

Etherith, The End Of Reality, A
Caricature Of Beauty.

A Mythopathea in the Style of
ARCHSYMBOLISM, also
interwoven with a Fantalacrum
or Fantalamoire in Absinthiean
Opiatic Baroque Style...

Symbolismus Arcana

Vindicta Dramaticae

Nihil Autem Dramaticae

The Revenge Of Drama.

...And no other significance
then Drama.

ETHERITH I

Written By Aeylyeaelle Ellhe De
Ellendeh Duchesse De Epherea

Translated and Seen to Reality
By...

TRISTITHEA

DEVORATHREA

DEVOURING SADNESS

FURIANA STANDARD
HERALD AND STANDARD

The Mythology And Beauty Of
Etherean Thought...

THE CHANTS OF ETHERITH;
THE END OF REALITY,
A CARICATURE OF BEAUTY

BOOK I

THE ANTECODEX OF
EHLEMEYECKHEA THE
EMPRESS OF GRAINS

In the ever growing smaller reality ego's of small minds always have to get bigger and so too their arsenal of pain and war, while the nails of the poetesses who deem all this denunciation and appellments and hysteria rather a game of fame that should be shut. With a fingernails a stroke, the neck of populism crawling up the cheapest souls will be slit, and all its cheapest souls will be drenched and drown in their pigs blood that is stinking as rotting puss. This puss, of which is attracted to say, nothing but lines, of "sorry but", or snobby snide the orders of the most plainly order of the day as it can be. "of i understand but", and of "yes, but i am too" Arguments not building on arguments, rather whining, or in the latter case a sympathy but for your own. A sympathy always to onself disguised, communicating not but whining all despised. Or of dispising itself what said, or reversing and laughter, indeed the satires of the dumb, of vehement a fashion, itself all the six demons of the mouth of excrements, who whisper the depression in burlesque and boldering down the mountains such apathetic and dreadful laments. Can't you hear the
amorous ages thundering,

can't you hear the drums of love have started?

That lovers in festering embraces not but parted,
pulled apart in feverish and petrifying smolderings of anguish,
...to steeled be their kinship in distant remotes so hardened,
where they write their solemn one lover a longing wish.

What was around the mirrors of the deities, What was on the paintings of the deities, what clothed the temples built by the deities themselves and what chandeliers where there these meta-meta-enshrining corridors and which miracle a kiss

did these ancient deities revere, a lady must have been to them ultimately too sincere.

These high standards of a ruling caste in the UNiverse, must have arts, and arts has depictions, what then did the deities of the people revere? A thought of some stunning proportions, and to delve through in these years and millenia to come.

Commemorated to the angel of soap bells.

Who needs no introduction here as the ancient brave angel deity who climbed up a cliff each time to build a castle over this steep abyssinal cavern, and kept trying that with nothing but bubbles who always burst into soap bells by the time she got to the top. Weary of this. She invented for humanity pain, torture, labour and heartbreak. She, queen of the soap bells, invented this, so that SHE would triumph, and not all the others who but one soap bell of a common bath, that never so much as got out of the ocean without breaking. OWh these waves of infinite sirens casted, as a dreams plethora, be my dreams my legions!!

Hethred the crooked crow and ravens and Eagles and Crane Bird Goddess made this arrangement for her to be mentioned first here, as she was a common household maiden, but upon that, decided that she missed her strident moods, and that it was better to be a strident household maiden then a salon intellectual of which she had all enough of.

Upon that notion as it came to her, the Sin Saintess divina below hell where she roamed, cut with a sting all the pain and torture, labour heartbreak out of her, and filled her heart with her own joys of mind, which were so lavish, that it was an unknown treasure of unfathomable brilliance and thunderous insanity.

Hethred commemorates, the commemorated without any reservation, the poets remain silent, and the truth, so silver, can be mocked as for the reverse of silver, but its curse, once you known the truth, will always sting no matter how many ironies or laughters in a peaceful hiding you had had. A moment of silver, is always remembered, like that silver cynicism, and the stupor of the stupid, will not so much as rest a moment in disarray too long, when the soap bubbles of the Aschysch Angel stacked above the cliff. Weave like a spell over an entire horizon their purplish and soapy colors like naft seen and delusional, a toxic odour against the dawn of the sky. And hethred breathed in her once with a kiss, the loudest roar, a shriek so vast, yet this thunder and awesome whirling winds she could cast, never touched upon her bubbles, but to the humans aplenty to surround her, and lain desolate empty and lonely beached too but ugly as perpetual sunshine.

There is no escape, no other passed time to avoid, no escape from this passed, nor your own.

This vessel which you ride, with illusions these thoughts as your everlasting bride, fractions of the keystones of future perception. Thats why the haze in which you live, is a drunkenness, and reality around you, is very sober, remind you then, your own bubble is very thin, ail, ill and small, and reality, that open ballast your eye lids carry, up to the wall of ayris this is sober, sober as hell. For what the eyes do see, or read or scent of, is more sober then your drunken brain on the riddles and hypothesis stringent and toiled succinct as yet of passed prophets for you with soon purple, and once of blood bright red. But deep bleu this flock, this factory of sheep an industry like a bowl to crown the meak fleeting and gently rippling ways, of a story of Ephexian, a sculpture of light reflected from the sun owh sun indeed here, this story is shared in books aloud, books your neighbour could have written, it was she Free or Epherseee who sunk with his poems in a vast disarray of unarmement and powerless too.

You would go insane of Hatred if passions of the dumb ruined the world, but what poison would remain of thee without ever showing generosity to the stupid and the naive!!! Is n't it truly time to abandone love? Is it not so, that actually being moved, being moved to tears, or sadness, melancholy as a whole, is more beautiful then love? It is entirely more selfless and pluralist, in its notion no jealousy could ruin it, its more sacred. Know this that some poets fall in love with paintings, with beauty, with anything beautiful, with the wind going through the grass, but still, those many times that were wept for beauty, in stead of that were loved, was more sacred, astral, majestic, you could be infinitely more grateful. And here sadness above, has her most gratifying position of this reign, despite that wench you see below all, who could never be blasphemed, immune this deity to such addresses. It is already measured that if you are dying, and if someone moved you or would be sad for you, that it is almost unbearable not to be there for them, love alone is not enough, sadness is her mistress.

No age before has melancholy been this dead.

A COSMOLOGY NOT OF STARS BIDDING COMFORT BUT
OF SHIPS ON THE BOTTOM OF ABYSSES DEEP WHERE
WRECKED!

AND THEY HAD NOT AS YET TAKEN SO MANY SOULS,
STILL HUNGRY AS THEY LAY, DORMENT, ALONE ON
THE VAST EMPTY DESOLATE DEEPS, STONES LIKE
SUNS FROM SNOWFLAKES. AS POEMS FROM PAGAN
ONSLAUGHT OF MAGICKAL THINKING, A YOUTH, A
CHILDISHNESS OF FEELING AND IMAGINING AT ONCE.

WHY DID WE GIVE ALL TO PROPHETS THAT CAN ONLY
LOOK BACK? WOULD THEY NOT BE PROPHETS TOO?
THE PROPHETS OF EMPTYNES, NO LIGHT CAN THEY
THROW FORWARD FROM THEIR SOUL, FOR THAT
WOULD BE FAITH AND INSPIRATION IN ITS OWN
RIGHTS, IT NEEDS THE FORMAL, AND THEN THE
BEAUTY OF THE WORLD, BUT ALAS IF YOU WANT
SOMETHING NEW, YOU WILL NOT REGARD THE
BEAUTY OF THE WORLD!!

IT WOULD BE RICH IN SUCH IMMACULATE SUBTLETIES, IN THAT THEY ARE NOT SEEN SO SUBTLE, AND IN THAT THE RICHES IS BORING TO ANYONE, IT HAS NOT THE STEALTH GREED FOR SUPERFICIAL THINGS???

DEAR VISITOR OF THESE LONELY CRIMSON PURPLISH PAGES, CREAMY LIKE VELVET ALONE?! COULD YOU BARE TO AVERT YOUR GLANCES FROM UP THERE, AND LASH YOUR EYES SO DEEP INTO OBLIVION???

AYRIS LIBRARY

AND

THE PURPLE VAULT OF IMAGINATION

Printed as classical and artisan as possible by

The Ivory Cult Of the Silver Sinister Cynism Angels Herald of the Purple
Temple Library

VERSE I

AN OBSCURE AND ANGUISHED RESTRAIN,

WHERE I STUMBLED UPON TWO MOST SADDENED ANGELS

It seems the very glare and brilliance of the horrors of the past is a door that needs to be opened again, and it seems the spirits of the remote realms of infinite have reached the here and now.

Bleak thee that suffers pain in the advent as it being the mere lack of power of your own will, forgiven those that had wretched that omen to the hope of the afterlife, who had still tears to drown there, and those that are in pain now and never be revealed, have but a heaven like a plain of dried dust to fall in, perpetually seated into the emptiness of the landscape.

The unfortunate are truly those of the 35th province of Hell, the helpless and the meak, who were given as their passage to eternity but fear, no courage, no friendship is the destitution here, the anonymous, an endless trail of tears hanging from ones heart, like that jewelry of sadness robing the deadened beats of life.

As much as the sun is tied to its heat, in which it can sense you in its fiery brain thinking of you. As much as bronze angel sculptures could be known feeling through the heat they receive from the sunlight and are actually alive... As such is the distance of that light thing called a soul.

Any mirror has never forgotten a smile or a lie and as such that will be proven, with machines of this illustrious one here we tell, pulsating in anger her lasers to get every smile back out of a mirror and frame it in her lavish palaces, she will get back every smile and awkward look, when they gazed upon their own lack of self esteem, when they peered into the mirror, looking for themselves, sometimes they found nothing, or something very wretched. Could that consciousness that assesses stars be somehow found in a face then? Could you be aware and find yourself truly upon nature's brutal sin?

I had sworn to cherish, uplift, carry myself the trodden, the victims, the miserable and the feeble hearted, those with golden hearts that had for a moment not assumed a stillness as apart of the magick of life, where it had been taken away from them, as much as that oath would already be within my heart. But I do not need to uplift you or carry you if I have proven the magick of life, and that will be so much burden lifted to me, cherish you I will always do.

And would not then be a magick spell, be the hope and beauty where it was lacking in science? As much as a dead rat, or a trodden crow is never within ones mind, as such, this world will perpetually be a thin seal, where it is fluid to us, at the other end of reality, it must always be solid glass, when we walk through it we are but amazed. But perfection should always be presumed when you think of the other end and the very infinite. If you had broken down a sign, that was the empowerment for reality in its perfect whim and irony, that evolution would be inexistent without having the opportunity to give that back.

And as such a sign of the Gods Exists, because where we had destroyed what did n't exist, so must something give back that what we lost, in our frailty, something loves us!

It is ultimate treasure that subtle or not so subtle power, as the grand feat and acknowledgement that you are alive, only in the realization you were never dead or never will be dead to begin with, as you are never alive now or will be or have been alive. Think of a minute of other perceptions, and see you not drown in anonymity, that should be your soul; At one as they had proposed.

And that in your presence the all mind of the universe is reflected in its most unfathomed adventure, in its misery or dread or happiness alike.

Even the carrion of the very essence of the third eye went through desolate and dark dreadful and weary abysses to reach here.

Even the carrion of that third eye would setup his own adventure, to seize the opportunity to learn from the wreckage of his embodiment, which would be that desolation of his soul in this adventure, because if there were no anxiety, it surely would n't be an adventure!!

Would it not be a feat torn from the very parchment of infinity to now realize that one should never be so selfish to bid ones feelings in oneself and not perceive that when you feel a rock, or a column of marble for, the rock, or the column of marble for, feels you.

Whatever a stone that would not be cherished could not even then be truly dead. For you are near.
And what you had n't cherished was merely inconvenience laughing at you in the face, because it deemed
in the irony and the strength of your nature that face to suffer such ardent feats was truly precious in its
grand ironic scheme.

There would have been those to contest the ludicrous claim that something to attain so much fire would
not have will power. But there you shall have it.

It would have stared a taurus in the heart before it would admitted it but for those who were paying
attention that one and one is n't simply two should have been noted for a while and fleeting then to the
starch of these relative mathematics of these pages...

These first lines held dear in the distant or at times closest present of the most destitute of all that we have
could dream. Maeyerhellesse, an Angel hse holds up as holy as the white dove Hse found on her window
ledge, melancholic, ever greaving, wanting a world as Hse described, and Ehmerhyeaele, who wondered,
wrecked in the temple of Lhy, the very inner bastion, lost, she begged Hse to sit next to her, patting the
seat of a chair, tranquilized with the Lhies poisons, some deep love was to last and transcend these shallow
times. Not romantic, something more gutteral then that even. Cadavres of woman are left here? I should
wish to feed them, laying on medieval boulders a castle floor, and feed them then not anything but deer
loins roasted and spiced, shot by virgins with golden arrows in pristine forests. Where in this world would
we find such a forest?! How awkward my taste will be for rodents and easily judgmental beings?! And i do
judge them back, with more intelligence, how vulnerable they are, and how they squeel when i have them
hear me?!

We can no longer leach into the decay, there is no one to supress us, they still miserable as they are, tell us
to stick to reality. Its time to destroy their reality. The reality we are to stick to. THAT!!! Would that not be
so unholy? Blasphemy to that reality is not enough, we are not just here to insult it, this naturalist,
moderate and stale and damp, molded and awkward taste as if we were eating molded bread, entire loafs
of it, without a moment to have a drink or a repose. We ha
ve no money to buy candles, so we rather sit in the dark.

I hope I have been of service to you. From these molds and parchments, shards of paper and shards of
vision. I have done all I could. Now i will certainly Vanish... My ambiguous and dubious work wretched from
this ungratefull ending is done as water to an ocean! All emptyness now, over these years. May it vaporize
once more, may it rain as a thousand years on this world!! May as pearls finest rivers be swelling again, and
indeed flood if thee commanded...

Alas...

Signi Tristitheia Devorathreah

written by aeilyeaele on the first day of AWHNWHEA

ETHERITH

Chant I

The Locked Gate of Ethereeen Before all Hope and Future.

CHANT I Verse To Ellendeh

...Reality mere snow, may the winter landscape be crushed by the imagination, as by a colossal sun...

Shelter me thee, Ellendeh, in your Angelic melancholy, born in a well, where you learnt to whisper, as the well screamed back,
daughter of pure tragedy and loneliness,...

Fullfill me thee melancholy; my poetic stifled honour in these barren lands, where people walk under great burden without
future, without past, fulfill me thee melancholy, my pride, which has equally been crippled and worn, born timeless, in
nothing but laughters anguishes.

Give me you, your woes and words for what you have suffered, and bring me your cosmology, drifted over these wastelands
of nihilism, where all castles and paintings and palaces sink to the oblivion of these vast swamplands spanning continents, lost
and unknown treasures and lands of treasures...

Where there glory and beauty once is slowly eaten by these black muddy waters...

Give me your pains, which i will with humility, and the only reason for my strength and compassion to survive, leach on to as
I hate this world, and its civility and stupidity, transmit thee and your diamond and platinum spirit of sadness, into
immortality of the elder and more eloquent ancient like poetic works, as they sighed and wept for that to acquire immortality,
and for which immortality I am now your servant, brief as these planes and realms are also sinking.

This world, gently sinking into a swamp entirely, carry forth now, through the wretched storms that separate you from me
and this green poisoned sky over Etherith. A temple where i have never heard or seen, where are we? A pool for you here, I
am lost here, I drift in these beautiful hallways. I see no roads to the worlds beyond. Where thee roads? Why are there none
here. I roam in these temple halls...

CHANT I

The Goddess of Passion has a series of machines to taunt mankind, working on rose and tulip petals, falling gently, touching
levers and making the machine tick, on needles the levers dance and carry up and down thousands of counterweights, the
leaves never wither, and are taken out of large copper bassins to be thrown on the streets of some village of Hethreds reign
here, or perhaps stored an entire such copper cannister like a vase...One of the clocks had leaves counting the deaths on the
earth, they were laid in a warehouse on large pillows, with the mountains of deep red petals stowed and spilled across the
floor... one clock counted the deaths of trees, another counted the growing number of rats on earth, the slowly unfolding
curse too, of the Goddess of passion, to leave none but sheep, cows and chickens in time for men of its eerie ambitions, poor
poverty world to come, petals of roses and tulips for the decadents. Petals enough for every winter, petals enough for every
one of the 52 subtlest and most ominous seasons of the Goddess reign, many meticulous refined seasons never observed by
mankind. Petals enough for more in Hethreds stocks of beauty, such beauty it was more grotesque than beauty, and as such
she would look on the modesty of the earth, would you not hate the earth?

Would you not hate reality with her? Locked out from one anguish a sick and bitter kiss of farewell? Lost to each other lovers
that could never touch again. Hethred caniving hatred and sadness, sadness the goddess who is at times baptized Ancholeem.

So complete in grief, with her blue hair, and her whole blue eyes, ivory with a woe for a whole world above this world,
guarding this rain pouring over reality. Could it ever rain enough for Hate, as she tasted long lost love seeping through the
crevices of the streets, soiled with realities starch being and bleak existence. A miscarriage this reality, she shrieked, over
which angels above of sorrow are woken from their sleep from altars of ice, and could only for it moan and with the supreme
sadness grieve. She that ranted against the sealing the floors of hell what miscarriage this was. The wall of unfortune through
which walked the unfortunate. One petal here she would catch in a crystal vase, and there was only one. To bloom like reality
once in billions upon billions of years, this poisonous cactus, stingy leaves, leaving much suffering, filled and robbed with
parasites, how to her all art could this not be a pain, a painstaking agonizing torment to exist and shield her from more
beauty that she grieved for... One petal reaching the sky, falling once in her an artwork all to her taste and all for her to die.

Axis, opposed to Atlas, is a patroness of the wheel of imagination.

She turns and changes course of the imagination on earth.

The guardian and willpower of all of the fantastic creatures and all legions of all mythical characters, heroes as angels, locked beyond the paintings by the curse of Ayris, she spins about riding the first bull of a cloud of taurus above reality, and under which reality is hung. Axis and all of the disastrous violence of her stampede, churning forces of the taurus stampede in a giant whirlpool locked behind a gate.

One muse Nhaevrael and her sisters were born out of a tear in the darkness as a river hung... While a sensual music seduces the muse Nhaevrael, calling for her, to come to the gate of Axis, as behind her her sisters call her back. She will eventually free Axis, resulting in her own doom, having ignored and so much resisted the calls of her sisters warning her.

Stages of creation are described: first a sky is full of fire, all legions at war; vast suns and angels of fire, chaos and violence, the sky of violence and pure tepetuous merciless turmoil, nothing unbound and beyond more than fires, in this heaven is one dark canyon, where one muse flees, escorted by desolate knights; 999 999 999 prey on each other and kill each other, eradicate one another, writing in their somber journey on parchments with ink of a cherry plant against the cliff, they write the suns and planets, 999 999 after those all dead in a pool of destruction write nature, and 9 999 after them write inventions and arts of men, all, and they themselves, kill each other; eventually take their own lives; until there is no one left but the muse, and the canyon flows in an infinite abyss of darkness, where in it the muse drowns. The muse is alone and cries, and from her one eye starts flowing a tear, as a river in the dark. In the river; long beyond the conception of Nhaevraehl and her sisters grows a spirit world of dream, illusive and illuminated in its nature, as early oceans of lightest and gently toned light...

In the court of the spirit world, further into this one tear, a court within a world of dream and light, they organize crafts. A stone is crafted that the spirits can not go through, a sword crafted that can split the rock. A painting is crafted of the spirit

Ayris... that has a thick, unpenetrable surface. SKIN!! Other crafts were arranged, that were to be the abodes of matter. Finally, the last craft, a kiss was staged, that would scatter the spirit world... Hethred, Goddess of rancour, passion and creativity, created in that kiss with the Goddess sadness anchoreem, reality and matter, tearing the spirit world apart from the center. Hethred Weaves her daughters by means of a spider, coming out of her mouth, after it bit through her stomach, living in her womb of acid. They rule with her her empire of arts for life and decadence for blood so pure purple in its glutony of nature dear to them and spill of arts as much as nature wanted, an entire night sky underneath everything, with all suns and planets and moons here for her glowing to serve her as chandeliers, and two black iron pyramids with the tips against each other, hung underneath the floor of reality, where hell in fiery depths loomed, underneath that!! There you would find that plethora of the arts, as vault and storage of absolute wealth. The layers of labour above in that Goddess of the arts and of material beauty her reign, the layers of light amuse and decadence below, where she kept the finest craftsmen and the flatterers to her arts in her courts.

Hethred, in jealousy of her lover sadness, that ascended into heaven upon the birth of reality, banishes all the angels out of heaven, throwing them below her reign the deepest underneath, under an ocean of titanium iron boiling, cursed by Acathe herself, Goddess of the underworld, among churches at the shores of the ocean of titanium. Their hearts soft grow worms that devour them each day, breaking apart as the heart tissue is consumed, and be born again each day in a life of futility, mine in the mines under the boiling ocean for mere few talents out of miles marble or titan black steel, mere a few talents that for them would bring solace, a gift, they might beg once at the rim of the ocean of titanium boiling, in the empty churches at the beaches, towering above into the earth staircases, people, waiting, sitting on the stairs, all the wasted workers and all the wasted works and crafts. The very notion of Hethred disciplining her angels, or otherwise punish all those idle in her reigns is mere then to launch the angel of strawberries and her fleet of bomber planes to bomb all angels with strawberry loads and they would get ugly broozes. They would suffer from them for weeks. And they were all too eager to avoid these aches and tribulations.

She builds underneath the world, three giant machines like eyes, hurricanes as engines, blue sky coming through and twisting hurricanes within it, sucking the passion out of reality through the large caves, to lead the passion off down her reign for her to compose her ice storms, ice palaces, fires and fire vases, and vast other luxurious crafts. On earth, Helix and Antihelix, the Two noble and weeping muse of music itself, petrify each in turn in a column sculpture, as the other mourns and sings gently to prohibit the column to crack. The artists and poets on earth, among the rancour of their ways, cursed themselves to become rats, cats and serpents, hold salons for Hethred's daughters, to keep their human form, they must drink the blood of the Goddesses daughters. As an artifice of decadence and artistic hunger and devotion. Ellendeh, born in a cold well, is hoisted in a cylinder shaped chariot out of her well, and flown over a wasteland of art to a temple, lowered into a pool in the middle of the temple, where she will tell of the melancholic cosmology and creation myths.

An army is captivated in a massive dungeon called Rothhalm, pounding on the walls. Hethred feeds them whipped cream on silver dishes, to sooth them, keep them more calm... Hethred for , terrorizes reality in any way possible to stifle it entirely, has an entire wall built around earth... to prevent earth from growing outwards. In here rage she had the entire wall built from the south and into the center of the world, all for nothing, as a waste... For realizing her mistake she did n't blink an eye and carried on and lashed her workers her angels to keep their venom in their labour at all and any time, to lock the world within this vast wall.

In the north, above the northern ocean, called, ouwhnorhedhenn, angels were cursed to grow each season, all spring, summer, fall and winter, by themselves, hit all the leaves from the trees themselves, and attach them again every spring, and plant every flower themselves... seated on lawns and hung draped in the trees to paint the leaves and petals Clumsy as they were, they did everything wrong. Anaetheana, an angel from Hethred's court, takes to earth. Despite the warning of Hethred, she sets off to challenge earth's misfortunes... bribed easily the lowest of lives of men by Hethreds lead coins, her lover, a deer shepperdess, will be murdered, and to have come upon the earth she must eat her lovers heart soon as she is slayed as one of her deer, anaetheana knows now what earth is, and sets on with the deer, greaving, but slowly rising her brave temper once more.

The poet who hears the myths as Ellendeh tells them, still awaits to hear his own name, as he has no memory or awareness of time, and he awaits for Ellendeh to tell her the reason for these myths... He will find this myth and will finally see the outcome and what is to become of this city, Anaetheana, after the end of reality, a time when inspiration tore reality finally down. As she passes on her book, where Hse, the poetesse had once failed, Anaetheana sets on her quest to build a first city named after herself, as reality fades away, the myth, etherith's temple, as the poet on the splendour of his temple had not money left for a road to the world, way beyond the marshes where the arts are sinking, and where Ellendeh once flew high under the chains and spidersilk drapes of her ghostly carriage bearers, ellendeh's tale soon dies, as the further remains of the future are books, lonely, drifting, passed on by one wrancune, their grim beings cloaked in dark robes, burnt books on altars, and cast over realities walls, by series of nine times nine times nine and more such altars, burnt and stowed in large barrels poured on Mountains of books in the halls before the altars and they burn as coal, and carried to the altars, and into the kettles burning books, poured back into the war of muse... from the crevasses in gigantic fortified walls behind the altars, they are hoisted on a ledge, and poured out from massive walls, castles upon castles high fortified walls at the other side of reality, dust on the fires where the fires eat, and turn the dust into cinders glowing for a new fury. Again at the other side of reality. This is where the fires grow, of this war of Muse.

The earth, the heavens, and the below hell had nothing compared to the Orcanos... just had me heard them now, as Ellendeh tells of them, a massive creature for coming out of the kiss of a butterfly "Thee that butterfly that pounded on earth" "Like a twisted Orcano Her Foot in the Dirth" Orcano these elegant giants that walk with storms that are more ancient and real then anything, in them they wield a butterfly axe with thousands of butterflies hovering or wappinger around it. *ADoor jou verzonden*

s soon as the wind comes, one or three butterflies could be caught, in the rain tranquil still, comes the angel of the treachurous lost poets, always walking with the rain, if you found her somehow you would have Wvethreyeaele, betrayal walking in her path, Everyone would become malignant, people would spit at her, the whole air becomes souer. She is a woefull spirit, walking in leather, and a whip and elvish flute, she steels chariots, Or simply treds all deserts when they just grow moist, slowly, as rivers originate, ever walking on with the rains, hopping from one cloud to the other. Always rain, pouring, looking for someone, a muse, a ghost, she appears in a little mirror Hse carries on her breast. Or she stands looking at her, watching her, admiring her, greaving with her in mirrors. Hse presumes gently she is already dead, they can not speak of their own world, too scared to dissapoint eachother in this greusome despair, merely in a tranquil and passive love, at other ends, fighting with the assault of weapons they were given, sickening the atmosphere with their purity. They have no way with the civil, they come and go, idle conversation is plenty, but those to live in the perpetual rain and obscurity of grief have other ends, they are thee end, as sure as sunsets are more romantic then mornings, as much as the dead are already revered over the future borns.

Hethred, as she was cruel, the ultimate cat, with her womb of sulphuric acid, where nothing could grow, the antimother, with a black widow spider crawling from her womb through her stomach and into her windpipe to weave her daughters, the only two cruelties she ever allow in her vast reign was the drowning in massive baths of all the mice of her empire, she threw them in single handedly, and cried bitter and desperate tears as she was so mad, her angels capturing all the mice everywhere, desperate she said again, no, what have i don't, sincerely

moved, sincerely in anguish, always again, as the mice in her reign all had trauma's, they have to be murdered, and the second cruelty she allowed only once, was she herself to be a swan murderer to hear the most beautiful cry of the swans song her death, she sneaked up to it, eagerly observing for this one unique and only moment, as she leaped and gallantly and beautifully danced a dance of anguish with this swan, and held her neck, and heard the scream, and she sucked up the scream, and since that time as she knew it, she would have the most beautiful voice of the universe, a voice that would have entire empires of female angels shutter and weep, no matter how profound brave or pristine their hearts and characters. She who weeps at the sight of a piano, who could destroy the universe with pressing one single key on any of those, she cruelty, absolute dread. That could make any wall tremble if she peered at it, with her one blind eye of all religions, and her one gazing eye of imagination, her asymmetrical eyes, loensenth hethred.

CHANT II

THE OMEN BEFORE THE OPIATIC PURPLES POISONS RUN THROUGH THESE
UNFORTUNATE READERS.

CHANT II Verse to Ellendeh

ELLEENDEH!!!!

Come to me thee that i have lost and forlorn,
you dead death!!

I do think sadness is the most beautiful affliction and affection,
You absolute emptiness!!

You black hope, the story of a wretched wrecked solace,
of which i am only...

And you are only, and in us loneliness be pure and the muse and the poet
be alone at last,

none of this civilization, or crimes, or futile cries over obscenities

Their kicks of perverted, and their parasites to feast on them.

let the poor now starve because of us, because we were poor

let the murders now be committed, because we were murdered.

Let the oppressed be oppressed because we have been.

Let the frail be frail because we have been

let the starving be us because we are that.

the most beautiful art, the most beautiful terror, anything.

I practice it to a level of insanity and eat it like a demon eats corrupt souls

You that came to me.

Am i not the one who should wait for you?

Come to me Ellendeh who drunk from the screams.

Schasms in her ears, needles darkness for her a veil her barren wall, in which she
clawed into it like nails of six year olds terrorized.

born from loneliness and solitude in delusions.

In opression you and me in highest zeal have faught.

And we needed never fight or kill.

In highest ordain of bereavement and misery.

We have lived, and we live on.

We a poet who carries misery.

Your flight who'm i carry.

Your misery who'm i share.

Would not a mouth have an ear?

Would you thee misery Ellendeh not found after your capitivation.

Would I thee misery Ellendeh not listen after my soul and heart of only poets.

And would ELLendeh not find thee?

Would my existence,
thrown at me at random
not offer me among the shrapnell of its indifference.
The seeds of your breasts which i must throw back at them
And never so dispickable or folk folley poetry.
Never such hard lace, never cheap silk, never rotten fruits,
nor any velvet with which not the muse of sadness were awoken.
Be the ice of which holy cities choose to feed from.
Ice of which if it came to them
they would argue it needed to be more sober a treat.
As water from the sky, they think it needed to be more sober how you treat yourself to it.
Which their excuse is their emptyness.
EXECHESSE
Walls of your pit.
Ethereen around the world.
And the pit.
WHere i join you.
That you carry to catch me in this of poison crystalized cage.
WHere I have remained with you.
Exechesse.
Of which where you hear the sadness weep
like live in the crevesces of these walls.

CHANT II

I Bid thee warning frailest passanger lost in this empty and
pascifying maze, still looking his assured rest, still
relinquish the idleness of vanity, passion, insanity, and
hate...

This is a Mythopatheia or Suprarreligion.

It was comfirmed by Miracles of which are many and,
perhaps, counting still further, like a clock to magnify tales,
as is indicated, suns of stone from snowflakes, without
these magickal realms, with a strongest attachment to
imagination within reality, and what are signs other then
that? ...There would have been nothing. *Science would
destroy all?!*

Would you look back and see where science has risen up?
And what have you left? Ahhhhh thee warned, if you recount,
if you go back on your steps you may as well strangle the

person you are playing in this their dumb game. However be it then, wherever to now, there is the recommendation to try to doubt it. As, if, were you taken up in it, it will drive you absolutely insane, I advise you to take it under serious consideration. If you are taken up in it. It will drive you so insane as a mandrils rage?! Poorest authors assembled to brood on this feast of delusions, many have whimpered and shuttered at the tales and the *sheer logic of its syllogism, yes deliberately mischievous to the age you live in and you choose as your safe haven?! As yet assess your odds to live free without the purplie opiate Beauty for Which it stands, and is more an Absinth Poison that they would drink only the Supreme Goddess in the Nether and Yonder worlds.* Tread at your own peril. And rest assured, that a touch of its sugar will soak in your veins like A strong Cocaine, and make your wits so strong and keep you up in a pornographic frenzy for nights on end!! It will drowse you in the abyss of boiling purples of heroine, the sweet sleep out of all that is hardened up and anonymously casual, with centuries of woe to instill this soothing tranquility. It will make you squeal like deaf children and tear you apart as lead bullets through a porcelain vase filled with a blend of the finest wines of the best era. In essence it will truly be as time slips away. And what do you have without your precious time? All that is dear to you as history?! It will - and might- come alive then. And pierce this time. As it is the Cathedrals over the Cathedrals of the future. As much

as we are found small and then have to recognize things so much greater than ourselves like this infinite hourglass, entire deserts have sunk into this small narrow precious crystal cylinder, or maybe young female slaves fill it up and put it with the stack, for the Goddess of Hate and Passion wants proof of time on earth. How would she?! Time is indeed this grotto of events a play here, this infinity which takes hold in our hearts and minds, it takes root as a solid whole in a working mechanism, a clock, and we are the deities, yes, from this deity we seek to venture a dialectic course, we build and build, and the world is filled with our mind. I seen it!! As such it is certain that a greater destiny exists, and being delivered to it will have this story as a cause and final juror over immortal pleasures or nightmares. None of which is beyond anyones control or even beyond that control. You might see your spirit were it was for the moment obscure, vanish in to the mist of a long urged passion or a goal, and find parasitical spirits dancing within you and controlling your arms for you to reach then. Your spirit arms then! Fully unleashed, where dreams become a steady fixture, a scone to light the field that is behind that wall of your future, and the ornaments in which you live and craft your life away untill you are rotten?! At the other side of this scone then if you would care to walk then a few yards, would be then an axe for you to plow through the wall, to see what is there, if you are of youth, use it, soon enough, you care not for axes or dreams alike. Would

you like to see what your own dream is? Alas it will not hide beyond any philosophy they have given you. It will give you many means. Alas ill formed and stillborn brains will perish in the dangerous earthquakes of these pages, or be momentarily plagued, who knows how it will last. May you be patient and bid them well my darlings of which i would have chosen and awarded my first audience, the first line is here, seated in this vast stadium, a row of perfect angels and wicked demons, sifting through with meticulous and attentive cares as i would want darlings to pertain to like the gold digger whos solemn meal of the day depends on that dreary find of the day. Highest alertedness over one speck or a grain or a piece of dust in oceans of slick and mud. May this be my mud, and may you find your gem. As much purity as that purity presumed as there would be a Goddess of extacy, surely to take away the doubts of a bleak and empty fate, that also which reaches beyond the limitations of the material, with its prison of unfortunes... This Goddess of extacy need not be treu at all but to have a touch of her, in this ultimatly bleak prison must be the greatest reward, a pebble upon a dead body drifting through these oceans of air, where he may be resolved in otherwordly fires. Would it not appear a candle be so utterly beautiful as a soul dancing in such a perfect rythm? Fire in a linear exact alignment? Of which can be easily assessed its beginning and its end, just magically under control of this, eerie creature who would dance between

these flamy stars in rococo ballrooms. Would she regret ever this riddle sweet as it is apparent, to have bestowed a sun with a knowledgable mind, or to bestow a knowledgable mind with the soul of a sun is indeed possible as entirely plausible. There is the recommendation to believe it, feel the pathos of these rhymes, no faith, but your soul, where it is a word and high enough, to touch with that word the other ends of eternal existence, no mocking of any physical law?! We are merely writing as gifted nature, she was wealthy in the stroke, that killed a man that would be such a disaster. How to bid a poet a white dove? And to become a white dove and the white dove to be a poet? Would you not need a dove a gift to be the soul of a sun, alas from wretched hates where you needed to realize, to impale is the solace of the slow minds, and forever it must be kept looming over the uncredulous bleak fated specimen who can not listen to hope and has for his art only his own selfish scope and existence, so blind and unhinged as amok itself!! (Do we not looze our minds as we speak to them?)

Would not in the universe realm of time for then this poet be so lost, alone, having at last doubted his doubts? And if he was that who needed to doubt his doubts now? What did he need? Then it would be a majestic trick would it not be?

But then you fall into a magickal nature, and a future of eloquence, of which for now, with classical tragedy, we

must reject the dwindling, bleeding beauty over the carcass
of genius, plucked by these a breed of none versatile
themselves sick monsters vultures grown sick of eating off
of hysterical quality, plucked by the vultures grown sick off
of glorious stupidity?! They licked their own vomit. Here
stands the corpse of history. Behold, it stands on its four
paws, see this? A dead alive!! Where shall it leap. Its stands
here again. It is bloody, pale, without its skin. Without its
teeth. Its heart is sliding from its rib cage. Among more goo
for where once where bound in majestic musculature like
those books we choose for their strong binded and richly
decorated covers, over the poor book, eaten away, where
the craftsmanship has gone and faded, he was a pulp now.

But here history stood!

Books are proven to have a formal allure?! Only to strange
collectors it may seem so. We are doing away with civil
and labour expressions unbound, we rise up to aristocracy
and schew content. If there is a masterpiece? Let it be this
books cover, opulent like its words?!

Where could you leave it then so progressed, leave it pass
in its trail of desolation where it deserves to be, wholly
mutated as it is. Deemed some, perception upon a naked
stone, some decoration upon a dreary costume, some
esteem, a stomach for a costume then. An appeal to beauty
itself?! Dare you believe there are such credentials, you

must go, there to the mountains, with history, now some
itself a wrecked vulture wolvern cross breed!!

Where shall you go, up to the cold mountains to freeze with
this horrendous beast that demands no more glory but kitsh?

Or what shall those who down trodden walk on in this
maze... You... What have you gained in magnificence
upon the mortal wounds of long lost Gods or God alike?
Yourself? And you among others alike? But that seemed a
very skinny worm and scarabee affair. There seemed but
chapels of nothing. A golden sheep would be better then
this chapel you have. That they have. But you must choose.

The frailty of the emptyness, where the hysterical masses
sing devoid of enchantments choirs. Or a meager, deadened
history. You must choose between two despair. The beast
still eating at itself which is here; or the squeeling crowds, a
beast would not be described more glorious then the horror
of what seems a vast pit of squeeling jackals, probably
inuriorated by the pit cascading into a firey pit?! Squeel as
they do and treat eachother as they do? Or be generous a
predator no more.

VANITY!

HATE!

INSANITY!

PASSION!

SADNESS!

DESPAIR!

...
ART!

Be assured here are the drapes of the first six, before the eye of the arts, a canvas in which you must walk and see, and before which you are naked, eating berries. And before which there is no time, no passed reality but what you have, ruins without past, clothes without morals, a future but lingering, festering, rotting, all dispersed in this mad dance of crowds going into vast directions, those directions where they can squeel. Squeel then, or be off with the beast.

There is no mystery in which the Horses of decay will appear but these parts where you already seen them, what is reality but a cloud, from dream, to reality, clouded indeed.

So the horses of decay gallop.

The Nine Horses of Self Indulgence.

Plagiarism. Guilt, Fundamentalism, Superstition, Hypocrisy, Arrogance of Stupidity, Selfishness, A horse with two heads Lies and Twatter, Lack Of Hyerarchy,

The Nine Horses Of Fraudulant religions.

Lack of Respect, False Gods, Indulgence in rights, Nihilism, Sloth, Defiance of Justice, Light Sheeps Pleasures, Hysteria,

The Nine horses of Lack of Character

Flatulence, Mockery of Beauty, Inconsiderate Ideals,
Denial, Judgementality, Indifference, General lightness, and
lightness of heart, Gullability.

The Nine horses of Lack of Decorum.

Plagiarism of the arts, Thievery with the arts. Hedonism,
Minimalism, Irony, Lack of Formality, Regardlessness of
monuments, disregard of the subversive. Herd Mentality.

THE 36 HORSES OF HETHREDS HORSES OF DECAY.

BE ALERTED NOT TO VENTURE TO THE POETS OWN END IN
WRETCHEDNESS?! WHERE VANITY, PUTRID AND NO WOMAN THAT
DESERVED IT IS A BREATHTAKING, BLASPHEMOUS ARROGANCE, WHERE
FEMALE IS WITHOUT A VESTED PRIDE? BEWILDERED WE LOOK AT NATURE,
EVEN THE STARS BECOME ABBERENT, HOW WAS THIS SICK UNIVERSE
POSSIBLE, THAT SHINES IN SNAKES EYES. AND BEAUTY, WHERE IT IS SO
FRIVOLOUS YOU CAN'T STAND IT, BEING OF A REPULSIVE VULGARITY THAT
MAKES YOU SICK TO YOUR STOMACH, AND WISDOM CANIVING BY ANY
ACCOUNT WAS CONFIRMED AS STUPIDITY, TWITCHING AND CHURNING TO
MAKE WAY FOR NEWER CRIMES... AND THAT IN TURN, WAS PART OF THE
DEFUNCT INSUFICIENT TWO SNAKES OF REALITY STRANGLING EACHOTHER
WHILE EATING EACHOTHER, NOTHING HERE WORKS YOU UNFORTUNATE
AUDIENCE I MAY HAVE THAT DWELL HERE???

