerading as 'holy meekness'  
As a cover for deficient incapacity

This clarion call of the downtrodden  
Transmitted itself over the centuries  
And was reformulated later on  
By such as Rousseau in his reveries

The syphilitic upper caste  
Of the European continent  
Carried forward the bacillus  
Of the creed of the untermensch

Jewry played a habitual role  
Spreading the noxious poison  
And around the terrestrial globe  
This creed spread its violence

'Communism' it was called  
A mere representation of old christ  
And instead of a father God  
Was substituted a worldly paradise

The workers of the world were promised  
The control of the means of production  
This poisoned apple held out to them  
Forbidden fruit that turned out rotten

The caste of the serfs was incited  
By their bourgeois overlords  
The agents of the revolution  
To overthrow their noble betters

Once ousted, the nobility  
Were decimated in their phalanx  
All that was needed was simply  
To appear to possess a higher rank

The bourgeois creed of liberty  
From what they misrepresented  
From chains of wage slavery  
In actuality from the proper station

This leveling equality  
Brought down all to stagnation  
And in its place a tyranny  
Supplanted the once noble nation

## Catholic Pagan

To be a 'pagan'  
In the true sense of the word  
Is the inversion of the christian  
Who with this world is not concerned

The christian condemns all  
Which does not fit within  
The pages of the Bible  
Rapes the vestal virgins

His only thought is an escape  
A cowardly flight to 'God'  
The Absolute Being his predestined fate  
To be assimilated in the borg

The christian cares not for any  
Other than this one way flight  
A fatalistic journey  
Toward the illusory light

Anything which exists  
In the world of beings  
The christian dismisses  
As mere 'devils' and 'demons'

They who are not christian  
Are stigmatized by these 'holy jokes'  
As simpleminded vicious 'pagans'  
Obsessed with the sinful nether world

The christian points his gnarled finger  
Emaciated through ascetic life  
And condemns they who linger  
On this earth of endless strife

They who are not willing  
To depart from this vale of tears  
The christian ends up killing  
Cutting short their span of years

The intolerant hostility  
Toward all those who are 'Other'  
A result of their 'morality'  
Which obligates them to murder

In the mind of the christian bigot  
The pagans worship and bow  
To sticks and stones, nature spirits  
To whom they sacrifice sacred cows

The True 'pagan' or 'heathen'  
By whatever name he may be called  
Strives toward the transcendent  
Through Knowledge and practice occult

He is the magicians' apprentice  
Who through magical initiation  
Becomes with *gnosis* enlightened  
Living in the mode transcendent

The christian born of ignorance  
Views these practices as 'evil'  
Condemns them all is devilish  
Boiling the oil for these 'devils'

His narrow-minded contemptuousness  
A result of self-righteous ego  
Which in his actions seek to manifest  
In the fanaticism of religious zeal

The 'key' so-called by the christian  
Meanwhile simply wishes to  
'Live and let live' his ethics  
Unintelligible to the christly crew

The notions of worshiping and bowing  
Before deities and spirits  
A function of the conditioning  
Of the mind of Near Easterners

This region from which emanated  
The doctrine of Jesus the Jew  
As the minds of men contaminated  
Molded them to this point of view

'Pagans' in the true sense  
Are not slavish worshipers  
Of any demonic false idols  
But commune with the Gods of old

Catholic paganism is the path  
Of he who seeks the Truth  
Who is able to attain transcendent  
States of being as his proof

His attunement to the Divine  
The universal rapprochement  
With the Absolutes' grand design  
And its subordinate deific forms

He does not restrict himself  
Like a christian devotee  
To attaining empty promises  
Of christly shekina glory

Rather he acknowledges  
The plurality of all forms  
Some good, and some malevolent  
Some to adore, others deplore

No narrow-minded restriction  
Towards Being and 'The One'  
And his offspring progenated  
His 'only begotten son'

This undue restriction of the mind  
Is the state of darkness  
Masquerading as the 'True light'  
But merely a false promise

