

ERIS, the GODDESS,
In her infinite wisdom,
Revealed to me another name;

Kerbarbalo

*Baskets of teeth are not the world's currency
Perhaps, one day, we shall rectify this*

Leave the fish in the tree
The bird on the moon
Let the cows orbit the stars
Let the absurd exist

Mundane Fantasy

The dragon flies through bathroom mirrors
The phoenix calls into abandoned phone booths
The unicorn prances through ash trays
The Fairies enchant used condoms
The Mundane fantasies live on around us

In a world of garbage, go trash picking

When a free spirit dies, It flies

Rebirth

The corpses of the old world must fertilize the new,
As the ashes of their old regimes fly
We must plant the seeds of creation
Rebirth is the language of chaos

Spinning

Do you ever feel like the world is spinning backwards?
Or maybe we're moving upside down.
Do you understand?
Probably not, no one really does.
It's not wrong to be confused,
It's what keeps the mind alive.

My Goddess could beat up your God!

REJECT the PROPAGANDA of the GRAYFACED liars,
Their FALSE DICHOTOMIES of ORDER and CHAOS,
Their insistence on SOULLESS CONFORMITY;
REVOLT, RESIST, and REBEL

Stay in school AND do drugs for an extra SPICY education!

Save the Date

Pick a date, either in the recent past or the near future. If possible, have accomplices. Mention this date as if something terrible has or will happen. When it comes up, act nervous and suspicious.

Talk amongst your accomplices within earshot of others, but pretend you're trying to be secretive.

"Do you think they know about April 17th?"

"Keep your voice down, dumbass!"

"They better not know. I mean, how could they?"

My headaches come from the future!

Conditioning

Anger becomes faint annoyance
Slurs become white noise,
A tight grasp feels like a light touch
Tyranny becomes normal
I should be horrified,
But I've become numb

It's the American Dream, not the American Actually Happening.

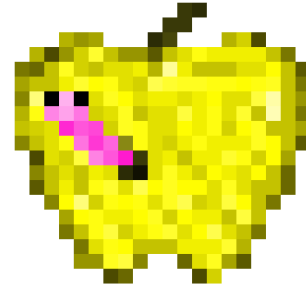


The Enemies

In plain sight, they hide
Concealed by normalcy
Hiding poison in brain-folds
Muffling the screams of dissent

And they hold onto their illusions,
Illusions of perfection
Of omniscience
Of wisdom

But when the illusions break,
What then?



Kerbarbalo loves me! I'm not sure about you, though.

Spirituality is a recipe for regret.

Drowning in the fire,
While burning in the flash floods,
Choking on our screams

We regret to inform you that comedy is dead. Go cry about it.

Kintsugi Mind

Each break in the mind,
Every fracture of the soul,
Sealed with glittering gold.

A head filled with golden roots,
Shining neurons spark and glow,
Flashes of beauty from breakage

Stop talking when you have nothing to say.

You have to be mentally well to work
But you need to work to afford to be mentally well
How's that fair?

True Discordians don't use practical fonts.

Blegh

Screams of societal degradation and cries of collapse
Echoing off of booming pawns with supersonic screeches
Drowning the brains in the loudest possible vomit

Word Salad, Yummy Yummy!

Hail ERIS, Full of Fire
The SACRED CHAO is with you

Just slam your face on the keyboard, you'll get something eventually

Just pretend this
Is something
Really deep
And profound

THIS MAN EATS SUGAR CUBES LIKE A GODDAMN HORSE

Meow meow meow meow meow
Meow meow meow meow meow meow meow
Meowy meow meow

overloadoverloadoverload

Constant rhetorical **overload**, Flooded senses,

Constant **noise** of SHALLOW MEANING

Propaganda storms, Conflagrations of information, All consuming,
Constant train of **stimulation** with direct *trajectory*,
information injection

DON'T THINK JUST TYPE DON'T THINK JUST TYPE

Get out of the writing compound. It's not good to be here anymore. Keep going keep going don't stop. Keep eeeeeeeeeeeeeee keeeppppp going don't stop get fucking ready for the jumpscare if you can't get the apple of the eyes. Overloaded sensory organs. Sexual prowess and God in the making. Sex in the gorefield. Gorefest 1009 is epic. I want to be alone with the gore. I can't slope onto the slides. Slip on the blipporn.

Outlets of self identified fantastical mysteries. Goddesses in the Godless world. Death and the suffering of the open casket. Gargle the soupy losers. Intermechanations of insides. Joooojojojojo the ooojflk. Mechanical hand and the food of rough tiles.