BUT SURELY YOU ARE STRICKEN?! AS BY THE TRIVIALITY, OR PERHAPS
STUPIDITY OR FOOLISHNESS OF PEOPLE, THEIR DUBIOUS WANTS AND
GREEDS, THEIR CASUAL VOTES AND THEIR LEADERS, THAT IN SUCH A WAY,
IT BARES THE HOUSES AND THE ARTS AS SCULPTURES NOW NO MORE A
GLARE YOU COULD HAVE COPEDED WITH, BUT IS NOW OF FLESH ROTTING AND
FALLING APART IN ONE INSTANT, OR BURNING OR MELTING FROM THE
SKELETTONS OF CIVILISATION, TO REVEAL THE VOID AND ANAETHERICAL
MALFUNCTIONS AND COUNTERFIT INSPIRATION OF THESE PEOPLE!! THEIR
INSPIRATION INDEED?! IS LACKING? AND THEREFORE IT IS A SICKENING AND
INNERLY ITSELF STRANGLING? HANGING, TORMENTING, AND UTTERLY UGLY

PHILOSOPHY A SAD OLD PASSED TIME, THAT WAS CHEWED AND SPAT OUT
ONE TIME TOO MANY TO BE SAVORY. OWH HOW SAVORY IT WOULD BE
INDEED. COULD YOU BEAR THAT RATHER, OR INDEED STARE INTO THE
POETS LAST SPARKLES OF HER GREEDY EYES OF CONTEMPT FOR IT?!
WOULD YOU NOT FOR A MORE CLASSICAL ETHICS? FOR A JUSTICE IN ITSELF,
TO REASON OVER THESE THINGS, HAVE MORE THEN THIS MYSELF TO FIND?
SICKENED IN MY MERCY OVER THESE DEPLORABLE PEOPLES?

Chant III

prologue of the Mythology

CHANT III Verse to Ellendeh

Toil Goddess virginnous hands and scribble with silver and crows and ravens feathers as i will, for you, as your
whispers from the cold water, in which you petrify alas.

and an excuse

I was like them.

And there we have a muse.

WHO they thought was like any muse.

Repose here in closest solitude.

The worlds ails always needs a perputrator.

And they are the ails. The laurels of death and morbidity. Are the masterpiece of the carcass of joy and happiness.
raunchy and grim they who fell into this land of despair, and became mobs and sewers, but where are we? WHAT means
do we have dear you my poetesse as muse to deliberate?

and spitfire of joys they who are immaculate and had as yet few sins.

The well of crystalized poison.

Trapped here in white marble.

And you with frail sculptures of desolates messengers.

Of deadened and now to you a ruby soul.

A soul that fell dead on your well and instantly.

A tear of you, or its scent, would cause all a body of a mortal soul to stifle into all the salt that became his flesh.

How befitting. I know no grief. I eat griet and weep like a crocodile, i feel grief and as yet am cruel.

ENjoy not the crocodile who vomits.

ENjoy ones weeping.

Weeping these fierce lizzards of long passed ages.

Weeping they learn of.

We who compose this weeping.

The tombstone for the earth now hell.

The passage door, where none can surpass.

The dead zone, where the civilisations messengers, Orhoddheanaelle and Eymwvhelliciyelle, ewvhellemnhenn and
ouwhrosheyennan, all these folks of dead and anonymous.

As any such spitfire joys or as yet. Grim, may them be wondering as well.

Orhoddheanaelle, ahhhh, the vomit and dhiarrhea on which these people live.

They have considered lost. By themselves!!

We will eat on.

And goodness in our hearts we would tell them not to eat.

And they eat on.
And goodness in our hearts we do not share their joys.
Mortality. Is not for us.
Eating vomit and dhiarrhea, we will leave that to our superiors.
The ones to make us immortal!
We can laugh at our impeccable woe.
Never did we laugh but revered and respected such an ominously and schewed a fatal choir?!
Center thee sadness? WOuld you not be willing to be born a thousand fold again?
CHANT III Prologue of the End Of Reality, Ehth Ehrh and Rith

There is a crow lost in this land of Ellhende, a land of sorrow and mourning. This withered, barren land where no tree bears leaves, a desiccated land of despair, petrified to its very soul. Trees live only as stone here and life, life itself can only be lost.
This is a lively crow, so strong to have lasted thus far. He nears the centre of this vast land and there, on the ground below, spies a dark mosaic. A group of sculptures are gathered on this spot and appear to mourn around a hole in the earth, all caught in stone as if seemingly startled by the grief emanating from the pit. The crow circles above and then, flying closer, spots the forms of five mourning ladies. These forms, the frozen figures of those that had approached the well and had come too close, all holding their hands before their faces as if overcome by the icy cold draft of despair that gushes from out of the well, more further on, as together thirteen will have frozen for aligning in the Etherith Star.
The crow alights on the shoulder of one statue and here, he feels the air grow heavy and his heart grow chill. He cocks his head towards the well, curious, but then suddenly terrified, he makes to fly but his feathers powder white like salt and he turns to stone, a salt stone.
There seems little hope for Ellendeh trapped deep within this watery pit, but soon she will be set free, if only for a few days of her infinite life. There below, as cold as the icy waters that surround her, blue lipped, she whispers to herself.

A Goddess is outraged:
To conspire with these dark angels to paint the flowers black, to poison the rivers, to have storms spin about like the ocean was running dry and a gorge in the earth was swallowing the waters and sucking all into the deep.
“My wall is built around Earth, standing in the West, running all the way to the North and ending in the fires of Exepher to the East.”
She built this dam to withstand any internal force and, inside of it, flourished violence liken to frustration. Into this prison had fallen the kings and the courts of Earth and all the cultures of rich reigns.
Hope turned yet more bleak as the fools celebrated, chose new prophets and leaders and venerated them, whilst they all sang of the sweetness of this hope. A circus of vanity, all stubborn in their dumbness and all danced in the city of Ephectian, or Ephexehan.

Around Alas, around all indeed, was waged a vindictive false war.
In one camp, Hethred, the Goddess of hate, sustained by poetic ills and evils and, in the other, Hellengelleh, Or ancholeem the Goddess of melancholy, the keeper of ideals and woe.
The poet Alas was forewarned as to the end of all ideals and woe and to the end of the intimacy between poets and their muse. Thus was he warned, as the last muse was sent to Earth and found the poet, plagued with tempers and haunted by a rage, such as befitted an artist of such sensibility trapped in the coarseness and ugliness of that age.
Hethred had banned all sentimentality and, as a consequence, the poets suffered fevers and were in a delirium of sheer venom and sickness on account of their great hatred.

Meanwhile, the people grew numb in the streets and worshiped the crowns of all fools in their capital, a theatre, with the statue of Ephexehan silver casting the lights throughout, reflecting Exephereal venoms far from the East.

The poet, sickened with outrage and remote from the crowds in the streets, drifted in an abandoned, ruined land. All about now a wasteland left behind by these crowds as they wrecked all whilst growing their world.

He drifted amongst the ruins and at times many voices spoke to him with everything as thousands of hauntings a crying and screaming and ranting inside his head. Alas walked amidst all the destruction and ruin, where broken bridges, like carcasses, pierced their twisted ribs into the sky.

Amidst these ruins he came upon this last muse sent to Earth by Hellengelleh, lost and suffering badly by virtue of the noxious air which surrounded her. Such a muse would have proven hard to find in those times and certainly she was a brave creature, for it was now an arduous and rough descent from that realm above .

He found her sitting on a bent piece of ironwork which protruded from a wall like a giant's claw. The courtship of the artist delving his work from muse and the muse as an unwilling siren began. Then, lost in a chilling of melancholy and flying in the face of Hethred's ban, he kissed the hand of the muse that had been sent to him. A single kiss like snow and, slowly, an icy cold sensation carried from the back of her hand to his lips and from those lips to the beautiful, slender hand. That fateful kiss not then, but the maiden frail not stung, not struck, numb, it unleashed the last furious rage of the Goddess Hethred , now abruptly woken from her own musings, and she then decided on the complete and absolute ruin of beauty and hope on Earth to be concluded by the war for the souls of the poets.

The downfall of the Goddess of Melancholy: Hellengelleh's loss of power was imminent as was told in the songs of the muse Ellendeh as she whispered her story inside the well.

As the gate of Hell closed behind mankind's vain empire it sealed the Earth from all its past. The gate of Hell, this Seventh Gate Of Art, After the Golden Gate, the Marble Gate, the Ivory Gate, the Platinum Gate, the Bronze gate, The Iron Gate... now closed behind all the past glories of the Earth and already, within its core, grew a beast composed of millions of angels, all with hearts rotten as fruit caught between leaves just as the first icy breath of winter descends . “ So, here a battle will be waged with the ideals of woe opposed to the ideals of hate. These opposing stars and, caught between them, the very colour and expression and odour of cities and worlds, torn as it is distilled, one out of the other. Both are sacred materials to the profound writers, the magicians of the future, subject of the war of what is holy; the truth that one believes, and unholy; the truth that is neglect and carelessness. For hardened and growing within a world there can be cancer, untruthfulness, but there can be no lies, for a lie grows things and so it must be subject to a war between melancholy and hate. Any word is a part of the imagination, a weapon, and so all words and meaning are weapons in waiting. None shall fail to create and any burdened or lazy word will grow in time into millions of worlds of laziness."

And so it was that both Goddesses set their armies in the remote land of Nihiliel, where the old wise prophets sleep in wells likened to the dead.

There, the army of obscure bitterness gained the upper hand and looked as if to triumph over that of radiant ideals . Melancholy knew she was to lose this battle and so, on Earth, the clockwork of Hell was finally set in motion and, beginning from that fateful first hour , hate became the poets sentiment for all of mankind.

No flower could ever be beautiful again.

Nothing could be cherished anymore, all was turned to rot, light no longer burned, no wounds of bliss or fortune shone in the hateful rage of that night. Surely, even in those past songs of Hell in the verses sung in honour of those most fearsome of ancient Gods, or indeed in any songs of war, there still remained the ideals of Heaven or hope. Songs to the beauty of flowers, for the return of the delights of the seasons, songs of nature's blessings and the truthfulness and sincerity of pleasure. But now, due to the world's concerns, all this was completely erased from the verse of the romantic aristocratic poets, all caught in the undertow inhabited by the breed of poets devoted to this bitter and obscure way of things, dwelling in their city of Evenhelveth. Far in the East, at the end of Hethred's great wall, the fire Exepher that lit up the days grew dim. This world was exhausted.

But the false poets and the leaders still sung of rosy ideals, of the treasures of the seasons, of the brightness of light, of the delight of love, but all with such a sheepish decency. Rats granted flowers to the other rats of the sewer, and indeed, each rat felt like a king of this sewer. They brought the fools their hopes, an overly sweet amusement, a charade, a cynical glory in all its arrogance of the dumb, touching in its inconspicuousness, an amusement for her highness Hethred of the lower reign. Hope had now grown cynical, to soothe and hold the masses in their vanity and stiff hollow obedience within their sweet deadening amusement.

Now the poets alone remained to read the tales and books of the times before the existence of Hell. They read of such beauty. They read of the ideals of purity, of nature and its principles and, in these unsurpassed works, they learned of high sensitivity, of elegance and nobility, of gestures of respect and of beauty for beauty's sake and of decadence. They read of all such peaceful nuance, all now lost in the shallowness of that age. Such glory, all lost in those dead towers.

A pact was made to crown a world but how could such a sinking world be crowned whilst a carcass of beauty with such pride still stood? A carcass of beauty, such poison in sweetness.

Then for a myth, like the fevered imaginings of the sick whilst that sickness eats away at the body. The healthy visions were over. Within the stench, rot ate with such ferocity at the poets for all their misfortune in that world, that beauty itself broke apart and its cutting shards pierced the earth, melted and sank through the wounds in the soil and turned to acid to eat at all life. The land withered and the grass and trees turned dark brown and black.

Now for the book, the book of the mark. This mark, the Auryal, the common Hethred star, the sign of the end of reality. The book of the principles of the other world of the imagination and beauty.

Eth, the first letter, to represent an act of religion, Ehr, a law of the imagination, Rith, to represent a ritual to perform. Etherith. Or the alphabet of Ellhende.

It was a pact made between Melancholy and Hate and a seal was set upon it to devour modesty. A new sign to readily distinguish it from books of betrayal, from books of hope, from books of the merry, from books of timid and modest vision and from books of ungraceful tragedy, these all the last breath of that age. How many pleasures it still begged from this old dying hag.

There was a crusade for this sign and this myth. It hunted about for the other poets and meant to devour, like a fire, that which was dead, and to shape in black smoke once more a sign of fertility and, in so being born, to signal where there was opportunity once more. It was a fire, a signal of pitch black smoke, a calling for the benefit of an Angel from Hethred's court, Anaetheana.

Anaetheana, a rebellious angel, cast out of the Underneath on account of her curiosity for Earthly glory, but also lured upward by a lover. That love now lost, she looked on Earth for a city, her own city, from which to seize beauty, a city to gather the noble for a wretched revenge. It was Ellhende herself that begged in the

name of Anaehtheana for those citizens from amongst humanity to come forward, regardless of their genius or worthlessness. Anaehtheana needs a court, "That is why all this exists!"

So Anaehtheana set foot in this land of misfortune and endured the challenges her Goddess Hethred posed on Hell and all things.

By virtue of Hethred's pestilent temper, this hate borne by the High Empress and Mistress of Vanity of the Underneath, she strangled the world with her contempt and loathing. Reality, this reality which now lay between these worlds of hate and sorrow, both reigns in which reality dissolved in the imagination. These two high crowns ; above, the beauty and tears of the reign of Melancholy, her grievances the radiance of nobility, whilst below, in the deep of filth and sin, lay the shrine of art and decadence to Hethred's reign . The battle of Hethred and Anaehtheana was to be resolved here on Earth, and the tale of Alas, once the most melancholic of poets, now slowly grown grim, would unfold. He, who in due course would eventually unwillingly help Anaehtheana but in the meantime, set his own course and wandered about, as yet but an ally of Anaehtheana in the distance.

But all the heroics of Anaehtheana remained hidden at that point by a shroud of evil, an evil which was yet to be revealed . This evil so carefully preserved, the poets venom which throbbed and glowed with such hate, all sealed within a small wooden casket inlaid with the tiniest ivory relief. Imprisoned inside this beautiful box, the box of Evenhelveth, lay all the repulsion and terror of the poets.

The Goddess of Melancholy had this casket hidden away from Hethred and guarded by her most loyal angels. One such angel, named Tristesse, was a lonely creature in Hellengelleh's reign of sorrow. Ever since her birth, she had been looked upon with sadness, seen by others with worries, gentle worries such are those of melancholy.

There were worries when they saw her wings, her black wings and worries when they saw her lust, her twisted lust. Tristesse, with her stubborn and hard boiled nature, was alone so much but now she had been assigned this most important duty and was so pleased. However, after having heard the muffled shrieks coming from within the box, her curiosity had been aroused and secretly, every night before she turned over to sleep, she gazed upon the box and listened, to marvel at it and thus became addicted .

By now the war for the poets souls had been fought and lost by Melancholy. She knew that she must surrender this most dreadful casket. Only too aware of its great power, she wished to relinquish only part of the venom, as she knew that to give up all would bring a sinister terror over humanity, a deadening sickly erosion of all beauty and sentiment. And so it was she secretly stored two thirds of all terror and hate within a marble shell, and there it lay, curled deep within its spiral. This deadly shell, specially crafted by seven skilled angels, the size, shape and colour known only to them and the Goddess herself. Hellengelleh cast the shell from the high tower of the Palace of her supreme reign, it tumbled and slid down the columns and landed on the shore of the ocean far beneath the cascades of heaven where it lay among so many millions of silver and marble and golden shells..

But Tristesse, the guardian angel, had word of what was to happen and had kept her eyes open for this delivery. Hidden when Hellengelleh threw the shell from the window, she leaped after it, down the streams and onto the shore. She stumbled and reached out, but was swept away by the heavy rains that fell to Earth, down a cascade and into a pool. From behind this cascade a nymph peered cautiously and slowly emerged to

give her aid and care for her wounds. This nymph who hid here on account of hysteria and ugliness seduced Tristesse with her loveliness and the idyll but Tristesse hungered for the venomous chanting of the poets like that of a gadfly's humming, so gruesome and thrilling to her. So finally, she flew upwards to where she had lost sight of the shell but could not find it amongst the millions of others lying on the shore. Tristesse, now fated to search among the shells , to hastily put shell after shell to her ear and listen.

But rumour of this event had also come to Hethred's ear and hosts of dark angels flocked to those shores to hunt for this shell. They travelled long, days in fact, and by the fourth night they crowded the shores all searching for the shell. As one dark flock returned in the morning to Hethred's reign, another flock was already on their way to relieve the others for the next night of searching. Each evening, as night fell, Tristesse would flee from the shore and hide from the dark catlike angels, but before making off, she studied them and saw with wonder their wings as black as hers, and amazed, she took to the lakes further inland. There she lay, filled with wonderment at first, then crying, as again loneliness came upon her, and then came sleep.

Hethred's angel host, with their catlike eyes that glowed in the dark and their black wings, as black as those of crows with a silver and blue shine on them, worked the shore all night , picked up shells, listened and then smashed them onto the shores of the milky and blue crystal ocean. Every evening , before she left for the lakes inland, Tristesse paused, she was eager to go to these dark angels, but she never found the nerve to do so .

Hethred smiled whilst holding the box of Evenhelveth that had been surrendered to her. She was so delighted in her vanity to have seized all the power of the years of the poets sufferings . She called upon all to dine in the largest hall and, under the ribbed vaults of this gothic ceiling hung with sculptures and candles from above, drunken angels clung to columns and vomited under tables that were stacked full of delights, with dishes and meat of various tastes and flavours, spiced with the sweetest herbs and finished with fruit. Angels danced and laughed and flattered each other or ranted at each other. Hethred smiled whilst clutching her prize and called for Arhane from Earth, one of her youngest at court and still as gentle as a lamb, to come forward. She granted her the box and, as Arhane innocently wondered as to its contents, she broke the ivory lock and opened the lid.

First from out of this casket came the chill wind of Bitterness which set off and sought its way through the hall and circled the columns, and instantly drew the attention of all the angels towards the throne from whence it had come.

Then Venom, the second gush, was released appearing as a cold light . The candles were blown out and the strange light flickered and pulsated, darkness one moment and then all lit up again for a fraction of a second . The gush of Bitterness, the strain of icy air, had already oozed upwards from Hethred's reign and out onto the Earth where it sought like a geyser victims to fill the seas of misfortune for this world which was now finished. This chill wind struck upwards into the skies of Earth and plucked first the seagulls from out of the heavens and, all now poisoned by this bitterness, they fell to earth.

As they fell they threw themselves down on the people of Earth, and in their anger, pecked at the eyes and the faces of a running and crying mankind, all in a last feeble attempt at life. The chill wind now sought the mountains where eagles and falcons plunged lifeless to the ground and all the vultures too lay down with these carcasses . Doves in their numbers fell down, like nets of fish being cut and spilled over a ship's deck. Then Venom escaped from below, and shrouded the obscured earth with a long lost light that flickered and reached even to the utmost depths of the ocean. As seagulls fell dead near the beaches, the fish at the surface of the seas were washed upon the shores and the swollen waves drove their slimy bodies further inland. The

deathly light pierced further into the deep and hauled up the most exotic and rich basin. It scraped the very bottom of the deep and threw all its dead harvest upon the land.

At Hethred's throne, Arhane had closed her eyes and opened her mouth. The mist of Hate, the third to leave the box, oozed out after the poisoned light, and was then all the faster to rush, like stones falling through thin air. It rushed upwards through the crevices in the thick shield above Hethred's reign, it flowed quickly through the caves, through the Valley of Rothhalm, and up onto the plains of Earth. The clouds of mist shrouded the farms and the sheep began to bleed from their eyes and their mouths and vomited blood and died. Worms crawled from the lifeless carcasses of pigs and the dogs all howled, a long lost savage howl, but remained firm and alive. Bears stumbled and died, wolves and cats all perished. Serpents, deer and rats, all bled and convulsed.

Horses stampeded as if insane and beat their heads against their stable doors and soon were dead. All the animals of Earth now dead, save for the cows, the chickens and mankind with his dogs. These four miserable species were all that remained on land, and only one species of fish was still to be found in the sea. No birds, no bees, no gadflies, no butterflies nor caterpillars. All else gone.

Arhane then fell into the arms of a nearby angel and a warm stench now oozed from out of the box. Disgust, the fourth disease, spewed forth from out the Underneath and over all the lands of the Earth above. The great willows finally fell, their heavy trunks gutted, instantly rotted from within and they spewed dust and rot from out their limbs and branches. They fell into the lakes and they fell on the land, and the leaves of all trees shriveled and turned to dust. So much dust filled the air that all the people coughed and choked and were almost suffocated by it.

The almost empty box fell from the hand of Arhane and now Repulsion, a moist perfume, spilled from the casket and into the Great Hall. It began to rain gently, a fine rain of the smallest droplets and, from out of those droplets grew flowers which burnt up almost as soon as they formed. Then this gentle rain took to the Earth above. At first it rose up and it then turned down, like a large neck, and grew heads along these necks and spread out over all the land. A mist like rain sprayed down and these flowers grew from out of the rain droplets before they hit the Earth. They fell down on the fields amongst the wild flowers and all were burnt by these deadly flowers within this gentle rain. All flowers still rooted in the earth, and all seeds anywhere on land, were poisoned by the fire, and that strength that can last a tiny seed a thousand years was gone. All was gone, save for the flowers in peoples gardens, those docile decent flowers.

Behind Hethred's throne, over the entire length of the moist walls, there appeared a mould. A magical mould of a thousand colours and, within it, paintings took form, like a mural, scenes in which dark angels laughed at mankind, lost and harassed by diseases, as the angels of Hellengelleh's court looked on in grief. Such scenes of bitterness, venom, hate, disgust and repulsion. A devilish mural indeed, at one end the dancing angels and the poets and, at the other, the screaming mankind, trying to flee from the falling birds, trying to put out the fires, trying to calm the crazed horses.

The soul of Arhane awoke, now inhuman, now bred in malcontent and distaste, now spoiled. Now the most putrid and vile, she clasped her hands around the box and held it to her breast, and smiled.

Each day Hellengelleh lived with the knowledge that she had seen too much of the world and its venom that she herself had granted to Hethred when she relinquished the casket to her, all its contents spilled so quickly

upon the Earth, like she herself spilled her arts. By night angels sat and worried, none slept soundly any more,
all terrified that the shell that held the remains of the malcontent and venom of the poets could be broken by
the dark angels searching below and the Earth underneath would be gone.

The shards of the broken shells washed off into the ocean and down to Earth with the fallen rains from
Heaven, and thus all shells on the beaches of Earth are broken.

But what if one would find a shell that is whole and pick it up? Innocent enough, not suspecting anything,
what if one were to smash it and, in doing so, unleash all the remaining gruesomeness of the poets?
Hellengelleh mourned the Earth as it withered like Autumn. Now all Hell was caught in Autumn, soon to
become Winter. But, within a shell at the oceans edge, hidden for the time being, sat the last Winter of all.

Ellhende spoke of a library to be built, a library of black steel, written in many more splendid newly
imagined languages other than her own. Only books deemed to be as immortal as bronze were to be gathered
in it and many more libraries were to be built, as proud images grow proud worlds.

“A book with the five beacons of the Hethred common star and the city where reality ends now and among
innocence. Four lit four beacons and one obscured to direct those to Anaetheana, from where grace may
return. Here, in the obscure, we may find peace from hysteria and fools, many as there are. But silence,
attention to it may cause rumour, fools may crowd around us, and few are determined enough for the course
in this book, few find enough trauma around to set course for the truth in this book. So spread it only to the
more tender souls, or the bitter, those filled with rage and anger over the proceedings of this era. May a city
underneath the sky, lit with hysteria gently bloom, and soldiers thrust forward their shields and under their
guard, the aristocratic may walk unhindered, and finally give in to the mark of the common Hethred star that
was set. Reality is a standard here no longer, only standards of imagination, dream and spirit may proceed!”

Many angels from over the Northern Ocean, from ruined cities, from afar, from among the burdened in the
streets, are all to be alerted to this mark somewhere by a river, rooting splendour, a path like a gentle glowing
light in the dark, a growing a thread, seeking like lightning and to unveil its very purpose when this lightning
strikes like a scorpion bite.

But that books ideas are not thin air, a spirit world, not mere ghostly light. It is solid, solid ideas with
potential, which when destroyed, grow other matter in return. As thoughts and vision, it was dream that
bound the world and made people run and drift, to build and roam,
to surround this sculpture that is the world...
a sculpture according to this dream...
An axis!

Chant IV

Summary of the Etherith Mythology

CHANT IV First Verse To Ellendeh

Would thee not with a touch of one finger against my Crystal vase of which my pen drinks, and of which my fingers
touch as well as my pen drinks of black tar, black hope, black blood, that for that touch, you would not had a thousand
times deeper wells.

Its eerie when you move upwards.

From you vase like a stem as a crown this ritual of ascendance.
 When you crown reversed these demons as the roots in the air.
 Now eerie is your cold as it grabs your skin.
 And from which, in this cascade, the wind, the coiling of your ascent, is born the winter goddesses even, even there in
 Hethreds reigns they deliver cold these very demons.
 As you rise.
 A chill becomes even the frostest deep, the clampedst heights, the earliest dew, the latest sadness is there then. When
 you realize, how you have lost even your grief.
 And then.
 When You a capital you arise, it is cold.
 And when you a capital arise.
 The Goddess of a cold nectar, spin coils and fractures of split minds and daymare of you
 unabounded upon the normal.
 A vision pure, however frightening.
 Then a refuge, which pulls us both down as a tide from a distant moon patron of our weary illusions...
 TO bring insanity to the normal.
 Here we are to deliver it in our own claws. Greedy from malign to hold the tide still, to hold the time still, to hold reality.
 IN an Immense opposition to the Ephexean Lights beacons and their songs minstrels.
 The owthrodhanale people now.
 Live in another Ephexean.
 You have delivered them their fiction.
 And in the uselessness of their fiction they will remain.
 As they eat vomit and dhiarrhea.
 they dance their dance of disgust.
 In their bleak hope for any reality to be true.
 They keep their dance of disgust so unpure.
 Bring us the end of reality.
 The dead end, where two poetesse can produce.
 the carnal carnivoric notion.
 That among the trivial, the abscent dogma's, the assumptions, within the freedom.
 There is also their duty to be insane.
 Refer to them that duty.
 I will write.
 You will sing my insanity from you.
 Dear crystalizing and coiling in my mind where black duty full and quivering neurons strain abyssess all of their own,
 our oceans of fear as greed be oceans we shed out of it, our sickness that our hearts were born with will be shed and we
 will see them infected with it, keen readers, abberations.
 My duty was to have fears and suffer from the mind.
 Their duty now is to suffer and have fears, and realize, the daymares is more deep then futile reasons they burried
 themselves under, the creeds on their tombstones that they chose.
 And now. What remains to these all, buried alive now. But to kill them. Molest and terrorize them as we see fit.
 Blessing, Bliss is it to be our toys.
 We have become, in a stringent tide, all the tides that sweep forth demons on majestic fumes!!
 As from the fumes of Hethreds Titanium oceans all demons are born
 as certain that from the fumes of the waves above reigns sadness angels are born.
 So sure we govern both angels and demons.
 Both messengers and receives.
 Prophetesse and priestess of nothing.
 Prophetesse and priestess of your cold whispering voice.
 A breath your skin tore away from grief clinging to these delapidated wheels of reality.
 Churn a kiss more upon the dispickable and sicker growing souls at heart.
 Of dispickable and sicker growing worlds beyond.
 Because we are indeed as the heart, a pulse below on the Titanium boiling ocean floor purple as she lashes floods there.
 Because we are indeed the heart that demons and angels venture out, foams are we, tied to the foam.
 Is it not the smoke on the fire even more decorative then the fire itself?

A towering crown on a smallest jewel.

And how much does smoke speak?

When we are smoke, we are god, that killed infinite amounts.

Hethred, is fire, who kills only where she has a pact, to see her lead a toxic value returned, so she never looses an ounce of even poisonous arts to this realm, payments that need to be repayed, and only havoc and despair here from her, a mechanism, a duty beyond reality, and as she is ghostly watching her theater, directing, obscures as compress, spinning a fluttering tale of strangulation.

With the cinders which she transforms.

Her belly is a web of her prey.

And in her belly her prey find themselves most merry.

They can be grateful.

Torture and death most magnificent spiders of acid break through.

That stomach of lava.

That skin of a perfect dosage of ivory poured into white marble.

And then. It existed!

As one looked upwards, all that could be seen was a sky with nothing but stars...no darkness. This sky, an all consuming light, that made brilliant red the soil and stone below. An incandescent light which fought outwards, ever growing, all a radiant sky was this war of muse. The heavens were boiling with burning and rage, all overwhelmed by a poisonous fire as infinite as an ocean. The firmament was filled with war as boulders, glowing red hot, were hurled at yet more legions of muse. It was a sky which burned like an unlimited inspiration, without a moment or a shadow of peace. Underneath the legions more soldiers grew, soon to join the ranks already battling above, thrust together like wave upon wave of lava against each others lines, all ready to rip each others ranks apart. All was a heaven on fire, but down below, difficult to find and overlooked by the ongoing violence, was a small crack. Here, a black canyon lay like a scar in all that light and ,within, was stillness and nothingness. A black river cut through this gorge, welled up and bore the dead to the rivers end where they were plucked up and girded with armour, given swords, axes and shields and were sent into this heaven to join the war.

In this dark crevice in the deep, far beneath heaven, and removed from this war of muse, the small river grew, as down and down it fell between the rocky walls of dark stone which towered upwards.

From out of the glowing heavens above, a Goddess at the head of a troop of demonic God knights had drifted off into this canyon. These knight demons, these Wrancunes , fought and slowly slew each other as the tension and the weight of depression below in this chasm expanded. As the river grew, the depression enlarged and the crevice became a huge gorge such that the cities that had previously lain on the river banks were destroyed and their stones and marble tumbled into the river. The Goddess Amhaelle moved on along the river, all about her now a grim land, where hopeless hordes and crowds of people knew not where to take refuge. These crowds tore at the boulders stacked upon each other and threw them into the black fluid, a pitch black liquid death which streamed skywards, finally to be sucked up into the fiery mountains.

At last, the remaining knights found those other few still left alive and battled each other. A small group of Knights neared this black ocean and, alone within the expanding pressure, they threw themselves upon their swords, as the depression grew all encompassing, in that all consuming gorge.

This river then became many and a delta of a thousand night black veins swallowed more and more around it. The Goddess clung exhausted to the ever growing depth of the towering walls of the cliffs, all now lost, as the last of her retinue had guided her to this black, black abyss, this ocean where all was swallowed. Her majestic guard were now all dead and she was left alone, hung up and stranded as the last boulders broke up

and were swallowed by the sky. Then, when all around was gone, she let loose a piteous cry and a single tear escaped her eye. Thus was born a tear which gently meandered away and, unknown to the Goddess, far away from her, as the tear moved on, it grew in the distance into a river and into infinity. A thousand years passed and this river in turn grew into an ocean, so tenderly bright, wherein grew the spirit realm, the imagination.

Within the spirit realm, the Goddess Hethis moved forth in six forms and in six different directions. Forever onwards and forwards she moved, into the mists and nebulae of the spirit realm, all a vague, transparent world. At the core of this world lay her court where the spirits originated. All spirits raged to be born and grow in the winds, to ooze into the spirit realm and to conquer the emptiness in an idle thin expanding mass. Within this transparent realm, there were no feelings or passions of touch. There they knew only splendour without hunger or satisfaction.

In the court of Hethis, they fashioned and displayed many wonderful crafts for her amusement. A stone was created through which the spirits could not pass their hands and so, it could be touched by them. So strange for them to be able to feel their own skin, a curious sensation that none had ever experienced. A sword was also crafted with which to split this rock. The muse Ehred, so much in love with the muse Iris, painted her portrait in such tone and with such hardness, that it cast a shadow on the glass reality of the spirit court.

Then came the turn of four muse to compose for Hethis. These four, the Goddesses Axis and Iris and the twin sisters, Helix and Antihelix, composed a kiss for Hethis. This, a single kiss between the two most beautiful spirits of her court, Hethred and Hellengelleh. Their first kiss, and indeed, the first kiss of all time..the first such touch of any spirits. From this kiss was born and grew, in the light of this kiss, all matter, and clouds of dense dust suddenly spiraled violently outwards. A hardness, the likes of which the spirits had never known, invaded their transparent world and they were pushed outwards as though driven apart by some unseen force and thus the court of Hethis was doomed. Palaces were blown away and the pavements and squares of her glorious gardens were fractured and ripped open, all pushed back by this expanding hardness.

Hethis cursed these two muse and turned them into Goddesses of the world that they had seen fit to create. She chased Iris through the court and, as she leapt into a painting behind a wall, she sent her guard to follow and imprison her forever within those walls. A wall of perception which kept the world sealed with beauty and prevented it from collapsing, a barrier for the mind, where sanity could not pierce through. She placed a lead shield onto the wall to prevent Iris escape. The guards had orders to knock upon this shield once they had captured Iris when then she was to be put to death by the sword, thus ending reality, and in doing so, Hethis would regain her court.

Axis was sealed behind a titanium steel gate where she was to be the wheel of all the imagination living in the world. Set there to rage over nothingness, with her circling herd of bulls and bison and, at the head of all, an enormous Taurus. These beasts circled their precious Axis, who reposed, calm at the centre, a cage like a Universe. Only one gate to this great cage and, locked within it, two crane birds playing on lyres. Nhaevral, born from a fugitive tear of the Goddess Amhael from far back in time, hunted for the Axis gate, attracted by the music of the lyre played upon by the crane birds' claws. Her sisters called her back and

begged her not to follow the music, as they knew its seduction would bring about her doom. But soon the crane birds with the red stone eyes will be freed to lead the rage of illusion to come, like this herd of cattle running in a circle, churning now in one direction, flowing, twisting, convulsing as it sleeps, but yet steadily growing, like a hard and solid weapon, a stone as massive as a world soon to be launched with a bow the size of the sun.

Helix and Antihelix suffered the tragedy of having their lives split in two. Whilst Helix mourned for Antihelix, she stood as a sculpture supporting the most wealthy abandoned palace city of Evenhelveth. Helix drifted in the gardens and felt nothing but sadness for her love, so near, yet petrified in a sculpture. She never strayed far from the sculpture, keeping close at all times. She mourned at the feet of Antihelix until it was her turn to take her place upon her own pedestal at the other side of the palace gate, and thus she became stone. So, in turn, Antihelix awoke and became warm and her senses were revived. Blood ran through her veins and warmed the stone of her form and, as she stepped down from her plinth, where, after a few moments of being dazzled at being reborn, she grew aware of her sisters fate anew, and so soon, started to mourn her loss in turn. Now her time in sadness, her time to be the harmony of opposites, this symbiosis, like the humming birds tongue and the flowers stamen, like the deer's flesh and the lion's teeth.

The hardness burst from the middle of the spirit court, growing by the minute in a spiraling nebula, like a nest of snakes or a swarm of eels come from out of their lakes and, above and below, reigns crystallized. First, in the darkness, a fertile light formed, as light with dark conspired. Above grew the upper reign of Hellengelleh and below, the lower reign of Hethred, these virginous lovers now separated by this ever expanding matter. Between their reigns, at its heart, grew an Earth much like Hell, a Hell much like Earth. Thus the solid world crystallized on a shield, which grew thicker and wider, and a chain of fires sprang up to the East, which shed their light during the day and shrank back behind the mountains of Exepher to shroud the day as night fell.

The Goddess Hethred descended with her angels to the lower reign. She, the one who had desired and had wished to touch. She, the one who had sought to own and had grown warm with greed.

The Goddess Hellengelleh ascended and rose above a cascade of tears. She the one that had felt and was touched, a victim and a melancholic.

Hethred, Goddess of the Underneath, like a stepmother to the creation she loathed, clawed her nails into it from below, whilst the dear and timid Hellengelleh wept lovers tears for Earth, like those an artist sheds on seeing their paintings burn or sculptures battered.

Hethred, in a venomous and evil jealousy, powerless over the growing distance between her and the object of her desire, banished all men from the upper reign so as to make certain that Hellengelleh and her angels could never be touched by them. She set fire to the apple orchards of the Underworld and the sweet fumes rose up through her reign, billowing up through the caverns and tunnels in the shield and out through the mouths of the caves and then upwards on into the sky over the Earth. These fumes, saturated with this sweet odour, rose to the Upper Reign and trapped all men within its scent. Hethred locked all men of the Upper Reign down in her own complete depth, imprisoned under an ocean of boiling liquid titanium and had them mine as slaves in the Underneath as they built the foundations of her reign further down in the deep.

To complete their descent and to place a final weight above them, Hethred planned for all men that had fallen, or had been pulled below, to be chased from above and for the slaughter of all those who lagged behind. She arranged for Ethexer, the fiercest of Hellengelleh's angels, to be seduced and pierced with the pain of a love as poisonous as Hethred's vanity. Velhvehe, one of Hethred's most cunning angels, so treasurable she could pretend to be, armed with an axe of grotesque blades which glowed red hot with anger, fought her way above to seduce Exether. As these two angels drew close to each other, a calm set in and, when the angels drew back from one another, Velhvehe ran and was gone. Then came a growing power and a pull on Ethexer that sent her into the most treacherous deep, and she too was gone, hot on the trail of Velhvehe. She set off down below in pursuit with an anger grown in lust and a vicious greed for love, armed with her sword of ice and now also with the glowing axe that Velhvehe had left behind. So now, just as the fragrant fumes had swallowed the men, thus the final weight had fallen upon them.

Exether quickly descended the columns of the Upper Reign, like stairs, and reached the oceans below where she gathered many angels to her, all struck by a vicious anger. She had seen too much embarrassment, and sowed female lust for vengeance everywhere like a cold amongst them, around weak melancholy, and they all fought downwards. The few men who were still to be found high up, their chances to dwell among angels now lost. This small legion of angels looked for Velhvehe, and slew every man they encountered, destined to scout from that point on, where last they were together. Exether, set on Earth with her brutal legion, set to continue this murder to the last man. She slew them with her sword of ice and, as she did so, flocks of white doves flew up into the sky from the carcasses of all those she took, and her legion raged like panthers, unlike any woe that had ever descended from above.

Hethred, the anti-mother, once a part of the spirit realm where matter formed in the first second of that first lesbian kiss, hated all that was considered to be her creation. She meant to see it in ruin, to watch it crumble inwards and fade and to see it all undone. She had slaves mine for no reason, useless work, and her reign sank ever deeper under its own weight. Arts she had composed and then destroyed in pits and baths with cutting wheels. Armies she had locked up and forgotten. Empires she prevented from growing. She was the resistance, the failure, the hate for the world, the disgust for all existence. Hethred, Goddess of Hate, Goddess of Passion, with fire in her blood and acid in her womb. To guard this barrenness in her womb where nothing could ever grow, was a spider which lived a deathlike existence. This spider, with slender long limbs and poisonous teeth, emerged from her lips, attracted by the scent of a pool of blood and there, against the marble walls of her palace, it spun Hethred's daughters. Daughters woven out into the liquid drops of blood and poison, her ugly nature reborn in these daughters, and the spider Hethred her bitter soul.

In the well, Ellendeh spoke, and the walls around her screamed back when she dared raise her voice above a whisper. She could but look upwards and whisper her songs and hope desperately for someone to come. Placed here within the well by Hethred as a balance to reality, she acted as the counter balance, much like the weights of a clock, held by the shaft as a chain to hold the shield constantly in balance. Energy flowed upwards and the time gently and carefully passed with the mechanics of this delicate and ancient mechanism.