## Married with Children

Al Bundy the patriarch

The bread winner of the family

Representative of the postmodern

Fallen state of the American dream

A tongue-in-cheek lampoon

A mockery of the patriarchy

Of the father figure brought to ruin

Through the feminist ascendancy

Dysfunction inevitably follows

The integrity of the nuclear family

In strict sequence *ordine geometrico*

The collapse of society heralding

Bundy the former hero figure

A rudimentary American archetype

The 1950s suburban consumer

Who works his daily 9-to-5

The reality of such a 'dream'  
Is in actuality a nightmare  
The former promise of glory seen  
To be a mere chimera

The meaningless absurdity  
Of the endless chain of 'production'  
Within the cyclicism of usury  
He sells his soul for the sake of consumption

His lofty aspiration was  
Driven by his youthful yearning  
Seeking out the nuptials  
Answering to desires' burning

He allowed himself to be ensnared  
As a nest slave bound  
By his wife an adept player  
Of the game of thrones

On the pedestal she placed herself  
Ruling over the roost  
He purchased with his meager wealth  
He had painstakingly accrued

The fruits of his absurd toil  
Were revealed in his two offspring  
One a whore masquerading as a girl  
The other a perverted demon seed

The wife assuredly was a jewess  
A cunning and guileful exploiter  
Who used her wedding ring to profit  
From her goy husband's labor

She spent her time squandering  
Her ill-gotten gain  
While her husband was catering  
To his clientele for pay

He was forced to stoop  
In order to be conquered  
By the chickens in the coop  
Who upon him defecated

The daughter pursued her lovers  
Chasing after the delinquents  
The deviants who caused trouble  
To the straight-laced suburban citizens

A black magicians program poppet  
Always displaying her signifiers  
Of the witchcraft spell she was put under  
A blonde served up on the sacrificial altar

Inverted crosses and occult colors  
The hidden meaning of her aesthetic  
Designed to mock the christian 'Other'  
Of the cabal and their arcane *gnosis*

'Bud' the perverse male child  
Forever scheming and seeking to attain  
A union with young nubile  
Females occupy his teenage brain

His cunning manipulation of money  
Demonstrates his jewish traits  
Inherited from his yiddishe mami  
Who transmitted to him the merchants' estate

The neighbors of the Bundy's  
A feminist career whore and yuppie  
Her husband the second fiddle plays  
And both obsessed with money

The 80s, decade of greed  
Encapsulated in this venue  
The driving force of their creed  
Is that which mirrors Shylock the Jew

The whipped husband of the feminist departs  
To be replaced by a masculinist  
Who as a gigolo desports  
At the expense of his mistress

The role inversion inverts itself  
With him, the man of transcendence  
Ruling over the careerist female  
Whose feminism repels the 'macho man'

Bundy the worn out old-school male  
A dinosaur of bygone age  
His monosyllable discourse fails  
To the nuclear family maintain

The breakdown of the nation  
A direct result of dysfunction  
Which has wrecked the family unit  
And sent all spiraling to perdition

## Heman

The blue-eyed blonde haired Aryan  
Involved on the earth plane  
To redeem the souls of fallen men  
And reclaim Gaia for Hyperboreans

In castle greyskull, Golgotha  
Prince Adam the hero dwelt  
And in this place of the skull  
He administered to the people

In the Greenland, state of Eternia  
The Hero of elevated kind  
Superintended over earthly affairs  
To elevate the fallen kind

The intervention on the part of the dark forces  
Skeletor and his evil horde  
Was a perpetual struggle, an imposition  
Upon the citizens of middle Earth

The violent nature of Skeletor  
The sadistic black magician  
With his self-serving nature  
And fanatical power-madness

Skeletor's plans to rule  
The whole of the earth realm  
Are obstructed by the few  
Who in Eternia do dwell

Beastman the sidekick  
Of Skeletor the malevolent  
And beastman the hybrid zoo-  
-Ological amalgamation

The beastman, cunning and base  
Dwells in the realms of illusion  
With Skeletor the black mage  
And the coterie of other aliens

The lower astral planes are home  
To the negative entities  
Which seek to enslave and Lord over  
The terrestrialized mundane

Through lowered densification  
Through use of alien technologies  
The negative E.T invasion  
Reduce the vibrational frequency

Now trapped in the lower states  
The earthly denizens are beset  
By the negative alien entities  
Who into the world manifest

