

Another World Is Inevitable

Thou

I'm ashamed of running away from nothing at all. I just can't deal with these feelings any more. But when I look around at the fiends who would needle away my resolve, who would recreate me in their image, I recognize their insignificance. And so the winds of history disperse the fog of mysticism. The weeds of technology, those vast mechanical growths, release their strangulation on culture. We call to the blackest sun to wither away. And I seek an end. If I could but see it. And by the actions of my own hands, it is revealed. This new epoch when mastery has turned to fellowship, when those with a hatred for life have seen an end to their own: these intellectuals who replace facts with their mythologies, these tiresome brutes who violently sustain might makes right pedagogy. A new world springs from the corpse of the old. Our most ephemeral desires and our most treasured dreams lay the foundation for a brilliant new reality. Social interaction is no longer defined by dutiful sadism. The death of the system, the system of death. This will be the day