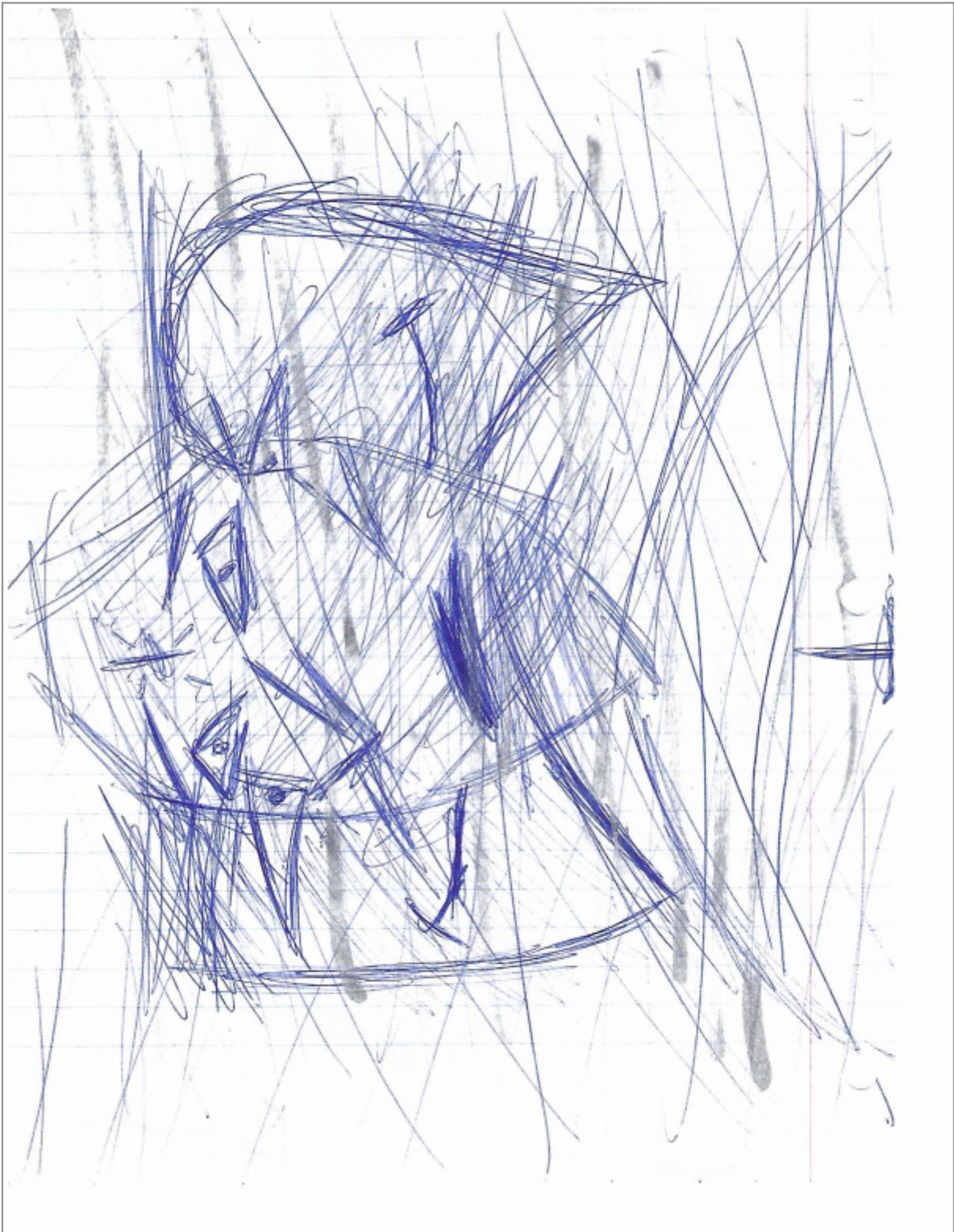


Look At me,
Am wrapped in bliss,

Who knew it shwe,
Would match that
of shit?

Just above the troposphere and
Just below the mesosphere
We are tumbling
Tumbling down from the Stratosphere
Ethereal octagon cathedrals rear
And stumble forth entangling my atmosphere
I'm a bastard up here
Tumbling down from the Stratosphere
I'm dying I'm frying like an egg while I'm gliding into
Hell's multiplying in octahedronal geometry

Claws clinging to ripped ceilings
Heart devoid of any feelings
I'm omitting cold readings
Ripping the asbestos from old roofing
You're just heartless
And your startledness
Makes the children awfully nervous
They scamper into the wilderness
Climbing branches up
Tree fortresses
The sorceress is torturous
As she smolders us
Into ash and dust
In her succubitic corridors
Times ticking with whorish lickings
Of all the drippings with static flickering
On cracked tv sets whimpering
As the signal ebbs in frequency
And the moon seems to wane ever increasingly
And the portals of time open incessantly
And golden lines unfold in clockwise spiraling
Or widdershins depends dimensionally
Did you regret that mistake unintentionally?
This confession booth manifests in me
In which an older priest jerks off as he glares at me and calls it sin
As a monk spits karma all across my chin
It's just guilt
Here's a kilt
From a Klan that's yr past
That's yr blood but it's shit
Cos there's war sewn all over it