Spirits visited the sky above this well. They were veiled by robes, rags like fine gossamer. They moved like fierce cries of pain, sudden, like fear. The spirits rejoiced when they found the well after such an age of searching. and a web of them formed and hovered above her as she whispered down there deep in the well. The spirits took off at last and brought the news of their long sought discovery to Nihiliel, but returned later however, bearing a large piece of jewelry, much like a carriage on a long chain, which they hung over the well and slowly lowered down inside.

Hethred had exceptional terrors in store for her creation which she loathed with such passion. Her wrath knew no bounds, but she reserved her greatest fury for men. One architect she bullied mercilessly until, unable to bear it any longer, he threw himself from off the completed palace, and this simply a consequence for having briefly made claim to some vanity of his own . Another man she had locked in an arena furnished with blades and knives and gallows and poisons, in fact everything to aid his suicide, for she knew he would rather swallow his own excrement in order to survive than dare to resolve the matter himself by way of these furnishings, for even in filthiness, he loved himself too much. His crime to have used her name in a curse written on a wall.

She granted him eternal life, but also granted him the means to escape it. All the means to take his own life she presented to him, but he could not do it, and indeed he lived his sorry existence and ate his own filth his entire, long life whilst gazing at the gallows and knives, crying with disgust at himself and he was appalled and sickened.

As soon as Hellengelleh freed the condemned Goddesses Helix and Antihelix, Hethred seized them and prolonged their curse.

Hethred, quick to punish any of her angels, was annoyed by an certain angel named Ciedhe, luscious and drunk for a second time and the source of rumour for a second time also. She had her encased in a wooden cask of cherry beer and shipped up to Earth. So there she remained, trapped in a barrel, one amongst many such barrels on Earth where she rested in the dungeons of the monks, her skin gently tainted a rosy red, eternally drunk and growing broken and utterly dumb in her mind as her intellect wasted, idle and in a constant haze of drunkenness and lust.

Hethred seized the power of Hethis,

Meanwhile, Axis, raged on, one day to break through the gates that held her. One by one the gates yielded and each time she broke through there was a tremendous peal of thunder that blasted through both reigns, the lower and the higher . Beyond Hethred's power, reality looked for ways to exist as she weighed down on it with her powers.

Across the Northern Ocean so many millions of angels lived happily, troubled only by the simple shallow things in life. Hethred turned their young lovers into dumb girls blessed only with the stupidity of pigs and sheep and so, since all was so merry and life was so carefree, all began to dream and whisper at the moonlight . She stripped the seasons powers from off the land, and all these angels, blessed as they were with a very limited and simple intellect, were forced to sow the land every season, compelled to work both day and night to see to every tree and every single flower each season and were duty bound to plant the entire garden every year a new.

But, in their feeble mindedness, they confused the seasons and all nature. Black fruits grew on the trees, bushes bore apples and trees brought forth strawberries, flowers grew on stems, flocks of birds ate entire forests, too many bees appeared, predatory ones too, and then too few, Winter followed on from Spring with Summer and Autumn forgotten. All nature was in turmoil, as to arrange the entire delicate balance, was simply an impossible task for these angels of such little wit and skill.

"There is nothing more dear to the poets powers than infinite grief ! " Hethred declared and eagerly intervened to challenge them further and remove all fortune.

The poet Alas undertook the greatest challenge a poet could, and sought to write the poem that would seduce all seven million, seven hundred and seventy seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy seven virgin angels from across the Northern Ocean. He sought to lure them out from their homelands where the seasons rambled like old chariots over ruined and pitted roads, where yet again that season, all flowers, grain and forests grew topsy turvy. Nothing but strange coloured flowers, trees with bizarre branches or corn with hundreds of cobs growing on one stem, breaking and growing further yet more monstrous cobs. All the land badly composed and ill thought out with all these angels chasing the facts. These angels, so gently dumb and feeble minded, but still, they were so beautiful that one would be moved by their dedication and their tragic accidents.

Alas composed his poem and, as soon as he had completed it, had it copied and sent across the Ocean tied to the legs of seven hundred doves. A verse written in such misery and such fruitful anguish and hardship and wretchedness, the most tragic and compelling rhyme, so sure to succeed in its mission. Unbeknown to him however, Hethred had plucked all the doves from out of the air and, so it was that Alas came daily to the harbour to wait in vain. He sat and looked at the ships for hours and watched the more sensual figures pass by, he studied any with blonde hair as they would raise his hopes, he studied the skies and waited for the arrival of these angels. So it was that Hethred, medium to poets, saw insanity overtake him, and the ailing Alas destroyed all his poems in a passionate rage.

With all his work consumed by fire, Alas panicked and then grew furious, his previous madness a mere shadow of that which now possessed him, and he took jars and leather water bags and bottles and used them in an attempt to trap the smoke from the burning remains of his work. Then all he could do was to cry for his loss and he grieved before all those vases and bags and bottles.

The poets tried to occasionally cheat this way of things and sought to have lovers or treasures or fortune in their lives, but Hethred would shower them with melancholy, with such intoxicating delights, a delight said to be as if the urine of the Goddess herself was to be poured down the poets necks... a not uncommon event as she would not be too timid to bestow such a blessing.

The palace of Evenhelveth, where Helix and Antihelix dwelled as stone, each in their turn, was built by a race of artists that had withdrawn from the world, a race grown dark and cynical of the betrayal of arts on Earth. These craftsman, painters and writers, architects, sculptors and poets had built a city for their aristocracy, but were embittered as there were few resident in this palace save for the poets and artists themselves.

A poetess of this artistic aristocracy sang to Hethred one day so radiantly and in such a frivolous manner, that she had her sent down to her reign, as was often her way to have such artists sent down to her court. Yet soon enough, as human whim and pleasant moods bleed easily, and so easily become a mockery to Hethred's overly sensible nature, the poetess truly enraged Hethred with a small slight, a mere insinuation. But Hethred, more mother of her reign than artist, and eager to prove her craft, changed the entire population of the city of Evenhelveth into bats, snakes and wolves.

And so now this race had a constant war of seduction with Hethreds court. In order to live their human lives they had to feed upon her daughters blood. All this to obtain one more day of delight, one more day of those pleasures of human reason, but then soon again, to become carnivorous and prey on the surrounding cities. So they organized small balls, set up small galleries, arranged small occasions with special artistry such as

inventions or other delicacies of the mind with which to seduce the daughters of Hethred , a constant battle to seduce them with arts, beauty and splendour.

From under the skin of Hethreds daughters, they drank their blood to keep their doom at bay and to retain the comfort and passions of human form . For as long as they drank this blood, they knew no death but kept the curse alive. Thus they remained an ancient aristocracy, living from the earliest age, but now with this perpetual need to seduce Hethreds angels. These daughters of Hethred who came up from the lower reign for a night, for only perhaps an hour of the night, these daughters from whom they begged, built fires to and hoped that these fires would spring a door to the chambers of the Evenhelveth daughters, as these angels were known. Those daughters of Hethred, whose blood was to this ancient race, a life giving wine and, to the daughters of Hethred , it was so delicious for them to be so honoured in some court held in these ancients benign reign.

A giant on Earth weeps.

Herrhell lamented his loneliness. Hethred never permitted him a woman companion as she believed that no woman so massive could be anything but an abomination, a composition more a marvel, too extraordinary to be a part of this creations logic.

So, he wept in his sorrow, and as his tears cascaded down the cliff and touched the sides of the deep valley below, there grew his sons . From every tear drop grew one giant, ten or more times more powerful than their father. Enraged and frustrated by this further injustice, he lashed thick ropes over this deep valley and imprisoned his sons from where their booming cries resounded from within and reached far overland beyond the rim of their prison and deep, resonant shouts disturbed the tranquility of far distant valleys . Herhell mounted mast-like sails on the mountain tops surrounding the deep, which caused a violent storm to rest perpetually over the valley and the lightning held the sons back and stung their hands as they tried to free themselves . This great electrical storm held them all captive, it poisoned the ropes with an unbearable heat and stinging which the giants could not bear when they tried to grab at them.

Anaetheana , dearest and most beloved of Hethreds angels, revolted and was cast out of the Underneath and up to Earth. Her sins were twofold, for not only did she glow with love for an Earthly herder of deer , she also dreamed of power and accomplishment on Earth. Hethred bribed a cowardly thug with a few lead florins to lure this shepherdess into the shadows of the forest edge and here Anaetheana discovered her love in ruin. She was forced to eat her lovers heart, and in so doing , to taste the bitter flesh of the fruit of Earth, to taste Earthly life without its laureled sweetness. At the Swans Lakes and forests Anaetheana was comforted by the same nymph who had cared for the wounds of Tristesse and who had seduced Exether . She spent a while here being soothed by this nymph but, having admired the axe which glowed with anger, she stole it and made off.

The Wall of Ethreen was built against the mountains of Exepher in the East, surrounded all to the North and stretched to the West enclosing all here too. It separated the deserts further behind from the gardens within, and all the fruition of these desert lands and all these worlds within were painted upon this great wall. All civilizations and conquests were illustrated here, all cultures and all cities wealthy in Arts too it was told. A wall which screamed, a wall in the far distance with much barren land or dark river to overcome. It had been destined, it was said, that the wall was to be raided by a dark army, brutal of spirit and so, Hethred had it guarded by a winged dog, enlarged to gigantic proportions and with hideous heads coming from his chest. Trapped within this beast were a terrible breed of spirits, once the daughters of Acatha the Stormbringer of the Underworld. These spirits, enraged inside this monstrous muscle bound dog, spawned the greatest catlike venom as they were lashed and provoked by the constant harassment of Hethred amongst her tyranny in the Underworld.

Anaetheana wandered upon the face of the Earth and was pulled in her travels towards this wall. She skirted the wall for several days and then the winged dog appeared before her. It loomed over the wall, rose into the air and alighted on the ground beside her. Anaetheana, the bravest of angels and the beast fought like cats. Both were fearless and venomous in their attacks and hissed as they retreated. She used the fearful axe which spewed fire to hold the great dog back and eventually depleted its strength. With the great axe, Anaetheana hacked a paw from the beast and all the demons trapped within flew out of the body.

Far away, below the Earth, an instinct woke in its dungeon. There, within that great arena where few ventured and many were locked away, an army pounded upon its walls and clawed at them and screamed, all trapped within its confines.

The prison Rothalam, built on the orders of Hethred, concerned by the fearsome will burning within these the most self possessed of humans. Here she had them languish, locked within the arena like a crown over her, sited directly above her reign. This crown was built by an older race of giants, ancestors of the giant Herrhell, aided by demons and witches of old and by half Gods, all ignorant of what they were building. So ancient were these walls that the crafts upon them worn away by winds and weather.

Hethred refused to open the Gate of the primordial army.

Forever filled with spite and a refusal to allow the world that had severed her from her first lust and touch to grow.

Her hatred for her creation grew daily, as her bride grew ever more distant from her, ever more lost in the turmoil and the thickening armour, a shield like a hardening skin, the Earth and all the land of existence.

Thus, ever greater grew this breach, a bitter core, her creation but an evil to her. This child she had borne incited a growing disgust in her and none would dare to say she was a mother, not even in her own reign where the muse wove her daughters. Here, where at her whim, she commanded the making of majestic arts, all a wealth of velvet and marble, crafts and mechanics, steam and visionary paintings, all set to life behind glass.

Nothing could ease her lust for the death of her unwanted child, and how she choked with disgust and indignation that she had been the creator of that world. She, the desiring, the lustful, the last to become a mother to anyone or anything, now living for revenge, living to overpower it, living to degrade it, to penalize it.

Anaetheana, having freed the spirits from the beast and slain the giant Herhell thereby releasing his sons from the Deep, became even more powerful on Earth. She took her alliance through the midlands of Earth, easily battling her way onwards and striking fear among the inhabitants as her curious hoard cast its shadow on the edge of their peaceful sanctuary and their petty concern over their tiny gardens. Having fought the vermin and scum, she arrived at the arena where the great army was imprisoned and halted before the main gate.

Meanwhile, Hethreds lack of concern towards the humble scum with their idle and greedy attempts grew. Her malcontent increased over the demise, the collapse of life and soul of man behind the Wall of Ethereen, the weakness and ailing concern over beauty, its humility, desperation and hysteria troubled her like a nagging, irritating child as they erected a silver statue of an old bearded God on top of a tall column in Ephectian, the new capital of Earth. The column stood so high that it caught and reflected so much of the light of Exepher, that it shone for thousands of miles across the grey skies of Earth. Their naivety grew too much for her and, as more soldiers were imprisoned. above and with the crowds growing ever more pacified, finally her lust for vengeance was set alight. She resolved to draw out from the first age of creation, the Wrancunes who had guarded that first muse, Amhaelle.

EHRQUONUE

The first of the Wrancune to be summoned by Hethred.

Her priestesses on Earth dug a hole in the dirt floor of a church, having first removed the marble flooring, and laid veils and night black robes black over the pit. They nailed these robes onto wooden crosses impaled in the earth beside the hole.

The veils and robes of black cloth rose up and ripped apart and enclosed the spirit within them. The shock of the sight of mankind to the demon was such as to cause him to devour half their number. He massacred them, killing all the oldest inhabitants, and making the whole of Hell tremble to its foundations, killing in a merciless rage. On the tenth day of this slaughter, he recognised in the features of a frail virgin, Amhaelle, the muse he had once guarded and this discovery grieved him so, he presented her with a black apple. Later, struck with this pain again, as he relived the shock, he vanished in the middle of the night. Hethreds court was soon alerted to his disappearance and all were disappointed initially and then laughed at Hethred's failure.

EWHPHARRH

The second of the Wrancune to be summoned by Hethred.

His murderous exploits lasted for only one day.

Hethreds courtiers were all now aware of her actions in casting out old demon Gods, and so greater was her embarrassment with the failure of this second demon. The court was quick to mock her and there were many

rumours abroad in her court. Hethred would be dethroned if these failures continued. Such things had never occurred before and never would again .

WHAMEINNN

The third demon to be summoned .

His rage lasted for seventy days.

The court was entertained by his exploits and observed with interest for days on end as the demon made victims of men and shriveled the well fed amongst them like leaves dried up by Autumn's hand.

DAEDD

The fourth to be summoned.

His actions last for all eternity.

Daedd, the most timid of the Wracune, shrouded, he dwelt a silent existence. Gracefully he plucked the living one by one like ripe fruit from a tree, uncaring as to whether they were withered or radiant. Lonely, like a phantom, he haunted the day, companion to nothing, at one with the night, he paralyzed all those he chose.

Now the court waited with delight to wonder if this Wrancune, now battling his way through time among men, would ever disappear .

Alas the poet was lost in his failure, all his poems were burnt and, sickened by the demise of the world bound within the walls of Ethereen, he travelled the land as a beggar. He sought refuge in a cathedral made from paper and, as the paper was slowly eaten away with the columns and all the books consumed by insects, he studied these books, whilst all about was devoured. He learned from these books and then moved on.

He arrived at the palace of Helix and Antihelix and saw a woman within a painting. Iris, was startled by his sudden appearance, and for a moment lost her guard and raised her hand to her breast in embarrassment and as a consequence, parts of the building were sucked into the deep sea of spirits.

The icy misery inside him ended there and a great rage and temper grew in their stead.

He was consumed by the pains of Iris, who now slowly faded into the stone, and moving on , he drew near to the wells of the Nihiliel. Here, he found the last remaining Nihiliel to be awake, and she told him of the others, all asleep within the wells, and how she must receive a gift from him so that she can stow it with all the other treasured gifts and thus find sleep herself. He was outraged, and he set fire to the wells, but the Nihiliel guard sent him away without help.

Eventually, after further travels, he is held in a dungeon, having destroyed his own mind and been locked up in a palace with monks of common earthly vows and modesty to administer to him.

His disgust for their vows of denial and decency awakened him again and he returned to the principle court of Earth, the new capital city, Ephectian. Alas arrived at the Square of all the Falsehood where past glories were now but a shallow relic of their former glory and hallways surrounded the square displaying all their

Gods, all their gain and hopes, a holy place of the reign, Here, he cursed the bust of the benefactor who had surrendered his own sword of silver, the sword of ancient pride and arts, and swore on his powers granted, for the demise of Evenhelveth, their old God once. With a growing rage, he entered the garden beside the central square where the silver beacon with the statue of the ancient God stood. He hacked the head from the statue and ran as panic broke out and people yelled for the guards. He outwitted the guards and the priests, who followed him on his journey back to the wells of the Nihiliel. En route, whilst lost in the wastelands of the Nihiliel, he encountered the black cat Hixis. Alas was finally caught by his pursuers, but managed to hide the stolen head in Hixis' nest.

At the palace of the monks, a fight for his mind ensued. They cast him into a dungeon whose purpose was to cause deep visions, lost in imagination and vaults in between reality, again and again they lowered him into this hole. He was imprisoned every evening in a cave which caused shattering fears and anxieties and locked in rooms with candles which burned poisonous wax. Then later, free again, whilst down in the cellars, he heard a gentle noise coming from within one of the many barrels. On opening it, he found Ciedhe drunk, her skin stained a most beautiful cherry colour. Ciedhe, her skin all white and pink and red, with her lips a sweet dark red and her cheeks flushed with intoxication.

Summoned and corrupted by the vows of these monks, Alas fell deeply in love with Ciedhe, and shackled her to a statue in his chamber, so as to make sure she could not get lost staggering around in her drunken state. He made her meals of sweets and sugar, as she would eat only sweet things, and was far too inebriated to do anything for herself, always drunk. He taught her to eat white bread dipped in sweet jam and slowly she regained her strength.

After a time, the monks decided to inflict a dreadful torture on him and he was lowered down a shaft which led into the deep darkness of a tomb constructed from the most massive stones found on earth. This hole was so deep it took hours before he arrived at the bottom. Already there, at the foot of this deep hole, was a girl with a silver flute and, as he touched the ground, she started to play and such shrieks sprang forth that a horrible sense overwhelmed him. She played for so long and in such a manner, that the walls grew hot and cracks appeared in the massive tombstones, and surely, if such notes had been played in the abbey above, it would have been shattered and reduced to rubble. She was sad and cried gently as she played.

But his ties with that ugly venom and those poisonous tempers remained intact and he merely became more peaceful. He kindly congratulated the girl on her playing and, smiling at her, took the flute from her hands. The girl was amazed at this and his chariot moved off as again he was taken upwards. Alas was returned to his room where he found that Ciedhe,

who in her eagerness to reach the food and wine and beer, had pulled the statue to which she was shackled to the ground, and had smashed a jar of cherry jam. Once released from her chains, she leaped at the cherry jam, her favourite, now spilled on the floor, and gobbled down the jam, all sprinkled as it was with broken glass. Alas grabbed her quickly and began to pull the small shards from out of her mouth, but so sensual was her drunkenness and her beauty, this sweetness mixed with blood, that he was seduced. He kissed her lips and, then grown drunk himself from just one kiss, they both ate the cherry jam and glass and sugar sweet.

Thought by the monks to be dead, they were carried away, but it was only their bellies and minds that were filled with drunkenness and poisoned by it. Hellexeh, a Goddess at the court of Hethred, had followed these events, and intervened. The glass in their stomachs melted like ice in the sun, as did the glass which had pierced their lips, and they revived and escaped the catacombs. Alas retrieved the head of the statue and, taking Ciedhe and Hixis, made for Nihiliel where he showed the head to the guard.

"This is how a mist is eating away at the world, on which ones eyes grow tired and the soul deadened. Soon we will all fall through... Iris is lost here... the hollow empire is built, look at the rotten eyes, the broken skin, the exhausted expression! Old, hardened, eroded, stern... dead!"

The guard was struck by the ugliness of the head, unlike any gift she had expected to receive and called the Nihiliels from the wells. As she described the face of the severed head, they woke one by one, and descended to the lost church deep underground. There, under a massive sculpted alter, lay a huge dome built to house a large fire and filled with coal. Bronze pipes fed air that was trapped from the valley sides through to the domed area and so filled the fireplace with a powerful breath. It was a machine to appeal to the Goddess.

Thus they resumed their work of reading older books, writing newer dreams for a new court, for a new daughter of the arts be born. They set the fire to the unknown, mysterious Empresses, eager to teach the nature of reality, to spread her loathsomeness, not in the least for the pact with Hellengelleh to grant a city on Earth for the poets. Hellengelleh sent more cats, Xalax and Erhexess who waited by the edge of the forest for Alas, their mission to walk on ahead and to guide him through the wasteland to the utmost remote regions of Nihiliel and of any land.

As she grew insane Ellhende talked in her own language of whispers, for any sound down in her well was like a scream to her. She had begged so long for help as she grew into a girl but could not scream, as all these sounds strengthened and deformed a thousand, thousand times and made her terrified. She had dreamed for so long in the coldest silence, ages passed, many lifetimes spent as she remained in the cold water, her pale skin white and light blue. She spun torn surreal imagery down there in the dark

"Hethred wakens from her sleep, she lies there listening to the ever growing overwhelming noise of her trapped army, louder and louder grow their all pervading screams from so far above. She is terribly displeased and angry now. She has whipped cream on silver platters delivered to them, to sooth them and calm them like children."

She whispered, almost without a sound, to the wall, putting her lips against the moist stones and occasionally she sank down into the water to wet her hair.

Now, for the first time, something came from up above, a bejewelled cage, a chariot was lowered into the well. Ghostly robed figures, gracious female forms, hovered over the well and lowered down this chariot on a chain. She grasped it and fell inside and was whisked off to the wasteland, where she arrived at a round temple. In the middle of a rectangular shaped square, surrounded by columns, was a round pool open to the night sky. Alas had been guided here too, and brought her milk which she drank for the first time. This made her mouth bleed, but the thick richness was so much a treat to her that she looked gratefully at him with her eyes enraged by madness, by bewilderment, by loneliness.

She could tell fragments and scraps of tales of the reign, but her whispers were not easily understood. Her strength was as fragile as the waters surface, so easily exhausted, and after some hours, she was taken back

to her well, to the water she needed, and with that water, her body grew whole, almost as if this very water coursed through her veins.

After some months, she was taken from her well and again lowered into the temple pool where she whispered her tales to Alas who recorded them in his book, seated on the staircase of a sculpture. This, a massive sculpture of Axis, depicted bearing huge horns, and mourning over the young body of Nhaevrael which she held gently in her lap. Nhaevrael who had freed Axis, only for this to result in her own tragic death.

Hethreds muse suggested that her own daughters should come, each in turn, to present paintings and sculptures and drawings.

Elmellice, a daughter woven from a small piece of skin from her upper lip, was indifferent to all, including Hethred. She was always to be found alone looking at her marble pond, wishing for depression and woe on all things with fantasies of disaster.

Four other daughters were born to Hethred from the skin of a scar on her wrist. One daughter, Grhemeyre seduced Acatha, the majestic and powerful Acatha, who caused the storms to stir from far below up to Hethred's reign, and caused the tempests that destroyed the cathedrals built by those cast down in the Underneath. Grhemeyre plotted against Hethred, with lies and flattery, as were her daughters ways, the obedience and the act were so convincing however, that Hethred never knew of the nerve and contempt that they bore towards her. And so, as reward for their sheepish obedience and dedication to her, she devoured all these daughters save for Elmellice.

It was only later that Hethred learned of the affair between Acatha and Grhemeyre. Concerned about Acatha's rage once she became aware that the object of her lust and love had been devoured and swallowed up, she had an angel of her court imprisoned on a moon over Thetanian, and easily convinced Acatha that it was Grhemeyre held captive there. Each time the moon descended from out of the mist, Acatha's sorrow and woe enraged the entire ocean, but soon came a stillness that would break the mind and perpetually silence all awareness of the ones that roam beneath there. As that moon, the moon of Grhemeyre, descended from the mist, Acatha dreamed of her lover and, so in time, Hethred's plan succeeded, as Acatha reposed in gloom and gazed upon this moon in mourning.

For an age Anaetheana had made camp with her massive army at the gate of Rothhalm but not even the giants could make a crack in its walls or doors. The walls shuddered and trembled from the noise within, all the time growing louder and more powerful. The Nihillians muse, Eonghore travelled the Earth and arrived among them at the arena, carrying a lantern so bright that it blinded her and anyone nearby. She was taken in, and the lamp was hung up further away where it could cause no harm. Eonghore was cared for and her burnt eyes and face tended to. A Nihillian came bearing a silver flute which played no music save only a high pitched shriek. Like all to come from afar, she was called to the tent of Anaetheana and there, she told her of the child who could play on this flute in such a way that rocks themselves would shatter but who, at that time, was trapped in the shaft of the massive tomb.

Anaetheana set off, accompanied by half the giants, the spirits, and the muse. The clerics were ready for them as they approached, ever vigilant for the merest suggestion of any revolt or rebellion. Their small garrison and those of the surrounding areas had already been alerted to the approach of this army, as the sensitivity of the clerics for order was provoked before the siege even began. She conquered each ward one

by one, killing those who grew hysterical or who protested against her siege and locking up all the others in their own most vile prisons, whilst freeing the more pristine residents of those golden cages. She herself was lowered below, found the girl Elzhaelle and brought her up from the deep. Back at Rothhalm, they gathered at the main gate where Elzhaelle played, such a thin piercing sound, but played so skillfully, that it spilled over into the deep in which the dungeon stood, Angels spewed from out of the bricked up windows above, and with horns that roared like lions, the noise within the dungeon finally escaped.

The angels howled and, at the other side of the gate below, there was a pounding as the sealed windows broke in the walls of the arena cage, shattered by the all encompassing, piercing noise of the small flute. Finally, the bronze hooks in the stone broke and the army, with the roar of the faint light of Exepher in the East at their backs, poured out from between the two towers. At first they marched without purpose over the crowded enormous roads and blocked them with their sheer numbers, holding the people from their daily chores and blocking the streets and shops. The citizens stood in wonder and the armies of the good vows, having recovered from their initial amazement of being free from their prison, fought back the anarchy and the entire land was engulfed by chaos. Anaetheana called for the leaders of the many legions to gather, since that vain war was in need of an ideology. She convinced the generals of the need for devotion and allegiance to ruined beauty and splendor. The Nihillian Eonghore guided them with her lantern towards a city on a river bank where they baptized their banners in the waters of the Elhendes river and symbols appeared on the banners and standards. Anaetheana now started to harness the savagery.

The world was now in a state of chaos, but the deadened bloom, the postponed harvest started to take root now as some legions enslaved the civilians. Things started to grow, all be it slowly. These three most disobedient of creatures to have gone against Hethred's explicit authority on Earth had now gained Hethred's full attention. Anaetheana, the rebellious angel, Eonghore who had led the army towards the river and witnessed the heraldic signs appear on their standards and banners, determined to succeed, and Elzhaelle, whose silver instrument had broken open the prison, that prison, whose inhabitants conferred the most pressing and absolute seal on the rise and forthcoming conquest. As soon as the gate of the arena had opened, Hethred had promised her angels and muse, all so humble at her feet, that they would bear witness to a horrible judgment once again. Anaetheana, had already sensed victory, and was undone by this verdict.

All three were to build their own city, only one of which would survive, the other two destined to fall. "Go and search for your cities in this flood of cities that will arise and be swallowed again by the sea, among all the cities with the wrong vices, all that were and will be, removed from existence like sand smoothed on the beach by the rolling waves." she proclaimed.

Thus, all three looked for their city.

Anaetheana remained at the river Elhendes, brave enough to remain in the middle of all the turmoil and chaos caused by the people who had grown enraged, and who now attacked her troops with the most irrational assaults. This civil war lasted for ten years.

Eonghore sailed over the Northern Ocean to the angels and called on them to build her city. These angels were too impatient and savage to accept skillful plans. Confused and simple, the angels doubted her.

Eonghore was attacked by the separated, desperate males who begged the attention of these simple angels. Grieved by having to do all the labour and, driven mad by the mishaps of these simple minded angels, the city

revolted and Eonghore was thrown into a bottomless pit. She fell into the deep, through Hethreds reign and into the lake of Etherges, the only gate to the Underneath, the deepest region of the below.

She sank down to the bottom of the ocean and fell out into the Underneath in the middle of the slaves confines far below. As she stumbled on a mountain side, she lost her lamp and fell to her death, the lantern above her, already swollen to the size of a star, exploded and burned one third of the slaves in the Underneath.

Glowing gently again, the lamp was retrieved by the Goddess of the Sea of Thetanien. After blinding it by putting out its eyes, she sent one of her vultures to fetch the lamp. The vulture flew upward with the lamp and shed light on the roads and the battles on Earth and haunted the armies of vice which were in retreat and were being pushed further and further back towards the Wall of Ethereen and the lakes of night and shrouded lands.

Erhzaelle, who had opened the gates with her flute, travelled towards Ethereen, her fatherland and, in the village where she was born, found her four sisters and the two witches that had made her.

Ehwen, the leader of these mortals, and the mortals themselves, were called upon by Erhzaelle to build her city with the aid of the artists aristocracy and, at this point, they worked happily together side by side. And so, together with the Evenhelveth, under the command of their leader the demon Ephrenn, they built the city of Ewhen.

They raised wooden stakes from out of the lake and assembled floor after floor, raised high above the waterline, and upon it they built marble and stone buildings and beautiful gardens. However, the mortals grew envious of the immortality of the aristocracy and arranged, with the agreement of the Evenhelveth, for the construction of a garden of shrine tombs where, after their death, they could remain alive chained to the tombs in spirit form, the image of their sculpture turned to life. A condition for this was that all mortals would loose their children, but the Ehweans craved eternal life and so, one monumental palace was torn down and the aristocracy used this material to craft tombs for each of the mortals with a door into the shrine and a small staircase leading down to it. In all the resulting confusion, Ehwen, had a tomb constructed for her daughter in order for her to live with her in secrecy.

Ephrenn, in the form of a serpent, preyed on the mortal residents of the city as she bathed in the lakes on which the city was built and, in so doing, put the pact between poets and mortals in danger.

In this city of Ehwen and Ephrenn, revolt grew after it became known that a demon in the lake had devoured the daughter of Ehwen. As news of the betrayal leaked out, the already sickened alliance grew more violent.

Ehwen was enraged, having seen Ephrenn nearby and, suspecting her of having committed the murder, she had her devoted soldiers chase Ephrenn and, in a blind rage, they set fire to the stakes on which the city stood in order to try to burn Ephrenn out from beneath the city where she had sought refuge. The mortals of Ehwen ran to their shrines as the columns of their city collapsed one by one round about them and the ancient aristocracy fled to Anaetheana's city. Amidst the sinking city and the collapsing lake banks, Ephrenn, the largest snake of the city, strangled the child witch Erhzaelle and her sisters as they fled through the monumental gardens of the dead of Ehwe. She strangled them in front of the sculpture of Ehwenn, furious at

the destruction of her city, and bitter at having ever made a pact with the Ehweans. The Ehweans were now forced to feed upon eels and slugs from the lake and lived a miserable existence in the sunken city in constant fear of Ephrenn. Each time they found the courage to escape, they were eaten by this serpent and every time they were eaten, they were back, imprisoned in their tombs. For months on end they would wait, not daring to challenge Ephrenn, not wanting to suffer that horrible fate and then, they would try once more to take in the fresh air above water, to gasp for air, for here below in the lake, they drown, perpetually filling their lungs with water, too fearful of mortality. Ephrenn guarded these residents of the sunken ruins, never losing her hate, never leaving these dead with their need to breathe the light air but cursed eternally to inhale the thick water.

The wicked Anaehtheana bore the victory, nobly but with acid hope, as the news was given to her of the downfall of the other two cities and so her city became the anchor of the new world and the retreat of the artists where they could gather to compose their arts.

Anaehtheana saw the artists aristocracy come to her city. A demon quarter and a vampire lane were built and the artists and night lovers finally lived in grace in this part of the palace city. This was a city with vast museums. They dug up the arts of Nihilhelm and displayed them, complete with massive marble frames, in the streets and a city of splendour took shape. As she built and scouted and planed in an area of the old city, she stumbled across the house of Alas and found his vases and bags and bottles filled with the remains of his works. Anaehtheana opened one bottle and sensed its power and, filled with such delight, she was in love in an instant. Immediately, she knew what purpose could be served by these perfumes and she had them sent, along with her signature, to the land across the Northern Ocean. On the upper bank of the river Angh she had constructed the vast fortress of Angh and, soon enough, all the angels of the North flocked there and Anaehtheana, now licked by seven million or more angels' tongues, locked them all in this fortress.

At last, she decided that she needed noble women to lead all this, and so, she set dark night upon the land and candles were sent to find the way out of this night. One thousand one hundred and eleven candles were sent abroad and one thousand one hundred and eleven noble woman returned and easily claimed power. A senate and a staircase in the river Elhendes were built on which they reposed and thought. Lavish gold and green and bronze roofs were built, and so gently and tenderly they plotted and led Earths crusade and its composure, and decided on the rebuilding, the grandeur and the further conquest, pushing the profiteers of vice further back, enslaving all that were captured alive.

Finally she dreamed of a merciless crown, an Empress and a fury, an immaculate poison to inspire and set her visions, an engine for dreams and compositions, who was to be found in a certain quarter of the city, the merciless Empress of the Sea.

This a most morbid spirit, for years she had appeared to Anaehtheana, walking the medieval streets of the old city, ghostly, but she could never catch her nor speak with her. In this small area of narrow streets and alleyways, she finally seduced her out of her misty realm and dream with paintings of the soon to be Empress herself, mounted on the walls wherever she had previously been seen. These paintings and sculptures led the spirit out of her ghostly mist, towards an old monastery hidden in the middle of the city, all the while walking towards her cage as Anaehtheana's underlings were busy mounting a trail of these paintings on the walls. She arrived at a sculpture of herself in the main hall of the monastery, where she was caught and crowned.

In the Underneath, as a thousand days passed, Acatha with her storms, destroyed the towers growing on the lands around the Thetenian Ocean .

Etherges sunk the dead in a lake. He threw them in to sink with stones tied to their feet or neck, or drowned them, hooked to chains and lowered with large wooden wheels set in motion by grotesque animals .

Sometimes groups in cages were drowned, or occasionally mocked and put in a chariot where they saw the dark lake of titanium around them, inside a grim despair behind the windows. Some were merely drowned in large wooden barrels. As the months passed, their starved souls eventually reached the Underneath, the final end, where they boiled or cooked in the perpetual ordeal of death, their spirits reshaped once more, their flesh strong again and full of sense, but more a burden than a grant to them. For from this spirit to man reborn again, none would dare go back through the lake where Acatha and her demons came at the rear of the crowds who flocked in below, and the all the great number dead the Wrancune brought in, all to drown therein .

Hellengellehs golden talents were hidden in the rocks below. Occasionally, one was found and that fortunate individual could take off up in a gap in a crevice bleeding black water, which led up from under the thousand times thousand mile black sea. One giant found such a talent and got trapped with his hand in the corridor leading up.

But the more fortunate could drift the deserts beside the ocean, and, very rarely, the mist would clear and he could find a way through.

Others, millions in fact, built those cathedrals that towered upwards towards Hethred's reign. They slaved with the thought of escape in their mind, to find a second chance and to leave this slavery behind. There, amongst all the men of the Underneath, amongst all the billions below, only perhaps a few hundred had gained their freedom in all that age, and those hundreds were numbered amongst the millions that built these towers. Otherwise, perhaps only ten of them had escaped by other means. Thus were the scarce rewards of Hellengellehs talents there below.

Ellhende was nearly exhausted.

"Anaetheana, a city to be built, which blooms rebellion throughout a land obscured with idleness, light as air. Her quest be done, misfortunes strike about her like wells as Hethred sows more disease upon the world, great geysers of misery they are, rooted in the earthly canvas, but spreading her story as her city grows. A world of illusions for a city deemed unreal, grotesque, invalid to these earthly worries and woes of late.

A resenting bastion to this ugly vanity, preserving the illusions where illusions for these vermin of reality are.

Beauty too in madness will remain, if laws of madness be revered. How ill are those that do not see the urgency of the imagery of the underneath and the above and the in between, all hung here to see. More among the poisonous light of madness inside an idle obscured mind, a light, a mind like a seed in a fruit, where, outside of it, lies a reality that grew this madness, its thoughts like roots or fumes. It will accept this reality. These roots pierce through, or take these fumes into its nostrils with a deep breath, within the most obscure imagination, still entwined here is reality, reality bound with the most grotesque, in a hardened and solid world where none is spilled, but the imagination is hard and solid too."

Again Ellhende repeated, "Imagination, hard and solid, clouds thick and heavy like mountains."

"Have a library in a half circle, with a curving horde of Axis Taurus, over a pool in a basin of black marble and, behind it, all these books, twisting and whirling, like their word worlds within. Helix and Antihelix stand beside the gate, one to wake, the other to sleep. Behind the horde of bulls, Tethis and Antitethis next to

an altar of stone and rusted steel and with their lyre song, so grows this herd and more spring from either side, all balanced left and right, so the bulls do not drown below and sink. Iris in the wall, coming out, holding her hand . When one enters the building, immediately before the pool, Axis and Nhaevrael embrace. And you poet, here before me, I have dreamed I would be out of this well, and if I chose not to dream it, it would not have become true. I am glad you listened, and that you hear what had happened as I knew it in the well below. Is anything behind a veil fantasy? Dreams have a history, so be sure to believe in all that is idle and vain. Now stand up, and walk behind the sculpture of Axis and Nhaevrael. What do you see?"

Ellhende was taken from the pool and flown back to the well where she imagined more cities as she was left alone in her outrageous insanity. She stuttered and coughed as she sensed the empty land and the faint, ridiculously idle, repulsive fantasy growing in the emptiness. The empty land where all too earthly cares are quenched like thirst, this kind of imagination consumes more cares and dreams, more words to turn to droplets where once lay ocean beds, and grass on land now rare, the all consuming thirst, and finally, a desert. Wake the daughters of the merciless Hethred, truly the inwards shining star of the Arts . Have the vampires of Evenhelveth feed one more night, to postpone their transformation to poisonous reptiles or night demons, Earthly souls and hearts dissolved, into slender and agile predators, more predators, artists of hunt and haunting.

I walked from behind the sculpture where Axis sat and held Nhaevrael in her arms in a sensual embrace, her eyebrow almost touching the lips of the deceased muse.

I entered a crossway of columns, and there, to the left, I suddenly saw a nine metres high statue. It must be Hethred, it has to be. I was filled with amazement and walked towards her and, as I looked back, I saw the sculpture of Hellengelleh, again nine metres high but on the other side of the building. I had never seen these statues before in all the time I had lived here. I had never been in this room, its as if it had just come into existence.

ETHERITH VOLUME I “Ehth” or the Symphony of Ether

CHANT I VERSES TO ELLENDEH

Owh my is this world a dissapointment, dear Ellendeh, how you are missed.
Though we may as yet some wild apocalypses and all the worlds strongest taking revenge!

There is a hive, a hive mind none the less, i'm looking for those who know or want to know.
Why and how the hive was built.
What mysteries we want to create.
What marvels are there as yet.
Underneath this world are legions screaming, picking at the vortex of mediocre songs being played.
Everything is going in circles.
merry lives will be no more soon.
The structure, this thing is expanding and eating away at everything.
And most people have not a care in the world.
Their three second lives with their three seconds interests.

