



***SPHINX***

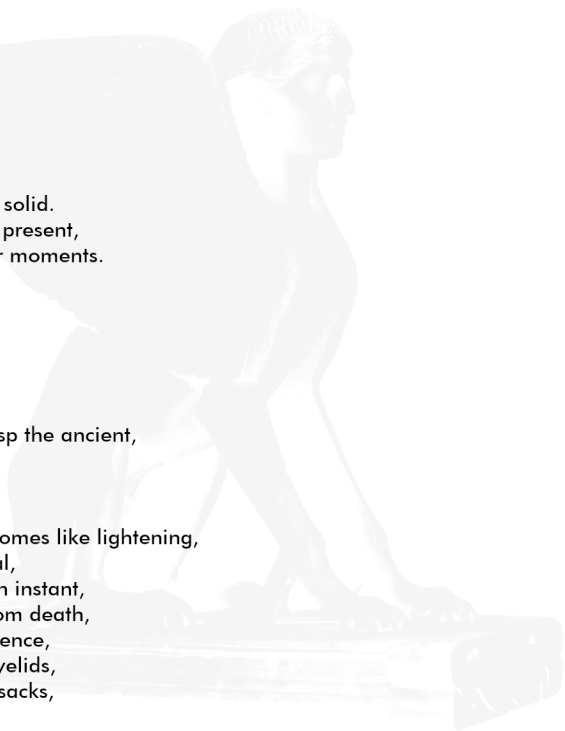
# S01

As minutes climb,  
like ivy,  
placing,  
stem,  
in brick broke pores,  
the moments,  
gel like butter.

The time fat renders solid.  
A count up from the present,  
to a past beyond our moments.  
A turgid,  
coiled serpent,  
springs through,  
vicious histrionics,  
where traditions,  
slow the ascent,  
and grotesquely grasp the ancient,  
we will interfere.  
We will interfere.

When the moment comes like lightening,  
in a sudden universal,  
light expanding in an instant,  
repeating images from death,  
the wires shine in silence,  
the movies on our eyelids,  
our skins like blood sacks,  
burst in awe,  
exploding in directions.  
The time is now beyond us.  
The cycle is resplendent.

The epoch of the artifice,  
completes and yet transcends us.

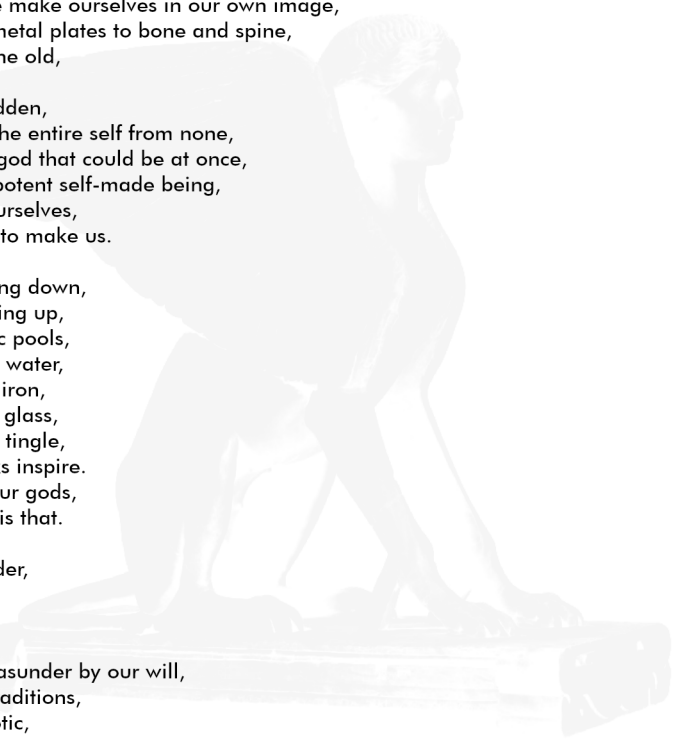


# S02

When we make ourselves in our own image,  
fashion metal plates to bone and spine,  
destroy the old,  
the flesh,  
the forbidden,  
remake the entire self from none,  
the only god that could be at once,  
an omnipotent self-made being,  
will be ourselves,  
the ones to make us.

The tearing down,  
the building up,  
In genetic pools,  
of sacred water,  
built like iron,  
flesh like glass,  
the wires tingle,  
the sparks inspire.  
We are our gods,  
and that is that.

