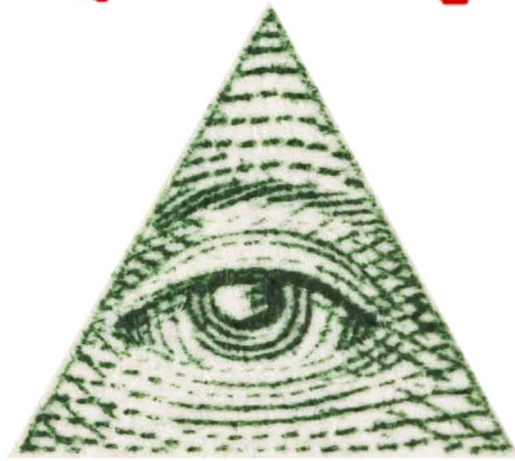


SILENT

VIOLENCE



**Sieg
Grun**



BERSERKER

BOOKS



Silent Violence

A Poetic Revelation of the Cabal's Methods and Madness

Index

- pg.8 Cloaca Gentium
- pg.12 Dalai Lama
- pg.16 Armanen
- pg.18 Asphalt Intellectual
- pg.23 Lucifer Spirits
- pg.28 Authenticity
- pg.34 Blood and Soil
- pg.36 Liars; Thieves and Murderers
- pg.43 Over Accommodation
- pg.50 On the Square
- pg.57 The Law of The Talon
- pg.58 Ingratitude
- pg.62 Female Violence
- pg.64 Rome versus Etruria
- pg.73 Consumer Chaos
- pg.76 'Violent'
- pg.81 Cultural Vacuum
- pg.86 Mark of Cain
- pg.89 Poo-Lice
- pg.100 Militard
- pg.108 Iron
- pg.120 Blood and Honor
- pg.132 Transhumans
- pg.141 Tyrannis

pg.149 Indifferentism

pg.154 Mendacious

pg.158 Theozology

pg.161 Regress to Primitivism

pg.169 Discipline and punish

pg.173 Rhetoric Magic

pg.178 Ouroboros

pg.186 Stigma/Mark of Cain

pg.194 Rainbow World

pg.200 Beings within Being

pg.205 Badges of Shame

pg.209 Resentment Morality

pg.214 Bourgeois Plutocracy

pg.219 Demo-Masonry

pg.229 Differentiated Order

pg.235 Undifferentiated Chaos

pg.239 Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin

pg.245 Society of Lies

pg.249 Four Horsemen of the Metropolis

pg.259 Low Trust, No Trust Society

pg.264 Rainbow World

pg.269 Grey World

pg.274 Shiksa

pg.278 Hive Mind

pg.279 Will to Truth

pg.284 Will to Truth: Redux

pg.288 *Christianos ad Leonum*

pg.297 Exotic Allure

pg.303 Mors Triumphalis

pg.309 Inauthenticity

pg.313 I'm With Stupid

pg.320 Cynical Intelligence

pg.325 *Autarkeia*

pg.330 Money Thinking

pg.339 Silence is Violence

pg.346 Unholy Trinity

pg.350 A-Brahamic

pg.355 Scarface

pg.365 Schadenfreude

pg.375 Hierarchy of Evil

pg.379 Bend or Break

pg.384 Apoliteia

pg.390 Culture Distortors

pg.394 False Organicists

pg.395 Prussianism or National Socialism?

pg.401 Hitler or Stalin?

pg.407 Superman

pg.411 Society of The Ants

pg.416 Jew Goo

pg.423 G.I. Joke

pg.428 The Sacred and Profane in Art

pg.433 Segregation

pg.439 Judaism

pg.444 Contra Spengler

pg.450 Saboteurs

pg.456 Pirate Island

pg.463 Mass Hysteria

pg.469 The Empire

pg.476 Zelda

pg.481 Darth Vader

pg.492 Storm Trooper

pg.503 Counter-Tradition

pg.508 Suburbia

pg.514 An-Arche

pg.520 Society of the Ants

pg.523 Cybelian

pg.526 Dybbuk Databox

pg.532 Christian Communist

pg.537 Catholic Pagan

pg.542 Married with Children

pg.547 Heman

pg.552 Heathen Imperialism

pg.558 Metrosexual

pg.562 Shiny Happy Hypocrites

pg.567 Vulgar Opposition to Vulgarity

pg.572 Magnetic

pg.579 Virtue Signaller

pg.584 Machismo

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 awoke
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 vultures
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 them 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 folk 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' jewry

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 gentile, 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' intermediator

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
It 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 meschentiere
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 plagiary 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 Metropol

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

Ensconcing 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 foriegness

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 indiscriminating
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 they 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 they 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 miasmatic

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 plasma
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 vortextual

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 banksters

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 yolks
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 sentients

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 chattel

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 weltanschauung

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

Worshipping 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 Vril 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 screeed
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 wracked 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 intermediate 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 Vulgarly

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 rabbinate
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 equivalent

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

Snows 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

