

## Transmissions

### Mourning Beloveth

“Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date. In this way every prediction could be shown by documentary evidence to have been correct; nor was any item of news, or any expression of opinion, which conflicted with the needs of the moment, ever allowed to remain on record. Scraped clean and re-inscribed

The past had not merely been altered, it had been actually destroyed. For how could you establish even the most obvious fact when no record existed outside your own memory? All history scraped clean and re-inscribed exactly as often as was necessary. War is peace Freedom is slavery Ignorance is strength

The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact, there will be no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy means not thinking—not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness. Scraped clean and re-inscribed exactly as often as was necessary. Orthodoxy is ignorance Ignorance is slavery War is Peace

The war is not meant to be won, it is meant to be continuous. The war is waged by the ruling group against its own subjects and its object is not victory but to keep the very structure of society intact, scraped clean and re-inscribed War is peace Freedom is slavery Ignorance is strength”

they were said to be building a palace in the sky but nothing changes

everything stays the same just wrapped in different plastic I am too dead for dreaming

we will be remembered for what we destroyed a world of corpses a world of corpses decay and collapse where we spoke of pain a rope around my neck but we will make corpses of you all time will make us sell it so short in our race down

we think we know things and are close to mastery yet time passes

we have become gods knowing what is good and evil and so we live with the knowledge of death

sublime intoxication

will this destroy me? rot my body? groin to dry, catch my thoughts in rots?

the more I know the more I need to get me through  
sublime intoxication

when did the future become a threat?

the past has been destroyed

the war is not meant to be won

all history turns to plastic

scraped clean and re-inscribed

some things are so corrupt that

the only clean act is nihilism

as we slip and disintegrate  
layer by layer  
if we don't build we must burn  
civilisation is the infection  
where we revere the sticky spoor of blood  
these are brutal times