

MANASH AWAKENS - WILL YOU?

There are people designing tomorrow's rainbows. Fine colours, but they are all on somebody's payroll, paid masks & puppet strings. Our future is sold on some Far East flea market, so do not bother about truth and other concepts of a past declared dead by the thinking avant garde (who are not even able to recognise their own back side in the mirror of hot desert air they are creating). Don't bother to knock on a dead man's door. Don't mention philosophy to the starving. Don't say the words of wisdom in public for you will be stoned to death by the mobs who design tomorrow's colours, cosa nostra azurro azurro. Sing the blues of green notes, open another bank account to spend all money on dope, reaching for the ectoplasmatical zapper to change every bit of your iridescent aura just in time before the Akashic cops knock on your door.

This is the ultimate nightmare: presumed innocent until proven useless. They check your ability to walk on water with concrete boots on, your throat is practising the final scream of the victim as he is dragged up for the last time - too many movies are about cruelty and greed, too many novels are outdated repetitions, too many paintings are puked up by fading alcoholics on a Polaroid photograph. Colours of yesterday's virtual Iris, Goddess of rainbows and absintheism.

THERE IS NO ULTIMATE SECRET BUT THE NOI\$E!

So mass culture is mob security; impressing our brains with lots of invented crimes to cover up the real ones: biotopes, peoples, children and flowers liquidated to improve cash flow. All legit, sir, honest hardworking people earning some bucks by sawing down priceless trees, destroying unknown cures for their own wife and children who are playing with the azure glow of radioactive cobalt in the corrugated junkyard outskirts of some metropolis inferno.

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Bigfoot and the Yeti are unable to save our collective backsides this time, for we have taken their powers and turned on electricity grids all over the place, interfering with the BLISS wavelengths from the outside. Thank God there is no scientific evidence, so no worry.

This is no poetry this is a mockumentary of what could be in the news any day, so it isn't. We all think thoughts like that but hide them as if no other man alive is allowed to see your truth, my truth - their genitals are hidden, covered with the grimy fallout of their own inventions. There is a 'them', there is a conspiracy and they are not even responsible for all the trouble you're in because of your own ignorance, to begin with. This is the ultimate nightmare: unable to find a way out of the grey city maze of money addiction and the persecution of dope users. They will never allow you to become self-supportive, turning on the endorphin switches all by yourself - no rat shall escape the lab. Are they aliens, or simply humans alienated from the flow? Are they very different from what we see in the mirror of mornings after pondering the real secret, the one we are not supposed to mention to anyone:

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And the face in the mirror changes into God's very own image jacking off late at night, thinking the thoughts of horny degradation of the Self, dumping high-information fluid into the washbasin of lost opportunities. There always is some other flow of power going on, a buzz in the background we are accustomed to, music of spheres, web of connections, world view in a changing neural glass bead game - all the things we take for granted are fakes based on planted evidence.

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THERE IS NO ULTIMATE SECURITY BUT THE NOISE!

Addictions are different if you don't have to worry about supply. Workaholics are better off than junkies. Easy to score. The pain of money addiction comes in many wavelengths. There is no known overdose that kills the body, although there are many cases where it seems to have erased the soul.

"Is that right, Herr Doktor?" Chimes in the Skeptic, the one who keeps me alive by doubting everything, even the doubts of the antiseptic sceptics, who merely want to keep out 'the mud flow of esotericism' (as Dr. Sigmund Freud so eloquently put it in a dialogue with the Godfather of New Age himself, Herr Doktor Carl Gustav Jung). In other words: there are things to doubt and doubts to doubt and most of the time it is language that confuses us.

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Mary Magdalene Isis
Cuneiform Codes
Crack the pot
At the end of the rainbow
Whose colours were designed
In the beginning of time and space.

AND... .. DNA

Manash. Remnant matter of the flame of Man. Dance around the fire, ancient cut-off point of humanity versus our nearest ape relatives, chimps and bonobos, Australopithecus. Be the shaman, entering the world of possibilities, realm of random routes to everywhere. Show them the fruits of your nutty trances to ape the great games of futures past. The first human was a Shaman. Manash.

AND... .. DNA
DNA... .. AND

THERE ARE ZILLIONS
OF ULTIMATE SECRETS!