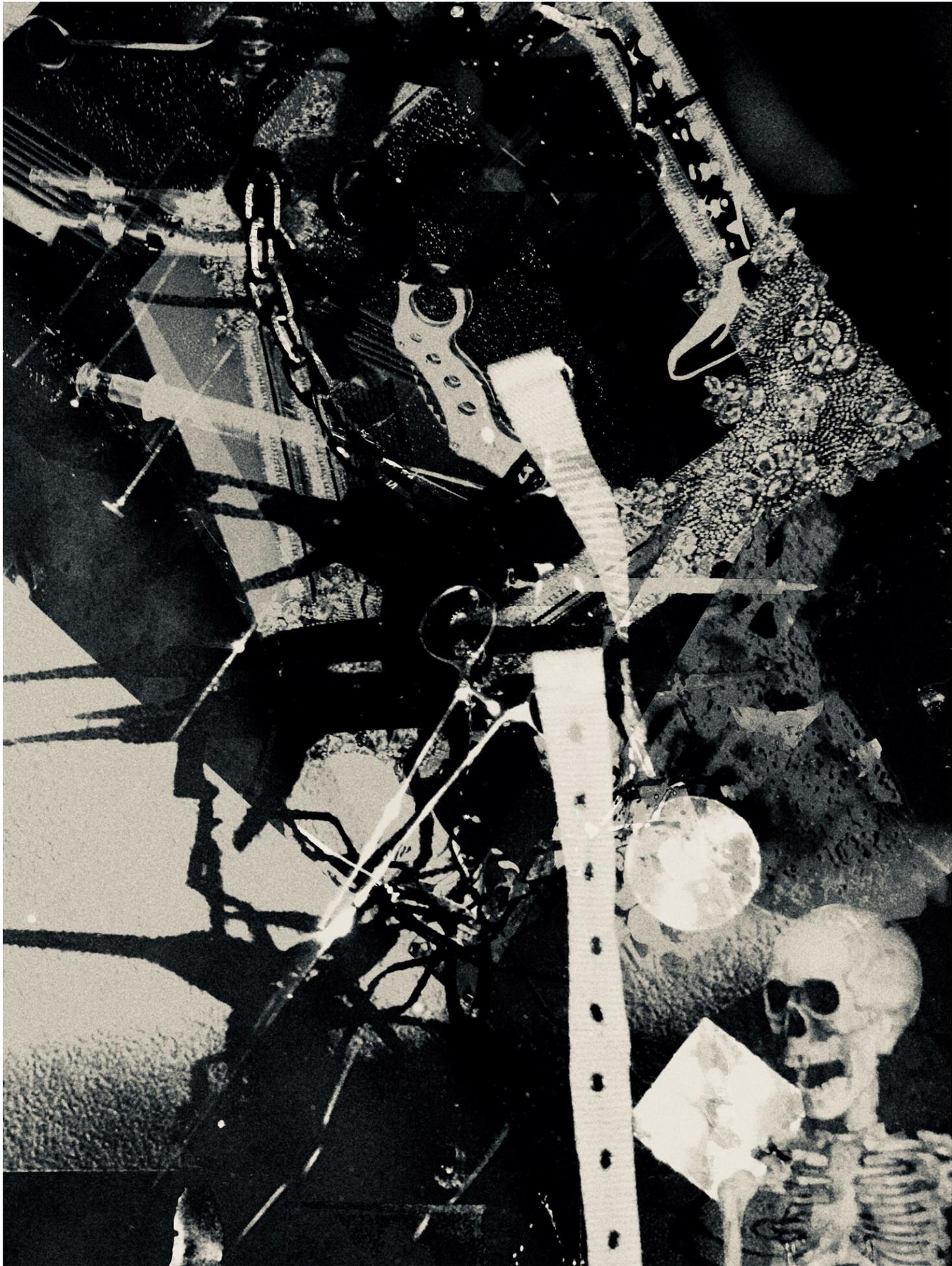
Gamaliel, 2012...
The bleeding moon.
The Giant Shadow of a Spider flashes by
In silhouette across the room.
Moving back in with Abba and Amma.
Bedbugs hide in cracks in the walls, only coming out at night
Drawn to the breath and carbon monoxide...
They come to pierce my flesh
When I'm being attacked by
Monstrous tribal hags in my sleep,
Dancing around me in a circle.