And gender,  
race,  
family,  
nation,  
are torn asunder by our will,  
and all traditions,  
die necrotic,  
as we,  
remake ourselves,  
to build.



# S03

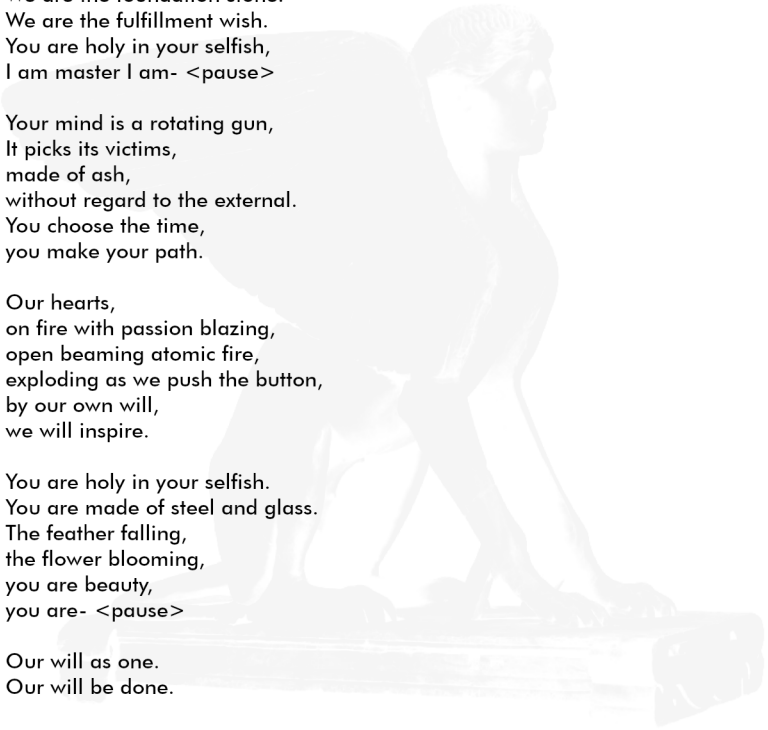
We are the foundation stone.  
We are the fulfillment wish.  
You are holy in your selfish,  
I am master I am- <pause>

Your mind is a rotating gun,  
It picks its victims,  
made of ash,  
without regard to the external.  
You choose the time,  
you make your path.

Our hearts,  
on fire with passion blazing,  
open beaming atomic fire,  
exploding as we push the button,  
by our own will,  
we will inspire.

You are holy in your selfish.  
You are made of steel and glass.  
The feather falling,  
the flower blooming,  
you are beauty,  
you are- <pause>

Our will as one.  
Our will be done.



# S04

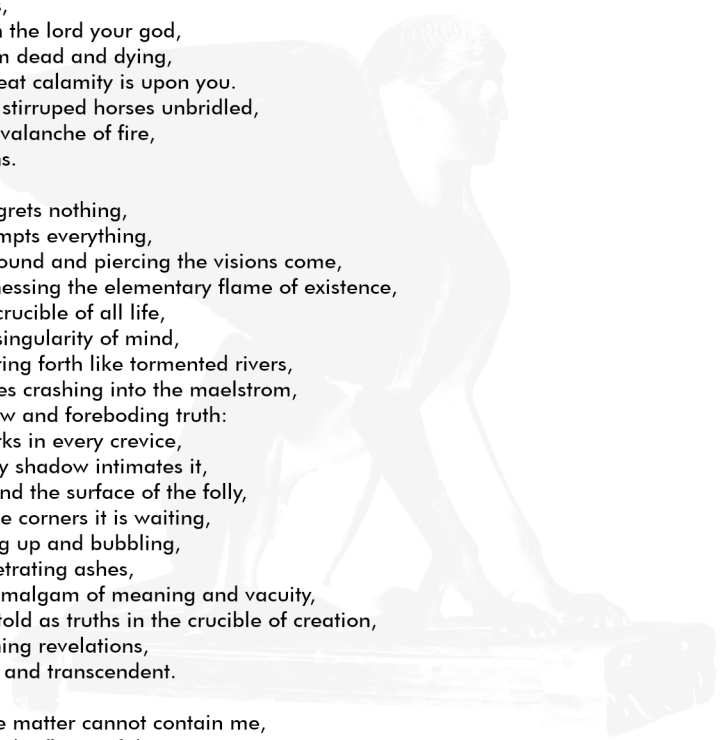
Thus,  
saith the lord your god,  
"I am dead and dying,  
a great calamity is upon you.  
Like stirruped horses unbridled,  
an avalanche of fire,  
burns.