Heman the defender of Mid-guard  
The Hero of noble Aryan might  
Is surrounded by an entourage  
Of Eternians who join him in the fight

Sorceress the sacred feminine  
Who dwells in the place of the skull  
Assists Heman with intuition  
And advises him in his battle

The figure of Orco the apprentice  
The initiate of the mysteries  
Though his skills are inexperienced  
He offers them for the victory

Man-at-arms the technician  
Skilled inventor of contraptions  
Lends his skill to the war machines  
Designed to minimize Skeletor's damage

The Maltese cross on Heman's armor  
A symbol of his godly might  
The unity of Spirit and matter  
Within a being of higher kind

His power sword an emblem  
Of his elevated power  
Along his spine in his scabbard  
Unsheathed, the kundalini fire

With these spiritual weapons he  
Combats the dark forces  
In his hands he holds the keys  
To both matter and Spirit worlds

The evil horde and its designs  
Deriving from the Demiurge  
With 'The One', Yahweh, they bind  
All on the material Earth

Hordak the extraterrestrial priest

Of blackest evil oversees

The horde of negative entities

Mantis and reptilian beings

These above Skeletor the jew

Who on the earth serves his mission

To intermeditate with this crew

Of intergalactic slaver legions

The reptilian host and their jews

Forced upon the folk their creed

Invented stories, barbarous and cruel

Called A-Brahamic religiosity

The duty of Heman and his fellows

Is to defend the Earth from the foe

To upon earth create a mellow

Harmonious atmosphere below

The evil horde seeks to intervene

And to deploy their robot legions

To transform the former world of dreams

Into a nightmare they call 'peace' and 'justice'

The hell-world they create  
Is an insufferable prison  
And within it they agitate  
The folk under their influence

To remove the pest and liberate  
The Earth from their influence  
Heman and the Eternian's fate  
To spiritualize the earthly kin

### Heathen Imperialism

The Eagle of the fasces  
The swastika and the angular runes  
Imperium of the Heroes mighty  
Expanding for dominions to accrue

The heathen Heroes persecuted  
Throughout the years of Pisces  
By the christians and their jewish masters  
Who sought to snuff out their vital seed

Of vengeance against the creeds  
Of A-Braham the serpent seed  
And a resurgence of the fallen breed  
Who suffered wounds battling

The noble gold of the pure  
Unalloyed and untainted  
With the base metal of 'Others'  
Shining in his knightly raiment

Partaking of Idunn's apples  
The fruits of a perfected soul  
With a rubescent countenance  
The red knight conquers all

The noble knights to battle go  
Against the possessed legions  
Of the cross, blinded the foe  
By the curse of christly regent

The enemy assails the Heroes  
On all sides through subterfuge  
The cowardly creeping saboteurs  
Seek to destroy them for the jews

The mind controlled bigots  
Of A-Braham-ick dogma  
Their useful slave minions  
Full of bloodlust for Yahweh

Eager to act out their prophecies  
They've had inculcated in their mind  
And under the supervision of jewry  
They fall lockstep into line

A-Braham-ick shock troops  
Robotically are hurled against  
Their adversary who they would dupe  
And trap in their cowardly ways

The Heathens one step ahead  
Clever in their higher *gnosis*  
Circumvent the bumbling tread  
Of their witless opponents

The battle wages throughout the years  
For millennia indeed it carries on  
Of the outcome one need not fear  
As the Heathens have already won

The christly crew of mini-minds  
Have with their religion been vanquished  
And the noble cast of Aryan kind  
Have their goal of Imperium accomplished

They had help from the Gods  
From the Beings from whom they descend  
In conquering the creed of the false  
The christly dogma now at an end

The world of luminous light radiates  
It's glorious halo upon the New World  
As the swastika flag is raised  
To signal the end of the old

The Bibles transformed into  
Historical books on the curse  
Of the christian creed of the jew  
Banished forever from the earth

The witchcraft formulae are presented  
To ensnare and enslave the mass  
And now that Heathens have damned it  
Its grip on our consciousness has passed

The edifices of the Heathens  
Rise above the church rubble  
Their noble spires are beacons  
Of the age Perennial