CHANT V ELLENDEH AND AXIS

**A cage with four dark wooden horse-heads sculpted around it, ending at the bottom in four silver fins, it was a chariot that glided through the sky... Alas the poet begged towards the open sky far away...
“Send me Elhende, then these deepest nights of the December of ages; bring her to me by means of your fantastic creatures; have them send her to me, out of her well where she whispers, as the soul of creative forces tender; alert senses so sensitive, welded in the most fruitful isolation, making matter fold and become thin as thought and ghostly; fade in a spirit realm that has a margin shared with the real, or a complete demise soon lay beyond this margin; there one will see realities as timid, and careful source of destruction, forsaken by the hard barren land of reality that crowds in modesty and daily choirs and in which fantasy is lost. The holiness and nobility of beauty so abandoned, that brings a lavish tale, rich as a garden; I know I can but smother the standards with which you mean to crusade this world, trample this ordinary wasteland underneath your majesty.”**

Een kooi met rondom gehouwen vier houten paardenhoofden, die naar onder overliepen in vier zilveren vissenstaarten, kliefde door de lucht... Anethhen smeekte aan de open lucht ver weg... Zend me Elhende dan, in deze diepste nachten van de December van de tijden, breng haar bij monde van uw fantastische scheppingen, laat haar mij toezenden, uit haar bron waar zij fluisterd, als de ziel van de meest tedere scheppingskrachten, zinnen zo gevoelig en alert, gesmeed in de meest vruchtbare eenzaamheid, die de materie plooit, en dunner als gedachten word en spookachtig, oplossend in een geestenrijk de einder gedeeld met het bestaande, of de volledige ondergang die achter deze einder ligt, daar zullen werkelijkheden gezien worden als timide, en zorgvuldige bronnen van vernietiging, gevrijwaard van het schrale land van de realiteit, in welke dagelijkse riten de fantasie verloren geraakt. de heiligheid en de nobelheid zoverlaten, die een rijkelijk verhaal brengt, rijk als een tuin, ik weet dat ik niet anders kan dan de standaard met welke u de wereld als een kruistocht tegemoetschrijd maar kan besmeuren, te vertrappel dit ordinaire achterland onder uw majesteit.

But there is nothing here, nothing remains; any way weakened this spirit of fantasy; to break through, haul them forward; ignite its violence again, its dogma firmly marked upon the earth; it is only keen for I were Elhende to meet and so I could listen to her... And for the arts, there need to be new patrons; for armies, there need to be new powers: images for their shields, rust off their arms, images more vile and filthy in their determination, for a new abominable war so apparent today,... we will need to know what became of the spiritual world; will need to assess how many romantics are perverted in the world, and her ruin of history scavenged for favours, yet left behind its pride...

How the Universe a bell welled up, split the empires of Gods, and where Gods fall back behind a breed of a new majesty... where the excess of the previous age returns and becomes so much more excess.

We need a Goddess for churches to build atop this swamp of irony.

I wait here in the temple; the water there for you glimmers coloured by the black night and the bleak moon.

Maar is niets hier, niets blijft over, op enige manier verzwakt de geest van de verbeelding, om door te breken, hen voorwaarts te werpen, zodat haar geweld kan ontbranden, haar dogma stevig verankert in de wereld, het is gunstig als ik Elhende zou ontmoeten, en zodat ik naar haar kan luisteren... en voor de kunst, moeten er nieuwe patronessen zijn, voor legers, nieuwe machten, beelden voor op hun schilden, roest van hun wapens, beelden meer slinks en niet bang om zich vuil te maken in hun vastberadenheid, voor een nieuwe vervloekte oorlog zo duidelijk lonkt zij vandaag,... We zullen dienen te weten wat er dient te gebeuren met de spirituele wereld, we zullen moeten nagaan hoezeer de romantiek is pervers in deze wereld, en er op haar ruine van de geschiedenis word geaast voor gunsten, wijl haar trots achtergelaten word...

Hoe het heelal als een bel opwelde, splijtend het rijk van de Goden, en waar de Goden weer achtergelaten worden achter een gebroed van die nieuwe majesteit... Waar de excessen van de voorbije tijd terugkomt, en en word zoveel meer overdaad. we hebben een Godin nodig voor kerken te bouwen op het moeras van de ironie.

ik wacht hier in de tempel, het water in het grote bad hier is gekleurd door de zwarte nacht en de bleke maan.

And after the muse chewing on her misfortune had murmured this first make-belief of reality cracking, and the due of misfortunes grand, she was angry, and threatened suddenly, as still whispered, a blow and storm as yet so weak she lay there half on the stone rim of the pool.

And craved now words, "that first thing that he knew and realized was that he was no more king, as he grew, and he lost his crown, his empire and above all, his army..."

He amazed himself, as if caught playing alone, shook from a dream, Alas, his name?

The army of Rothhalm, as Hethred raised the sword, and held the blade with both her hands, and crack, the sword she broke it, and it bled red thick gushes, and she proudly retreated and fell in her throne, and the handle part dropped halfway in the senate, and the tip of the sword fell out of her hand as her fingers brushed the armrest of the throne.

That was a truly bleak vision of the earliest years, as this world begged for war and leaders, but they took away, everyone after that point venture off, there was a light somewhere, and insects swarmed, Rothhalm perhaps so bleak and cast as a world below, or more into a night that the lights chased the bats and the catlike. Now his Queendom, for only again any chance for reality to grow must be idle, and has hethred angry over any ambitions suspected of the young Queen.

But what exactly and why the sword was broken and the world took a course into oblivion, and cracked and squealed under the suppression, the incarceration... nobody will know..."

I will tell you the tale of the Windnymph my poor in the abysses born Aeylyeaele she whispered.

One of the last ones you met in your journey without past or future, as you your mind, white virgin
as your poems a one cold and dreary mind.

The windnymph, first of the Windnymph, born from a crystalline altar of ice, but so crystalline, one
of the purest altars ever made above the stairs of the angels, where the angels are born and revived
from their deathlike and icy indifferent creation, where they come from the wreckage of the
grievances, torn from the upper layers of the remnants of the spirit world, like a starry shine or odor,
but as spirits are not even odor or shine, thinner then matter even that.

The windnymph mastered the winds and fine fluids of the body, feelings, the purest and most
deeply suffered and gaping wounded love, gentle and precise and juvenile tender lusts, and she
descends, and when she descends. The angel, of merit, talented, gifted, modest, loyal, friendly, kind.
All the gifts you would want, master of grimaces and painting her face, fetish in clothing, black and
dark or refreshingly juvenile. A treu childlike mistress of tender a kiss of as platonic love.

she is alas, your ideal love, and she moves, and sails, and ventures, and is as yet loyal, but then,
vanishes all the same, loyal heart, but alas her body. You could never finally make yours for
eternity. A companion, and yet, how could you that fall in love with the wind not mourn for never
being able to hold and catch the wind. Does the windnymph at last strike you as more attainable.

Alas, you. Alas, Aeylyeaele, you will forever wonder beyond a bride of any sort, singing, with
birds early, sleeping alone in a nest, and singing to the other birds, as you do in mornings, you that
sings with birds as only human on this dreary planet, as your days last the length of the underworlds
days of 72 hours. And you are always the first one to wake, or the last to go to your well deserved
sleep. At least, you Dream of windnymph, who always gave you butterfly like aches and always
was ready to be lightly sensual as huney. She made poison from strawberries. And poisoned the
young alike to feel the aches of love consume them. Sick they would die of this love. Grief,
impossible.

The first passage of Axis.

**“Reality mere snow...”, she spoke, Hethred, and continued... “The imagination may crush like the
colossal sun on this winter landscape.”**

**What was there in the distance or one knocking sound, such thundering noise, but ever since the sun
started to roar like a lion.. and it would not go away ever since, the sun, she spoke...**

**And birds panicked, humans took fear as they looked up, the distance between the sun had filled with
air, and the sun’s powers pounded on the silence floating over earth and brought a storm of noise and
made any song more tender invisible. The birds songs lost, music impossible, the people amused so
long only now endured under this growling of the sun like a beast.**

**Someone was knocking on the underworld, the beneath... It knocked once, though it was not
surpassed without notice...**

De eerste doorvaart van Axis

“De realiteit maar slechts sneeuw”, sprak ze, Hethred, “en de verbeelding mag op dit winterlandschap storten als de kollosale zon.”

Wat was er in de verte zo’n doffe botsing of één enkel kloggeluid. Maar sindsdien begon de zon zacht te brullen als een leeuw... en het ging niet weg sindsdien, de zon, zij sprak, vogels hun zwermen tegen de hemel werden schichtig en beschreven vreemde vluchten, hun gefladder tussen de bomen onrustig... de dieren op het land groeven holen dieper, en kudden werden onrustig en dreven uiteen.

Iemand klopte aan in de onderwereld, het ondergeborchte... één keer klopte als een bevend hart, maar een furie die niet onopgemerkt bleef.

An angel took a broom hastily, and pressed the end against the ceiling, while the other end slipped across the floor...

Cracks started to appear in the wall...

Hethred sighed softly...

And looked beside her now to one of her angels, that was so occupied in filling the slowly expanding cavity in the floor there, that she tried to hold one wing in this way, that it covered her delicate behind, that was up in the air as she worked on the crack in the floor, not entirely befitting the modesty at the court...

Hethred was never really to be consumed with the confusion...

The angel was to paste gold plaster into the floor where the cavity was. It barely just held...

Een engel nam haastig een bezem, en hield het uiteinde tegen het plafond, en het andere eind gleed uit over de vloer. Scheuren verschenen in de muur.

Hethred zuchtte zacht...

En keek naast haar hoe een van de engelen, zo drukdoende een oprukkend scheurtje in de vloer te stoppen, dat ze probeerde met één van haar vleugels haar achterwerk te verbergen, dat in de lucht stak, niet helemaal volgens de bescheidenheid van het hof...

De engel plakte gouden plaaster in de vloer, het hield maar net.

Hethred predicted the coming and the passing, she drifted off into her own palace in whose hallways and rooms ran angels worried, and sighed again, annoyed but not concerned.. before her now in the vast hall she came into, on the palace floor, was a painting, embedded behind a crystal clear veil, a layer of transparent oil, that shaded and colored the shades and colors of the painting so much it became truly real...

Sound was painted on the floor a white dove flew through a hurricane...

Hethred was achteloos voor het komen en gaan, slechte tijdingen waren niet onwelkom in het decadente theater van haar rijk, ze dwaalde af in haar paleizen in welke hallen en kamers engelen bezorgd en verward rondrentelden, en zuchtte andermaal, verveeld, maar niet bezorgd, voor haar in de enorme zaal waar ze

uitkwam op de paleisvloer, een schilderij, gevloerd achter een kristallenheldere sluier van doorzichtige olie, dat het schilderij kleurde en schaduwde zo dat het waarlijk leek...

Geluid was op de muur geschilderd en een witte duif vloog door een orkaan.

At Phraals steps, in the calm of her lakes of her realm above near a column of her palace, where the water started to hold silent after a cascade of fountains that was crafted up against each other, the water shook, and one droplet leaped out of the pools, only to leap back in, leaving circles across the calm pool.

...

Somewhere in the darkness hung a big black iron shield, a seal, and something behind it had moved. It shook, and everything herein, shook. It knocked on myth and smashed myth, pounded, once, the sign of one beat, enormous, and it stopped again.

Aan phraals treden, in de kalmte van haar meren van haar rijk, het bovengeborchte, kwam er een siddering over het water, daar waar het water gewoonlijk stilhield nadat het van een trap van watervallen was gestroomd, een druppel sprong naar boven uit de poel,...

Ergens in de duisternis hing een groot ijzeren schild, een zegel, en iets erachter had zich geroerd. Het schudde dooreen, en alles daarin, daverde, en beukte in op de mythen, sloeg, een maal, het teken van een slag, gigantisch, en stopte andermaal.

CHANT VI The tear of Ennhea.

*gently grazes against your hand and as gently wraps around your fingers, slowly
mind hand nestles into yours for a warm frivolous embrace, so careless, so kind,
to have that weight of your whole soul of kindness now, resting upon my
monstruous soul.*

*this ocean of feelings, your beautiful hand, and with it that beautiful smile that i
made mine as i did that, embrassed,intimate, you ooze this love for generosity,
sweetness, girl like wit, this temptation of wild and juvenile innocence, my faith
so bleak without you. Without the blossoms of these weary lost times and
hypercurteous moments.*

*i gently lay my hand again over yours, as much as i would weep on your breast in
armour after battle where i had lost a thousands maidens loves of mine a whole
army of beauty, and all this suffering would pour into your tiny longues as wine,*

*and i would consume the compassion of your soul and commit a sinister criminal
tear to your clean cut cute as its wrapped your skin
all
as a litte ball
entwined of softest wool
you broke
my wall
and brought me most mellow cool*

Enhea would have been chosen from the endless rank of muse, she would have been the most tender among them, the most dear, of all women least vain, the most fragile... the muse who fought with arrogance she would have been timid to face... to women with lust for anger she would voluntarily have herself banned ... the muse of war set everything on fire and she was left alone in the mouth of the ravine of solitude and where the war of muse fades and everything in this light to fight distant and the stars of it faded out in darkness... Thetenian

ZANG VI De traan van Ennhea

Enheadane zou uit de eindeloze rangen van de muzen gekozen zijn, zij zou de tederste zijn onder hen, de liefelijkste, van alle vrouwen het minste ijdel, het meest breekbaar, de muzen die met arrogantie ruzieden zou zij schuwen, vrouwen met strijdlust en woede zou zij zich gewillig door laten verstoppen, ... het einde van de muzenoorlog nam alles mee in de ondergang en alleen zij bleef over... in de monding van het ravijn
Thetenian

...Pride mourning beacon to the imagination... unwanted she defies the loneliness with the greatest sentiment... Ending, furthest point of inspiration, the ivory angel hung at the fading horizon of existence, lost there in faint light, severed of all existence by an ocean of hostile infinite emptiness, judged and waited in this perilous darkness.

Only hope a crystal ribbon of one tear to spring from one of her eyes, wherein the glow of creation will start to sparkle, perpetual thread of water pearls droplets a strain necklace sensual a river, once to tie somewhere with the imagination and all living within it, within the imagination, and only within this world the solid world, and hardening, impenetrable, only at the other pole of loneliness, the bristling fire of creation once shines, far away from where she remains... Vanish may it be at the other side of darkness, and far away her gentle acceptance... will sadness grow rage and spit steam at the other end, growing more oceans light and clear now, separated and severed with most universal floods...

Einder van de inspiratie, ongewild trotseert zij de eenzaamheid met de grootste gevoeligheid... een ivoren engel opgehangen ver achter de vervagende horizon van het bestaan, afgesneden van alle bestaan door

onherbergzame eeuwige duisternis, veroordeelt en wachtend in de volledige ondergang van de duisternis als die ster de inspiratie.

Enige lavende en levensgevende ader in een vloeiend kristallen lint, één dun snoer als van een rag waterige vloeibare kristallen.

Als enige hoop in een traan ontsprongen aan een van haar ogen, ragfijne waterloop waar ooit in een monding de gloed van het bestaan eenmaal begint te schitteren, een bestaan ver weg van de vergetelheid waarin zij achterblijft,... Verdwijnt misschien aan de andere zijde van de duisternis, en ver weg van haar vredige berusting,... zal de droefenis razend worden en spuwt stoom, meer oceanen licht en helder nu, gescheiden weerom en inkepingen van massieve vloedgolven.

But for so long, when the tear is young, it is frail, and should it only be cut, the cord where creation resides would be lost, a new creation would set about, this one tear slowly seeking another path. It is a melancholic jewel to all who waited to be called by the most enlightened imagination on her golden stairs and under ivory arches and temples a ceiling and above it emerald blue coronation and walls draped with velvet, waited to their ties with imagination to be known, to those who waited for something to commence and unveil, for the heraldics to be cast in meaning ...

Maar voor zolang, als haar traan jong is, is het broos, en zou het eenmaal doorsneden worden, dan zou het streng verloren zijn waarin de schepping zich ophoudt, een nieuwe schepping zou opwellen, zoals haar traan een nieuw pad zou zoeken, een eindeloze draad van waterparels, om ooit te hechten aan de wereld van de verbeelding, en pas waarin dan laatst de werkelijkheid vaste vorm word en hard en ondoordringbaar, slechts aan de andere pool van de eenzaamheid het krioelende en drukke vuur van schepping, verwaterend in alle leven binnen de verbeelding aan de andere zijde van de duisternis, en haar zacht glooiende verdriet begint te

Melancholisch juweel, heldenbron van de gelederen die de verwelkende tijden overrompelen en wier de verbeelding verlicht, haar traan weemoed eens inkleuren en beginnen leven, waarin de kristallen van de fantasie vorm krijgen alvorens de het hof van de tijden deze fantasie tot werkelijkheid en de tijden smeed, en haar kunsten en illusies tot gouden treden onder ivoren bogen worden, en daken als natuurtempels, kerken voor volgelingen, blauwe schilderijen en blanke bekroningen op gehouwe rotsen, muren behangen met fluweel en om wapenen te omkleden.

CHANT VII The end of Nhaevrael.

Birth of the imagination.

Born out of a long tear, spiralling gently behind her to the back, she remembered nothing but music, seduced by the gentlest accord she drifted further, an angel lost in the infinite shade she knew... she

**held her hand near this strain, this water chord, and she listened to music, distracting and fading away
from this small chord of light in water...**

**Distant yet violent she heard the songs of her sisters; ...“music has no signs, don’t listen,...”When she
drew back, the violence of anxiety became larger, and the sweetness became more silent... “No truth is
in music. Do not set to the other way to find out...”**

**She saw no other directions but the nicest harmony’s ever-changing, the longing for this coming
symphony, another strophe of a greater one...**

**The sweetness of the keys brought her sadness, the violence of some organ brought her passions, the
passions brought her a cutting anger...**

But the symphony had to prolong...

The voices at the back of her now whispered, ever more desperate, but whispers...

**“Do not listen to it, it has no meaning, a sign of delusion, it has no direction, there is no purpose to it;
there is no language to truth.”**

...

Het einde van Nhaevrael. Geboorte van de verbeelding.

Geboren uit een traan, zij herinnerde zich niets dan muziek... verleid door de zachtste akkoorden dreef zij af,
een Engel verloren in de eeuwige schaduw die haar bekend was...

Veraf maar gewelddadig hoorde ze de stemmen van haar zussen,... “muziek heeft geen symbolen die op haar
stromen drijven, geen tekens die tussen de toon voeren, luister niet!”

Wanneer ze zich terugtrok, werd het geweld en de beklemming groter, en de zoete akkoorden werden stil...
“geen waarheid is in de muziek, zet niet in tot de andere weg om de leugen van de muziek te ontdekken...”

Ze zag geen andere richting dan de vriendelijkste harmonieën telkens veranderend, het verlangen voor de
komende symfonie, een nieuw vers van een geweldiger symfonie...

De zoetheid van de noten zag haar droefenis, geweld van orgels zag haar passies, passies zagen haar een
snijdende woede...

De symfonie moest haar vervolg hebben...

De stemmen achter haar fluisterden nu, altijd meer wanhopig tot dan fluisterstemmen...

“Luister niet, het teken is vals, kwaadaardige verleiding, het heeft geen richting, er is geen taal tot de
waarheid.”

**The voices grew silent, she lost her sisters, the tear since long she lost to see, sparkles of light on this
string of tears in this world were none, no more... but the light gently cast on her body.**

Before she lost them now, and finally all was past but shadow, emptiness for her to challenge, before this and forever her sisters' voices grew silent...

She heard them say four last words...

"Never touch the lyre."

The symphony by now had turned to the thickest of velvet and gentlest of romance to her, and the burden saw her moments of grief a venom burning her eyes, a sourness, a hurt through her waist, quivered her loins, shivered her body, hysterical within... impossible peace outwards and held loneliness.

Now for the first time, she saw an even tone of light, to move towards it and near it; it appeared a light cast on a massive shield...

As she drifted closer, and the symphony turned from grief to anger one last time before it grew silent to the most modest few sounds of pearls and water droplets...

De stemmen verstilden, ze verloor haar zussen, de traan sinds lang ver weg, de sprankelende parels licht in deze wereld op een snaar van tranen waren er niet, niet meer... anders dan het licht dat zacht op haar lichaam viel.

Voor ze hen verloor, nu, en eindelijk alles achter haar dan schaduw en de leegte voor haar, en spoedig en voor altijd zwegen haar zussen...

Ze hoorde hen hun laatste vijf woorden zeggen...

"raak niet aan de lier."

De symfonie was volwassen in het zwaarste fluweel en tederste van romantiek, en de druk zag haar een venijnig verdriet dat in haar ogen brandde, een zuur, een pijn die door haar lendenen ging, hysterie in haar onderbuik, onmogelijk rust straalde van haar uit en ingehouden eenzaamheid.

Nu voor het eerst zag ze een even toon van licht, zoals ze erheen bewoog en naderde, was het licht geworpen op een massieve plaat...

Zoals ze naderbij kwam, verwisselde de symfonie nog een maal van verdriet tot razernij, alvorens stil te worden en in de meest bescheiden geluiden van parels en waterdruppels te eindigen.

She hung there startled before this massive shield hung before her, and gentle as she was, childlike amazed, the end and the peace now saw her mournful, her heart slowed its pace, her body grew cold and empty,...

The symphony attacked again, passion to overcome, her eyes opened wide as she shone of vigour, started to glow of will.

She struck forward like lightning for a few lengths, slammed into the surface, and hammered her hands on the shield...

Hardly anything but a rage of music when she did.

She retreated just some lengths...

She flew to the left of the surface, there were pillars to the side, lengths above her, and downwards, one was missing. She stared into it...

**And two eyes of a color she could not relate lighted but were cold yet hurt and burned her throughout.
As it did it were as if lines cut through the eyes, thin black lines sharp like needles divided those eyes,
eyes that pierced through her own eyes...**

Ze hing verbaasd en geslagen voor het oppervlak dat rechtop voor haar was opgehangen, en zacht als ze was en verbaasd als een kind, het einde en de rust deden haar rouwen en haar hart vertraagde haar slagen, haar lichaam koud en leeg...

De symfonie viel terug aan, haar ogen openden zich wijd, en ze straalde van woede, gloeide van wilskracht..

Ze stuwde voorwaarts uit alle macht, sloeg tegen het oppervlak, en hamerde haar handen tegen het schild.

Niets dan een woede van muziek zoals ze zachte slagen terug kreeg...

Ze trok zich een paar lengten terug, en dwarrelde naar de linkerzijde van het oppervlak, waar zuilen aan de zijkant hingen, een zuil ontbrak, ze staarde in de nis...

En twee ogen van een niet thuis te brengen kleur lichtten op en koud en pijnlijk en schroeyden haar ziel, zo ook was het alsof fijne lijnen verticaal door de ogen sneden, dunne zwarte scherpe lijnen als naalden verdeelden de ogen, ogen die sneden in haar eigen ogen...

She shook, and drifted away backwards once more with a high shriek within a symphony that she had never heard while fear had thrown her backwards, instantly trying to comfort her, instantly this sweetness again soothed her and prayed to her...

She lowered her head, bravely turned to the other side...

As she came near, ever more seduced, and the accords drew here to this, she noticed too the columns of the enormous surface were broken...

The surface was some hundred times her own length, and the height of the empty crest in between the columns would be some ten times her own length...

She looked, much more careful and distant now, and one light, two eyes were a warm colour and peaceful. This was the softest and most gentle key she had heard, the pearl and droplets, and still she spoke and begged and prayed...

Nearer she saw now the thin black lines and reached for them. She moved her hand towards the light, and turned the inside of her hand towards her and turned her wrist, and the hand reached behind the line...

They were strings...

Ze beefde, dreef achteruit, en andermaal met een nieuwe hoge schreeuw van de symfonie, die haar onmiddellijk weer probeerde te troosten en geruststellen... ogenblikkelijk weerom in zoetheid verzinkend, en haar kalmerend en tot haar biddend...

Ze hield haar hoofd omlaag, en vliedde dapper naar de andere kant van het oppervlak.

Zoals ze naderde terug smeltend in een zachte verleiding en de akkoorden trokken haar dichterbij, naar de nis aan de zijde van het schild.

Het oppervlak was enkele honderden malen haar eigen lengte, en de hoogte van deze nis tussen de zuilen was zo'n tien keer haar lengte...

Ze keek, zorgvuldiger en gereserveerder nu, en licht, twee ogen warm en vredig, dit was de zachtste en zachtaardigste noot die zij had gehoord, de parels en waterdruppels, en sprak, en smeekte en bidde...

Dichterbij nu zag ze de dunnen zwarte lijnen en strekte haar arm, ze bewoog haar hand naar het licht, en draaide de binnenkant van haar hand naar haar en draaide haar pols, haar hand greep achter een lijn...

Het waren snaren...

When she saw this, she instantly pulled her hand to her breast; however, as if anything was already too late to partake in accident, her finger touched the string, and an enormous shock burst through the surface. It consisted of two giant doors slamming shut after having exhausted a thunder outwards and vomited a brutal roar, pounding to the back of her, even growing in power this echo and beating within the dark, as she felt a sting on her hand, and looked at it eagerly and hastily. The stinging was violently sweet, her loins and her body never could grow such violence of sensual hurt, passionate hurt...

As soon as these few thundering outbursts were unleashed she smiled enraged and eyes wide, the whole overwhelming force was known as one second, and she just hurt herself and looked at her hand and smiled as she felt it, as in this one moment she lost the rhyme of her sisters and anything had now faded behind her...

As this second passed she already forgot that she had startled and she beat with the inside of her whole hand the strings... And pushed them as hard as she could, and her other hand twisted them like a claw, as if to attack this lyre...

The giant gate swung open, and its entire surface was then turned back and swallowed. All nothingness caved in through the door, and a roar even more powerful instantly defeated it...

Zoals ze dat zag, trok ze ogenblikkelijk haar hand tegen haar borst, maar alsof alles verloren was in toeval en ongeluk, raakte haar ringvinger een snaar,...

In het midden van het schild barstte een enorme schokgolf uit het oppervlak, een razernij donderde naar buiten, bestaande uit twee gigantische deuren die ogenblikkelijk terug toesloegen, nadat ze het gedonder uitgespuwd hadden,... een geweld dat verder sloeg achter haar en nog aangroeide in haar echo, en klopte in de duisternis, zoals ze op dat moment een priemende pijn in haar hand voelde, en bekeek haar hand gretig en haastig, de pijn was gewelddadig zoet, haar lendenen en lichaam konden geen gewelddadiger van sensuele pijn gewaren,...

Zo vlug als deze paar donderende uitbarstingen ophielden glimlachte ze verwoed, en haar ogen wijd open, wellustig, alles in wat geheten was één luttele seconde, de rijmen van haar zussen en alles vervaagd achter haar...

Zoals deze seconde verbijsterde,, vergat ze al zij vorige angsten, en sloeg met de binnenzijde van haar gehele hand de snaren... en duwde tegen hen met al haar krachten, en haar andere hand verwrong hem als een klauw, alsof ze de lier aanviel...

De gigantische poort sloeg open, en haar gehele oppervlakte werd daarop terug naar binnen opgezogen en ingeslikt, alle leegte stortte in door de poort, en een kreet overweldigde zelfs ogenblikkelijk dit geraas...

A cloud of Tauruses, with gigantic horns, raged outwards; on the first Taurus's enormous shoulders sat a Goddess. She leaped forward, and took this brutally divine force outwards...

At the left of the gate, a giant crane bird with long, enormous, most graceful wings, lifted, with two cold eyes, and instantly took the front of the stampede, heaved it and took to scout the shadows before it... At the other end, one leaped forward, upwards, and instantly staggered and crawled its neck like

**a vulture. Slick and stealthy he took a turn and ventured into the distance behind, looking for the past,
in an ever heavier and thicker darkness.**

**The Tauruses wrecked the gate, so soon had the bird taken off, or the entire columns were broken and
everything taken with them; winds of taurusses spiralled downwards and further away, trying to
resume the direction of the thousand-large flock...**

She never saw the bird depart...

She never saw the thousands become millions within some more seconds...

She was just to have flown back to crush the lyre...

She crossed most innocently and lost of fear the eyes of axis...

**And was overrun by the hooves, crushed in the shards of the shield, the pillars boulders bursting out,
and swallowed by the cloud...**

**It took axis to lead the Tauruses for a long time, and many millions grew behind her, many seconds
passed, before she even looked back, before she even could, occupied, serious, but nevertheless... She
looked back for her, the flock of Taurusses astray, momentarily distracted, and turned to the bird
again in the distance...**

Een wolk van stieren, met gigantische horens, woedde naar buiten, op de eerste stier zat Axis, ze sprong
voorwaarts, en nam deze kracht voorwaarts en achter zich mee.

Links van de poort, hief zich naar boven een enorme kraanvogel met lange smalle vleugels, met twee koude
ogen en nam ogenblikkelijk de voorhoede, verhief zich vervolgens boven de kudde en verkende de diepten
van de duisternis...

De stieren sloegen de poort aan diggelen, zo spoedig was de vogel opgestoven, of de gehele zuilenmuur
werden kapot gebroken, en alles werd meegenomen in de opstuivende nevelen en chaos, en winden stieren
draaiden en keerden naar beneden en bovenwaarts, verder naar buiten, poogden de weg te vervolgen van
deze zwerm van duizenden in getale...

Nooit zag ze de vogel opwaarts vliegen...

Ze zag nooit de duizenden stieren tot miljoenen aangroeien in minder dan seconden tijd.

Ze was teruggeslagen nadat ze op de lier sloeg...

Ze kruiste in een onschuldige angst en verloren de blik van Axis...

En was vermalen tussen de nevelen en verdwenen tussen de poten en hoeven van de dieren, opgeslokt door
de scherven van het schild, tussen de brokken van de zuilen die eruit barsten, en opgelost tussen de stampede
van miljoenen dieren...

Het kostte Axis een lange tijd om de stieren te leiden, en vele miljoenen groeiden aan achter haar, vele
seconden verliepen, voor ze achterom keek, voor ze zelfs kon, bedrukt, ernstig, niettemin,... ze keek om
voor haar, de wolk en zwerm ogenblikkelijk in dwalingen, voor een moment afgeleid... en draaide haar
hoofd terug tot de vogel in de verte...

**All part of the wheel of Axis, with which the tides moved forward, undead empires strode against the
future, priests with sciences drowned the truth... Her flock grows bigger behind her, like oil on fires
growing hungrier, in a fearsome dust-storm crawling further in the nothing...**

**Dead was past us, the past, no one or anything, none could have death before it, and I spit on reality,
"I dishonour her, I violate and scandalize her..."**

Mourn but her innocence but vanity a child.

"... and who will be able to think of sweet embalm, ecstatic drink and wine, and golden liquor, with which I am daily rewarded by her saint and patroness?" His story colored by rage as rage must be cooled by the at-times sensual voice of Elhende. But as she is picked up from her well, she surrenders power to the poet, and whose story will be told, in which the world will pour itself, as the poet. Black holes in reality, people at times before a dark gorge in the earth, pieces of reality missing, the word becomes faint as soon as the keeper of dream and reality is lifted out of the well. Slowly time falls apart and the clockwork of reality stutters, as the balance of Elhende is disturbed.

Alles deiningen van het roer van Axis, draaier van de verbeelding, met welke de getijden voorwaarts bewogen, ondode rijken tegen de toekomst streden, en priesters met de wetenschap de waarheid verdronken,... Haar kudde groeit aan, zoals olie op vuur meer honger aanwakkert, in een ziedende stofwolk die verderkruipt in het niets. De dood lag achter ons, was het verleden, niets of niemand, nergens was er de dood die moest volgen, en het spuwde op de realiteit,... "Ik onteer haar, ik doe haar geweld aan en schandalizeer haar..." Ik rouw maar om haar onschuld als ijdelheid een kind.

... EN wie zal gewillig zijn het zoete balsem te denken, extatische drank te drinken en wijn, en gouden likeur, met welke ik dagelijks beloont word bij haar heilige en patronesse? Zijn verhaal kleurde zich zoals zijn razernij moest worden gekoeld door de sporadisch zwoele stem van Elhende.

maar zoals zij uit haar bron werd gehaald draagt zij de macht over aan de dichter, wiens verhaal als dat van de wereld word verteld, en waarin de wereld zich verliest, als de dichter. Er komen duistere gaten in de realiteit, mensen staan voor een afgrond, stukken uit de realiteit verdwijnen, het zicht word troebel op aarde zodra de behoeder van droom en werkelijkheid uit de bron word opgehesen. Langzaam lost de tijd op, en het uurwerk stotterd als de balans van Elhende word verstoord...

Death is history, legend fading in fantasy, food to the arousing madness; there could not be death to follow; one does not see to a possibility to pour life in a bottomless barrel, and to think other but a flow continuous; only life before anything; where is this moisture spilled? Banish from all thoughts this faint crevice in eternal spring, and summer which is time, behind your honey sweet delusions - only garnet with bitter cool pain, and the stings of misery, a sword that rests against your hand, or maybe a crown to your concerns, challenged borders to the empires of emperors. Death: not only does one not know what it is, one has never even seen it! Before it, and this delusion, there is always another material form, and in it, is another tragic story grown... and the stories are the essence.

Within an eroded past nothingness of ruin and all surpassed, fraction grim and shapeless reality, only decorated and laurelled with imagery, proof and science of a book with a temper and mind of its own, and this history that is dying.

Enhea,...

De dood is de geschiedenis, legende die vervaagt in de fantasie, voedsel voor de opzwepende waanzin, er kan geen dood zijn die nog moet volgen, men ziet de mogelijkheid niet om leven in een bodemloos vat te gieten, en te denken dat de stroom ooit ophoud, alleen leven voor alles, waar word dit levensvocht verspild? Verban uit alle gedachten die ijle wonde in de eeuwige lente, en de zomer die de tijd is, achter de hongzoete illusies, alleen gegarneerd met bittere koele pijn, en de prikkelingen van misere. een zwaard dat tegen uw hand rust, of misschien een kroon voor uw zorgen, die de grenzen van keizers hun reiken afbakenen. De dood, niet alleen weten wij niet wat het is, men heeft het nog nooit gezien! Voor de dood, en haar onnuttige

hersenschim, is alleen een andere vorm, en daarin, niets dan een tragedie opnieuw ontstaan, en de verhalen zijn de essentie. met een eroderende verloren niets, een niets als een ruïne en het verleden, fractie grimmige en vormeloze realiteit, alleen versierd en gelauwerd met verbeelding, bewijs en wetenschap van een boek met een zwaar gemoed en een eigen wil, en deze geschiedenis die stervende is.

Enhea.

The inspiration... the one to turn the imagination, wheel and axis of the imagination: axis. mover, proud and fearsome, courageous, soul of anger and determination of the fantastic, whose windows on the imagination are like thousands of fantastic creatures marching by before mankind; windows of richly decorated frames, their battle conveyed against all foreshadowing tragedy, and the most immodest scenery about them ever painted, feeding on magickal or holy rivers, across the unfertile deserts rage and victor and, like legions without a vanguard seem, she is the vanguard, she alone, and her flock is the body of the imagination. Her force is the size of the imagination. And without end unhindered by an endless multitude of poets' new reality added out of this nothing, and adding to the procession... The gate in the nothing in which it originated is the gate Nhaevrael opened. And by the death of Nhaevrael alone unleashed this danger... And here down below, uniting together with the force, bundling with all lost and lonely and moving tragedy and expanding, in forests and deserts, an army to eat holes in mountains, and with her majestic twists and turns, and glorious uprisal of all clouds of angels upwards; the procession of rage of pride of soldiers that invoke the heraldry; knights of all in eachother churning powers they try to master; the shadows of all sleeping man will haunt; the findings of alchemists bring forth; the wise and priests in theaters will seat them, and flanked by those grotesque numbers of monsters, giants, Goddess as Goddess of vengeance...

De inspiratie... de draaier van de verbeelding, wiel en rad van de verbeelding Axis. De beweger, trots en vervaarlijk, moedig, ziel van de woede en de vastberadenheid van het fantastische, die welke de vensters op de verbeelding als duizenden fantastische wezens voorbij schrijden aan de mens, vensters waarvan de ramen rijkelijk versierd worden, hun strijd ontvouwen tegen alle meest onheilspellende en onbescheiden horizons die ooit werden geschilderd, zich voedend aan magische of heilige rievieren... over de onvruchtbare deserts razen en overwinnen, en als een groot legioen zonder voorhoede lijkt, zij is de voorhoede, haar kudde is het lichaam, hun kracht is de grootte van de verbeelding... En zonder einde ongehinderd door een eindeloze schare aan muzen nieuwe werkelijkheid uit het niets opdiept, en aan de stoet toevoegt... de poort in het niets waaruit het onstaat is de poort die Nhaevrel opende... en door de dood van Nhaevrael losgelaten gevaarte... en hier beneden samen met de kracht bundelt met alle verdwaalde en eenzame en ontroerende taferelen uitdeint, in wouden en woestijnen, een leger dat gaten vreet in bergen, en met haar majestueuze wendingen en glorieuze steigeren van alle engelenwolken bovenin, de stoet van de razernij van de trots van soldaten onder wapenschilden, ridders die alle in elkaar razende krachten proberen begeleiden, de schimmen die de slapende mensen opjagen, de vondsten van alchemisten voortbrengen, wijzen en priesters in theaters doen zetelen geflankeerd door alle groteske getalen monsters, reuzen, Godinnen als wraakGodinnen,...

CHANT IIX THE MOUNTAIN OF VIOLENCE AND THE DEEP OF THETHANIEM

The war of muze, or the mountain of violence, and when all angels threw at each other rock and fire, and opened the vaults of poison, and blackened creation with black venom and all was fulfilled with rage.

Rain and storm drew from the rock and deserts and swirl towards the sky, and became red hot and changed into serpents of fire.

Fires grew from oceans of light, massive mountains ripped through heavens and their oceans boiled, and nowhere peace; war coloured all the heavens.

Out of a small black river, before it disappeared into the mountains, came the dead and joined the legions, and set off millions of them higher, into the light. Praying for the muse, and to fight with them... Upwards then starts to yeast the seas of fires and burning foam stirs up, and clouds bore ashes and rocks glowing, and comets spewed, in which the living are haunted, pushed forward, steam and earth lava, split and separated by titanic tides of fire, in which celestial bodies of fiery suns swirl about, where angels dance, like empires that set underneath them...

De berg van oorlogen en de diepte van Tethaniam.

De muzenoorlog, en wanneer alle engelen elkaar rotsen en vuur toewierpen, en zij zetten de sluizen van het vergif open, en blakerden de schepping met zwart venijn en alles was vervult met razernij.

Regen en storm trok uit rotsen en uit zand hemelwaarts, en werd roodgloeiend en veranderde in slingers en slangen van vuur.

Vuren kolkten in zeeën van licht, rotsmassieven scheurden door de hemel en oceanen kookten, en nergens rust, oorlog kleurde alle hemelen, uit een kleine zwarte rivier, voor deze verdween in de bergen kwamen de doden en vervoegden de legioenen, en zetten miljoenen van het hoger af, in het licht. Biddend voor de muzen, en met hen de slag te strijden...

Opwaarts uit het ravijn dan begint de rust te woelen tot zeeën schuimen, en welke baren wolken van asse en rotsen en gloeiende gensters spuwen als kometen, waar de levenden opgejaagd worden door brandende rookwolken stoom en aardelava, gespleten en gescheiden door titanische vloedgolven van vuur, en waar de hemellichamen van zonnen dooreen draaien en waarop engelen in hun hemelen dansen, zoals de rijken onder hen ondergaan...

The Wrancune , some thousands first, then hundred ghost knights, growing grim as the depression set below where they ventured, as they strode underneath this violent creation, deep in this cliff of Thetenian where rule silence and cold now. Or the valley of rhancune, a deep hidden to the war of muse, that the opposers of the nothing had overlooked, the leaders of the opposers, leaders of the muze, they would instantly rage to set fire to this nothing; existed in an all-devouring hate for nothingness and eternal willpower, and growing in this, to burn it and grow more violence and out of violence was born new legions ever more... this was all and to have been fought for eternity, to last eternity...

De Rhancunen, eerst duizenden, tot enkele honderden geestenridders overbleven, grimmiger wordend in het diepst van de in depressie ebberende rivier, trokken onder deze gewelddadige scheppingen door... diep in het ravijn Thetenian waar stilte en koude heersten. of de vallei van de Wrancunen, een diepte verborgen voor de

oorlog der muzen, die de bestrijders van het niets hadden vergeten, de leiders van de bestrijders van het niets, leiders van de muzen, zij zouden ogenblikkelijk in razernij oprukken, in een alles opslokkend haat voor het niets en eeuwige wilskracht, en groeiend hierin, en brandschattend, en meer geweld, en uit het geweld andermaal nieuwe legioenen... dit was alles en bevochten voor de eeuwigheid, en nog een eeuwigheid in de toekomst...