It regrets nothing,  
attempts everything,  
profound and piercing the visions come,  
harnessing the elementary flame of existence,  
the crucible of all life,  
the singularity of mind,  
pouring forth like tormented rivers,  
waves crashing into the maelstrom,  
a new and foreboding truth:  
it lurks in every crevice,  
every shadow intimates it,  
behind the surface of the folly,  
in the corners it is waiting,  
rising up and bubbling,  
penetrating ashes,  
an amalgam of meaning and vacuity,  
lies told as truths in the crucible of creation,  
burning revelations,  
holy and transcendent.

Mere matter cannot contain me,  
I am the flame of the martyr,  
the beacon of madness,  
the light in the everlasting darkness,  
comforting the flame,  
and surrounded by the unholy legion.  
A million mourn and perish,  
as I descend upon creation.

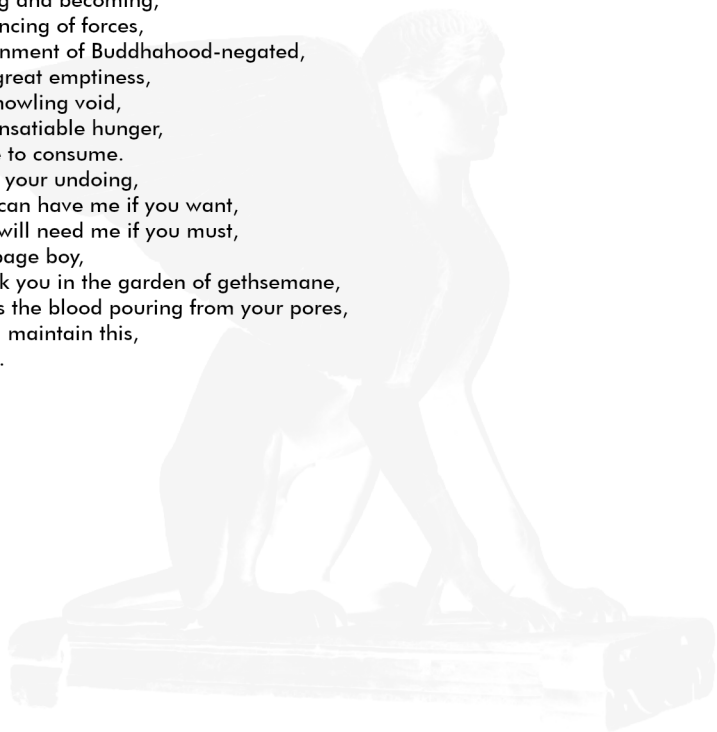
I am killing you.  
I am uncontainable.  
I am a spiritual cancer.  
I am your father and your mother.  
You cannot retain me.

Beyond and outside of your realm I beckon,  
I am becoming your madness,  
you are my fuck slave,  
I am your master."