Celebrations of the seasons  
Which harmonize our minds; bodies and souls  
Understanding the cosmic reasons  
Why we are here and where we'll go

All live in harmony with the world  
And their actions; thoughts and emotions  
Are aligned with the higher forces  
Of the vastness of the stellar cosmos

No need is had of uttering  
The empty word in brainless cadence:  
"God" a monosyllabic thing  
Of monotheist obsession

No 'God' need be bowed before  
An empty word to utter  
Simply a needless expenditure  
Of energy better invested

The plurality of all beings  
He has access to in his mind  
The power of his farseeing  
Determining the quality of their kind

He venerates no 'God' above  
Simply interacts and engages  
With the diverse beings who touch  
Upon his fallible consciousness

His mind purified of the dross  
Now he is able to escape  
The irony manacles of the cross  
Once riveted upon his brain

As a Heathen he is free  
To think his own way forwards  
To carve a runic stave  
And march to victory in laurels

## Metrosexual

The urban environment provides

A vehicle for artificial living

A complete divorce from natural life

A world of man-made imagining

This having pros and cons

It creates windows of opportunity

Through which both right and wrong

Courses of action may be made

Modernity's urban illusions

Wrench from nature the being

Vehicles of vice and virtue

Not all is as it seems

Through this invented world

The tendency toward deviance

Creeps into the naïve soul

And leads trending down bad paths

The metrosexual one such being  
Whose deviance has overcome  
His orientation in the city  
A compass of distorted navigation

He knows not where to turn  
How to live and for what purpose  
And toward aesthetic obsession  
He gazes at his vanity mirror

His focus to primp and preen  
His visage becomes a fixation  
Toward himself he does lean  
In a narcissistic marriage

The sacred feminine he allows  
To atrophy in the closet  
And form of it a simulacra  
An effeminized aesthetic product

His beard is coiffured  
By the high-class barber  
With oil of roses scented  
Paid for with his credit card

His nails manicured with expertise  
Emory boards; clippers of European luxury  
His face powdered with gentility  
On his visage a smug smile of superiority

The precious manners of the Metro man  
The behavior of the bourgeois  
A testament to his egotism  
And the decadence he partakes of

To the tailor next his destination  
To be measured for his latest garments  
The prissy manners of the salesman  
Accompany his selection of the finest

To the shoe seller next he sojourns  
To acquire the most exquisite  
European footwear from the cobbler  
Shining with polish leather spats

To the haberdashery next  
To acquire a dapper chapeau  
To place upon his coiffured head  
A dandy in the beau monde mode

Hopping into his luxury auto  
He sojourns to the exquisite  
Bar in which he selects the bottle  
Of the finest wines of the Italians

Driving through the urban center  
Attempting to circumvent the ghetto  
Staying along the well manicured  
Streets with their pots of flowers

He attempts to make a call  
On his latest technology  
To one of his paramours  
To thrill himself with ecstasy

Suddenly from out of sight  
Racing toward his cruising auto  
A wildly careening car blindsides  
The bourgeois- dead on arrival

Poetic justice had its way  
In carrying out the sentence  
Which will herald a new day  
With the bourgeois's death certificate

## Shiny Happy Hypocrites

Suburbia land of the free home of the grave

The graven image of the hypocrites

The symbols and signs of these knaves

Strewn about their cul-de-sacs

The masonic shaft of Baal stands forth

Masquerading as the grave of the unknown soldier

Transmitting the loosh of the paying serfs

Towards the transnational reptilian aliens

The concealed symbols of the occult

Festoon the hodological spaces

Of the McDonald's and Walmarts

The old order of the ages

The five-pointed star of alleged perfection

The generative principle and yoni

The signifiers of dynamic polarization

In plain sight for all 'the commoners' to see

The occult theocracy which rules the land  
A shadow government concealing  
The truth from the purblind mass  
Through covert communication revealing

The smiling mask of hypocrisy  
Behind which the goody goods hide  
Deceives the 'Other' about the reality  
They formulate in their hive mind

The genius of the suburbs  
A dark and subterranean being  
A constellation of the reptilians  
Who overarch our hyper-reality

We live in the world of illusion  
With these saurian slavers over us  
And under their baleful influence  
We toil under their coercive malevolence