The forthcoming of all the battles of wrath, and where all the losses set up in fire and exploded as gunpowder and became a star hurdling upwards, amidst of this fire fortresses floated, with large columns supporting bridges to end in the sky, and soldiers hauled out of the fortresses more fire in cauldrons, and poured it onto the sky... And in the silence below the knights hissed, a cold serpents sigh, their quest in all below growing dark and empty. A bitterness and a hate the stream to run in the deep of this cliff, a dark dry water bed that sparkled as diamonds when it rushed against the rocks...

Grim, bitter and without love and in silence they strode... And before them, one muse, the queen of muse... the leading Goddess to this desperation...

Every delusioned, saddened shriek of victory saw the cliff of Tetheniam grow... and opened like a mouth into an ocean of darkness...

De opgang van al deze strijd van toorn, en waar alle verliezen in vuur en vlam worden gezet en ontploften als buskruit, en werden sterren die zich opwaarts wierpen, in de vuurhaarden zweefden burchten, met grote zuilen die bruggen schraagden die eindigden in de hemel, en soldaten zeulden uit de burchten meer vuur in ketels, en goten het op de hemel... En in de stilte beneden sisten de ridders, een koude zucht van slangen, hun tocht in alles in de stilte dat duister en leeg werd. een bitterheid en haat deze stroom die in de diepte van de afgrond liep, een droog zwart water glinsterde als diamanten als het tegen de rotsen langs de rivier gutste...

Grauw bitter en liefdeloos en in stilte trokken zij. En voor hen Enhea, één muze, de koningin der muzen, de Godin die de wanhoop aanvoerde...

elke desillusie, schreeuw van droeve victorie, zag de diepte van tetheniam aangroeien... en opende als een mond in een oceaan van duisternis

One knight would follow the trail of another leading to cities already being swallowed by thick black smoke, fire where there was no fire, merely smoke eating at the stones; slaves would be dismantling the city castles, palaces and buildings, and they would throw the boulders they took from the walls into the river where they dissolved. When the pains were too much for them they leapt into the river themselves...

When he was hampered to ride on he opened a path with his sword, carelessly... some leaped forward to grab the veils that robed the knight as if to desire to die...

Occasionally their fights took place in areas still crowded, and they looked these crowds of all this oblivion in awe... And they became frequently absorbed in the battle as they came so close, and the knights cooled their anger on the hysterical and desperate crowd... If the battle ground was a city the city would be ruined... But as soon as the knights became aware of each other they sought each other, and caressed in grief. They could not falter their strength, they could not comply to melancholy, they could not be so cowardly to leave their unfortunate quest to others; their murderous spree was a heroic battle, as the deep further down cut more like bone shattering bitterness in the soul of even Godly demons. And ever further down, a panic fear was the oxygen that made up the air. The knights challenged the bitterness and their souls hardened and welkened, and silenced, while the people growing rare in the deep grew desperate and their senses derailed.

Een ridder volgde altijd in het spoor van een ander, langs steden die al werden verzwolgen door dikke zwarte rook, rook zonder vuur, louter rook die aan de stenen vrat, slaven waren steeds de kastelen, paleizen en gebouwen van de stad aan het ontmantelen, en gooiden de stenen die zij van de muren namen in de rivier waarin deze oplosten. wanneer de pijn te groot werd wierpen ze zichzelf in de rivier...

wanneer hij werd verhinderd verder te rijden, opende hij het pad met zijn zwaard, lankmoedig,... sommigen sprongen voorwaarts en grepen de sluier het gewaad van de demon, alsof zij verlangden te sterven...

sporadisch streken zij in gebieden, waar dan het volk samentroefte, en zij keken de menigten van deze ondergang in ontzag, en werden dan geregeld in de strijd betrokken als de ridders hun woede koelde op de geregeld hysterisch en radeloos wordende meute. Als het slagveld een stad was dan zou de stad een ruine worden... Maar zo gauw als de ridders zich bewust werden van elkaar dan zochten zij elkaar op, en staken toe in rouw en bittere droefenis, zij konden hun kracht niet opgeven, niet aan de melancholie toegeven, zij konde niet zo laf de ongelukkige tocht aan anderen laten, hun bittere doodslag was moed, verderop sleet de diepte de been versplinterende bitterheid dieper zelfs in de ziel van Godendemons, en altijd dieper, een panische angsts was de zuurstof die de lucht uitmaakte. De ridders vermochten de ziel te harden en dor en stil, wijl de bevolking die uitdunde in de diepte radeloos werd en hun gemoed ontspoorde.

But they did not last, and they travelled to the mouth Thetaniam now. Sombre rock towers were stacked in the sky, and the river spread into thousands of meandering rivers...

On the river banks grew smaller, and the main mountain sides they travelled onwards were pushed open, the land sunk into a lake, turns into the sea... and in the sky grew weaker the light of the muse.

Here and there now only grew black flowers or black trees, black leaves rarely on the black branches on the black basts of the trees, with roots growing straight in the hard rocks. Or dead bodies were being towed by the stream, upwards, into the light...

Erghiss and Naurhon were fighting here, Naurhon had just cut off the head of Erhiss's horse, now they fought like demons, jet their swords into the robes and veils behind which they hid... Erghiss mowed his sword into a large rock, and Naurhon fell over and could see behind this rock. Right under where the sword was sliced into it, there was a naked young girl, her eyes were like ice, she looked inwardly insane of the desolation, but calm, but ever worried in this chase. It was the muse... Naurhon looked at Erghiss, hissing and tearing at his sword...

Under the hood of Naurhon something grinned. We are at the very end, the muse is here, it will be over soon... The muse was startled and got up and ran, and cut her at the sword... Naurhon grabbed

Erghiss and throw him behind the rock now, and thrust his head into his own sword. Naurhon breathed heavy and hissed, Erghiss that now blew steam out of his head in silence and hardly resisted anymore as Naurhon turned his head into the sword's end... the river swelled up again and devoured more of the land...

Maar zij overleefden het niet, en zij reisden verder naar de mond van Tethaniam nu, sombere rotstorens waren opgestapelt in de lucht, uitgesleten, en de rivier meanderde in duizenden aders...

En de rivierbanken werden smaller, en de gebergten boven de rotswand werden opengeduwd, het land zonk in een meer, dat leed in de zee... en in de hemel brandde steeds zwakker het licht van de muzen.

Hier en daar groeiden nu alleen zwarte bloemen en zwarte bomen, zelden wat zwarte bladeren op de zwarte schrillige takken op de zwarte bast van bomen met zwarte wortels die recht in de harde rotsen groeiden. Of dode lichamen werde opwaarts gedragen door de stroom, opwaarts in het licht...

Erghiss en Naurhon vochten hier, Nhauron had net het hoofd van Erhiss paard afgehakt, nu vochten zij zoals demonen duwden hun zwaard in elkaar gescheurde gewaden en de sluiers waarachter zij schuilden... Erghis maaide zijn zwaarde in een zware rots, en Naurhon viel achterover, en zag achter de rots, recht onder het zwaarde waar deze de rots had gespleten, een naakte jonge vrouw, haar ogen als ijs, zij zag er innerlijk krankzinnig uit door de desolaatheid, maar kalm, maar zo angstig in deze achtervolging, het was de muze...

Nhauron keek Erghis toe, sissend and aan zijn zwaard trekkend...

onder de kap van Nhauron een grimas, we zijn aan het eind, de muze is hier, het zal spoedig beeindigd zijn... De muze was geschrokken en stond op en rende verder, en sneed haar nog aan het zwaard... Nhauron greep Erghis en wierp hem achter de rots, en duwde zijn hoofd door het zwaard, Nhauron ademde zwaar en siste, Erghiss die in stilte stoom blies uit zijn hoofd, en nauwelijks meer tegenspartelde als Nhauron zijn hoofd in het uiteinde van het zwaard heen en weer draaide... De rivier zwelde weer op, en at meer land op.

He hissed again, getting up, and his horse came to him, robed alike him, and horned and with black banners from lances high up coming from his saddle and harness ...

He mounted it and turned into the distance, he saw the muse climb on the rocks, trying to hold on as the dark river swelled.

Once before they grouped together, until the emptiness became severe and all groups fell apart and they hunted each other... Hunted each other even into the caves of the cliff, where some got perpetually lost in the vast cave dungeons... The knights would pierce with one of their lances, or stabbed the others on the rocks, where they slowly gave off steam from their wounds... Dark black flames that did not emit a corona of light about them... There existed no light here, but the vague glimmer of the clouds as if lit by a dim moon. All the light that could reach down here...

Ehthathis, now the last one, drifted along the pieces of the cliff that were left... he suffered a pain growing worse, he breathed and hissed heavily, he came near a cliff wall, he led the horse away from it, and then rode it at enormous speed into the wall; he slammed against it and fell down a slope being beaten by boulders... he fell silent, he hissed and took his sword, heaved it while he lay, and slay his own arm... he hissed, he swore...

He walked, his horse lay dying on the ground; he decapitated it and drifted off...

There was nothing now...

Hij siste nogmaals, wjl hij opstond, en zijn paard kwam bij hem, evenzo in gewaden, en gehoornd en met zwarte banieren bovenaan speren die in zijn zadel en tuigen waren bevestigd...

hij besteeg het en trok in in de diepte, hij zag de muze tegen de rotsen klimmen, zich eraan vast trachte te clampen als de duistere rivier aanzwol.

voorheen groepeerden ze, tot de leegte zo hard werd te dragen, en alle groepen uiteen vielen, en ze op elkaar joegen. Ze zaten elkaar achterna zelfs in de grotten van de afgrond, waar sommigen eeuwig verloren raakten in de wijde grottenkerkers... De ridders zouden elkaar doorboren met een van hun speren, of staken elkaar op een rots, waar ze langzaam stoom bliezen uit hun wonden... Duistere zwarte vlammen die geen corona van licht rond hen hadden... Er bestond geen licht hier, maar een vage glinstering van de wolkenmassa's als verlicht door een zachte maan. AL het licht dat tot hier beneden kwam...

Ehthathis, nu de laatste doolde rond de stukken van de afgrond die overbleven... hij leed aan een pijn die erger werd, hij ademde en siste zwaarder, hij kwam bij een stuk muur van de afgrond, hij lijdde zijn paard ervan weg, en galloppeerde dan met grote snelheid tegen de muur, hij sloeg ertegenaan en viel tegen een helling geslagen door afvallende rotsen... Hij bleef stil liggen, siste, en nam zijn zwaard, hief het hoog op terwijl hij daar lag en sloeg zijn eigen arm af, hij siste, en vloekte...

hij wandelde, zijn hoofd lag stervend op de grond, hij onthoofde het en dwaalde af...
er was niets meer...

But his search lasted even human years still... then he came along the muse, she stood frozen onto a slope, while the river under here churned and shrieked. He took out a dagger and approached her, and fell on one knee right before her... she grabbed his hood... she looked about her... she grabbed under the hood, into the cold, with pity... he fell down, struggled back on his knees against a wall, holding his head to the wall... and stabbed himself in his shoulder...

Getting lost she drifted back upstream. Her ways were cut off, and she came along a Wrancune left behind. He wondered and was totally startled as she walked up to him...

The muse showed him an apple, a last piece took of a tree she came across and left behind a long time ago and had not eaten it yet... she took it out of a leather bag, reached out and handed it to him... he hissed, and turned away... the apples fell on the ground and she redrew again in fear...

Maar zijn tocht duurde nog menselijke jaren nog... dan kwam hij langsij de muze, en stond bevroren op een helling, wyl de rivier onder hem kolkte en krijste, hij nam zijn dolk en naderde haar, en viel neer op één knie voor haar,... zij greep zijn kap, ze keek rondom zich... ze greep onder de kap, in de koude, met medelijden... Hij viel neer en krabbelder recht op zijn knieën tegen de muur, hij houd zijn hoofd tegen de muur,... en stak zichzelf in de schouder...

Ze verdwaalde nu terug stroomopwaarts, maar haar wegen waren afgesneden, ze kwam langs een Wrancune achtergelaten, hij verbaasde zich en verstijfde als zij naar hem toeliep...

De Muze toonde hem een appel, een laatste stuk dat zij nog kon plukken en welke boom zij lang terug had achtergelaten en nog niet had gegeten... ze nam het uit een leren zak, en reikte haar hand naar hem en gaf het hem... hij siste, en keerde zich af... de appel viel op de grond en ze trekte zich weg in angst...

The spirits all fell one by one for the desire for their Goddess and saw war among themselves, their fires in which they were forlorn opened like a mouth to swallow them... to know how more fierce the darker all became and the more peace in the valley of Tetheniam, none wanted to die lastly, the courageous were long seen a less horrible death... and none of them wanted to be this last one... they strode in a battle of nothing but grief, in this self destructive battle of demise; the veils in which those dark knights were robed hung from the sides of the ravine, pierced to it, their empty armours lay on the ledges everywhere, and the increasing sadness - a claustrophobic bitterness eventually crowned three-hundred of them who were called the Wrancunes, who fought in the most intense darkness. Their fights were years that passed each number of strokes, and hardly any life was spilled when one had lost of another... the bodies of these phantoms spit a thin cloud of white smoke, and an icy chill glared through the valleys of Theteniam.

Until all fell silent thin black rock formations only heaved, floated in this blackened sky. In the mouth of this ocean all dead bodies swam without will with the stream above, until there was nothing, a thundering solitude, and she was alone and she cried. One tear sprang from one of her eyes, and a thin stroke of sparkling water sought a way further in the nothing...

De geesten vielen een voor een temidden de begeerte voor hun beschermeling en ontstaken in onderlinge oorlog, hun vuren waarin zij zouden branden stonden als monden open om hen te verzwelgen en eeuwig vast te houden.

Ze wisten dat hoe driester zij zouden zijn, hoe zachter hun lot, de Wrancunen stierven een voor een door elkanders zwaard en hoe meer van hen vielen hoe duisterder alles werd en rustiger het werd in thetanium. Geen van allen wou laatst sterven, de helhaftigsten waren laatst een gruwelijker dood te verwachten... en geen van hen wou deze laatste zijn,... zij streden en vochten met niets dan depressie, in deze zelfvernietigende oorlog van ondergang, de sluiers in welke deze donkere ridders getooid waren hingen tegen de afgrond, erin geslagen, hun lege wapenrustingen lagen tegen de rivieroever overal in het rond, en de toenemende droefenis, een claustrofobische bitterheid, kroonde uiteindelijk driehonderd van hen genaamd de Wrancunen. die in de meest intense duisternis vochten. Hun gevechten waren jaren die voorbijgingen elk slag van hun zwaard, en nauwelijks was er leven verspild als er nog een ridder was verloren... de lichamen spuwend een dunne wolk van witte rook, en een ijselijke rilling raasde over de valei.

Tot uiteindelijk alles stil werd, dunne zwarte rotsformaties alleen nog rezen op, dreven rond in deze zwartgeblakerde lucht, in de mond van deze oceaan waarin alle dode lichamen zwemmen zonder wil en met de stroom bovenwaarts. Tot alles stil viel, een oorverdovende eenzaamheid, en zij alleen was en begon te huilen. Eén traan ontsprong aan haar ogen en een dunne strook sprankelend water zocht zich een weg verder in het niets.

Hethred sat there, twitched in a position, as if startled by bones of old age.

She just held her head crooked so gently, not to absurdity, but to an extent it was more insane then truly prophetic.

The angels held their breath, she could have such, such compassion, be a medium to artists that roamed earth so long, twitched as they twitched, and the angels in her recognized artistry so vast, that she had set all empires on earth on fire and tore them apart. And she set fire to churches as one man, in one land declared officially insane, solemn as a brother of an artist...

In another land there were hundreds, with mohawks, crafting paintings of it, too, as the scaffolding people murmured and grumped. But here sure fear, especially when there was rain, she would become truly blood thirsty, or when there was classical music to accompany her, then uttermost fearful an effect it had. It was as if these most sentimental and excruciatingly absurd baroque creations had matched her, these hymns and opera's turned to her scorpion claws, still and invisible they would yet raise up from her, plenty...

CHANT IX

The Titanium Throne, A Breakfast Among Delusions

Hethred, or the titanium throne.

A morning and breakfast among delusions.

Morning among delusions, in between the spirit world, torn apart, every tearing outwards, breeding an empire ever further ripped apart, and still growing strength... And at the core reality, and under it now sleeps she... A bedroom like a massive roman arch floor plan... Very silently steam comes from these large walls curved likewise as the floor plan, in roman gates, wires and pipelines gather from these stone bricked windows, in the massive hallway where she sleeps, up to an identical roman gate size wall each positioned somewhere randomly in the center of the hallway. It is a U-formed hallway around the roman gate floor plan of her bedroom, around this massive bed in the middle, the empress here this night and occasionally would here sleep, one of her preferred bedrooms, sleeping there with flocks of her angels. On these walls in the atelier curved around it, these walls set on wheels, there is scaffolding in twelve floors, and angels busy painting with utmost details massive explosions, clouds, occasionally decorated with spirits of the dead. They base themselves on explosions on earth.

The most beautiful are selected.

Every stroke of the angels pencils is recorded and transmitted in the room at the center. These explosions gently form and sprout from a painting of light, changing and glowing forming mushroom clouds... For Hethred's art a decadence even when she sleeps. It is a massive atelier; in total there are four times twelve such enormous panels being crafted, and 24 more thinner panels in the arch at the far end of the room, opposed to the entrance, depicting natural scenery disturbed by fires. The large doorways, too, have these wires crafted in it, and three times nine panels are set up at one side of the atelier surrounding the bedroom, the doorway then leads to a series of hallways, of which this is merely a backstage, a room of beautiful effects.

Each painting leads to both the bedroom where the paint strokes are displayed in the surrounding walls, gently flickering of angels in careful petals changing color and shape of the massive explosions, and these wires from the panels that the angels paint, too, lead to a large square wooden cassette of about one and a half human length, where the tape is gently spinning, recording the strokes and these living paintings for the Hethred library. Again in the library will be kept these cassettes from the past night, to be used once again in some time beyond current presumptions. The Hethred library of arts is that which in anything that is known, grows, and never anything dies to grow more. The library is... certain as ever-swelling stone.

The demands for this week as she opens her eyes instantly vibrant with the willpower, be to her each day a different size crystal cup of just the smallest portion of various kinds of butter, most gently sweet or bitter. The little portions, their smallest tone differences spun in between each other in fractals in these most meticulously crafted jars, jars that needed utterly graceful words for it here and for the composure they had. She had with it on a platter three smallest knives to simply moisturize various delicately baked crusts or thin strains of bread. The lid of each little jar, each time lifted, suddenly revealed a smallest painting crafted with utter precision on precisely fitted serpent skin, a miniature that would marvel the craftsman of the ages... Careless, caught these delicate arts but in smallest glimpses in her eyes, fast as a sparkle flying by, she uses her nails or one of the knives, to cut through the skin and tear it off and effaced another of that brilliant gold of her angels crafts, a gold that can actually be lost, as the material out of which is composed ideas, never again to be melted into a solid bar, never again as new and won again out of raw materials, lost in the standards of abundance and perpetual wealth of this reign of wretched genius... these

where the details, that fully draped this entire reign embedded all with her most far reaching demands.

As one would see in her reign, so above and deep within reality, this ancient man that created the core of matter, a mere medium to protect her from the touch of this masculine perfidious heart, that opposed to Hethred is rather primitive.

Her eccentric taste is a true angelic ether for nature's creations and waste of creations, her nature, highest nobility of its materials as the cat, mercy only for art and inspiration, and then in a urinal sickening ecstasy.

And god could never really move his fingers about in this way that a divine cat like Hethred would, or he would be only half God, and then...? Half female?? An artist would be surely female in spirit? Elegance and sensitivity differentiate him from the male. But then what? Now, if it is any revelation for her to hoist chariots for better watching her nail polish, puling by, having the ordinary in sheer wonder of the true spirit of reality... If it is any revelation, that a creator of its creation is majestic and lean as a cat, then there should be no more time left to convince anyone.

Drifting about these reigns it was overwhelming how obvious it can be, and no other guilty of all this than a wretch feminist it would seem, but as far as power is concerned, but utterly female, as far as her incapacity for these ordinary wishes of power may be, those who seek those ordinary solutions, and the crown and ideal of civilizations, be the distillation of all in societies' averaged wishes... one is startled in each of the craftwork, in a single mosaic, by the opposing scale of the other, a masculine decrepid woman, that grew in these last seconds of these ages, a Goddess that was merely a small cloud of sand, as a small stone fell on a desert, on world and worlds of matter, a glass dome of stars only its surpassed reign, as far as a miserable tribe in the past alone and secluded, living in caves could see, the beginning of the male, the female spirit still hiding in the Sphinx, wonder secured from the inferior passions grasps and eager touches.

It needs only one to look upon her, in her palace rot with greed for life, and woven with skin of all various materials of long past extinctions. At the muse, that all what once was, and a mere male here and there was found. Then, at the creation of all the deserts of matter, god was the master truly, of the heart of reality, that plunge of the small pebble among the desert... The beginning of earth's demise, last second, and severe how nobler and more female myth, even were, and only were, to seclude, to form a barrier, for the touch of reality and mankind and its blasphemous nature, and to sever it from holiness of spirits that can not even be touched by sound or thoughts crafted as arrows.

But, nevertheless, these ways a protocol for myth, led one to take measures, entirely befit for vermin.

She grumbled as she sat, plucking at her smallest leaves of bread... with a disgruntled face as morning abrupt took away a sweet sleep... and troubled now did her again in this day that putrid conniving cloud above her... reality! That of its theory and one more about it, as they wondered, that teaching dwelt there and supposedly should be true as matter itself, and among reality was carefully subscribed. That time was somehow something, one linear thread that then could captivate all space.

But did not one bird flock to the sky here and a leaf fall there?

How many threads of time are there?

This time only a ticking clock, petals ever circular and monotonous, this clock does not even attain the boredom, the true linear narrowness of this time people pursue and measure their world with. Indeed captured, to make way for a belief that does not need to sit still, and observe the thread of these organisms or even more accurately, the presence of all things as art.

The opposite to this time, stillness, is a supreme consciousness; the verity of this time, the true appearance, movement, is all that can exist in flesh or stone, or mechanics, and a pencil to more art. It is deemed that movement crafts, and, meanwhile, is lashed upon in turn with passions and ecstasy of awe for the grotesque, in thousands of forms instead of one line or numbers swelling.

What other words in this theory of matter, that should captivate all, and that they pursue until they stumble upon all troubles of their material words of drought, themselves to have to admit it all bends and tickles a surface where they persist and push through with this theory of matter?!

Space throbs of the pulse of pain and enjoyment within pain, the sweet grass trampled. Gently, however, a chaos in this smallest tender life, fauna as flora, insects give way, this petals and strains of weed crushed and bent and broken and fumbled.

One needs hate to live, sadness to truly understand, tears for grace, as grace fragile within the passions and chaos of life, that breathes as hate, and hate it breathes, as all that is below, trampled, as all that is splendor below. It has chosen its direction, better here be worn, better here to lash, better here a tactic for fear, from below, have melancholy heavens, have hate for the trodded and a shield first with insects and worms nibbling trough.

And causes and consequences, more words so definite that they had set not a whole era, but a reality towards a single number, fail to describe this infinite line they presume in their time, and this thread of consequences leading back; their whole theory so brief really as a twig that attaches a leave to a tree.

One cause travels diagonally, ever bent and crooked into other lashes of light there, or other droplets of water here. Here or there where there is neither cause nor consequence.

It is always diagonally rather than this; this one person bent over, and another leaps over its back, and so on - what a theory! Time?! And some more!! Even mathematics leads them to delusions once again? Perpetually crafted in its numbers, a peek-a-boo of this unwanted tale and haunting holocaust for truth and certainty, struggling with the imagination wars as they do.

Sorrow crafts, to grow into this matter, that they believe as maintain, denial of Hethred's and sadness true spirit child, that could not be somewhere among stone trapped, one human figurine, among all this matter, dead, crashing into one daughter stillborn.

Twisted movement as dials or planets, pain the friction between cogwheels of hate and sadness, and stone, all stone, fold among the spirit kiss ever young.

Love was a very young girl, born and created herself and sadness. Sadness wanted a whole love, a complete and all-encompassing adult love. However, hate deemed it impossible and cursed love with this young age, now for punishment to mankind, the male lust. Love to be sincere needed the platonic element, the courtly and knightly nobility. Lust shattered, or hashed back in vulgarity, never to attain the love, in eras treasured, in eras raped vixen. Now because of hate, love was never caught by vulgarity; now love would be but a caress, a child hidden in a woman, a touch, but laying together, but held to each other. And for even that to be a grant, rather provocative, the poets lean against this tiny shoulder, their vixen locked in girls, unable to feel lust, submit their lust to sweetness. The utterly adorable, the verity of decadence, the abstinence of the procreation, the young art, the cage, Hethredian humor, Hethredian child before seduced in life could be found, a girl that still wonders, and makes rituals where there is no life... Soon perfect flowery radiant and colors still cream and of milky smoothness young adolescence. Care in true vixen still, hiding a child that was love and that needed care, and for that matter first a ritual, as rituals and marriages be care... The only care you squander is romance, ever fleeting in promiscuity, undefeated as war itself.

And all those that did not understand nobility shuttered in loathing and thought it be despicable the true love and her patroness, and never knew, shrouded in limited instincts and base lusts without splendour nor enlightenment nor ritual, or succumbed to a patronizing ritual, in between beast and decadence, in between cave and palace, in between the gentleness of cutlery, a ticking and a tight measured awareness of the subtleties. Carelessness and irony, and judgments over waste, and corruption, and immorality... Why, then, not judgments over finesse? Why the opinion?

The sadness child of purity, was born in the lower reign out of the touch of sadness and hates dreams; hates dreams always rose and extended further than the dreams of sadness, and hate had locked up lust, lusts moderate ways, and moderate creations. A goddess treated as Goddess of mud, ideally lust and by no means a discredit, but how one treats lust, by no means a discredit for the Goddess of passion, it would be her whole right arm. Lust was born numb, you could torture it. It lusts with ever in screams pronounced vigor. Lust the numb right arm of Hethred, and love, the insulated child, never knew each other. Love leads, in psychosis only. It has no procreation, it is irrational, and it is always misery, it is always unfulfilled. It can never even be touched; if you can not get it you will know; it had nothing to do with procreation, nor with lust, easily related to procreation. Love as such, was one life saved that had no purpose, where lust was billions of lives spilled, and billions of lives for each billions of lives wasted to be grown.

The very melancholic child was thought by Hethred, a bitter poem to distress her patronage and her divine rule over love's affairs. Extremely unfortunate for the average romantic, a stilled romantic, a romantic that does not cave in or violate other space, a romantic bleeding for a modest life, and a wife, now granted a 12 year old child. Now it was utterly unaware how things needed to be. It did not presume or think to care. It needed the equality, the boredom... And love was confused, the monkey or dogs in man startled here... a caress was not enough, and the horny punished that they could not touch it, gravity, or the daughters of the daughter of love in pain. Wrecked, thus melancholy and hate fought over all the loves in the world, trying to save the daughters from becoming. Through the dogs and moralists stairs alien and in a lonely fear and anxiety, and from the brutes, in indifferent sadism wielded, as brutes are,... Melancholy, how much could she save, the imbalance of melancholy and hate in this world, for an all mercy, an all artists population, is there no proof for this lack of crafts, lack of lust for pollution? There must be so much lust for the wreck of the world, that they could actually change it in a whim, that they would recognize it, but this lust for it was the revenge for those that lived in the vain and in the hopeful...

Love confused, another craft of ruin the ways that disciples of reality, greed for reality, with modesty greed most, as reality is the modest greed of that presence, these are the bitter rules of love, spun by sickness. Vanity and hope challenged by filthiness and crime, and an entire logic with that. How melancholy weeps through the gentleness lost in reality, the gentleness spliced with nails onto a cross, and in itself some steam and artisan mechanical puzzle, complete with mirrors. This is just one mirror; it will reflect you in the coming days and years, billions of mirrors in libraries and walls.

Truth as deep behind and scarce as love's embrace with lust. Ever it would pound in your breast that you could only be friends with love... And it would pound as much as insanity in your brain.

Love soon on the run for lust again.

...Love is a possibility, as much as crown is a luxury... since nature plotted for passion, therefore it incubates in chaos, it tears peace apart. If reality was stone, a stilled surface, love would be perfect. Self delusion is the largest pitfall... for security and being redeemed from passion and chaos is the very essence of strife and, lastly; humans can play many parts. One can play a lustful bee queen with thousands of males, one can play a monogamous man with one female, but on average we are

like dogs and lions. That being said... love is a possibility, as much as crown is a luxury... Love imprisoned in a child now. Love was confused.

As a split consciousness she repeated these verses, she kept singing it without the certainty of bitterness in the first verse, only angelic soothed tempers were capable to live in the bliss of these verse and chant them with a perfection of such of love's virgin youth.

"Enrobed with gracefully crafted wood and crafted iron, wedged in the mountains serving as a ceiling over Hethred's reign. Massive pipelines, so ornate, like giant gilded plaster decorations found in palaces. Delicate, embroidery, like nature would make, all draped with curves and angles, frivolous, surprising like surrealism. All these veins led heat from out of the earth. They derived this massive heat from out of three engines the size of continents on earth, inserted these pipelines in the edges of this alloy of copper, silver and gold cylinders the width of many miles, as much heat as Hethred could have them suck out of this land where the frailty of the illusive is stepped on, and where the ambitions are illusive and frail...

The grinding winds here in, they twist as much as hurricanes, their milky clouds like hurricanes, thick as molten sugar spin about, three massive artificial hurricanes within massive canisters, and a gigantic stem at the centre not unlike a flowers centre, thrusting a circular power as out of thousands of small stems, that had against them a shield to convey and direct the air, all composing one large stem, as a steel mushroom cloud with a giant hole through it.

Through this circular motion oozed all the hot air, pushed forward through the ceiling that is reality, and leading down on Hethred's pyramid, throbbing in these carefully decorated veins, into three more machines, fitted beneath the bottom pyramid of Hethred's reign.

The three machines condensed the heat into a brew of poisonous alcohol, later in secondary machines used to distil anything from green absinth like wines, to purple wine like rums.

With as carefully crafted switches here, the vast hallways in which bloom forests and orchards were sprinkled upon with perfumes, these liquids could be adjusted to vent a modest summer breeze, or a refreshing icy dew in the air; it could repel mosquitoes; it was the engine for the five large ice reigns and the many smaller reigns and castles, palaces or rooms of ice.

The modesty here created through this machine the angels referred to as the boredom breathing machine, all human passions or the least amount of it, were adjusted to the utmost base level, like a washing machine of the angels washing rooms. So grand, spanning twenty angels in length, they were usually fitted within wooden frames, and further on provided with energy by Hethred's youngest daughters on large pushing wheels or walking mills of all sorts.

The breath of passion trapped, the passion's prayer, plucks a passion from the careless, that do not take care for a careful craft to be a passion, when to enter this large cave, glowing against the sealing in a poisonous light blue and this creamy white fumes in such spirals and clouds growing one out of the other, gigantic majestic revolving fractals. As reality heated up, the vents were turning at full power; as it cooled down the vents turned more silent. Then for the use and providing all the leisure in Hethred's reigns, the energy was derived from massive storage rooms.

Above Hethred's reign no seizure, no heat, no quest, conquest or excess, no war, no rage, nothing could grow or bloom of the ecstatic or awful alike in the earth since it was built. It was the breath of

revolutions gasping here and swallowed, the breath of conquest, that was derived out of reality, and hacked as upon a butchers table serving him for an anvil to this butchering of all animal life... all still, to nurture the gently growing purple poison that would kill this frail sand of reality. The hate of her as she loathed, love for Melancholy strangled in this hate, reality such an object to comprise all her anger.

Dried out of rage or woe unseen soon this reality, unattended these three canyons with cascading deep and all-devouring tongues of long strains of mist licking at the passion within reality gently hollow and void. It is befit where to look for in reality, to touch a tallest mountain, it would crumble like moist sugar, be much hollow and nothing there, and a thin sticky then dried skin, or a withered cocoon. It's all gone now...

A decadent amusement, a decadent repose in the gardens once more, barely eating, harnessing it for produce, none here strengthened, they reposed so much, and ate so little, that the embalming sweet opium odorous dizziness of laziness shone on Hethred's court always on the road in her reign, heating the proceedings and rituals as summer sunlight. Careful as any scenery, a blade of grass hung above a massive fleeting river still with much peace and silence for fine ironwork tables and parasols set up... Careful as any idyllic grass land hung as such, and fresh grass, may be at the mouth of injustice.

The mouth of this river, gushing out of the earth, the river of all injustice, massive cascade sprung in the floor of reality, flowing into Hethred's gardens, towers built here at the delta with millions of veins, hungry eating at the river, for all angels dishwater. The Hellsvethvaldeh, the moisture condensing into the caves above, a water relieved of all sound, of disasters loud in reality, drained and cleansed, sucking into the droplets the pure misery, of accident and disaster, passions and sickness or ills, corruption and sadism. All cries above now at last delivered this water without the slightest sigh. At the shores of these cascades one could hear the leaves of the willows brush against each other, overpowering Hethred's most open palace, with jewels like stars fitted against the ceiling far above, where the stairs started leading down, in steep ascension, of a dozen cathedrals stacked upon each other it thrust down, occasionally delivering one ship or a torn-out house among the entire floods per second. That thrust against the mountains beneath, as an occasional treat, laying on the shores to observe one here such wreck among the silent storm of misery found its final land to kiss. Here angels were attentive for the wrecks, as others on earth gazed at clouds, and the wreckage instantly swallowed underneath, never to be seen again, as on earth the shape of a cloud dissolves into the shapeless mists once more, here for all these eras have the shipwrecks and its victims been passing and here where they were swallowed.

You could hold your head very close to the surface, or when you swam in it, very silently and only just within close range of the droplets, the surface of this river, there you heard the screams; all screams blending, over and through each other voices screaming like small people hiding in the water eternally engulfed with disasters; a gurgling, like a reaction of the waters chemistry, gurgling in a throat of a giant that had first swallowed a whole nation, and its people still screaming as they slide with all their belongings into his stomach. A screaming gently of this water that even made the worms of Hethred's garden laugh as they heard the sorry commotion of reality's most adhering disciples. More loud cries and deeper wounds the morally awake than those battling to survive, and more morally awake and with deeper wounds, than these few still battling among beauties ascetic battles. As a friction of Hethred and the wishes of reality, friction of her, crafting, crafting with loathing, painting the civilisations massive ails. Lay upon the river this thin layer of whispers, the

slightest layer of a heat over this river, warmth from the tender boiling of this entire river of injustice.

Those of poets and victims stricken with woe, and of animals and the pains of trees, was the river of misery, in silent and romantic places, meandering among small gardens and abandoned castles and ruins, this was the river of real pain, opposed to her great art and composing the river of injustice, or the river of violated morality - the river of indignation. The river of misery condensed entirely remote at the outskirts of Hethred's reign, this river, of bitter sweet tears, of some martyrs or saints among poets long ago were few, these tears that sweetened the injustice... the river of injustice was never derived out of any redemption in pain, nor soothed its preys so much, nor as blood from disaster ran this river, did it refresh any aching skin of those aches that make skin throb of indignation and this, acid, an injustice to the angels underneath water of delightfull finish flavored. It was accompanied by brutal singing further deep where it originated, always further, but a massive thunder...

The river of injustice finally crystalized and the other end of the spirit river of justice, or misery, running through the earth, that "they" the ones unknown here, as much dark as undescrivable, they drank from, materialize morals, quench their thirst, a thirst to wash the misery away, to have such fear for the misery, that they convert to injustice before misery, to a story backed by justice, and to inspire their appalled and indignant cries, and a courage, a rage, a heroic indignation giving them their wings, not plunge in that dreaded woe. Ever this river spirit of injustice savior for them, as if they were peddling hysterically, and would the goddess of art be guilty of another crime? Another feat of her lack of mercy? How does she pardon and grant, and meet the demands of this reality begging for its next life, knowing that it will drown again soon,... It begged for the water to gasp for air one life, and she, life, ushered another layer of the sea above where pleasures like willows hung above mere watersurface, even caress it, and, or, the glimpse of it, mere shadow without colors of true fruits or reward they asked for more water...

He walked carefully on its shores, steps each, not stop to believe in the utterly fantastic and literate qualities of reality to be born, that seemed absurd the idleness of reality, that he and dream should be neglected among all these people that the only thing as he wonder at the shores of the spirit river, trickling down on reality as trickling down a wall, seeking all the veins between the boulders.

The fact that it seems an absurd reality had no leads towards dream.

If he did not find their world absurd, if he saw how serious it was, he would probably totally freeze up. Thoughts like spirits that cast him, warmed the marble to become temperature, a healthy skin would instantly be frightened, and all the ether of imagination flees, this river of misery truly screamed from its gorge, this river of true pains truly hypnotized, warmed as still, a tired life, it lay its pains into others for inspiration, to behold, with few dreams blessed, drunken of the slightest lick of wine, its sleep an imminent shadow. Sick, exhausted blood of dreams still it delves, from reality, a marble growing cold.

He needed white wings lighting as silver crushed by hammers, burning as coal, these cups and cradles of justice by the river, on pedestals by the river placed, or toppled pedestals, and cradles abundant thrown on the shores, of old richness crafted... Left alone, many drinking oil instead. If he took a cup and tried it, the river turned to oil, working with the dying, to prophecy that reality to be more stone than this reality's dreams. In ails rooted indifference of the spirit river of misery, so far through that marble... Exageration; the truth, modest and dwindled in size of that gargantuanous river of injustice, no obliterated attention to it, but a venomous scar, taking misery further than one had deserved... Exageration; for a glimpse at a new world, when you crush the modesties, and it be with

gold decorate sewers, this was the only feat of exaggeration. It didn't even exist, it was mere golden sewers. Exaggeration they called it, that were appalled. . As megalomaniac they called, it, that were worried, and soon would lay their tears, no more then drool from desires, along in the beddings running to the river of injustice...

As the night fell over this day, breakfast turned to evening repose and preparation for some excitement for the night. Lost this day once more as it was a perpetual treat, where did not exist anything outside breakfast or evening anxiety for eroticism, the smallest and most delicate of strawberries collected, only at an Eden-like whim or a concern for such labour as much as plucking a tea leaf from the pot at the sink... and soon for evening as the stars dwindle, a banquet, each angel with a set of smallest knives and clasps.

To prepare tiniest droplets of ice, and put them in half such a strawberry, without touching the fruit. Only then when feeding it to each other...

An old curtsy, in present day already so vulgar that it could pass for outright swearing, or the most base and explicit call for sex; it was still early then, much to learn, and growing needed many splendidous crafts as trees and branches here, having many more torn down among this life here, as ever younger and even more pure skin, as metal wielded for an infinity so immaculate. One needed only a morning and an evening here... And long nights, the time of labour to keep the haunt away, of the crows and serpents and cats and rats that consume the poets. Here the night, after breakfast and evening appetizer, obscure become the unbearably explicit and or tender adventures, the sadism here practiced as love, and with ingenious and meticulous dedication. And how the Evenhelveth daughters of Hethred prepare to set to the salons of the poets... Who pray for their arrival in time at their salon or their court, or soon be tossed aside by mankind, in the sewers, or the cold bushes and marshes.

A verse Of Soap

if there was to be soap on earth, the goddess of sadness asked a young girl, would you choose to be sick, or would you choose to fill the whole ocean with soaps and be weary of what faith has in store for humanity, however hethred discarded it instantly and installed a hysteria for soaps, the ocean now drowned and cripple under all the soaps and synthetic bubbles of all sorts

And so a most beautiful grace rose high before the northern continent, shining a beacon of freedom, and the people stood behind it and sent out ships to conquer all for the free, but when the hysteria peaked, now the Goddess of passion her favorite sculpture so majesty now spoilt with sheeple hiding behind it, she had the statue mounted on giant wheels, dug underneath it, and revolved the statue, and now the light shone on the northern continent, and it stood now forever facing with her back the sea, ungracefull, however, befit, ungracefull sometimes, was the course of humanity. As the northern angels plucked at the leaves and the flowers, for autumn again, as cursed having to perform all the seasons themselves, paintings she made, of the angels of the north, plucking at the flowers, for them to wither.