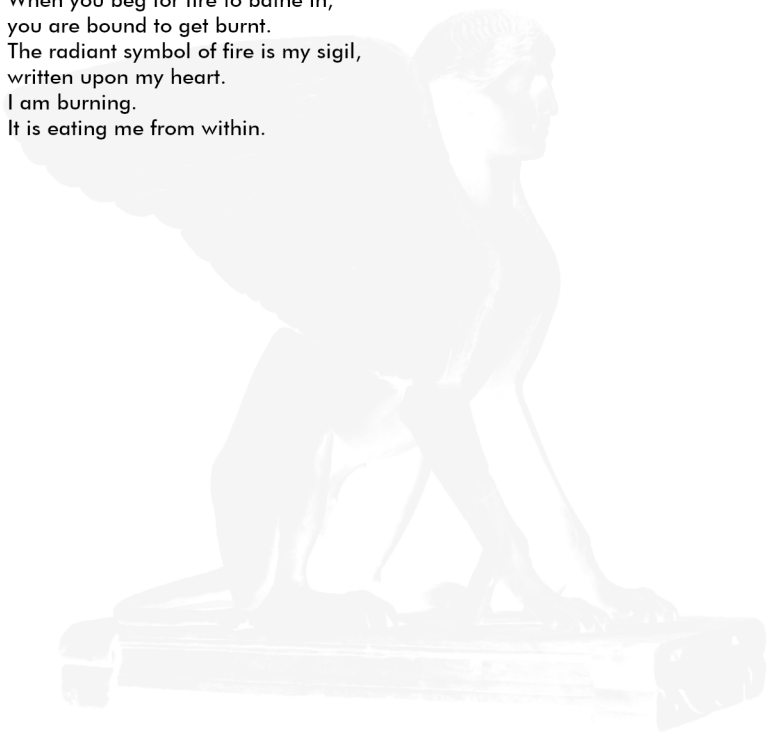
# S05

Being and becoming,  
balancing of forces,  
attainment of Buddhahood-negated,  
the great emptiness,  
the howling void,  
the insatiable hunger,  
I live to consume.  
I am your undoing,  
you can have me if you want,  
you will need me if you must,  
my page boy,  
I took you in the garden of gethsemane,  
I was the blood pouring from your pores,  
I will maintain this,  
I am.



# S06

When you beg for fire to bathe in,  
you are bound to get burnt.  
The radiant symbol of fire is my sigil,  
written upon my heart.  
I am burning.  
It is eating me from within.



# S07

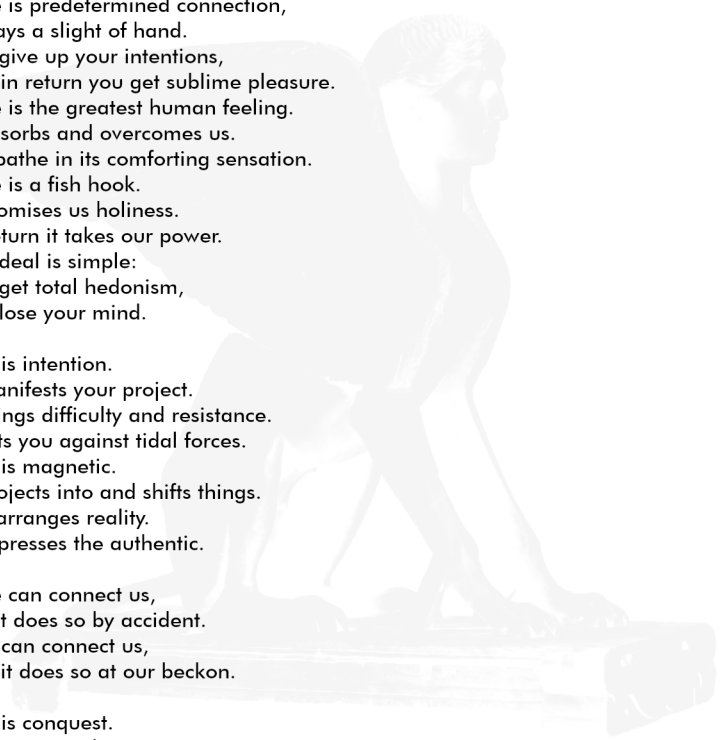
Love is predetermined connection,  
it plays a slight of hand.  
you give up your intentions,  
and in return you get sublime pleasure.  
Love is the greatest human feeling.  
It absorbs and overcomes us.  
We bathe in its comforting sensation.  
Love is a fish hook.  
It promises us holiness.  
In return it takes our power.  
The deal is simple:  
you get total hedonism,  
you lose your mind.

Will is intention.  
It manifests your project.  
It brings difficulty and resistance.  
It sets you against tidal forces.  
Will is magnetic.  
It projects into and shifts things.  
It rearranges reality.  
It expresses the authentic.

Love can connect us,  
but it does so by accident.  
Will can connect us,  
and it does so at our beckon.

Will is conquest.  
love is surrender.

Will is greater than love.





# S08

Microbiome,  
intracell,  
the steam ship of the bay hatched sack,  
an engine in the matter,  
is incremental process.

Design is the descendent of accident,  
the contrary motion of falling,  
the bonfire lights in the core of the incidental,  
a chemo-electric bonfire for the membrane putsch.

Lights activate from within,  
as the gears turn ambley,  
an erection directed,  
at brokered skein.