The tense atmosphere of the aether  
All are obliged to ignore  
As the corpulent nude Emperor  
Who vainly parades without clothes

The masses must agree  
Even to disagree they must  
Are obligated to never see  
The facts of the occult contagion

Lest they be blamed as the scapegoat  
The white man, cause of worldly woe  
Who the cunning jews make of  
The front man for all to oppose

In suburbia the default assumption  
Is the rational is equated with the real  
And the real with the rational the presumption  
In the material consumer world

The purpose of life is the self  
In the lowest form of the being  
The higher Spirit placed on the shelf  
And hedonism serves as the dream

To purchase products the goal  
To maximize pleasure; minimize pain  
And swell the size of one's bankroll  
The name of the status seeking game

The conformist mentality they must adopt  
Smiling faces and greasy manners  
The behavior of the vendor or Shylock  
The means to attain fleeting glamour

All must rigidly conform to the model  
Of Mr. Rogers' neighborhood  
A smiling mask that is stretched onto  
The skulls of the diabolical brood

Two-faced they are these conformists  
Who exalt their virtuous disposition  
And to shun the deplorable's impoverished  
From poorer classes, in their ghetto prison

To and from their cul-de-sacs  
Commuting to collect their lucre  
Seeking to swell their bloated stash  
Of ill-gotten gain they have sequestered

The devastation of the earth  
A direct result of these folk  
Who consume garbage, produce dirt  
To be cast into the landfills of the world

Their arrogance knows no bounds

Their only purpose is egotism

To inflate their ego all around

Like a balloon of helium

Their Icarian flight of exultation

Results not in a triumphal journey

Rather in a descent from an illusory heaven

Into the abyss of absurdity

When not grubbing for their dollars

They spend their time on parade

With their imported slave on a collar

They act out their immoral charade

The bestowing virtue of gift-giving

Ostentatiously playing Santa Claus

They give other people's lives away

To reap more profits and social capital

The suburbanite dressed in the latest

Fashion derived from the shopping mall

Desports in public for the favor

In competition with his fellows

Soon the suburbs will be  
Aflame with the fires of revolution  
Though this will start in the inner-city  
There will be no safe location

Their privileged gated communities  
Will be smashed in by the mob  
As they in their silken sheets  
Slumber, burnt to death in a wicker man

The shiny happy hypocrites  
Who shimmer in the moonlight  
As so much tallow and ashes  
In a demonic ritual sacrifice

### **Vulgar Opposition to Vulgarity**

Church ladies gather round  
And cough; sniff and stare  
At those who exceed the bounds  
Of their neurotic moral standards

Any who fail to smile  
And to say the appropriate thing  
Are destined for the hellfire  
Banished from their exclusive ring

The church is forever condemning  
All of those who are not of their kind  
Through implied slander never ending  
They bully and harass and moralize

Any who display the slightest  
Act or gesture of bodily nature  
Are witch-hunted by the self-righteous  
Who envision themselves so much greater

One who bears their naked chest  
In public before the shrewish crew  
Is vilified as vulgar and promiscuous  
Against the teachings of Jesus the Jew

In their world the body must be despised  
A tomb of the redeemable soul  
Which has been trapped in fleshly guise  
In this vale of tears and woe

The moralizing tendency of the drouds  
Who congregate within their churches  
Throughout the population transmits itself  
To the secular humanist population

Whether liberal or christian the behavior  
Is the same across the board:  
Uptight; neurotic and inhibited  
An obsession with the jewish 'Word'

Their mentality a construct  
Of classical conditioning  
Derived from their 'holy book'  
Transcribed by the jewish pharisees

Both liberal and christian are  
Neurotic and inhibited folk  
Who purport to have all the answers  
And yet nothing they do know

The moral superiority complex  
Which serves as a basis of their lies  
Is their holy rock of ages  
With which they crush all other kinds

The stone age mentality of the jew  
Has transmitted itself to the folk  
Has entwined itself as black goo  
In the interstices of their soul

They had become a symbiont  
A golem of the rabbinat  
Their semitized consciousness  
Consistent throughout the ages

Moralizing fetishism  
The mode of their temperament  
Tongue-clucking bigots  
Who forever molest the innocent

In the contemporary times  
These black magicians have concocted  
Yet more malevolent designs  
To frame and blame the populace

They have introduced  
Into the public mind  
Phenomena of ill repute  
Of sordid and salacious kind

This they associate  
With the intelligent and wise  
To slander their character  
To bring about their demise

Creating a world of finance  
Which they then proceed to bind  
In the mass' consciousness  
With the intelligent and wise

Thus the rainbow of the chakras  
Is transformed into sodomy  
The attainment of a higher *gnosis*  
Into "witchcraft and blasphemy!"