And passion, gloomy risen from her sleep, raged instantly in such bad humour, and ascended on earth, in her great fury to build the wall of ethereen, she had a giant wall that could enclose half the earth built scattered from the south to the north, half way trough and almost to the center, that was hethreds rage.

And the colors decided, that now of sober ways mankind would be poisoned able by colors alone, among them the dark absinth of the five o clock in the morning, or the ruby bleu, darkened with late winter cold...

and the wrancune aesdae, should not one do what is natural, or it would elude your grasp forever, and the wrancune aealeuothrethmenthellgh , o mighty ocean, and the wrancune schophonhockrhents, would not the world be created by the devil rather, and the wrancune, aewellea wvleack, that thou can travel sea and abyss of stars, and one shall never acquire more, that is why there is a poetic genius, and God, and Christ so far as told of, and Daedd... "heavensgreen" and from those lines, the wrancune dorhndoth learnt to write the curve boats describe in the water, eary as their flight, not as the doves leap by the high wrancune seated on his monstrous bird, but the gentle curve, ever aligned with the water sweet sleepy, it swiiirls so gently, and how he wrote it, in 76 words

Verse I The Banner of Mesherhea

A banner that spewed fire crafted Mesherhea, thorn in the eyes of Hethis dream spirits, as a wit of the spirits she was locked and chained over her young body, and thrown into the Mesherhea sea from a massive broken bridge leaning over a cliff. Draped into the banner of such malignant sign. She is ever painted fleeting into the water with a long drape of the banner, chained and many locks swirling in the water about her, with ropes, and her cloaks as fin, as she washed years trough the sea, gently towards the other shore of the sea, she bit the chains over and the ropes, freed her, and washed ashore, on a beach with nothing but thorns...

Lost on the wasteland, only two could walk the lands of thorns, and that were music, Mheserhea needed to take a thorn, and stab out both of her eyes, and from which were born Helix and Antihelix, the drum of furious pace, and the string of weeping melancholy, both of sweet songs, now one after each time they drifted, leaving the other behind turning to stone, singing back in despair...

For hundred long years the muse Helix and Antihelix drifted as such, untill they found again the courts of hethis, where they performed all the crafts eventually become oblivious to the dream spirits, and abode of matter yet once more...

They soon then, after hundreds of years of the death of mesherhea, would create matter, Music, the last tense of matter on earth, the First tense of matter in the world of dreams and their spirits.

CHANT X

The Alchem Ghost Library Books are Sent Out... And the Beginning of life and Perception

anaehtheana anaehtheana anaehtheana

aevhvhea aehvhea aehvhea

fend the brutal with thee kind eyes kindest of the star
seek you brave as thee be the noblest of these roads afar
have you a gentle as the petals blush upon your brow
think then of blossoms who once frail as doth you now
to carry them as thee on far remotes and meadows away
from this world that made our virtues and our sins astray

At the very end of reality, the last wall of existence, even before the war of muse, a heaven set on fire, there is massive stone walls of huge boulders that seal a phase of reality itself, and roman gates in it, with broken bridges leading out into the sky, piercing the heavens... Kettles are emptied into the fiery sky, poured into the narrow bleu chasm in between this wall of reality and the fire of the war of muse, filling the bleu with glowing red orange and yellow, where then more angels fight all of fire and suns of fire colliding and being thrown back and forth. Books burning, ashes still turning to fire as they are poured out,... Wrancune, within the walls, on altars, burning all the books, and their servants hauling from mountains of books a book on the altar and in the kettles, pouring off all the roman gates, thousands upon thousands, to fill the fiery sky...

The Goddess of passion, sent out four wrancune from the beginning of dream, before even the creation of dreams, into reality, one survives, his drifting leads him to Alchem, a ghostly city with only 20 inhabitants for an entire city, he hides in sorrow and misery, his swords stands sheatheth against the ghost library, he lives slowly and in woe of a painfull matter twisting his ghostly limbs, scared of this world, and of irony, pristine born in a matter of serious, martyr limbs, with many deaths before this life, many times to have died, all but for creations sake and for beauty, as for beauty wrancunes die, in destruction of the self, motivated from a black cancerous soul, shrivelling from the injustice of the worlds before dream, and now to collect the old rotten books of the world, now the time has come, one by one they are sent out these books, like lives,... And many lives from those books... maybe you find who has written you one time... and passed one of his a book... As he labors, selling few at the antiques stores, in back alleys, where they take on their journey, and then placing two on a street corner, where they start to drift, leaving one in a bar... on a ledge, like cinders lives are born and nothing outside these books could be life.

It was poor Aeelas, begging as to the sky above him in solitude, when he was in great despair for the muse Ellendeh to be brought again... he drifted now, lost from his temple... he spoke to one in the streets, near the fortress of Lhy. Nobody will read it she said, it is too pittiful for you but no one will read it... no one will read it people are not accustomed nor keen enough, no one will read it.

But that that was not his concern, they poked his brain as if with hooks they clinged his flesh from between his brains were they sever in the middle... Making bleeding scars, he could but want the icy feel as Ellendeh sat in the cold water against the pool rim, shivering of pain, and as her story blew from between her lips softly cold as ice, as if her whispers caught enough of the cold in the air to embalm him in it sweet, and more sweet to be powdered with finest powder sugar in his brain. Turning it mellow as sweetest baked dough.

Born out of a few memories and a few mirrors that stood in the land of the past, but walls yet, standing in gardens, framed with majestic marble, paintings on the walls in the gardens, to date, nothing of what one was was other then mirrors with hazy reflections, imagery, carried along, gently moving as art and memories as mirrors too of his somewhere in a garden, a park. The oceans death, the firenymph, a gallery of wonder, a street born out of nowhere, leading nowhere, a collection of art. The course of life is never then shards that remain, reflections as fiction itself. From it you can build your myth, from it you can destroy normality. Living life like a novel, lives from novels. Fiction all they have for making them dance in ritual, life itself does not exist but art, but as life is not real, reality we speak of is a deeper and more stirdy meaning. An illusive image more so, something criminal. More then reality, is sad what spawned, but it is more the defense of it, the root of what grows offspring, as usual a dream is the root of it. And this for a root a dream that produces reality must be poison, and indeed the world today is exactly sick with this disease.

The nature of it, destroying so much, destroying dream, and we have to write novels now, lives less ordinary for arise in knights to battle reality. Book covers have been too pale and synthetic for long. Battle reality.

Destroy it even, destroy reality. There is no modesty in this book, it would be reality itself when it was modest... Grave enough how everything dried out, reality would be a petrified forest, we consider us trapped there, and people, grown weary as inspiration was lost in novels, still chant to defend, where no bird song really resounds, no pool down there reflect the foliage of forest above, no roots ardent their grasp in the tender dirt, and a pile of these pale synthetic books all a pale sepia as the forest, laying in an aperture there in the middle, they refuse to burn. As we see we contemplate here, what reality is before to bear continuously the defence for reality on earth today, where Aeleeas drifts, and where the muse are tragic. So often it is a dried out, petrified forest which the reason for the tears of the muse, their hearts petrify like dried wood, indeed, thats the reason of the tears of the muse, indeed, when they then die they are most glorious. Do you not weep yourself for drama at the end? WHEN this impossible beneficial result at the end of things, this ungratifying mellow? Now you are truly infected! Such woe and endearing sympathy flee from you! The muse here die in advance of their grief, you can see it, and if a tear bears fruit when it lands, may you still craft more about art wafered with woe.

CHANT XI

The Gadnymphs

As the horrible resentment of the firenymphs and their unproportionate cruelties upon artists and the sound course of worlds and civilisations is known, patrons to the Goddess of passion to stranglehold religions oceans and forests alike. The tales more disembowling secretly and within the hellish more anxious shadows near, perhaps already lurking at heart or tearing out your passions.

The gadnymph. An unbilical sweet arrange of faery wings but with such a gentle colour, neither small, but almost the youngest tone of ladies, still in each feature poison, the gentle greens still veigns into the sleeps on the milky white and robed amandle skin tones, green shimmering of the majestic as of fright glistening gadfly wings, just more slender then flies wings, would alert you of the poison but too late, when as she lands already of loves own miseries haunted by maidens distant and yet of desperate woe that... that woe that you cared, moving, as such in pharmacies and cleansed marble beaker for hours long delving for that what made your soul still beauty. lashing it with the spoon into a medicin, shall i name those in one sentence and you would see the strongest not? Heroine! Opium! Melancholy! Cocaine! Alcohol! Woe! Absinth! Huney! well, rats, woe the smaller sister of melancholy maybe. Heroine burns in feverish woe indeed, cocaine intoxicates extates sophisticated aristocratic blend of the primordial, Anything mere derive from Melancholy, lighter indeed, but as tears derived from the last winter cold mountains as she cried against the rocks and her swan tale broke and her last tear, one of the sweetest, it can bread as such as well as gazes harvest the most expecting looks as empty looks, young woman can look as unexpected, when the tide of loneliness not as yet swept over for an awareness, or, does it ever, when it takes looks for granted or looks to be looked back. When it just stairs and you actually break, common virility sway and those that more seek the dangers and torment themselves, swelling more light and air finest condences only among idleness, what does one paint it in this, its light, and, yet of light sun mere strokes as vapour among yet a curved full dew, dirt fresh, grass and flowers and trees, and, the early perfumes blown from dried deserts, all that the light overwhelms and as flames more orange, something glows. It is treu the grandest rise of poems of those that fill thousands of cities to their core with a heart, tall, stabbing with elegant emeralds upon emeralds corals slender, as such poems also lovers in shadows lured, the only ones that be payed with other then Hethreds passions malice weights of talents of misery and a depraving fatigue... how many have not bowed and crawled, as crawling as each stone starts to weigh its weight back upwards. The gadnymph frolic as unknown beyond a light silver derive, and even for a thousand silver notes woven, and nails of silver to them free. reimboursed for each a seduction different, preying on the passasngers by, to triumph over their wills and stiller their souls for the most vile in their embowls, as they find a prey to love and scarce not or maybe, they know to die, and for demise of mere lost, as these gadfly, in between the souls black and vile of fly, and poison of wasps, as yet, to know to die, with a single touch of man, to twist the nails of passion, to die for them, so long and vile, as now powerfull more then flie, to die by them not their hands but their legs black slick and teethed, curled behind their milky and of sugar paste and milk stroked spine, and choose their sisters more fortune to be thine. They sow, from nowhere, they in illusions of passed enchanting forests as once faeries hid, what is left but for the cadavres of the generous good natured creatures, what is left for the benign angles of the faeries passed tales of childrens gentile loozing its woes. Baths of thick leaves, sorrowless and how long lived, these pools draped with golden browns, and subtle okres, veils of crystal dancing, among the rare lillies, where light always strikes exact, running, hiding from ones eyes in these illusion bassins, past they strole, as serpents in shadows and clear sight and as with their wings to hear as serpents tongues a scent, their limbs all love and of all drugs composed, and lethal the claws at their back, none more apparant is ones death, none more forgiving deaths fatal choke or the legs as teeth of benign insects, for their bodies filled with not blood but pure milk of amandle and cineman. One of the goddess race, more fluent and fulfilled of any seduction of passions splendour, convulsing even of their own magnificence, so proud and stifled wills that if not so proud they would not resist to other then lick their own lips gently or their own shoulders and breasts, eachother in the havens shadows where they of insense ripe, dwelling and of fumes illusions straight from perfections before matter and become, a creation even hethred shook and lost one breath, hence, she would have not made it so brutal. Their chins and glances from a life so proud and ill to have conceived, as bathed out of a world with a word of lesser beauty, or by fall its somberness as in humans or as falls wearyness awkwardly tempests to trod on any flickering fragment of a soul and never miss in worlds usual and casual about, never miss there a fragment of a soul this fall as a stampede, withering brown as foil and dirty leaven the female truly vain emperial medievil, the soul stained, how it hides a tired laughter. And now, see within these hallucinations hives near the last of rim, where forests now are allways walkin and the fall never leaves the skelletons of the massive depths of all the spiders and their webs of crystals ever hide within. Its strange

to asses a five, seven or eleven headed shreeks of vultures spirits as that their silver virgin hearts as souls, and plucking all in sight allright with patience to its soul but feoucious and unstilled the greed to drape these victims. a moment of these spirits, as white gasps and teethed, the spiders pure and intimatly sweet salive from their sharks hungers hidden and only for the wildest poets fears of immortalities neck, a disdained aristocratic fix that leaped from ever nowhere or in aristocrats alike, straight into its soul these lizardic vulturic sharks teeth to once may bite.

None of poets lost could once reap more such delicats and neglect to die, already poisoned them, no amaze these to exist and mostly, forlorn, indeed ass fall they kneel for those, already as a leave saddest set down, lost all the splendour of perfumes of perfection, coiled here, every turn a look in which a sigh of woman mysterious to so many as a sigh can rarely be seen to date, and rarely was plucked one ounce of a mile a second and that touch and after it was infinity too late.

May we know if the poets lay among the silver? If they saved a branch of sisters, glances for as many as he could, delving even timid of the felines graces in a privacy he should n't, but as usual by anything a poet thus abandoned, his peers nor teachers nor his next of kin, every had him guide trough this sighs and web of glances he as toxins recognized himself as strong as weakest within.

These gadnymphs, as they crawled, embrace the dying poet chest and rolling limbs within the realms that all the most delirious drugs spins.

how silent would the rushing of all leaves here be, seven or elevn hearts of these gadnymphs for eternity. so severe these lips and cheeks, the skin, upon these bleak bones where no hint of lies or deceit may even for the experts of sighs and glances leaks.

One in the mellow and as a water walls fleeting prisons, where in the pools they may be hoisted in more billions of its treasure chambers, at least on the pools banks here and there in the small swamps, brown perpetually lay leaves among wasted spills of silver. Purest blend of melancholy, that even she of sadness, lightly over silver and deceit had jured, so it cost her, but those creatures, in a few untresured nights, when day and nights of realities heart the earth starts sharing this of eighteen years a silent birth in these perfect water slick as moons at night, and vapour and its textures leaves and tree stems and corks and woode even mellow of the water all so light.

Even poets as sun that would have waited all this millions years and harness gentle sweeps of those cold drafts of woe, harnessed from those girls lost and never come from here and never here again they go. those poets nebula's cold of suns in fear of reality, as the lives would seep upon the gazes or the lashes even of the wickedest e'yes they pluck, and ever fear in common lives mangled any of those sirens silent just in looks they might have had their gadnymph spirits took.

But so more and more stroll they now wondering and the poets stole reality beyond them and so lost more lives of them, waged to the myths and the demands of passions hate and sufferings test of felines, welded as a crafted blade, anvil upon anvil it was lashed in coldest fire never weary of a moment bronze, or a mellow gold seduce.

Now the viral man, outrageous for more beauty then bestowed in such of melancholies silver can, more light that steep aloft in radiance reflects from silvers spillings of the shores of intimate pools of the flowers one stroke fresh and amandle upon all leaves again with sugar blend amandle and burnt hazel strokes the limits of ones hunger crawling up ones troath to open and sweet haul upon one gadnymph chin his beckoning for within theri seven or eleven bind in sin and even the toughest narcidate and sleep their anger, frozen for an anger weary and of anger broozed and cast beyond a death that would be infinite light shrieking absolute. But it embrace as sweetened is aggressive children sweetened more aggressive is it lore'd by sweetened hands, and the amandle milk of gadnymph their destruction, of which whole solemn few survives, cast a mysertious spree, ever to be, in millions parts and underneath so in any case maybe. So aggressive but within amandle milky loves deranged of grief as such of gaes found in none or harvested careless none in all this realm and wondered and mere sigh for his greed had he, mere wonder in his own spleen and hate for loozing sight and the sublties to see. a full aware, it chokes, now as bee, the silver that enrobes from the deaths so soon, it need not for them fruition or for poetry or hethred more, that they were blind from poets and their lovers, taking back the withered lives beyond reality where the common delved in corridors shadows mists upon the lives and even to the sunlight and the falling leaves lies, as if these so immaculate wonderous ever decay in all poets easily seen dismay, cacophany, touches indolent, smothering meticulous, in it imagination cast it away, absorb, as many as can seen, among the fears of the enemies, blind. Blind so be, poets of their own greeds and desires unforeseen, they may walk and run and faint and still never knew to committed one act without a full restraint, oozing needles of its jealousies and indignate contempt for any beauty here among them lost, in their restraint so suffocate, in pale features and skinny cadavres came it too late, preys and predators of mere love more wasted more untouched more idle in the air more hypothesis then flickers from even missed glances in a turned away eye. And all again to resume the beggars and the filthy among as they stroll, and please away be this, magick be away and hide under the fine wet confines, like pure nectarine fruits hidden from the world, so gentle and perfection as growing upside down, among the sweetest flies of fire and carefully sleep, among smallest cavities and the corals as cathedrals inside out, and under the plate of finest clay web they and sprout.

More furious, those that learn to be blind, furious to the milky loves is nature as it speeds and runs for the last poets, unselfish, sacrifice, but with great haste, and easier among grand works of vulgar and grandiose of males prowess, soon even amandle poison lay him down, the hate coils as she with eyes so pure to him as moons delicates strokes subtle as a cycle of hours gentle over her eyes lights dance or passed by, skin gentle and never aware of amandle poison untill the nigh, hallucine you, empires dance already that he posses, any woman after this caress, in thousands may she change, harvested if he could only her escape, from the leakings and this perfumes on slavery markets he will with leaves all youthfull empresses bribe for his jewelry, stones and with all halls of such in fine slices every precious kinds of light tender caught these more then glass and stones illument objects for his now at once be born a thousands lust and satisfactions worlds.

To kiss a goddess cursed with silver lighter and more bright then hunders angels of melancholy themselves, the carelessness of melancholy juror to have made this in spite, to have lowered this, to have in filth be

wasted, what in milk drow and rice so molten and in gentle heat was so long glow, and more of amandle
 poison milky oils robed soaked and made the strong the warriors of long, alost, to lust, and hoist their bodies
 nudes of hands held so fine the thies and backs and spines and arms and necks from here and everywhere
 with kisses heaving and the lips with kisses up that weight from there from lips, in this from extats that
 triumphed the dead and still as they caught notion of the rises of the living towards delights of nature never
 be aware or understood in plain terms of this realities heart the earth. One as flesh nervosity a panic before to
 swallow tension grows, the dead trough this in indignity may once assemble to decide for eternity may they
 have longed for not to have rose from veils dried every slick adn strangled once more, in the coiling of the
 pains of silver gadfly torments missions, and astray spirituality leaven and fighting flesh from light. soon
 bleeds from six paws, some have eight, struck in the sides, bladed, as the smallest paws, like teeth of shark,
 black wringle twitching like nails nervous on of hunger starving birds, as its this to silver deaths the muse
 nothing no more remains to them, blindness as all their ruse and lost with enleave this passed warriors, for
 moments shiver as they see a blend of death and not of a modest despair imaginable so gladness, convulsed
 in a gentle caught and still as the claws strngthen their grip and grip again as they uphold from falling and
 from light unlight now heave flesh and to spiders now here in their claw as flies hollowed out and long away
 from fresh. from six or eight punctures they bleed, from their mouths, silver already in a painfull talents
 bleeds, in their eyes as stars when warriors of old blind eyes as vultures seemed to eat them life the silver
 stowed on lakes and lakes of queens, silver for an lakes deep bottom swimming as the gadmaids toil their
 tales, and rise, in uncombersome remains of splendour and the lives among realities matters maze and starch
 and dried of water walls and spinning as forward and backward and illusive no more matters as this vain or
 idle so transparant or impressions can be in matter to remain. the feline itself, and its firmest as yet most
 immaculate guardian spirit of the dying muse, the paintings left alone as fruits bloom rare, the bread drow
 dries and ever more with rats and dust an ill, and to starvation leading, lone the paintings, littlest expence.
 woe the last of gaze and lone with paintings since no poet more can last or even sense be born in this, or
 shrivel in a womb in this, the last of gaze and gadfly preys may at last be woman too, sensing the last saved
 were trough, the newest born were unborn and their hearts be mend anew, plucked still from graves and even
 then, in thei hearts found of poets were already silver nails, of square medieval cratfs, so small, and gently
 growing in their weepings smarts and idles any hopes of more nights or blinded lights for their illusionary
 weeks with woman for a table, with one hand and sit as they alone are armies, or with one cheek on her back
 to mourn as only armies that will die are never here more born.

Of the turmoiled blackened spirits a morbid amuse to the cast off muse the coveting of another side of a
 halucinogue, here morbid to them and playing with here a little greed, blackened poets each a kiss and again
 immortal they from their lips one silver nail cough up and with blood and black their woe more bleed, torture
 as dolls for silver muse, that had the blind for them to closed and joy in prisons flowers and illusions, and
 then wake for mere some days and misery as soon as it leached and mutually it caught, and welk, well wither
 or, consumed, more idle time for each an hopeless life, blind be they above, and poets somehow weary of
 what blind is her depths and weary, of then caught and toys below, for more youth and demonesque a smile
 and a doll of all their will and souls as childish as the most alike amandle and with milk laced candy, loves
 lay they near, the some, even of womans love for woman more sincere.

Verse VI

A drop of huney for the milk to the cats of the Goddess of Passion.

The Goddess of sadness which her angelic daughters are born from altars of ice and carried below, cleaned their bodies with utter care and the softest linnen, living above the rain, and the Goddess of passion, living beneath fire in a palace of Titanium, who has her wicked angels born from a spider living in her womb, eating herself trough her stumoch coming out of her mouth, weaving her daughters in a bath of blood, both sceam a final suffering for their creation reality, born from their kiss.

Aeleas, a drifter, ends up in a temple, forgetfull, he knows nothing but imagination, at nights he is visited by a muse, flying over a wasteland where all ancient arts are sinking in swamplands, she is born from a well, where she learnt to whisper, since the well screamed back at her even for if she spoke very silent, she will tell a tale of creation, of muse suffering, and of reality being bricked in by the mercyless penalties of the Goddess of passion.

From a war of muse, one muse was spared in a deep canyon, and drown, and cried one tear, in it form dream, upon sadness and passions kiss came in existance matter, passion hated matter, from the heavens she swung two thirds of angels all meak out of heaven, under an abyss of boiling titanium over which her palace floated, now doomed to mine the rocklands under the ocean, living only for one day, growing in their hearts at night a worm, and being born each day for one day to die and be born again from a worm in their hearts.

Within the earth in a deep cliff an arena bricked shut as a dungeon the fortress Rothhalm housed all the soldiers, screaming trough the walls, a generals sword was broken by the Goddess of passion, now became poet for his power broke, what will become of the earth and the caged army... As the Goddess of passion feeds the armies whipped cream on silver dishes, to keep them calm, the screaming and roaring behind the walls never stops.

The tale of arts, caged in the mathematical formula of the imagination, written by three, the Goddess Axis, imagination, Ayris, perception, Helix and Antihelix, music.

VERSE V

Nepenthean Sugar Black Milk

and melancholy the abyss and the sea, upon drowning all her angels in the vases of the earth and drown in milk nepenthe the sacrificer of billions of angels in milk and the horns at the shores of unmeasurable abyss of boiling titanium the horns sounded, and the mists fumed gently and ate the titanium sea, slowly, it took the black masses of the vast boiling liquids away and the deep opened and there was,... underneath the titanium pyrmids of hethred orchards and the mountains belows of the hanging bottom pyramids the milk ocean and the fumes rested and perfumes of gently glowing huney licked the still glaring gently rushing beaches of the strands, and the strands colored bright yellow and purple sand strains and shells with coils of such purple and bleus, and the angels drowned in the milk rose, and all with marbles rose the lost cathedrals empty and the pale steps and the grey floors, and paved all the billions cathedrals on hethreds shores under reign and paved the white marbles against the walls and the shells against the sealings and the roses of the lantarns and the staircases billions and with bleu glass shards draped cannisters and the firenymphs cast from nothing glass and hundreds of glass and red glass and the angels paved the walls with a thousands beaks and cups and a thousands roses and tulips and lillies carried each by one from above melancholy and each flower melancholy herself kissed, and absinth kissed and kissed the flower and they rose back down and brought more flowers, and threw them in the milky sea and brought more maidens and fair purple hair and bleu of crystal marine, and ivory pale and opale and ambers rose and the cathedrals grew bleu basins in the churches floors and bedrooms and churches painted full of spiders and churches painted full of butterflies and the first of youngs with yellow wings glaring yellow wings rose instantly from the milky sea.

when i write my spirits myths, usually i stealeth from the murderers and the pillagers, and entire battles, and from the murderers who are usually the creators, i always stealeth a shoulder at the right tip, the ravenbeaks shoulder tip. and from their woman and murderesse, i stealeth a touch on the knee, and a caress of breast, and a an inner thie, and they will eary flee forever in spirit myths infinatly coiling in all the paintings on the walls of ayris in the gardens and the parks, and no park will not surprise you, we can refit any at any time with wooden crafted fittings,

also called, the nepentheneh angels

the angels of nepentheh

the Goddess nepentheh, first of the lower reigns of melancholy, as, above, guarded we knowesth, the absinth, and the strongest colors, already once desvribed, in our growing and hundeds of pages lost tales and, if i go to a bar, i will find them again, i don't need much to drink to dream.

and upon the crowning of the nymph lost in aeons of loneliness upon the saddest drops insane, here or there and still comfort in years upon their face, and melancholy said, it was enough, and the angels of melancholy above brought vases, and the angels of vases and in it in milk they swam and the woes of the carryons of reality filled with milk, and the underworld filled with milk, and the woman swam greaating filled with milk and loved in the milk oceans of sirens of milk, as they leaped in the vase and vanished into the milk of gentlest nepenthe.

ayris or, the story of the wall of perception, was upon staging with Axis Imagination and Helix and Antihelix music, thrown behind the wall of perception, painted by the muse of light, Elhherhleth, mind you, there is another version already... but the truth will prevail in all logic nevertheless, i imagine they crafted the two and loveth the three, as the wall built, with the first stones in the spirit world, of which the spirits could not lash trough a sword, and upon the breaking of the spirit world, she was thrown behind that wall, to walk as the guardian of perception. upon her drowning into the wall and a last sight, she reached out and grabbed the painting of light, and startle dback and was cut by hethis one of the six goddess of the spirit world, into the hand that she was to hold reality with... for eternity, bleeding against the glances of the people of reality. showing the wound. as it gently stains... fourteen guardess of hethess with spear, were thrown into the wall, to recapture the spirit world reality in a maze of thousands of walls, glaring in the skin tones she lived and lived her thousands of tragedies. as her stains livened and colored the walls. They were not the last, the lead door upon the wall of ayris, perpetually she and her five sisters rieth towards the door, find her! and more guards were sent! and the first Selphernymph was sent, to shatter the paintings, one selphernymph per painting, that they would shatter, oozing the hate from the signs, and all signs spoke to eachother, spirits

unleash fleeing from symbol to symbol, upon the walls of the ancient worlds, fighting those that glared into the sweetness of the spirits, and those that ran. The guards of hethis, raging flocked about in the walls, and the first guard embraced ayris, after 2000 years that she walked for each glance, hundreds of years, and the eleven guards of ayris kissed and loved her, and they fell in the darkn and velvet of the subtles red candles and the red velvet and satins, and ayris, was... Free...

Verse VI

And Hethred the Goddess of Passion sent a black mare.

Remote alone, the first or one of the rothhalm soldier arena where all violence was locked, in the deep at the center of the earth, all pounded on the sealed brick walls.

One was born to soon. Alone, only one to stare in the abyss, and for that took all malign contempt for him, merry beings, frogged and laced, smiles and salons, bars and amuse, none could he understand, his army or the army with him soon trapped, the world soon a theater and orchestra, death of might and myth and prophets aslymed and caged and despaired, destroying themselves, thinking their will to death, thinking their majesties and wishes to death. all with the pleasure people and the pleasure reigns decay, further, hysteria, deepening, the anguish grew, his words grew more in his realm and mightyer in his realm. he invented tyrants and horrors, sermons to feel nothing but to death and make die, upon his completion of the despair of might and rule without regrets or pardon or compromise. Upon the absolution of all evil, his spirit finally enlightened in black light, almost he destroyed reality, hethred glanced in deep glare of anticipation,... It was only one week...

melancholy however sent one angel, the most sensitive and keen to pain, in the form of a black mare, one week, as she knew, she sworve around on earth, and saw the earth, and all in confidence and careless still, and during the week, melancholy she had false lead of hethred crafted, and gave it to a farmers family, the hethredian lead taken and in anguish and rage, despair of the misery, flee in the indifference, ot despairs people, a crime they commit, and still none more aquire, in one week the family turned into witchery and deiabolical greed, as their farm rotted, and their beasts grew sick of despair, and they beat it to eat, and beat it to lay down, and beat t for milk, and beat it for excrements washing into the stables, as at the end of one week the farm was weary, and the farmers in as dogs grown mad, now the black mare passed, and they seethed with wooden clubs at it to haul it in and keep it for their stables. The prophet saw the light black cave in, the tyranny collapsed, the logic collapsed, the bounding web of tyranny bulging up out of nothing truth and nothing beauty and nothing sane and nothing pure and nothing to believe collapsed, and he embrace the mare the angel, no words remained to express, no belief but what mystery must have been, and was captured in his flesh, his mind tearing in his brain, his stumoch starched and turned to stone, and none less feelings then the flesh screaming as it resisted to be stone, but then forward but to feel, the inner stifled might of tyranny, a sickness or a poisoned self eating sulpher of what must be the oposite of compassion, and yet still at the other side of hate. Slaughtered the angel, one week mare, one week flowers grass, benevolent melancholy one more to die, deu time for those to think a destruction beyond reality, beyond course of these physics these matters, these lives, flesh and lands. Mind obliterated by melancholy yet again. Lust and rage and victory, the angel of the mind, he angel of the will, pulling the body and flexing the veins. But wear of above and rain, tearing the mind in seconds down, lashing it as droplets into the land, snow was hate for the

pardon of a weak and frailest soul, never touched blood but water, and still could kill, and still could in ice
and cold stone cast a living man. So close to shatter the logic of men, meager as logic in all and few,
splintering one splinter only was reality, tore it out of his skin, but born too soon. alone. first of the deep
hidden caged army, his resounds stil lashed onwards, his companions long forgot his essence, his pleasurable
world to despair him, what tyrannies they wanted, the deformed mists, welkin figures passing, pleasures now
even just stems, cut off flowers, these were all that celebrated.

Verse VII

Alas, he had no memory and only dream.

Ellhenn of sadness
Etheerh the altars of ice
Ethhenn the gate of ice

Elchaelle fifth traveler to the well of Ellendeh, watches one draindrop, tap, and tap, as if a leak
sprung from the warm clear heavens right above the well.

Ethenser sword of Thrhele crafted out of the gate of Ethhenn

Thecanheth sword of exether crafted out of the alter of Thecanhe
Whluw the firenymph that changed the northern ocean into sand.

Crows to be found then and again, petrified
Sent out as signs to know if life could pass

Auryal star and Ayriss star in the reign of hethred.

Become an oil like shining stain in the sky at night, when all light is absorbed by them.

The clocks that operate the stars are in a gigantic room, on either side of the room, and the angels
that built them so occupied in beauty, they totally neglected to describe the technical operation, in
caligraphy, in lavish wheels and tinyest clocks working along with more delicate clocks, mounted in
a giant shape with fractals like short octopus tentacles swirling outwards.

What should I tell them Ellendeh, so often again nothing is here, reality starts to dwindle... Bring
her here, spirits, for that reality is lost again to me, and so lost it is beyond this wasteland, bring me
this story, for the city that we need to build, for a senate and for an army, for many futures to come.

Easily the spirits took this empty cage and chariot into the air, and took off, trough the night, and
they traveled by night, but they had to rest one more bleak daylight that is here, rest one day in the
land of all dried and frozen in its salt that craves and thirsts for the water of such sweet fruit, that
could not be sent by any storms or even a breeze here in this land.

And the next day at twilight they arrived.
And she sunk this chariot in the water basin.

And Ellendeh as wounded and so fragile gently soaked in to the water and swam so gentle and
fragile to the corner. It was a curve on the corner, and then a second corner, a decorative line in the
edge of the pool at every corner, and she swam there each time as if to hide. She swam as if she was

wounded, or maybe here body and limbs would easily fall apart if she suffered a sudden movement,
she was so frail and thin. Truly a victim of such awe full grace.

She whispered, she had much pain today, and almost choked in her pain, gently again, noble so
noble she carried all pain and this curse of fragile and extreme tenderness.

It was vain and mistaken a thought to think, that Alas did not try to retrieve an army, but all that
was lost, all that was sealed in this world.

Alas granted his pay as aristocrat, and since he was a demon, he spent all to craft banners and
swords, set craftsman to work...

He set artists to work, and he cared not for anything but beauty. He that could not live here. And
this craftsmans atelier lost, with a furious succub, he ordered to build a magnificent temple... a
symbol of contemplation, a symbol of art, of its rage and its sadness, and he instructed the
craftsman to build, and they said we can not build this here, and he said wherever, and they said
well, maybe far behind the wasteland there we can find a place...

And he wasted his money, he bestowed them with money, money granted by the state and the world
he loathed.

And he gave it without conditions, and when no work was done he still gave for this temple be built.

Slowly the temple grew, and the craftsman that were hired set about to the distant land. All that
could be granted for it.

And he lived only a few desires, and drank, and while waiting for a meeting with the crafts lady
spent all his money...

And the lady says, I will give you only this common Hethred star, and that is all you need.
But its against my principles.

I need to see my sickly and depressed shield maiden, the patronesse of disease, who lay ill once
more, and can only meet me tonight.

You can not blame me for your casual expenditures, cried the succub, appaled, as she saw Alas'
turn venomous...

And the succubs nest, vain, to want for them their world, and fundamental, the teaching of to self
absorb, females, of a teaching an ideal, female ideal, of leisure and at each his unfortunes, that
unfortunes that allegededly each had chosen for one self.

Appalled Alas was beached, unable to travel the fastest coach, and this night, horrible night, and the
succubs of this nest sang, with lyres and a vain careless song, and in the morning took off, and
sailed back to the monestary with a common hethred star... And never saw her again, and the
temple was left, and all that was missing, well...

You find here what is missing... A road to the rest of the world. Only one that travels trough this
wasteland of ancient art could find.

You that followed these fearfull cats, timid of light or crowd or folk.

Alas, he wanted to be absorbed his heart by the Lava coming down the mountains of Exepher.

Alas,...

He knows no memory, only dreams, living in a world that knows no dreams, only reality, Alas,
fully entangled within the rage and sadness of arts knows only war, a siege of all the cramped and
inner torn and denyal.

Alas, within a deadened world, dead of a thousand futures here, in this world, lived in a world opposite to him. He dreams of splendour in a darkening and freezing reality... Splendour knows this world not but its following the Hethred common star. Lead, gold that is lead, or lead that has no hethred star, the lead is all, and that star without rage, a hurd, a mule to a carrot drawn, stagger off in decay... So much decay. The lead that is exchanged for lead, reality of lead, without color, expression of splendour. Lead for a house, but no dreams, no sculptures, no nature about the house, a dead aura, they just want the house, these houses dead, and how its built this dead, is by dead craftsman, and managed and coined lead by dead businessman, and a world decay and all the poets wrath is nature as it gives way under man's dead sorrows empire.
That there is no time for splendour deu to all its sorrows.

There is no art in beauty, there is more beauty in rot in this land,
and in a decay, justice, but the spirit of beauty is always law.
There is no art in beauty, but the spirit of beauty is always law.
Walls empty treat of the spirit of beauty,
blind and crippled treat of the spirit of beauty
She presents herself, in vanity, crown mountains of cold snow,
Or boil and churn into caves underneath and furthest below.
Nature is she, and female, and splendour of the female and of nature.
But She has a veil for these, once obedient to kings and Gods and priests.
Kings, Gods and priests, all that silver swords were cast in a new idol, one day to had, and could lift that veil, in these parts, let for the idle cries for the city of Anachtheana, now Exepher obscure this
land
For all time...
Alas.

Verse IIX

The Wrancune dead for a creation outside of the dead.

we should distinct the "first cliff" of who'm invented nature and the laws of nature, from the second cliff, of who'm invented culture, the first are billions of times stronger then the second, and they dies sooner, and they let the culture survive and to grow once more, even if they could have prevented it, they are opposed to demonic, demonic because, they are just... if you would have lived in the anxiety and the anguish, you would have been in eternal fear, if you would have had gold in stead of fear even, you would have killed the culture and stopped at nature, prevented to be a martyr for another world. they even, do it in a negative world, where there is no reward, no hope, no beauty, not for them, only one muse... that is all... The ones greatest penalty who invented leaves, birds, so all nature the first cliff, got to be secluded in eterneal fear, or, thats what they were told, they could be redeemed, but

never live again, whereas the ones to write culture, could in spirit forever return and renew... That the first cliff did that for ultimate terror on themselves and ultimate mercy for the second smaller deeper cliff, who they could easily beaten, welll. Everything works reversed in the muse and wrancune realms of dreams and the ethers of imagination about reality...

the wrancune illustrimmarckenh

first the wrancune that wrote daedd alassien death and birth 50000 pages

the wrancune that wrote machines 20 billion pages

the wrancune that wrote flowers 3223 billion pages

the wrancune that wrote crystals 50 600 00000 pages

the wrancune that wrote ice 700000 70000 7777 70 54 pages

the wrancune that wrote drifting 9000000000 9000000000 billion pages

the wrancunes that wrote suffering 60000 66 000000 60 pages

the 2 wrancunes that wrote accidence and lightning and gave it to thewrancune that wrote the panther the 1 wrancune that wrote mirrors, pages 2 and have it to 4 other.

(for that creature that feared the lightning most must be immune to it or nothing could evolve but ugliness)

it stated that nothing and no image ever in a mirror could be lost

and for that the four gave it to a wrancune who wrote red light

an other wrancune in solated from them wrote the rforce the pulse, a 657 billion times pages and one theory of infinity

the group of wrancunes of 6750000 that wrote machines, and said nothing of light that ever got in could be lost

the wrancune that wrote deception and the wrancune that wrote spelling and the wrancune that wrote confusion combined wrote 3758 billion times the volume of the parchment of machines.

the wrancune who wrote meaning, which was infinitely variable

the wrancune who wrote inperfection, which he had to see evil, if there was perfection, satan would infinatly be crying of all the beauty, if there was evil, he could just relax at times, even for so many fumes and fires and verses and paintings.

the three wrancune that wrote leaves, banners, and grass, who worked with the a giant serpent flying, one who wrote there coiling against the cliff inspired on the dove leaps within darkness their mourn for imagine.