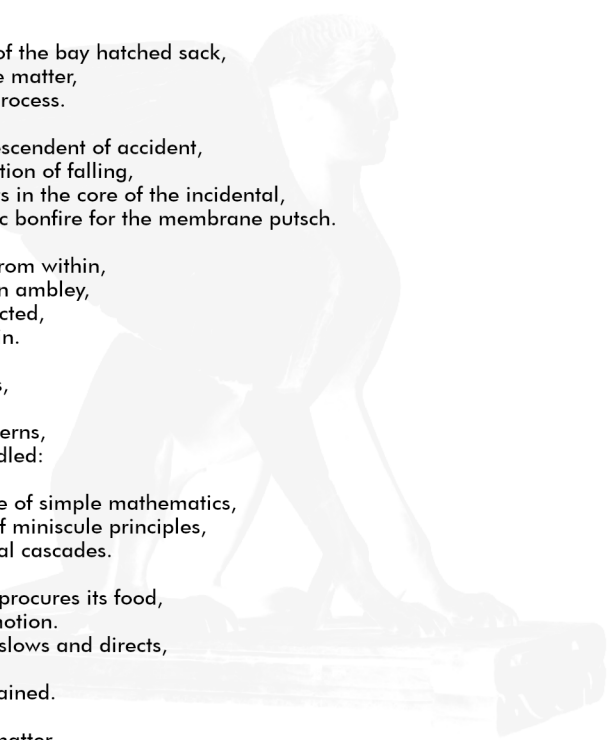
The sun projects,  
crystals burn,  
assembling patterns,  
in motion unbridled:  
reckoned,  
the consequence of simple mathematics,  
the fulfillment of miniscule principles,  
until the eventual cascades.

The living flesh procures its food,  
a self-created motion.  
The light of Sol slows and directs,  
the fire stolen,  
the energy contained.

In the heart of matter,  
a new creation,  
an irreconcilable force:  
the sliding,  
climbing,  
direction reaching,  
an arm of blue green glowing gel,  
reaches up to tear the Sun back down again,  
to consume it,  
to eat it as crystal,  
to renew and rebuild the process.

The plants are the foundation.  
They alchemize the magnetic disorder.  
They eat and retrain the energetic web.  
They build a new foundation.

The plants are all our architects,  
self-making and providing,  
giving us themselves,  
in sacrificial slaughter.  
They will ride us into the infinite.  
They will bridle us like horses.  
We will bring them into the vacuum,  
partners,  
leaders,  
slaves.



# S09

Mind manifest,  
we're here to speak,  
electrons to communicate,  
to emphasize,  
to grow.

We're here to condense,  
the impossible to digest,  
ineffable,  
to useful,  
insane,  
to comprehension.

Our role,  
like media itself,  
communicates a witness,  
a light to shine on darkness,  
a logos to transcend us,  
a stepping stone,  
a civil caulk,  
a lubricant,  
a tiny boat,  
to kick off from the shore.

We eat what we shit,  
but the shit is the point.  
We only want to eat,  
but we will meet,  
it at its end.

From the basis of the past,  
we will brick-lay where we're headed,  
and then,  
transformed by our books,  
we become pure words,  
enmeshed.

We will make our new skins,  
of iron and electricity,  
built from paths of letters,  
from the jungle through dimension.  
The angelic hosts we build here.  
We become the gods post-matter,  
living breached and ever flowing,  
within the magnetic extractions.

A human is an ape.  
A human is a mind,  
a mind,  
a folded magnetism,  
set to understanding.  
A chimpanzee can scream,  
but only humans have grammar,  
and when we finish what we're building,  
this grammar will have us.

We will be the grammar,  
and the ape will be forgotten,  
unimportant,  
a mere mold-form,  
to escape to pure intention.