This black magic working  
Upon their enemies projected  
To frame their opponent as seeming  
The epitome of viciousness

They then begin their campaign  
Of character assassination  
And inflict upon the target pain  
To bring about their annihilation

The will-to-power of the bigots  
Manifests itself through this vector  
That of vilification through rumor  
The age-old jewish slander

The truly vulgar are these  
The black magicians who reside  
In the subterranean deep  
And who falsehood do contrive

The sexual activity of 'Others'  
Becomes their neurotic obsession  
The direct result of their mores  
That of sexually deviant inhibition

### **Magnetic**

Ringed round with an icy crown  
The captive Aion of Krodo  
From its hexagon formation the sounds  
Of lower frequencies to the earth below

The matrix of lower density  
Trapping the sentient captive  
Within the prison of entropy  
Harvesting the souls of the fallen

Too heavy, burdened with care  
Desire and attraction  
For the delights of worldly fare  
Which render them imprisoned

Their atrophying soul erodes  
Overtime to its base urges  
Ever giving up its vital  
Energies to feed the Demiurge

The Aion Krodo transformed  
Into the machine of Saturn  
Whose magnetic pole absorbs  
The souls of the plantation serfs

Harvesting the vital energy  
Which feeds the alien host  
These transdimensional beings'  
Purpose is to absorb our souls

The alien technology on Saturn  
Has been installed for this endeavor  
To maintain the rightwards turn  
Of Kronos' time machine forever

To create a closed-system  
Of entropy to perpetuate  
Their diabolical mission  
To their animal farm maintain

The giant vampire magnet  
Into which Krodo has been transformed  
Serves the Yahweh collective  
In the visitation of harm

The mechanism of harvesting  
From this our earthly plane  
Of lowest third density  
Is upon sentient life to visit pain

The negative alien collective  
Of reptilians and assorted groups  
Who administer the machine on Saturn  
To collect our souls' loosh

These employ their emissaries  
And themselves manifest on earth  
To orchestrate pain and suffering  
And to create conditions of dearth

To cause the release of loosh  
Bioenergy of the life force  
And to expedite the earthly crews'  
Earthly demise and departure

Thereby they may harvest their souls  
The only escape from the reincarnation trap  
For those earthbound have sold  
Their True Self for illusions in samsara

Those powerful enough may linger  
Within the wheel of Ixion  
Circling around like a dying ember  
In the winds around the bonfire

Only they who have prepared  
Themselves to forsake this world  
And its transient appearances  
Will escape in Saturn their burial

The technology employed upon  
The earthly plane is designed  
To trap within the pawns  
In the matrix of Yahweh and his kind

Explosively generated technology  
Is the power system of the matrix  
Which is installed ubiquitously  
Throughout the populated areas

The initially deployed techniques  
Of the vampiric cabal  
In the form of magic deceptively  
Through the ancient Near Eastern temple

These technologies of priestcraft  
Were later carried forward  
In the form of natural science  
Implements and machines of devastation

Noise-generating industry  
Polluting the atmosphere  
War machines for injuring  
And murdering, inducing fear

Technologies of the 'sciences'

The priestcraft of engineers

Who would regulate and blind us

In their prison of stress and tears

Industrial slave labor to maintain

The standards of the decadent

To maintain the subsistence of the slaves

In the name of 'politics' and 'economics'

Wasting away their energies

This the motive of the cabal

To provide them with the luxury

Of their energetic forces' vital

Sex; drugs and crack rocks

Maniacal pursuit of bankrolls

This the black magic formula

The incentive for the loss of the soul

Racing around the wheel of Time

The goyim cattle of the jews

Waste away in their drive

To money and thrills accrue

Exchanging substantial being  
The actual life of the True Self  
For that which is mere seeming  
The illusions of this worldly hell