The bed bugs inject me with anaesthesia
Before they suck the astral flux of
My nightmares away
Through drinking my blood.
Traveling hippy hag
With tattoos, body odor, cigarette
Stained and half rotten teeth.
Arachnid Lilu spun her web around her
She's half alive,
Dancing zombified among her Gamaliel.
The Goat Headed ladies
And she and me
Entangled in puke infested
Orgiastic wonder.
We climbed a mountain,
Like the Canaanites did
To communicate with the Ba'al.
"Give me your hands and close your eyes."
She said, and took my hands.
Strange visions Invoked
Within my Mind's Eye
"How did you do that?"
She does beauty spells, it's obvious.
A succubitic lie
Disguised her ugliness.
The Red Moon comes every 28 days
Blood and milk and honey
And I dance alone half dead
Through poppy fields
The pink milk dripping from
The Pods,
The brown gold
Flowing through my
Veins
The naked city, my second home
The prostitutes all know my name.
The succubus pretending not to know me.
I lick the milk from the poppy pods,
Hoping it's the Sorcerers Stone
And all this pain and filth
Is only waiting to turn Gold.
She sleeps with a thousand patchouli
Stained Men
I dozed out in the poppy fields
My physical body on a naked city couch
But my Astral body falling back
In fields of Red Flower
In the soil beneath Red Flower
I found a Black Stone
I gazed into its mirry depths
Until I found myself
On a strange Mars like planet
Gazing at Two Blood Red Moons
Floating in the Sky
I look around me
I'm on a beach, millions of pearls
Stretching onward into the feet
Of a bubbling ocean of

Menstrual blood.
Vampire fairies and owls
Drink
Drink from it like burnt out Succubitic Seagulls
Or Junky Drunkards from the netherworld
Behind the beach
Lay cliffs of Red clay mountains.
I approach them and discover
A cave in the rocks
And I crawl inside
And hear tribal drums in the distance
But see no one and nothing
But an onward stretching portal.
As I follow its path,
I hear the Gamaliel,
They claw and rape one another
Goat headed
Naked human forms
Drenched in blood,
I hear them like
You hear neighbors
In cheap motels with
Paper thin walls.
I see a Ruby corridor
In the distance, and as I approach
I hear her!
Lilith!
Her fanged teeth
And bulging white breasts
Framed by jet black
Stringy hair
Her torso
Plunged into Eight
Long Arachnid Legs

She comes to embrace me
And I fall prostrate before her
And let her devour me...

I awake on Las Vegas Blvd at sunrise
Bleeding...



You can be anything this time around.
You can be anyone this time around.
Imagine becoming the first society of Ubermensch,
tightly fitted in the garb of permanent Summer
this time around.

Chiseled bodies of GrecoRoman and early 20th century
Germanic standard, the yellow haired blue eyed children
of Adonis and Odin dance together into the polished
sunsetting streets of North Korea and Singapore,
only if the two Eastern territories were
extended globally.
this time around.

No drugs in this legally mandated Eutopia,
no violence, no graffiti, no perversion.
The crooked will be made straight
this time around.

That which was once considered taboo,
will now either be forced into loving acceptance
or ruled illegal immediately
this time around.

No junkies, no vagrants, no peeping Tom's
this time around.

You can be anyone this
time around.
You can be Kanye West
this time around.

Desperately trying to hold together your sanity
after being thrust into the public eye by marrying
into the new aristocratic standard
this time around.

You can be Kim Kardashian this time around.
Bi annual injections into a massively disproportionate
backside that emerges awkwardly out of plus size leggings
as chaotically obsessed Scientologist camera men lurk by
in the passing shadows of nearby bushes and trees
this time around.

Fake chins, fake tits, fake eyes to see 3D hallucinatory

shadows of lovecraftian proportions that glow in the dark
this time around.

You can be Lilith this time around.

Floating on yr broomstick, across the astral skyway
at night. Consuming beta males and embryonic fetuses
while cloaked in the quiet shadows of sleep
this time around.

The circadian rhythm folds you away with the
dreary illusion of waking life and
quote unquote "reality"
this time around.

You can be Donald Trump this time around.
Orange faced, orange haired puppet under the
totalitarian spell called new democracy this
time around. Twitter is yr canvas, yr cosmic
ocean of delight
this time around.

Twitter yourself into the oval office.
With the propaganda and criminal backing
of the same secret puppet masters from the
Nixon Administration, you can incite
fascist globalism as if by accident
this time around.

As the future moves away from itself and
cuts itself off from ultradimensional evolution,
we can collectively manifest backwards into the
limitations of 2 dimensional reality
this time around.

Everything can be black or white
this time around.

Everyone can be wrong or right
this time around.

Predator or Victim.
Pervert or Savior.
Liberal or Fascist
this time around.

Be progressive and open minded or walk the plank straight
into the flaming mouth of Hell this time around.

Gandhi is one of the biggest fascists next to Morrissey
&&&&&&&&&& Ayn Rand
this time around.

You can be anyone this time around. You can be anything this time around.