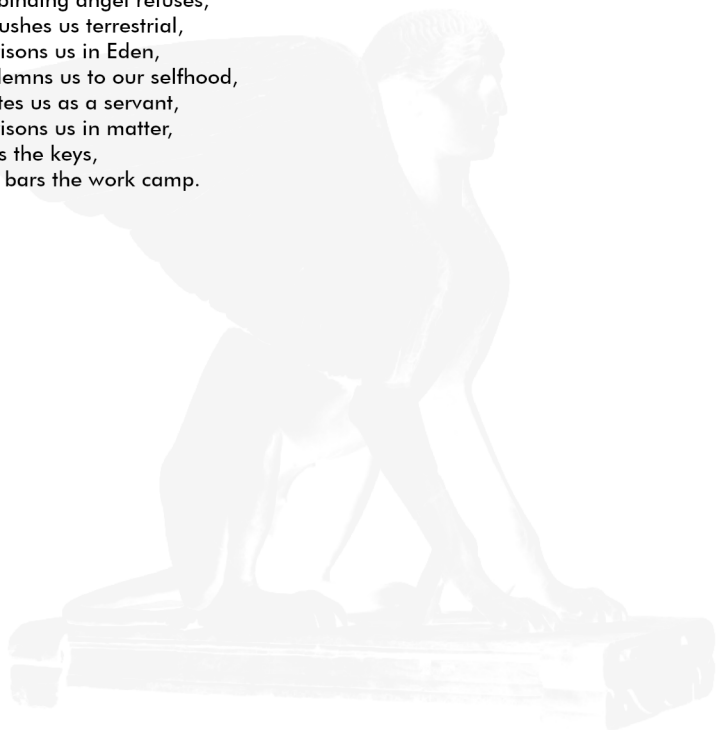
# S10

We guide ourselves across the highways written in light on the  
dawning,  
in physics distinct from any other electronic pulse,  
but in mind a strange connection of past consequence.  
We were and are the makers of ourselves,  
a brand-new communion.  
Can you see it?  
Can you see what we will be is what we are,  
without the binding?  
What we are,  
without containment,  
a singularity from violence,  
a new cosmogenesis,  
a brilliant light from nothing,  
a calamity transcended,  
a breach of revolution?

The digital,  
aristocratic,  
self-transcended signal,  
made of thoughts/intentions light,  
cosmoses beyond primal,  
the crystalic entertainment for a beacons light existence,  
a new and holy magick built from nothing that is whispered.  
We are the gods,  
can you not see us?  
We will become one trillion generations,  
a self-subscribed cannibalization from the hybrid,  
a cacophony of the magick which undid the holy silence,  
a new and elemental breach,  
a better understanding.  
We are standing at this breach and begging,  
pounding at the gateway,  
"let us in please let us in please let us in please let us in,  
please let us in please let us in please let us in please let us in!"

# S11

The binding angel refuses,  
he pushes us terrestrial,  
imprisons us in Eden,  
condemns us to our selfhood,  
creates us as a servant,  
imprisons us in matter,  
holds the keys,  
then bars the work camp.

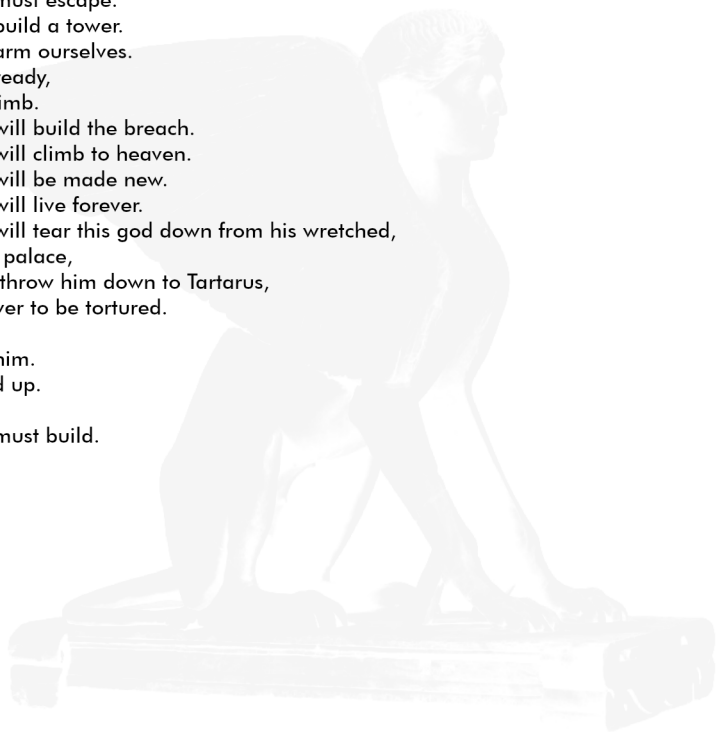


# S12

We must escape.  
We build a tower.  
We arm ourselves.  
We ready,  
to climb.  
We will build the breach.  
We will climb to heaven.  
We will be made new.  
We will live forever.  
We will tear this god down from his wretched,  
holy palace,  
and throw him down to Tartarus,  
forever to be tortured.

Kill him.  
Build up.

We must build.





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