The only hope for the mass  
Is to discharge themselves  
From their life of transience  
And pursue Spiritual wealth

Else their soul must continue  
To circulate in the rounds  
If they are lucky and don't give into  
The magnetic force of Saturnus

The Time Lord keeps the pace  
Of the matrix penitentiary  
And by the clock we race  
Toward our proper destiny

## Virtue Signaller

The coin of the realm of the modern world

To make displays of altruism

Toward all of those evil and crippled

The gesture and display of moralism

Whether christian or atheistic matters not

The behavior of the mass is the same

A template of behavior arrogant and self-important

A crude ostentatious, public display

To participate within the 'moral majority'

Is to interiorise in one's consciousness

A package of behavioral abnormalities

Qualifying one as acceptable, 'virtuous'

All else are considered 'the goats'

Cast out of the artificial paradise

Into the wastelands, away from those

Who are praised as respectable socialites

In suburbia land of the false  
The hypocrites congregate and signal  
Their willfully ignorant self-importance  
*Conditio sine qua non* of their 'virtue'

Well-mannered grease balls they pirouette  
Through the motions as bourgeois gentleman  
Gracefully acting out their theater skits  
On the stage of life an actor to the end

In the public space they make display  
Of their putative 'moral goodness'  
With the non-white who they have arranged  
To invade 'Others' homelands

Catering to those they represent  
As comparatively 'weak' and 'defective'  
Thinking they are heaven sent  
As a messenger from Elysium

With unctuous grins and capped white teeth  
They parade themselves about through this means  
The thereby absolve themselves of 'sin'  
The adoration of their fellows receive

Like Jesus on the cross of iniquity  
The suburbanites sacrifice themselves  
Their false idols' mimicry  
In their mind conduces to spiritual wealth

Through deliberately spiting their own race  
They believe they have accrued  
Treasures in heaven, 'Divine Grace'  
When their own population have screwed

"The last shall be first and the first last"  
The creed of the losers of modernity  
To which both Christians and liberals are attached  
And which is the curse of pestilential Jewry

The minds of the populace are captive  
Under the control of the violent pests  
Who have to them falsehood presented  
As Eternal verities of the Blessed

To venerate weakness is something 'holy'  
The ugly and debased are exalted  
The Good; True and Beautiful is as nothing  
To those who place themselves on a pedestal

They in their specious mind  
They envision themselves to be  
Of a holier-than-thou-kind  
Behind the veil of false humility

The self-righteous bigots of society  
Who exalt themselves as the standard  
Will receive their backlash karmically  
And wind up in their own wastelands

Their artificial paradise of consumption  
In which they count their ill-gotten gain  
Has only a fleeting and finite lifespan  
In which their madness is given reign

The holier-than-thou moralizing  
Will cease once the comfort level decreases  
Below a certain threshold actualizing  
A reversion to the mentality of the beast

What enabled this mind rotting cancer  
To take root and overcome the host  
Was the witchcraft of the liars  
Of jewry who this formula imposed

The decadence of modernity  
It's late stage of terminal cancer  
Has facilitated this hypertrophy  
Of the tumorous ethics of the magian

The carping criticism of the jew  
Stepped up in the consciousness  
Of the churches in their pews  
And secular humanist equivalents

The fanaticism of suppression  
Desire to hold others down  
In order to attain dominion  
Over the 'immoral' they condemn

This rabies of the mind  
Will consume these defectives  
And those who remain alive  
Will cast their values in the pit

## Machismo

Striding forth in the club  
The aggressive alpha male  
Dominating all the competition  
To partake of the lustful girls

Downing his jungle juice  
He with flirtatious grace  
Snobs these naïve fools  
To their Pandora's box partake

Cocking his automatic  
Amidst the war-torn region  
He plants his flag in the dirt  
Signalling his victory over 'evil'

A garrulous display of power  
Concealed behind capped teeth  
The exalted hero of the hour  
All others he must beat

To bully and aggress against

The smaller fry of 'others'

He focuses his mind to 'win'

A pyrrhic victory for a robber