Verse IX
Epeckii and Ephexean.

the Goddess epeckii and ephexeheanne epecii demanded for ephexheanne to kneel for her for the new age, sighing and convulse desperate for love of epeckii the long journey anticipated, if she did n't, ages of beauty would n't exist, so proud ephexeheanne, haunted by reality and fiction alike, turmoil of the doubt of beauty and curtsy lost, despaired in the lost worlds of rituals... So she arrived, the era's to come now, for this,... lost in the modesties, the ancients dormant, will they unleash, will she kneel? Epeckii, the most untrustworthy, eager and most greedy for the myths and the marvels of life, sole concern to hunt for the excess of poetry and sole duty above all and below the sole duty of the era's, as she tortures those to strike one more spark to alight and set fire thousands of era's, ephexeheanne was the most dangerous, and the most stubborn to start the era's, the pinnacle of the era's to revolve... the end of reality, epeckii captured for seven years... will she kneel? ...

ephexheanne is the muse or protagonesse of the statue of ephexheanne, a giant sculpture of a God in silver to reflect the light from the mountain rim behind which the sun sinks gently as it ever sleeps more and never rises, a pool of fire, people harvest the light from the other side and bring it in lamps to the world to survive, the muse of soul crow, heavily plucked, is the one means to destroy the God sculpture entire work and have it collapse, the ephexheanne muse, she is, of epeckii three first brides of woe, who were blind, weary, miserable, now her fourth, wounded, stubborn, hard hearing, proud, innerly worn and torn, but very strong, very self righteous, but sweet as they all are, the only one not sweet in the whole mythology is hethred and the nearest daughters, who all other grow pale in cruelty under her and each time of rival her or even try they just succumb in a blush.

the first of epeckii's brides was aeymhyii, misery, lost and walking in the ayris dungeon of mirrors, where they seclude those to lose all hope and reality as compassions and emotions and sentimentalities, and poison is the days menu... lost as she was epeckii she rose her and healed her, and she knew sweetness and a touch of happiness curled the corners of her mouth, even if so invisible and so subtle, but it existed, even in the most depth of the illusions of ayris nightmares, the means was tiny bits of bread,... the second was anthenethesse, locked for ages, stubborn and psychotically aggressive, the means was nepenthe candy, she lay it in front of her cell, and she bashed the windows, even if they were black windows, from then on epeckii lay candy every day, and gave her a spoon, to open the window, the guardians of the nightmirrors came to them first after the windows was smashed, but epeckii said she did it, and so, as anyone was too fearful to intervene to her they always demanded of her herself any torments of the psyche, she had herself locked in isolation for 2 weeks. The third was Ciedhe, which after two such finally had ascend the etherean spirits, Ciedhe, bright red hair, and broken veins in her skin blood red, so beautifully textured red skin of tiny blood bits, epeckii's common love with Alas, but she never helped her, nor kissed nor loved her, every touch of woe of Ciedhe was to Alas, she passed the mirrormares of the dungeons, and had her pass, and arrive at the poets sole confines once more, as an exchange, a gasp and a feline caves in to an era, and a ghostly Ciedhe, muse of cherry beer, passes to redeem the utmost of lost of poetic nightmares anywhere. Epeckii and Alas, the awe and the depth, The phantom of the grandiosity and the torments for beauty, the risal pure and omnigrand and spectacular, and the alas, the one who has none of harvests but subtle woes, cracks in the mountain of pride and resilience and aggression so subtle and inconspicuous. one vein in a sick mountain may have a thousands white bulls leap out, of one vein of misery in a world of disdain and indifference...

Verse X

Etherith Forbidden Chambers of the Cellars

Once a very strange experiment, for people with imagination and just with some fantasy and some notion of romantic goddess paintings you should be able to represent some kinky and morbid and bizarre scene being here.

since the art of Giger and the large fantastic array of dark goth and power within erotics its always nice to have a new concept.

The first part of the story will dissappoint you, it is the seduction, the romance, one does need it to understand the powers of domination and perversion beyond, and that is the second chapter.

In a billions heavens of suns is the muse of war, armies legions at war with entire fires over worlds lashing at eachother, all is fire, underneath is one shadowy canyon, dark demonic knights drift there, killing eachother, to guard one muse, ever in an abyssic despair, untill the last knight takes his own life, and the muse drowns in darkness, cries one tear, growing a slender river, in which once grows, 11 the sisters of fear, and one Goddess, to open the gate of the goddess axis, wheel and direction of the imagination, opposed to Atlas.

Further beyond grows the spirit world, Axis and Ayris and Helix and Antihelix, imagination, perception and music air and matter, stage one lesbian kiss, with the Goddess of Hate, and the goddess of sadness.

The kiss is such contrast, that the spirit court of decadence explodes, and matter is created.

Hethred, in jealousy of her lover sadness instantly cast all the remaining two thirds male angels God and any males in heaven from above, underneath her reign, lowering down beneath hell, under her rule over two titanium pyramids, hung over an abyss of boiling titanium, under which they are locked and doomed to mine the rocks for black metals, living only for one day, being eaten by a worm growing into their heart, and to consume them at the end of the day, with suns for her chandealers, streets for silver close by, woman in silver templic alleys robed in the perfumes as an oil breathing out of the suns, angels above her entire reign against the sealing of earth, under hell, all woman holding the earths lands and all the earth spinning around it, with all the black mists deep sea of millions of years on foot on barren desert empty lands.

The first floor is angels pressing against the core of the land, in eternal stress, painfully mere holding the land, the second floor underneath angels lashing at the athletic spines of the ones above, they are the ones that get fed milk and water and bread by concubines, the layers of under hell growing smaller into the first pyramid tip, where is the throne of hate, and under which ends labour and begins pleasure. a first reign floor of kitten like purring servants obedient and utterly insane to come this close to woman power passion beauty and insanity, the second floor down from there the young daughters, black hair in marble white smaller temples and squares of dawn, with still in anguish shivering brought here young boys, already dismembered since no male feature as that can be lowered or be higher then hell or horizon. they cut the anguish and despair of them, already breeding on earth, now swallow the last droplets of comfort by cutting open their starving chests.

The third floor, flowers and play draped Goddess, the titanium kitchen, everywhere penatitized young woman or girls or her daughters, from young as some grace having to stand as a chandealer or holding candles, or as guards, or being composed in entire tables and chairs, or cloaked on wooden constructions and other angels busy as always dripling candles on the living chandealers, every breaking candles and falling apart, upon which they are lashed by the free of suffering.

The fourth floor, cathedrals, filled with entire crocodiles, that she drapes with woman and girls, crocodiles bare each time in dug out marble floors in pits white eggs with more woman sprung from them, the floor also has the surrealist mountainscapes and floating palaces, down to the orchards, rococo palaces as fortresses, green and gold and vibrant rooms with oval beds filled with orgies of woman, and the angels painting every move every stroke, on special canvas with tubes leading from the back and oil canister like machine components against it, for storing and transporting those scenes of those orgies to every bordened sphere of

the reign, or on the paintings in the hundreds metres tall hallways, thousands of oval rooms with shelves embed with greens blacks and red velvets, filled with gold instruments and leather straps articles, deeper, the art nouveau, entwined embracing mermaids, and baths oval with equal decadence, slick fish tails mermaids with strapped gear gently stroke against each other.

the fifth floor, meadows and the willess woman, the most beautiful on earth, gathered in the sweet dissolving ethers more seductive then draft and frost, taking their minds away, wondering in the meadows on earth, nude, untill the themselves dissolve in the fifth floor meadows against the valleys, where they finally are haunted, and as loved as the hethreds daughters of each they ever caught eat their hearts, lovingly pressing it against their breasts.

The sixth floor, vile, dungeons of sirop, gently slick and drips but in drapes gathers and slides down the walls, where the angels harvest it from the barren walls, as roses grow abundant, vases of boiling chocolate are poured out, and white orchids bloom from them as it dries out.

The seventh floor. blades and incisions, the meticulous and always subtle surgeon staff with most fine tiny knives, or with hot boiling bars, either slitting a long slender line, or burning on sulphured and spiced flames to gain the grey dove strokes brushes or more aristocratic pruples and gentle crystal greens in some always sober colored few strokes three or four on loins or ribs. An aesthetic marvel of lower hell.

above here it be known as once hethred saw in a meadow, one angel so gracefull do her affairs, she had one tenth of all toilets broken down, concidering there were too many, and since many new crews be scooping and looking behind the curtains, or some be momentarily lost looking for a little privacy.

The eight floor, wines and cellars, whores of immaculate beauty, curled and enrobed upon each other in the perpetual nights of the eight floor, and the angels that each carry all gothic or splendourous art nouveau lantarns and pieces of entire ball rooms down, as hethred leaves a room, and taps a small black glass little window, and with the flick of her fingernail decides all ball rooms or theatres or orgies are cancelled. and all the arts so well cared and elegant, and all the nudes be brought down thrown into giant cinder blade rotos, gently sinking mahogany, oak, with hundreds sisters of Venus entwined cabinets. down in the mist

the nignth floor. the seas, the oceans, and all the ateliers in decorative palace gardens beside the beaches, nude sculpt the angels each other, craft the cabinets, the all useless of beauty ritual splendour and majesty of every material more pure then the most precious marble on earth.

Beside the shores to the abyss, with the few wells where more of earth are drowned in wooden domes and tremble for the depths and the anxiety of the underworld. Acathes horns lashing with red bolstering winds and heating the ocean once more.

The firenymphs here, so greedy and contemptuous once to almost changed all oceans on earth to sand with a single touch of only one her finger. Ever going to earth to ruin artists, corrupt their endeavours and designs with too much taxes and rewards, so nothing is ever finished, or crumbles into the ground trough savings and deceits.

The gothic high towers far in the deserts, those once to find one talent in the rock caves of hopelessness and humiliation, maybe one in billions of men, can venture upon the shore, and greet thousands, millions of only the most beautiful cast back vixen or virgins that were only once but instantly betrayed with perpetual dissapointment, and shiver now in a waiting room here, staircases of entire arenas wide, one talent and all this be his for 900 days, upon which he can travel above, and partake again his life on earth.

underneath the caves of despair, the abyss and entire hurricane in which men finally drown, none here in insignificance be woman but 28 woman of pure steel and fitted lans on their silver bodies that are as polished ivory smooth, stirring the currents, lashing and severing any men momentarilly vanishing in their last

moments of despair. and perpetual insignificance ends, all is still under this, the darkness, and a few gentle most delicate notes of a droplet, perhaps hitting another droplet, the nothingness of the last droplets of what is shared myth, matter and ghosts mystic and as fire such icy strong sensations compelled in delirious phantoms and hysterical tyrannic passions and powers. Here are lost the most lonely and brutally schizophrene daughters of despair and loneliness. occasionally they meet and lay down on eachothers breast, almost in constant shriek of the pain and anxiety, the few and then still some tens or lashing a hail of maybe hundreds of droplets and still again in the tension of silence and surprise, nervosity cutting the mind and flesh here and perpetually remain. love here, the gentle licks in perpetual suffocation of these few frail, knowingly be the balance, as a needle for a ship, a ship to build all of civilisations. moments as an hour in millenia one finds another, and love eachother, still thousands of years of mental pains and restraints in their embrace so lesbian sinister not in any depth below appears. Unbenownst of its volume, nobody knew what nothing was but that you could not think it big enough, and as big as that and filled with so little as they. Is something more profound then any pain or isolation.

Above, in mellow light, bleu and with bassins and hung fountains, far above earth and all, columns of water, and ever slender rise water entwined of nature and marble it was if trees themselves white and most subtle stroked opal deep touches fine speckled and smooth lashed marble, Above all altars of ice rose above staircases ice roman majestic, curling as yet, dim as yet, even so high still some timid a darkness, the angels of melancholy, born in the altars of ice, breaking out, carefully nurtured, with softest rags, cotton fibres softly alivening the bleu brooded deadness and many broken bones, merely slender perfect flesh but frail, as how they are born, more beautiful then the most beautiful on earth had ever died at the most perfect youthfull and as yet of majestic grace laced age.

few less pleasure or lust, sweetness, ages of gazes, millenia of letters, hidden and confined, by no means a public secret, but as an instinct at once would appear or reveal, as leather braces and straps and the oval ritual chambers, but all and every piece of leather as hardened objects made of ice, but for white drapes and white robes and toga and veils and beds and floors, drinking of crafts gentle ice glass, time here indeed was slow, gentle, paced, ice and a caress here melting and without the earthly irony and any smallest speck on immaculacy, a perfect caress, ice, or a long most gentle smooth ritual, not one stroke wrong, the fast paced earthly time, now sooth opposed to that as the most silent stream, if the earth was a thundering Delta.

SECOND VOLUME

CHANT

the Clouded Delirium, Guttering Down Sewers

Hoe bulderen de dichters, en hoe anders kunnen uit hun wonden zuur bloed gutsen, als in deze tijd, die de schoonheid veracht, plat maakt, als een geurloze en kleurloze schim, en daarmee groeit zij in haar spoor als ze eenmaal haar wormige lichaam vetgemaakt heeft een tragedie...
schone tragedie, maar het laatste schone op dit roestende hemellichaam...

Ilhine among the civil sung, sure, tied, to the ether, of his angels in the north, his songs destroyed, his deception, his plot be ruined, and his nets destroyed.
Out to look for these noble elvin now, gracious of mind and in their actions, in their ways and gestures and curtsy's.
He held a leaflet for the civil conventions in Ephexian, he fumbled it in his fist, and threw it in the park...

He looked aside, and a girl looked him straight in the face, no arrogance, noto to blame him, his fear and hate anticipated he would be again troubling himself, or the decency would again confront him... but here there was melancholy... in her look.

How will i overcome this world to find the melancholic, in idle jokes and a city for prophets of hysteria? He spoke to her, probing for her dear nature and sweetness, a entirelyly gentle mind and grace... elvin, he said, and she smiled, as if something erotic was said...

he talked for long, they walked in the park, he spoke of grouping, looking for those esteemed and snide, pestilent and with temper, souls at war, and keen on life and movement... for beauty above, and jokes and hysteria down, and within its proper confinement...

An empire, an uprisal, she listened carefully...

He said then, when the light disturbed this ever grey, well then Elvin... and again she smiled, as they walked on... a smile like something erotic was said, gently laughing, something wrong was said, but so pleased she, and in this reality, and in those that reality want convenient, and ordinary, normal, what is, and what people are, and no more, without vice nor beauty, here was sinned, a thought so naughty then, but the gentle nature, only so modestly exited, a response alike a response he could fully sense it and enjoy it, gently to breach the ever grey of this day now, gently more light now then this grey sky, and somewhat more grey now then its nightly obscure shroud...

And back to Ciedhe, he let her made a mantle, dark and with a hood...

Ciedhe made six mantles untill she got the simple design done properly...

As I hear, never such uncaring, long lost hope in words, in a tone of voice so casual over sorrow, how will you be laurelled, what will want, how can your loneliness ever be more gentle for you.

Anhethhen said, as Elhende adjusted to the water in the bath in the centre of the temple. She whispered. Those distant, some of them, are easily so dear, Nowhere near, let they come spirits theirs, their ever faint and yet sincere, but shadow let they grow, and a sea of forgetfulness in between, the gently attentive words more regularly that could have been, no truth stolen from a dream, there are no such thieves, no tree without leaves, no loneliness without the truth, a seduction of this perfume, that you do not know where it came from, ever faint, but how other then sincere,... of course, they are form, and meaning form, how can a root, a vase, a lake be a lie, it has nothing to do with it. As she continued...

In between melancholy and hate was the greatest distance that could be thought or found. And always the voices of both lovers they be had to travel, carried up, or brought down. Ever sentence a second severed in every space in between dot or capital that was ages,... in the height flee and as a heart drunk, or in the depth burn as embowels yeast. And lowered down by angels, weary in their descent...

“AnaetheanA will need this work. I whisper, but strong yet stands, as this song of a more wicked courage, somehow intertwined with the casual rebellion... of Anaetheana. You love her.” Eager already is melancholy, that she crafts in glass city’s that should be, in ice, and delivers them to Hethred to seduce her, to calm her, but they never arrive...

Since the war was lost, more hate would spring from the poets adrift. A court would be some kind of salvation now, some utter obscenity to one, to resume ideals to another. And melancholy begged Hethred, how will one prove to these obedient and senseless that there is such a reason for hate, how will you have them be aware, how to make it apparent to them the greed for a moment of passion that they are not aware of, how could you ever make them disgusted of themselves? And Hethred; carried up, and angels fierce and laugh as they heaven among the columns of melancholy, like stench among a tree in bloom... “Rats need no priests, they wallow in sewers, their taste is their disgust.”

gTheir disgust even will be plain and hardly tantalizing.” Spoke melancholy... And Hethred; “If that were so then I would be truly powerless, as it is, taste is their disgust, emptiness, no horror or pleasure.” Melancholy sensed a victory, “there need not be mercy, you know no mercy to both to us betrayed can ever exist, no horror or pleasure, treu. “ So that will be the reason you beg of me a new city? That it does not matter? True, it does not, you could have them bathe in wine or acid, in milk or a sewer... rats... the will of melancholy turned hopeless, her forgiving grim, most forgiving lost. As the woe of the war turned bleak melancholy’s hopeful heart... “This thirst anaetheana has, sweet to her the heart of her lover. Only an angel like that could have been granted a reward on earth... an entirely different reward to her then to poets, an unjust city, merciless for all among it, and trickery and degrading games, and play with pleasures, a masterpiece of passion on earth...” Hethred started to be inspired. Grinned and opened her mouth like a sculpted laughter, and stuck out her tongue. A wild savage almost barbaric delight!

Meanwhile the unlucky means of this city, only washed his breast and running down his neck Hethreds urine, a poet among all other poets, rewarded with sin, yelled sharply at the phiron... The phiron that stood as much asleep as her sisters, “Listen...” Anhethhen said, “I can't say it would not be overreaching to say... that you want to... "see my era" But i mean for an era. And he grew forceful and seemed angry, frighteningly angry and wrath shows in his eyes and on her face... I mean for it now. Now! ...as a serpent, he added. Any damage I do along the way is befit. Do you think it is not a world of satisfaction. Its just as well as world domination. But i have to dominate the humble events here anyway. The whole world yes. And devour it for the waste that it is. To grow sick as i do. That's just how it has to be.

Write, a book can be a thousand swords... the phiron said,... One good strike with sword and a thousand books can be written about it, and swallow the earth with the name of this sword... Do you think the poet can accept? even remotely consider the other people their world is better then his? And simply write? And beg readers?

So why would you think i accept their world was not a mistake to exist?!
And why would I not, or have any other conscious but to beat it to death with every life that is in me, and die having given birth to but shards and sparkles slowly to ignite it's demise...
So sweet his remains, those remains of my poet, embalmed with my blood and my urine... not rest but incarnate only then when he dies... into the hate which will eat at their feet walking on the ground that swallowed him, but more dead then they are walking over him...
Eat at their feet he will... and make slaves to the same hate, and seed out this hate in millions more times determined for what is their world.

In thousands of demons and thousands of Hethred’s. So I imprison in claws of stupidity the growth of humanity, the master of all other things. And spring ugliness in its quarrel, and in it spring the thirst of passion, without innocence, arrogance or stupidity, passion would be a mere idea, an idea of heaven,... don’t be misguided it is not in the love of us, my greed and her cries, that within it churns and a malignant and stubborn thing reality that no one ever wanted, that not in this course of existence passion is passion, when forests rise as such, they poison the world with oxygen, life which burns life in the end, its not a sparkle that is to blame for the easily lit sky. Her color grew pale again... her anger soothed,...

...

So this is Elheden I thought, writing the world, spur strength and alliances and affairs and loves throughout. Smother the success with whole valleys of mystery... why should an angel have it so easy he thought.. ELheden said. And he thought, as she said, to fail or not to fail is not our concern, our

**pleasures are outside us, all glory is outside of the person, it is only thoughts inside, and even within anyone, the same taste as food to anyone, only stronger tastes food to poets.
So the glory is outside a pleasure, to think it tastes more so to poets.**

She whispered again, Elheden, her voice growing lost in the sound of the water coming out of the water gargoyles, she was now gazing at the sealing, or looking down in grief. He tried to have her eat a piece of bread, he made it soft in the water, and held it to her lips, so think so weak, she could hardly move when she was taken out of the water, put in the chariot and the spirits flew her back to her well so she could rest.

HethisS kiss, the birth of matter.

A goddess was bricked up behind the walls, it was the root of where all walls were built from, she drifted behind them, walls were like water to her, the floors where everything grew and walked upon, the floor upon which walked the eye, and on which it stood its feet, she held a large canvas in her left arm, loosely holding it with her left hand, and leaning on her shoulder... the canvas burnt slowly, a thick cloud of smoke she left behind as she sought her way out of the corridors behind the walls.

Een Godin was achter muren ingemetseld, het was de wortel van waar alle muren gebouwd werden, ze zwierf achter hen rond, muren die als water voor haar waren, de vloeren waarop alles groeide en leefde, de vloer waarop het oog wandelde, en waarop het steunde. Ze hield een groot canvas in haar linkerarm, hield het onspannen vast in haar linkerhand, en het doek leunde tegen haar schouder... het doek brande zacht blouwve vlammen, een dikke rook smeulde achter haar als ze haar weg zocht door de gangen achter de muren.

**How could a creation be looking around pointless for its purpose, while it should ask itself constantly these questions, like animals would be in a desert and hope only for luck to hallow them, finding a well in the drought, in any deirection at the horizon...
would not a creation already know every end of this horizon?**

**or would it, on a steerless course, like people across an ocean without ever had travelled these sea? Creation already knows its ending, or it would only be an inconsistent chaos of creatures, giving birth to failure after failure, all species hauled instantly over the cliff into the deep, like any lost animal. As if builders of temples and Churches had tot hink and talk and never manage to stack more then four rocks before one pushed it over again.
Creation does not look for its future.**

Hoe zou een schepping richtingloos zoeken kunnen, terwijl het zich gedurig vragen zou stellen, zoals dieren in de woestijn dan verhoppen met alleen geluk als hun heil, een bron te vinden in die droogte die zich in elke richting tot de horizon uitstrekt...

Zou dan niet de schepping elkeen einder van die horizon al kennen?

Of zou de schepping stuurs laveren als mensen over de oceaan varen, zonder dat zij die zeeën ooit bevaren hadden?

Het bestaan kent daarbij al zijn einde, of het zou alleen meer een onsamenhangende chaos van schepsels voortbrengen, mislukking na mislukking baren, alle soorten onmiddellijk over de afgrond sturen, alsof het een enkel verdwaald dier was. Alsof de tempel en kerkenbouwers alle moesten denken en praten en nooit meer dan vier stenen op elkaar stapelden voor men het weer omduwde.

De schepping zoekt zijn toekomst niet.

A phantom army of Hethis, behind him a thousand suns that bled

Een schimmenleger van Hethis, achter hem duizenden zonnen die warmte briesen op flarden woestijnen en bergtoppen zwart blakeren op rivierdalen die alle in slingers achter hem als een zog meetrekken.
Vaandels vlieden voor hen uit gedragen door de wind, en verspreiden zijn naam en zijn rijk.
Luchters van zilver met elk honderden duizenden kaarsen verlichten de weg voor hem
Klokkengeluiden slaan donkere verwoestende slagen die gouden en zilveren Falanx voorgaan met symbolen die worden voorgedragen door de schoonste en meest broze kinderen
En die omkransd van grijze nevels uitdeinden in die zes windstreken van Hathis.

de zegetocht word zwaarder en de nevel van schimmen dit onhoudbare rijk davert en word opgeschrikt door donderslagen, in de voorhoede worden de gelederen doorboord door een hagel van bliksems.
Vermoeid van deze eindeloze onaanraakbaarheid, vluchtigheid en doorzichtigheid van dit rijk en haar doortocht van schimmen,...
Verstilt Hathis het geschal van de hoornen.
De winden voor de gigantische stoet gaan liggen.
De kinderen verstijven en slaan hun hoofd naar beneden, opzij, en wachten op zijn woorden.
De harem die zijn troon voortsleept leggen de lange zware koorden neer. De slavinnen likken hun wonden die door ijzeren ketens worden gesleten in hun lichaam.
Athis laat barden en dichters, gymnasten en tovenaars aanrukken, zij liet haar haremmen op grote mosbedden rusten.

Hij laat hen zingen en verhalen opzeggen, hij laat dansen opvoeren, en ten laatste gedoogd hij alle wetten en regels tenietgedaan worden... en tovenaars alsof ze zijn magische verzen zijn laten monsters ontbieden uit draaikolken en windenstormen
Niets van dit alles was zo ontluiserend of schitterend.
Hij liet een bord bouwen met driehoekige vlakken.
De eerste kwam tot glas, diewelke vervolgens zachter werd als ijs, en waarvan slingers water afdropen.
Het was een matige opwinding, een... Athis ging door het water, en besloot en zei de anderen dat het toch nog niet was wat hij zocht.
De tweede kwam tot vuur, bevangen door de doorzichtige rode gloed reikte Athis andermaal ernaar met de hand.
Teleurgesteld draaide hij zich weer om, ook dit was niet wat hij zocht.
Tot binnenin de vlam zwarte klonters begonnen samen te stollen, en ballen zwart ijzer op de vloer vielen en openspatten.
Het gebeuren was zeker merkwaardig.
Duizenden stemmen nu fluisterden hem of hij nu het resultaat had dat hij wilde.

Phamea maakte een warm vuur aan...
Lethen smeedde er een bronzen zwaard
Wouwhon. Bracht Lethen een steen, waarop Lethen de steen half door de steen kliefde...
Hathis was zeer aangedaan van het wonder, hij hield zijn hand op het zwaard, en trachtte het te bewegen, en sloeg er niet in het verder te bewegen.
Vloeren werden onder de steen gelegd, en gebouwen werden errond opgetrokken...
Ehlitanhesse kookte een poel van olie, dheerae stijfde houtschilfers bijeen... en liet WOUwhon een stuk muur aanrukken...
Dheehrae verliefd op Iris schilderde Iris op het doek met de olie van Ehlanthesse en liet Hathis komen...

Hathis was onderhouden door het schilderij, evenwel dheerhae liet hathis zijn hand ertegen houden, en
hathis sloeg er niet in om door het doek te gaan...

Iris was gevlucht...

Hathis, woedend nu, doorzocht de paleizen die rond de wonderen werden gebouwd, en kwam in de zaal met
de steen het het zwaard, zo woedend toen hij beweging zag achter een van de zuilen nam hij het heft van het
zwaard en liet het zwaard knarsen en uit de steen scheuren... hij richtte zich tot Iris, en achtervolgde haar in
de zaal met het schilderij van Iris...

Niet wetend waarheen sprong Iris in haar schilderij...

Hathis lipe razend op het schilderij in en stak zijn zwaard dwars door het schilderij waar haar hand was... en
door de muur...

Achter de muur weerklinkt een schreeuw... Iris hand verschijnt bloedend uit de muur, en wringt het
schilderij een stuk uit de lijst, Hathiss woede bekoelt, en zijn greep op het zwaard verzwakt, en hij geeft het
op het uit de muur te trekken. laat het vuur van Fhamea halen, dienaren halen het vuur en Hathis steekt het
schilderij in brand, Iris schreeuwt, en trekt het gehele schilderij door de muur uit het kader...

**"She asked me to seal her in the wall with Iris your highness" Cried Lhemerrhe
Hethis instantly called for guards and equipt them with spears, to try and pierce both Goddesses, but
they could not find them, so great grew his anger that he shouted the guards into the wall, and ordered
them to find them, and bring them, and knock not unto the door he sealed the wall with, before they
could surrender the two Goddesses...**

Iris

**The Godess who lives behind walls, behind the wall of reality and holds it from collapsing outwards
into nothingness**

She should be only skin, appearance and the ideas form without mechanics truly in it be a Godess.

What appearance is without function be what beauty is unhampered, free...

a ghost with a velvet skin

**she should n't have an inner body, her wheels and process supreme spirit, etherical being without
sense or law.**

**but appearance, beauty unbound by law, law of beauty itself, and submitted to her mechanics, only use
for mechanics to serve beauty, or be irrelevant, to her irrelevant...**

when she was falling asleep she thought.

**there a reason, yes, as said appearance, which is as Hethred carved into the socle of the pyramid of one
of her main arches, the skin is the most important part of the body**

And Iris who holds reality holds all the appearence of things

how could she see, she can see the dark she touches the wall that is reality from the other side

her yes are at one with the dark she is a ghost remnant, half Godess half Ghost.

Godess Godess spirit

**she should n't have a tongeu and teeth, but she is able to kiss, her love, who painted her... she has lher
skin is not ghostlike its touchable well she became matter she originated from a ghost realm you know
together with Axis Helix and ANtihelix inside she is a ghost i'm telling you!**

her spirit is holding the outer body, just skin

inside she is spirit

tsss

aha

but i should know more about it

how she was created? The well spoke, a voice coming about her as she held her hand in the water and drank some out of the well, just droplets to moisture her tongue... to speak, so gentle as she spoke.

Emmmmm the well said.

do you know something about that ? the well said.

she was painted by another Godess

painted ?

She was apart of the first works of Hethis reign and his crafts

He had craftsman and they invented matter

One crafted a stone that could not be penetrated

The other crafted a sword that could split the rock

Then another build a wall you could not go trough.

Then this one Godess painted a painting of Iris and while it was painted her ghost grew a skin...

But she had her eyes closed...

And she did not got an inner body

And when she opened her eyes it became apparent that she was only appearance

She is a body of a spirit, with a beautiful pale white skin

And when she opened her mouth it appeared she had nothing in her mouth.

And she could only shreek the ghosts shreek the language of the ghost realm, the spirits words, that shreeks were sounding from this wind, this ghostly wind to spread trough the nothing...

Hij beveelt lethen een ijzeren schild in de lijst aan te brengen, een waar geen geest of werkelijkheid kan doordringen, hij beveelt wachters de muur te bewaken en rust ze uit met lansen om door de muur te steken en haar te doden... en schrijd naar zijn paleizen terug.

Lemeethaenna vervaardigt een schild met Iris erin gesmeed, met een rol canvas, en een oog gekerft in haar handpalm, dheerae overvallen door verdriet overtuigd lethenehm haar achter de muur te laten...

Lethenehm verstopt dheerhea achter het schild om de schildwachten te misleiden en nagelt het schild tegen de muur...

c

Verlangt Athis een harde, lijfelijke en zinnelijke vorm, een stralend sensueel beeldhouwwerk... waartegen natuurkrachten weerkaatsen, die door koude en vuur worden doordrongen, en zijn zorgvuldige overwegingen en gedachten doen hem ten laatste besluiten tot de enige ongenaakbare verschijning, bitter als de ondergang en giftig als sensueel...

Zuivere schildering van de natuurwil, en zo beschouwde hij, van de erotische praalzucht van het decoratieve, vrouwelijke element in die natuur.

De genegenheid van twee Godinnen.

Als bekroning van de zuiverste sensualiteit.

De kus van Prhl an HthrD

De verliefde verschroeiend brandende en ziekelijk tedere hartstocht rukte beiden onmiddellijk uiteen, zoals de geslachten uiteenvallen en verdwijnen en opgenomen worden door nieuwe geslachten.

Prhl teder en zachttaardig rees bovenwaarts en verdronk in koude en ijselijk water, witte steen en marmer hardden uit de neerwaarts slaande golven.

Hthrd zeeg neer, verteerde in vuur en grijs metaal.

De hoornen van AThis bliezen en verscheurden de stilte

De wapenen van Athis stевenden vooruit, de schilderіngen en spreuken en verzen slingerden door de winden
in de duisternis, en scheurden hun weg door de stollende verbeelding.

Athis en zijn kinderen, zijn tronen en zonnen zetten zich terug op gang en met achter hen het land en de
bergen en rivieren brandden zij hun weg door de diepte voor hen.

A wave of bleu sky flood into the darkness and another, and the darkness cast backward and shaped a bigger
flood, upon which the bleu sky produced a massive tidal wave and thrust back the black flood.

And the grey dissolved and broke and there was the bleu and green, and the black and red, and bright white.

Phrahl and hathrd once in marriage virginnous kiss of all female and one betrayal.

Once beauty and power

Now both ascended

And grew in their mourns and anxiety Hell

**Heaven to Phrahl a sceptre of water above, downwards to the violent, beneath the centaur leaped
outwards and further down**

The underneath to Hathrd pyramid, and the slaves underneath her

Goddesses and angelike held the underneath of hell above her.

Prahl en Hathrd eenmaal gehuwd

Ooit schoonheid en macht.

In het licht van hun kus ontstond een grauwe wolk puin en stof en blies kringen steeds verder uiteen en dreef
beiden Godinnen uiteen, en tilde phrl op en drukte Hthrd beneden waarts, en de geestenwereld rukte uiteen
of stukken werden in het stof meegesleurd...

En deden in hun rouwen en onrust groeien de hel.

De hemel aan Prhal een scepter van water boven, verder benedenwaarts het geweld en storm van de vloed,
waar centauren voorwaarts sprongen.

De kerkers van alles aan hathrd een pyramide, zij die rechten eisen uw slachtoffers en ik geloof in uw
straffen, vermaak u in de hoogmoed onder u, martel hen die smeken om genade, en kolen op de ovens in de
lendenen van dichters, en de slaven onder haar vloeibaar titanium kokende oceaan.

Godinnen en engelachtigen hielden de hel boven haar een kroon.

**And for greed for the lust for just a moment before they were separated, and in between them and out
of this sparkle grew clouds of dust and clogged, and in one centre to all this evolved fires, and at the
centre of all these fires slowly the sun the size of a grain of sand, and became a pool of fire in about
fifteen seconds, dust swirling around it and became crusts... spun, and as such it created the most
peculiar way for these worlds to grind about each other... one enormous land with rivers of darkness
cut trough, and further more pools of fire, with oceans of darkness,...**

**And know night and day and birds to sing in the morning and myth of the moon and creatures of
night... as the fires in the distance went silent, the earth could grow silent at night, and created a peace
for its own species of hunters.**

Hethred Godin van het ondergeborchte lokt alle mannen weg uit de hemel van haar geliefde,...

De dampen van de brandende appels rijzen op door de hoven van Hethred, stijgen op uit de spelonken van
de hel.

En ze vangt de mannen, en alle mannen, alle mannen als men beschouwt dat misschien hier en daar zij er een
paar had vergeten, misschien vijf op vijfhonderd vrouwen, of misschien twintig uit honderdduizend vrouwen.

Maar alles boven de hel was volledig gezuiverd van al te ranzige mannelijke geilheid.

En zij sluit hen op onder een oceaan van kokend titanium, ver benederen haar rijk, en om haar engelen en Arawhen en haar engelen en demonen van de haat, en alle fantasy en het vrouwelijke en schone te vrijwaren van een aanraking van een man.

Hethred anti moeder, eens deel van de geestenwereld, groeide vaste stof in de seconde van een kus, één lesbische kus.

En zij, Hethred en Arawhen werden gescheiden, en tussen hen uit het licht, groeiden stofwolken en klonterden samen, en in hun midden groeiden vuren, en temidden deze vuurhaarden in de ruimte groeide de zon, de grootte van een graankorrel, en groeide tot de grootte van een kleine plas van vuur in vijftien seconden, stofwolken regen rond deze poel, en korsten vormden zich en draaiden op hun beurt rond hun middelpunt, een hoogst merkwaardige wenteling voor bolvormen om te draaien... En daardoor de nacht te kennen, en de dag, en vogels die des morgens zongen, en mythen van huilen naar de maan, en wezens van de nacht.

Hethred, Godin van de haat, drieste passie, vuur in haar bloed, en zuur in haar onderbuik, waar niets kon ontkiemen, en haar zwarte haren, niet gitzwart, niet een gram blond, maar zwart eenvoudig. Arawhen, Godin van zuivere heldere giftig verse zoete tranen, haar haar blond en licht bruin, en een aura van wit licht over haar haren.
En haar witte huid.

Unavailed now built she and run her noble arts with the rotten heart, the splendour of ivory female, and the cancerous deformation that should pass for a heart deep within the chest, and should run rather but thick red blood some chemical derived from oil.

[And much like the civil look at grey clouds, soon weary of their rain, she looks up at this massive sealing, where even the greusomeness and brutishness had to be sweetened with the most vile merry and decent, its hypocritical even so but an act of betrayal, or maybe some cheap trick pulled on humanity. its a religion as vile and base as religions can be, and it \[HYPERLINK "http://www.lethe.be/"\]\(http://www.lethe.be/\) \[HYPERLINK "http://www.lethe.be/"\]\(http://www.lethe.be/\) awakes the sickest fantasy for retaliation in her.](http://www.lethe.be/)

[How it creates daft weaklings out of children, weak as in being civil and decent and have no sense of what is real, they can \[HYPERLINK "http://www.lethe.be/"\]\(http://www.lethe.be/\) \[HYPERLINK "http://www.lethe.be/"\]\(http://www.lethe.be/\)t grasp the exentricity of humanity, it then merely smiles at the daily ordinary life. So soon you will hear people say these things are an escape from daily life, and also you will the bitter and \[HYPERLINK "http://www.lethe.be/"\]\(http://www.lethe.be/\) the outrageous and her breeds of artists all that is left on earth be taken to monestary with their repulsive sermons, that stink of burning sugar and whipped cream.](http://www.lethe.be/)

lethe.be

Anhethhen and the angels behind the northern Ocean.

Anhethhen called the second time, bittered, once more lost and drunk of woe,... I'll send you the greatest gift now, before the war sets fire to Phiron, Arawhen sighed in delight, a horde of magnificent tender angels, above the northern ocean, you called... we will send you the muse, she will overtake you with honousty, sincere desires for those rewards and bound them to you

in most melancholic loyalty... a heaven, spiritual cold will run through your breast, thirst lest
with freshness and purity.

A muse is with Anghethen came about an angel, yelling at Hethred. Have him write, write
indeed is woe, we will attend to this later, no arts will be hampered with, if all out of the
exhausted throat of earth, will be thrust a cry, cry he may, but the northern land is far, the
northern ocean is wide, we will see what we do when his cries reach for the land. Fruitful and
fruition may come for the rosy and such fresh and pure ambitions themselves... but the
rewards we will end them for all.

The four evil works of Hethred

and one evening prelude to a darkest night colored in a sinister red still...

the muse to weave the Goddesses and angels out of the skin of Goddesses proposed themselves with
paintings to Hethred herself, reluctant to have daughters she saw only a quick glance as the muse
proposed... she thought it sweet for this entertainment, and for very rare occasions she had been
proposed this... but the hunger for such venomous treacherous alliance to her reign and enriched with
the criminal nature and souls of daughters of hers now seemed appealing... she rose and inspected the
paintings and sculptures crafted more carefully... the muse were beside themselves of wonder and
anticipation... they rose more so and their eyes open wide and hungry, their shoulders more fierce,
they smiled at each other as they proposed the daughters of Hethred...

and she, she asked... the muse honoured to have the word held her hand on the painting, she is false
and venomous dominantly your lady, she will addict to her thousands angels and create quite an
arousal, she will be a dog for you, she will often have self-disgust for to feast too much and relish in
beauty... she will eat but meat and raw flesh, but she will resemble you greatly in any other way, black
hair and so sensual... Selpesse "how old", she asked, twenty and six your highness, another wanted to
beat that and offered a girl alone and always chose to isolate herself, always sick of the court and she
would have headaches, and pains cut through her skin, and be venomous to want to soothe this pain, she
will mourn always and be misanthropic, she will be silent and cold, she will wanted to be a deer or a
mare and eat no flesh ... how old interrupted she and once more she asked indifferently, twenty and
six smiled she back at her, having noted the contentment of to hear that age,... "I already have a
daughter twenty and six, make her twenty... and I like your painting, she said walking by, make her
eighteen... and you? She uttered the muse that was passed so quickly, nevermind urged Hethred over
her shoulder... and you? Once again she asked A muse having offered some smaller but meticulous
sketches and stood in the back only now became from a timid and sad muse to a so sincerely rewarded
muse and was excited like a child, "oh she will remain as much a child, innocent as without remorse
your highness, she will be such a pleasant look as she is content, always light hearted, always
frivolous,... and her age... emmmm, she hesitated, sixteen? She asked... thirteen, was her answer, and
the muse of having thought of she would be apart of the most luscious balls and erotic scenery and
banquets and theatre and harem had to swallow when this idea came to her for a second... thirteen
she stuttered with an embarrassed smile... and after having looked at these proposals she asked to
these four of the muse what they will be needing for them to be woven...

I will be needing the pieces of flesh that might come off your lips your highness one said... that would
make the timid and misanthropic, I will name her Hixis after my favourite cat... she said...

I will need a cut in your wrist and a few droplets of blood another said, and bind your blood in sugar
and make thread in this way...

I will too need a few droplets out of the same wound and bind it in an acid said the other...

I will need the crust of the scar that was made in this way said the last one... the muse to have been
called upon to weave the child.

I will need a lock of hair for AnascaranA your majesty, just one, and she indifferent so much more
then you will be born of it.

But all flawed, like AnascaranA that she was so indifferent she had no imagination... and the others
flawed,... And they grown so wealthy and had seen so many to conspire with them... and had so many
pleads for to have parts and whole pieces of Hthreds reign, ehsethener mocked the goddess to hold the
tide of the ocean of titanium and saw the whole sea to become unrest, hessisse had angels set fire to the
palace, Hixis saw the base of Prhaals reign freeze up and ice fell from the sku below trough the earth
and on the palaces down beneath of Hathred... And the daughters all addressed her now to feel so
strong and played with by the angels and Godesses, and hixis too stood there but in the distance and
gave her a cold look as to say the same... now they wanted the reign cut in pieces... "you are all my
daughters, but I am not a mother, there are no mothers here, not anywhere in this underneath I will
tolerate the existence of it or even the notion must exist... Hethred answered," and suddenly pierced
hessisse with her claws, and sunk her teeth in another, and grabbed the youngest with her hair, as if to
grab them all, and she devoured them all three, while Hixis hurried away hastily, as she saw the whole
rage and craze of her... spared because to had reservation as always to stand by... and of course
AnascaranA, the cutest thing that lay asleep in fear... her favourite daughter... Now Hathred staired
out of her eyes like she was gone insane. What have I done she said... I miss them, and sighed alike she
was hungry after having eaten them only moments ago... I will award you with a piece of my reign,
she yelled when Hixis was running trough the palace halls...

I will murder all notion of the motherly, anyone so bleak of principles, for that that does not respect
but merely weeps or is... is nice, unconditionally nice, my art my reign will be daft when the notion
would ever come to develop and flourish here!

she was so scared that she fled to the shores of the theythenean sea, and back up and fled to earth...
first running trough the mountains and upwards out of an abyss, and onto ice caps, and downwards
she went to a crown of mountains where she found everywhere wells, and one muse

and Hethred wicked and merciless loves and decadence, a muse here she seduces, and out of
thousands of angels beckon her attention she can choose all or only one.
unfortunate thee if she so chooses an angel, honourable of the heart, gentile, and so dear and warm.
Hethred promises her the stars without a doubt, stars or acid in their touches love and glances alone
shed light and bursts of fire as from giant suns.

Here were hethreds angels her lovers could prove the masculine passions of their hearts.
and here in courtship Hethred was extremely female as much as she enslaves...
and extremely false.

after real love, genuine love both could see, a night would pass, and Hethred would not answer the
angels calls no more.

the guards would not let her in the palaces, Hethred would be drifting in all these courts, and not show
herself no more to this angel driven crazy out of a heart, a heart, that is slowly shattering of thoughts,
over the mystery, over why, is it her irrational teenage heart? is it something she said to her Empress?

Is the empress sick? Days and weeks of doubt, and disemboweld of heartbroke, and the stone of her
heart, out of a tension of loves rage and anxiety, she took a bath, weakened completely by her mental
collapse, and she cut her wrists, crying, in panic, twisting her head like her mind was twisting... driven
insane and in greatest fears then when the life bled out of her, panic and the worst dagger, the worst
poison, love.

Not rare these drama before Hethred, and courting her was certain doom, or a rare occasion, to
receive such a crown, such power, to play such all encompassing games with the reign, and with life,
and with the laws of gravity and perception.

That this Goddess was the most dangerous thing to exist, for that she was all serpent, and jackal, and
scorpion, and wolf, and panther... anything, and all wickedness and evilness of them, and none of the
weaknesses... this embraced by the most developed senses and perception of any, and a sensitivity, and

so the most unpredictable... Her sister acatha was all jackal, she could love, and love long, and marry,
not Hethred, she was all freedom and a renegade of any reason.
and she held firm the brace upon her reign, and her living chandealers, her living tables, all composed
of young angels to suffer and as much apart of the plot they were to fail and be punished, and that life
in an all encompassing artwork of sensual terror and sensual venom, sensual injustice, this was
decadence truly.

But fierce, piercing injustice, one angel was to have Hethred visit her quarters, so sweet hethred was as
they hung on this ivory and richly decorated horn and gently spoke and evoked the most gentle angels
voices that seduce and resound like heaven or hell thousand fold the strength of earthly courtship...
now she would see hethred, finally she had all engravings made and hung all engravings in her
quarters, so large and majestic engravings, the splendour and honour of the beauty and prowess of the
reign, would surely please hethred, and she dreamed of embraces and kisses, and developed and
bulged up her love.

and the night before she was to see hethred, she had a letter sent, that she had broken a fingernail, as
legendary as hethred was for embarrassment, the absence was not a mystery or any surprise, but the
angel had a night of absolute desperation... and now no more calls, and all was lost, and the angel fled
into the maze gardens one day spiked with grief and loves hurt desolation, and was never found again,
occasionally they frightened to see her drowned in a fountain, or hung from a tree... a spirit more to
evoke the song of sweet terror of Hethred alike no chocolate more black and pure.
a woman so young but that in her heart and mind and soul stayed a very little girl, a truly disgusting,
unsolid will, a complete lack of morals or sense for convention.

Evervirgin, always to seduce and be as evil as youth. This Goddess is the very sphinx of
bravery itself, left no art or heart whole without one day to shatter it like crystal on marble,
and thus to see all and beauty in the peril of nightly merciless ugliness.

And her lovers lay as carcass behind her, she would look at them and say but these words...
and speak to the corpses that her angels are with these words "There is no pleasure other than
life that will be so ugly and ultimately a disappointing mistake to begin with, but fighting and
passions should be, and to embrace poisonous loves, or be as ugly as death. And not to be as
ugly as death, is all a predators will to feed, no creature can be described to love life, but a
hypocritical vile sect that makes appearances and to cover any insight in the bellows of
passion, that is hate for life itself. "

Wisdom for lifes terrific truth, and easily again describe the reality, as cold as stone, and loath
it and how it is hung, raising her arms and cry out for it to be shattered as it shatters the most
sophisticated loves and woes, more unfortunate the melancholic, dispersed in between hate
and melancholy, or the ether once that was ideal, the dream that was ideal, and now shattered
in them...

So wisdom for lifes terrific truth.

but for seducing angels, so many times she needed help, still of course more capable than any,
to caress the angels as she gently whispers to them "its soon the time to embrace, for reality
become ghostly delirium in our wine of intimacy"

Surely for arts and beauty she knows love.

But so often it is mere a false play, and her love is passion, then she has herself assisted by
flocks of poetess angels and muse, who sit by the bed, and make conversation, and try to
awaken the virility of the sweetness in her rituals, and heal the Goddess impotence to love...
Art too beside the enormous beds filled with angels, was to be of prime importance to sooth
the Goddess incapacities, incapacities that were her stigma and as much her crown and her
pride, and still occasionally a cause of embarrassment for her, as she again is nervous and shy,

even blush, and read on her face "i don't know what this is" before she grows enraged with lust. She can forget what love is, to love is will power to her, and false, and more as lust, a clear lake just been flooded with filth and dirt from the mountain sides.

regarding love, her trauma, her flawed mind, her twisted brain, somehow beaten to believe any course could be set with a sense of treasure life or love, this she did n't feel guilt for it, but only felth guilty because she did not feel guilty, for this when she thought she should be ashamed, as an artist, if she thought she should be ashamed she was ashamed, but for this love lost as a memory for a demented old folk, she could never weep.

She instantly took back to the occupations of her court, she had since some time, for this awkward and timid vice of the angels, and for further assault on the humans virtues and idleness, had catalogues made and billboards painted of all the young girls, from the age of six to the age of seventeen.

Now everywhere there were nudes of young girls, as it would appear to some or other poet, or maybe to some melancholic, or someone deranged enough to be able to walk on flowers and cry for them, to such souls, it would seem tragically beautiful, and a corrupt ideology, a cynical delight. Not to this estranged flocks, as angels secretly run about, putting catalogues of the earths youth now naked in the descent paper stands, hidden in between the pages of the moderate concerns they dropped out.

Everywhere shock and appaled hysteria now. And in Hethreds chambers, where she held her chandealers, girls standing for hours, until they trembled and grew numd, holding on single candle or perhaps two candles...

However only for general rehearsal, for here in her reign the laurels and the credit to the outrage was nihil, but up there... up there was such a high sensitivity still left among what was dead, souls without water, but this high sanctitude of the young girls body... what a violant hypocrisy, what an ethics... maybe it could heal some or other frustration among those descent citizens, and the numbers really of how many perversion was committed would be resolved, or maybe some very civil species would finally wage war on the very secretly perverted species. Descent people and perverted people were the cause and effect, both kinds of love of the same mind for sure, of every man his right hand and his left, normality entwined in corruption for sure. Of old pagan sin now liberated sanctid species here resides, and such highly impeccable standards of conduct, always decadence below, and saints above its standards. Maybe some smiles would reveal a lot when this massive project was done with. Bravery should be all descencies and crimes, or it be rot and seal life and romance here as it does. Be brave for crimes, be brave for offenses, be artistic and dramatic then, then suffer for embarassment.

Once for Alas the poet, he carved a massive stone frame, and carved in it depicted the oceans, a siren with her long tail so slender and lavish, and dying she was, and she reached for her sword, as if she fell trough the sick waters unfertile poison, and unfertile to carry she the ocean any longer, but the appeal, the sermon, the crime was mocked, and soon dumped in the wastelands, the poet furious, Hethred grinned, but nevertheless intrigeud.

No project was too massive for hethred. The most poisonous accuracy must be attained she told her artist angels, and large, and in embrace with females must be, and suggestive, and erotic, and even vile and blood thirsty, and depicted like lady's, and in shrines, and with thorns, and with blood, and with flowers, and shy as they were depicted with fruit, or put there finger in an orchids petals like a cup, or eating, or, as she thought she had mankind before her in stead of her angels, let us reveal all these on quarter of the vile species, and maybe the entire vile heart of the species.... let us bring it out, and appease the appetite or repulsion for the innocent virginity, innocent as cups... and her angels took to

work, and they crafted frames, frames in which all of more childish body's, and all of lack of high values but playing and observing, for unspoilt decisions, decisions without morals, on the contrary to touch, to discover, as yet, before morals lash them so, and turn them vile...

Morning at the land of death, and the horns of labour cry, the sheeps yawn as they prepare themselves to bleat. And soon would squeel their bleatent concerns, the city's, the streets, filled with paedophilic nudity?! Power of poets easily mocked, and ideals, or some awe at the poison in the oceans, none could overcome, but Hethreds whim, Hethreds pull, immaculate insight in falsehood, on the false and the wolves souls of those sheep, she had the power of a storm, that fell off a mountain side and dispersed the gentle mist, mist of the claims for the ordinary to claim all their honour to their prayers and sanctitude... As many poets indeed were trialed, for having kissed the belly button of a twelve year old they were not related to... indeed the poet could not hold, and laughter rose out of the dungeons and the sewers were they hid.

not to care is exactly what these walls are doing yes, what occupies these people, is being headless, and the headless can not thrust blood through the heart, even if the headless appear to be able to walk, maybe we should admire this in them then.

The irony poisons awareness and melancholy of nature, but it could help you, this aura of wisdom your persistence is so bleak, so pale, so dark, so childish since it simply can not work, you should use your wisdom for other, more vengeful and dark pleasures.

imagine sitting in all curtsy and ritual of rococo, you'd feel different. opposed to all history i would think they are quite numb...

...

Hennehchalhael and Exether

Hennehchalhael having become an object of outrage, to unleash, to have provoked such a vast war, and the conflict that the earth shall split and break up in shards and ruins left of it, silently beckoned by the angels of Hellengelleh to come to them high up among grief and peace and ice melancholy, and the peaceful oblivion of dark tears... Hennehchalhael drifts on earth, she can not dissolve into heaven once more among others, and as much fearful to fall into the arms of hethred, she falls prey to horrible solitude... Seeking refuge into the nymphs forests she finds solace at the nymphs. As she familiarized with the nymph Exether came, an angel came from out of heaven and slay all men down, she has defeated all men from heaven down to earth! Admired and easily seduced by the nymph, unfortunate Hennehchalhael begs Exether to take her along in her unchallenged war, course the earth and live in her court, her smallest legion. But thought to fight to grow rich of force and fierce she failed at all accounts, and could not the least be more fierce no matter what the angels tried. Never affected by rage she could not grow a taste to passion or creation, an entirely easily guilty dear heart,

At the fire she took her, and by her robe pulled her to her and Exether said, Angel of dried mourning and still life, and pushed her away, and raise in an overwhelming vain moment, you will fall dead of indifference once, as you wish to rather stifle heaven and hell, and leave the poorest, for its stench, and you think it will suffer of its own smell, or maybe you will leave it smug and bloated, but you think it will hurt when it walks under a door ledge, or miss a step of the staircase. You will leap trough Iris once, that your soul be proven dried out, the driest air, the most unfertile damp air, where reality turns to wood and mold and yeasts bitterly of embalmed reality among you. You must always have a place where the soul greaves to such extent, things around you affected as to affect you, your pull of mold dried grief, you in the least move, or walk, or run, but are moved and walked and ran only by sadness.

The waterfalls now lay a stroke around the lake, And the light takes away, and leaves a gaping night within the nymph lakes basin, water in itself sparkling light the walls of this cage. And Exether to beckon, and weeping at her bed, laying at the garments, of once again a soldier to march,... But cold, and drie as her tears, and indifferent her cry, and still and as it suffocates her misery in her troath, gently Exether covits, and the weakness grows desirable, and the dry tears, and the aching, the forlorn and waining, she holds out her hand, can a cheek poisoned so much as white marble, still and dead in stillness, hardened of exhaustion, of the heart to vomit grief. A moment she was appealed called in to the morbid siren, and stilled too with her shriek.

In this pool on a rock greaves she, and cries in the cage of gladness, the gentle wells, and where sweet is even sadness, and exether woken by these tears, she strolls, and misses her axe, and furious runs trough the shallow lakes and over rocks and boulders, towing a strain of lillies, and she cries out, and as she does finally the gentle hysteria blossoms, of clouds of snow that are Hennehchalhaels bellow and heart and mind and soul cave in, and cold powder suffocates life, and hardens as she is pushed down against the rock, and the she heavens the sword of ice Exether, and the poorest struck with the most lethal woe, and slowly turn her flesh into mold, so drie, it hardens,... into wood in the middle of the cage, her feet and her toes all shape into lillies over the lake, and her arms as they lay, hung so hopeless over the boulders, and as Exether pulls her with all force left in her, up from the ground, she remains still, and hardens completely, now ever a young willow in the middle of the lake, utmost loss of will. The unsettling acount, in the middle of the lake, of the gentle and casual pleasures and bath, and the nymph there bath eachother and shower under the fountains, this ever never care for what is outside the water cage...

The empty nightmares of AnascaranA

Her youth she had the most empty nightmares and could n't sleep of fear, her emotions only existed in an amazement over imaginative things, always wondering... of the curiosity...

But she turned ill because of the emptiness of her dreams and anxiety and fear, until hethred had a monstrous looking poet on earth to tell her stories before she went to sleep.

He said he would have to see her, and he would need to finish his story, giving enough food for her not to starve in her dream... so at night he burnt a fire, and the image of her laying in her bed appeared, and her red room, her red bed sheets and red sleeping gown, red because it was so violent and it burnt the senses and kept them awake and provoked them... it was best cure for her emotionless mind, and

so now as she heard his voice and his stories, no matter what horrors he spoke of, the girl was never frightened anymore... always frightened to bore her he spoke to her, as she looked annoyed or indifferent and rarely smiles, but of incredible beauty, heavy wide brows for eye brows, very large dark eyes...

Without the story, she could forever be prisoned in the madness of an empty imagination, now she reached her immortality,

Then came the evening Erehe the poet was missing, angels were sent to look for him, and AnAscarAnA had to be kept awake, for two weeks she was kept awake, until she finally closed her eyes, and was swallowed... an immortal dream, trapped in fear. Erehe was later found dead, murdered by the mortals of Iu...

For two weeks he had thought of nothing else, and was tortured at night and felt no pain but woe for the angel under his treatment, as he looked out of his dungeon cell, up to the light through the thick bars every day, powerless, but after two weeks a fire burnt outside, and a bird sat on the bars...

In the prison they had thrown his body bleeding and now exhausted, in his final moments, he had took off his clothes, mere torn rags now, and he took the hay from his bed, and he called to the bird at the barred window to bring him a twig sticking out of the burning fire further away, and he set fire to his clothes, and in his dying breath, managed to tell the beginning of a story, as his clothes burnt out and he died, he did not manage to tell the end of the tale, and save her one more night, and as the girl drifted away now, and drifted into an infinite ocean of anxiety and loneliness, only moments of soothing and wonder, as the unfinished story gently burnt, in her years of empty fearful void she had to sleep in.

His words screamed silently, whisper in panic, fully without to know what will become of his shield maiden... as he whispers into the last flames... "well i always believe in fairytales, and i never blame fairytales if i get a hard time from reality.
because its not the fairytales fault!!!

That what is utterly and truly the ways of life or a burdened lie of others. live life like fiction and do not mind the losses, fiction to have lived will at least be tragedy, reality will bring you nothing at all!

The wall of ethereen and the last of muse.

as one of the muse to guard the ether... the ether holy spiritual realm, in which the imagination is alive...

residing in a temple, Helghea, with white hair, and it was forbidden to look at the soldiers coming out of the paintings to fight for the imagination, but she fell in love so much with this painting, she could not resist, when the painting was hung up, and the songs woke the knights, you looked for him... and the most horrible Goddess noted of this, and turned all those you glanced at into trees... when she saw this instantly she turned away and cried, hoping she had not glanced at her love, and fought with any memory of him she had left to irradiate it out of her mind...
mhmmm.

The ether normally spread beyond mans realm, and further pushed for ground to be claimed by banners proud, or artists soon to decorate the walls...

But the wealthy at one time grew arrogant and an artist painted a such a profoundly ugly painting, and used his genius to seduce the rich to love it, and with it sealed and corrupted all of the imagination and no angels muse or Goddess would be painted after the ingenious sale, this mockery for blasphemy to all inspiration of antiquity...

All of the craftsman started to make pieces inspired by this work in their turn...
The wealthy to pay for the decoration of palaces with crap, and a whole economy was composed about it... Hathred sighed but pardoned the painter, yes, saw him so much poetic genius to seduce the kings and the courts, what is bound to come of this she wondered and anxious, as amused over this newer feat, this trickery, that could mildly amuse her...

But through the massive industry of such garbage now the songs of the muse of ether got lost, and could not blend in with the sermons and the beauty painted and crafted, and the entire race got hysterical and started to preach for themselves hollow sermons and empty phrases, that everyone should for themselves speak was a very commonly heard phrase, even if it was not a phrase or a wisdom of their own...

But no more poetry bound by wise was left for the masses to consider... since this idle debate, so much more idleness since it was laurelled by ugliness, and such a profoundly ugly nature of idleness lack of dreams more than idleness, the wise and poets to come after this whole turmoil found themselves without teaching, without academy's to teach, without a life line towards the past...

Hathred was well amused, indeed this whole world there now was a marvel and spectacle... how they started to scream, it had no name, she could not resist to interfere and had almost been ashamed for this craze of politics to have been induced without her and without her participation... she had thea-na-essa sent, to stir the commotion, and those that screamed, were taken away by her, and taken to a dark cave, where they were bullied by demons to spook them in the dark, once they were freed again it was the intention that they would simply scream running through the streets, and people indeed to see this screamed too and grown hysterical...

Those wise and poets now shocked by the world's hysteria drew away and took to the furthest, where there was now oblivion and no ether growing further, and there, completely distant of anything and in a land of ethereen built a wall, the wall of Ethereen and landmark of all possibility's wasted scwandelled and tread on...

It was gigantic, it was the very rim to where the imagination had taken, and the seal of the imagination, to hold and preserve... trees were being cut from all parts of the world to make for the most frivolous decorative arts, the most bright colors were derived from rock sediments and oils taken from flower petals and eagle eggs were collected to make paint... and all this furthest away from mankind... out of sight, they were building... so far away, the songs of the muse temple most distant, and the screams of thea-na-essa

The muse to have built the wall of ethereen drew away, and took to the mountains and struck wells there to sleep in... the first well was struck and a muse was led in, and wiped and washed their eyes, and bathed by the others, and so many wells and they were bathed in them all until the moment of the last well that could be created, and eapharona was to see the last into the well, and washed her eyes, and now, there was no one to bath her or strike a well for her... so she guarded the others, heard the hysteria beneath the mountains grow, a terrible dawn, while the land was gained on them, and higher into the mountains people came living, occasionally she slept and tried to sleep at least into the rivers leading from the wells, but there was current, and she would slip away by the current, so she woke mostly and waited.

...

Until a man came up high to the land of the wells...

And showed her a head of a king that was cut off, and he cursed at her, this is how it all looks down there, this is everything that is left, and all that is built today, look at it...

And she looked...

And grew sad as she saw this, the expression on this face were so dead, this stone had been so deadened, the fetishes there, all those city's must be completely dead and lack any beauty...

She cried in a piece of velvet...

She said she could do nothing, she said there was an army in the dungeon of antheen, but this he knew...

He took off again, but he came back one day.... And dragged her to the nearest river the river ehlen, the man threw her down and slapped her, she did not cry, she held to herself, this seemed to enrage the man even more so...

Cry you last of the muse... he ordered, and in pain and fear, she said, I am not sad, you can not make me sad...

Then know they are not worthy to build their land of misery and the plainliness and boredom, they should know everything that you bricked behind your wall and is trapped in it, all the palaces and the city's, the mosaic flowers, the fountains that the muse could see build, picture all those things, and you can, and see now how cowardly they are, to carry on and not to be able to think of all these things, picture mosaic squares, and theatre buildings for newer grace, and festivity's after more noble churches were composed, and myth was toled off, and laughter proud to mock any principle again, and mock death, in stead of all this hysteria, and all this fear, or deadened fear and customs, and now all those dead rocks paved everywhere where people grieved in such a burdened sadness of the dead, and paved the whole world with grey dead stones... black marbles, without greatness, or in vases, and nothing really to cherish, picture the animals all caged in the same cells and stacked, and their corpses stacked on mountains and slaughter alike an industry and no farms, no composure, no arts in no choir, no grace in no occupation, no crafts in no sculpture or piece of furniture, the dead growing, and you picture what is lost, you crawl now and no more walk to know what is lost,...

ARE YOU SAD NOW SELFISH THING?

He asked... and the muse, so frail, beautiful, innocent, pale cheeks, lost, now did cry, there was no more strength for her, she did picture, and she cried in the river...

The man seemed satisfied...

And she indeed crawled as if she was on her last legs, the last strength was about to escape her, and lay, and now so tired, and she wondered in unhappiness why this man had done what he did...

The gardens of Savorae and the gardens of senese

Senese was covered in juice she ate with such greed, the water of the fruit oozed over her body, she was lonely in this part of the empire, banished from the beneath, she had gardens carelessly composed in concrete cages and iron cylinders and there was so much... savorae rather had a garden on a temple roof, bright lit by a mild and comforting sun, but in all her gardens she only had one plant that was to bring fruit, it was a tomato plant, all other plants were of gold and could not be eaten, she cared much for her garden, and so much did she savor and was to care for every appel, and waited and care for the leafs and the stem... cut gently the leafs when they dried out, and every leaf was carefully placed in a wooden box... she was proud of her garden decorative, and stumbled to carry around all the golden fruit, the golden apples, the golden peaches... bathed in light and so evenly, symmetrically composed, an isle of majesty, and one plant for her needs, in a marble vase, centre to the garden...

The capital of Ephexian

There was a new capital built, Ephexian, most of the arts from all over the world were dismantled and dumped at the wasteland of Lihiel. Now a new city, one city of all decors and theatres run the world, it drained life out of the world, as the pilgrims took from the world that what was left and carried it there, and they had it placed with the rest in those swamps of Lihiel.... All the kings silver swords were molten, and built a statue of an old God, atop an enormous column, on his shield reflected Exepher, and a pounding bounced back and spread over the land with the light. It was a giant false city made of paper, and it preached on life on all these stages, and in it all the signs in the world were lost, all the signs in the water, in the earth, in the weather... Giant temples but only the front being built made out of paper. People behaved differently here, they rehearsed kisses, they walked and stopped again and walked back and did the same thing over and over, on all these stages. And the pilgrims got back to their lands and told the people and life fell dead, drained out. And all for a city that merely cried out for attention.

Er werd een nieuwe hoofdstad gebouwt, Ephectian, al de kunsten van overal ter wereld ontmantelt en onverschillig in het achterland van Lihiel gedumpt. Nu werd een nieuwe stad van decors en theater gebouwd om de wereld te besturen, het zoog het leven uit de wereld, zoals pelgrims van overal namen wat over was en het daarheen droegen, en de stad liet het weer weghalen en naar Lihiel in de moerassen bijzetten.

Here sat thousands of people gathering, and talking, and had audiences come to this land where they had faint resonance of old myth and old glory, the audiences delivered these policy's to the world, they travelled back and forth to this land. And in this false city there were rivers pure, and people walked to the rivers and swam, and took the water and drank from it, but in the real world there was no water to drink from but poisoned rivers, there was no glory, the false city spoke of change and beauty, so that the pilgrims did not need it no more, and now they set back to their land for a while, and delivered the policy's, all deaned by the stories told on...

The desk Hethred had crafted this morning, it stretched her length seven times to the left, with a massive middle section still and seven lengths of her to the right. Within her grasped on a small table stood a long slender glass, with some smaller crystal bowls to craft with utmost care here drinks, various liquor sweet towards bitter. Two times four slender columns to the right and left... They had skulls of rats stuck in between them, in rows of 19 each, one time four times 19 left and the same right. On the left there were silver small ignition switches as of Victorian machines, on the right black emerald broader lock switches, to lock or unlock each of the skulls as vaults. Each of them stored ninety-ninethousand paintings...

At the center of the desk was a small glowing canvas, with gently churning stars, and two slides at each side, she lowered the slide, at times finding an appealing mark, open it with a flick of her fingernail, and read the scripture with its insect marks, gently going down, without moving her eyes, all her language in pure symmetry stroke from top to bottom... she flicked all her fingers over the screen and the main slide view appeared, and played another selection at random, in the middle of the large hallway high in between columns of several floors, the paintings condensed behind an oily mirror, when they were pressed against the glass they would show at times ripples and stains or stains like mold... She could adjust the tone to Sepia or Ockre, dark or light, much or little

distortion, fractals corrosion or silver corrosion... She rose from her repose now, and set her fingers at the left column the second switch from above, and as wove with a stroke of her hand all the other switches down, locked.

As thick as work will be in this reign, as much as precaution is taken that all is amuse, as yet many locks for all a choirs and these proceedings needed to be taken into account. Somewhere if not one switch handled properly lay a waste of time, she played with the switches on the left, the trick was to capture them on the left, into the bottom of the column, weary as her taste, and changing as her mood and as the paintings flashed by, from barbaric cultures to delicacy, from intimacy to decadence, from fine tone of brush trough impressionism, she needed to make her choices, as much as at the right column was saved, and the more switches were locked, the less boredom there was, the crafts of scenery and pains of myth easily flourished in here reign very literally, as brishes became murder weapons and whole buckets of acid for these paintings could turn to a grim faith for one talented angel.

If the black switches were left open as still a virus could infect the selection, and delete all the notions and the remarks and ideas of the Goddess. But so soon she was fed up, she loaded the orders to a deer skull,... weeks of gloom, she was silent as sinister lately, her most prickly weeks, as much as ever relaxed, glances of madness towards nothing, looks of contempt whether there were angels at that place she pierced her eyes are not, a glance vindictive ever more frightening if she missed the angels, the quirky evil of it simply stifled their blood circulation, but as she walked trough the palaces she looked never as bored as now... As she locked her main desk, and dislodged the deer skull and placed it on the Axis star, she did n't glance at this desk even as she walked out, this and the entire ballroom crafted at night, and out the door strode already as she ordered it to be torn apart already, with a mere flick of a fingernail on a panel beside the door, and soon this hallway would be torn out with the floor and sealing, all grinded within the thick steel revolving teeth below in the machine rooms, spewing all geysers of churned art and woodworks, mountains of them, bellowing up and down like waves harboring the heavy digestion of the earth itself.

She took off for anywhere something resembling lunch, to find a good room, she felt like a prime dish of long slender pieces of all lions, deer, panther and wolves meat... barely held to a fire, the lions and wolves strains of meat she would fling at her angels, utterly disdained, not a smile by far on her face... deer she clasped between her teeth thrust her teeth against each other and chew like one would gnaw into rubber... panther this delicacy she would eat, but there was no female panther today, the only one who was allowed to eat of these.

The songs of Helix and ANtihelix

Am massive and lavish palace and palace decorative on the mountain stood.

With wooden beams on the slopes towards the mountain...

Attached the the beams were steel wires, forming a web... around it with the wires hooked into the walls of the palace and leading into the mountain.

In the front of the moutain, one of the two sculptures were missing that supported it, one of two sculptures that supported the whole massive rock that it was...

It was a wonder of architecture this composition that was seen to support the massive beams all leading towards this one point...

There was no one in the palace, yes, there was, people wondered, got lost...

Children were playing with a wooden pin that spun across the marble pavement at one of the terraces...

Everyone here was lost, they marvelled at the paintings, they looked at the sealing, it was so vast, occasionally one would pass another... but entire parts of the fortress remained empty... everyone was lost, they had no affairs here, did they care, for what it was built?

For that it was a cocoon turned to stone?

Did they look for the butterfly that took off?

They were merely lost, passing time...

Een massief en rijkelijk paleis en decoratief paleis stond op de berg...

Met houten palen in de vallei rond de berg...

Stalen draden en linten en banieren hingen van de ene paal naar de andere paal, en vormden een web... en leidden uiteindelijk in de muren van het paleis en in de rotswanden van de berg.

In de voorkant van de berg, was een van de cariatiden verdwenen die de berg ondersteunden, en de gehele rots uit haar evenwicht bracht. Het was een wonder der architectuur deze compositie om alle zuilen en balken te dragen die alle naar dit punt leidden...

Er was niemand in het paleis,... jawel, er waren er, mensen dwaalden rond, verdwaalden...

Enkele kinderen speelden met een tol op een marmeren plein aan een van de terrassen...

Iedereen hier was verdwaald, ze verbaasden zich over de schilderijen, ze staarden naar het plafond, het was zo uitgestrekt, bij uitzondering passeerde men een ander mens hier... maar hele delen van het paleis bleven leeg... iedereen was verloren hier, ze hadden geen zaken hier, zouden zij geven waarvoor het gebouwd was?

Voor wat het een cocon was die in steen was veranderd?

Hadden zij de vlinder gezien die in de lucht opsteeg?

Ze waren simpelweg verloren geraakt, en brachten de tijd door.

She was not lost here, Careless she strolled through the gardens, but she got more sad when she drifted off... she cared not for anything of the splendour of the palace... only one piece she was in love with... and she did not often wonder around, only sometimes she did, so did Helix, it was hard to wonder off, to enjoy the scenery, the elements never could overcome the attraction of her lover...

She grasped with the tips of her fingers in a pool... she never stopped to sing gently, even if it was obvious she did not want to sing... it was her duty, one could tell.

The singing became harder to her, she was tired, as she went back to the main gate and at the first floor at the colossal fortress, she had time to repose at the sockle of the fortress, and caressed the feet of a female sculpture to support the fortress... this sculpture that was the centre to all her life, for a thousand years, she needed to be with her for the remainder of the day, until she became too weak to sing... she did grew very tired now, she even stuttered and a grinding sound came from the fortress... as if it was tired too and moaned.

She was almost to dream, sleepy now she walked up the stairs and took her position in between the floor and sealing, and slept, as soon as she turned to stone...

Zij was niet verloren hier... achteloos wandelde zij door de tuinen, ze werd treuriger als ze afdwaaldde, ze gaf niet om de rijkelijkheid van het paleis, één werkstuk van het paleis was zij verliefd op, en ze dwaaldde niet dikwijls rond, soms maar deed ze dat, zo ook Helix, het was zwaar om af te dwalen, om van de tuinen te genieten, de elementen troostten nooit de aantrekking van haar geliefde...

Ze streefde met de tippen van haar vingers het wateroppervlak van een vijver, ze hield niet op met zacht te zingen, zelfs als het duidelijk was dat ze niet wilde zingen, het was haar taak, haar werk, men merkte dat vlug op.

Het zingen werd moeilijker zo tegen het einde van haar dag, ze werd moe, en ze trad terug naar de hoofd poort aan de voet van de berg onder het paleis, en ze had tijd om stil te zitten bij de sokkel van de poort bij de cariatide, en streelde de voeten van een vrouwelijk figuur die het plafond droeg... dit beeld was het middelpunt van haar leven, al duizend jaar, ze moest bij haar zijn voor de rest van de dag, totdat zij te zwak werd om te zingen... ze werd inderdaad zo moe nu, en even kwam er een stilte en een geknars loeide door het paleis, alsof het moe was, en het kreunde...

Ze was bijna aan het dromen, slaperig nu wandelde ze de laatste paar treden op en nam haar plaats in tussen de vloer en het plafond, en sliep, zo spoedig als zij in steen veranderde...

Helix started to sing slowly as she woke...barely awake, she took a step down from her sockle, and when she opened her eyes her lover was cold and dead marble...

She took a seat on the stairs with her hands on her girls feet...

Owww this sobbing, raged Hathred, and sought the more attentive eyes of her court now mostly sleeping... some lay on couches eating very modest meals of tiny plates... the court was in neglect these days and the courtisans seemed beggars adrift in a station building laying around...

For so long now those palaces are dead, and I don't really mind they are majestic, but even those to wonder about annoy me, can they not be rid of, none of both brides would care, they have eachother to mourn for...

You could easily have the angels pound on the lakes, bring fear into the passing by, and the word would be spread,...

Have parts of it set on fire,... resounded as the angels quarrelled again and murmled.

Phraal never allows for beauty to be hurt... her mold in which religions flowered,... "I will never manage..." she said, but the brighter angels she took to debate with kept whispering and soon uttered...

You could offer her something in retrun... Free Helix and Antihelix...

It will compensate for all wrong done...

She will sent annathem, and for her to do so... I will start to ruin this old piece of tomb of hers, I will start to hollow it out, and have worms eat the walls, and rats take away the timber...

Maybe you would send aahlwill your emperesse...

She instantly had the angel that had said this tied and brought to the dungeons to calm her down after such inspiration, and sent out Aalwhil...

To greater amuse of the angels and scared faces, they would learn not to utter good ideas and leave it for the Emperesse to deicide over those.

Helix begon zacht te zingen zodra ze ontwaakte uit haar duistere slaap, nauwelijks wakker, zette ze een voet van haar sokkel, en wanneer ze haar ogen opende was haar geliefde koud en dood marmer... ze nam plaats aan de voet van het beeld en legde haar handen op het meisje haar voeten... owwww, dat getreur, knarste Hathred, en zocht de nog aandachtige ogen van haar hof nu merendeels in slaap... sommigen lagen in zetels een bescheiden maaltijd te eten van de kleinste schaaltes... het hof was in verloedering de laatste tijd en de engelen lagen in de paleizen als bedelaars in een stationsgebouw bij nachtelijke uren...

Zo lang nu al zijn die paleizen dood, en ik ben niet eens meer onder de indruk dat ze majesteitelijk zijn... zelfs de mensen die er ronddwalen enerveren mij... kunnen zij niet verwijderd worden, de twee bruiden geven er niet om, zij hebben elkaar om voor te rouwen...

U kan gemakkelijk de engelen op het water laten slaan, en de angst door het paleis doen gieren, en het gerucht zou verspreid worden dat het niet veilig was.

Zet stukken van het paleis in brand!

Phraal zou nooit toelaten voor schoonheid te laten lijden, haar schimmel in welke religie bloeide, "ik zal het nooit klaarspelen" zij ze met de helderste engelen debateerde zij en de engelen bleven fluisteren en spoedig opperden.

U kan iets in ruil bieden, bevrijd Helix en Antihelix...

Het zal tegemoetkomen aan al onze stokerij...
Zij zal annatheem sturen, en opdat zij dat doet, zal ik dat stuk doodskist van haar splinters afslaan, ik zal het
beginnen uithollen, de wormen mogen er de muren uitvreten, en ratten mogen het houtwerk uitvreten...
Misschien kan u Aalwhil zenden majesteit.
Ze had onmiddellijk deze engel gebonden en naar de kelders laten bieden om haar te kalmeren na zo'n vonk
van inspiratie en liet Aalwhil zenden...
Tot groot amusement van de engelen en verschrikte gezichten, ze zouden leren geen goede ideeën te hebben
en het aan de keizerin overlaten...
Emotions are sparkles not of what is shed off, but of character to remain and recompose itself instantly rather,
of the mold, crust to heal the scars again, and this is an emotion... and I gladly show you what you are...
She said, when she had once more an angel removed from her court.

**A head arose out of the lake and came towards the sand out of the water rising.
He held a lyre, others behind him came and carried instruments, and a sound as if an old ode to
country's and cultures and arose and entwined with the forest...
Their instruments hung from their shoulder or were held under their arm and had curious shapes, but
they did not play these instruments, yet when they walked on out of the lake mist with sound together
spread...**

**She heard the music in the distance, and stuttered, again the palace moaned as if to complain, urging it
to keep singing,...
She answered to the music, and as the refrain ended and became gentle she answered with a song of
her own...
The music came near and the group approached her...
Are you helix?
No not her, she sung, I am the unfortunate AntiHelix.
But it was said you were Helix, and she was here...
I am no different from Helix, I can answer you much like she would answer you...
She sung...
And hummed when she thought...**

**We are here to take you with us...
I can't leave, you know I could not abandon her, she can not survive the day, she can not survive the
night, any day is hers, and a night when she is stone...
Any day is mine, and horrible, and stone, when she mourns for me, I know, when I am gone, and my
veins are cold...
But your songs have come to end, these parts will be ruin soon, and we must try to help, the
remorseless part of the goddesses has decided to see it burnt, ruined and destroyed...
She gently fell into silence and resisted to be alerted when a crack in the palace wall further sounded
like thunder, or a whip of steel lashed into the mixture of sand and eggs and water...**

**Annathem held the Lyre more before him, and The lyre sung, and the destruction was reversed... dust
fell of the cavity's ruptured into the wall and the surface grew even again...
Why does your song sound so different, I hear these songs, yet there is a difference in your
performance...
It sounds much like it would sound in early times, when the same songs were alive, and provoked and
channelled life pride and bound worlds, his lyre is crafted for very special and rare evocations, and at
night...
At night? She sung...**

At night she turns to stone, and we turn to stone...
Do you have to mourn? Do you have to sing? Are you abandoned? Are you destined to weep also? No,
I believe not...
It is so, our lovers are trapped in passed times, we have missed them, we do, they were born to soon,
we are born too late...
Then you are more kin than anyone except my beloved...
I can see you, I can tell, to mourn and dream only of the smallest well being...
Wish me greater unfortunes if only I could have so little that I want, but to salvage and comfort all
other pains I would have ever have to bear...

Do not take your place tonight, the memory of her hides somewhere.
And you must stay awake tonight... we will sing for you...
We will take your duty's, we will relieve you and see you spared today...
She hesitated, and startled, and wondered, and dreamed, smiled gently, but sung for hours to come,
gently watching as she held silent, trying to overcome the urges, and convince herself it was well,
without her, as she held peace and silenced at long last...
When all the hours of the day did almost pass she grew not tired, she felt no longer compelled to sing,
she felt her heart beat only now so much no longer gently, anxious and looking at Antihelix for her to
come alive now, as it grew darker and the day of song would normally end...
The sun sunk below...

The songs of the group of Annathem stopped, the lyre had turned to stone, with them...
The palace grinded more than ever before and a tower fell down, and Antihelix broke...
She fell to pieces on the stairs, and the pieces tumbled down and at her feet, and she cried and a high
toned shriek... and fell to the ground, and wept, and cried, hysterically, then softly but holding more
pain inside...
And cried a whole night, as the palace further fell apart, for a whole night, towers sunk into the
ground, the hill became a crater, the smoke spit from the crater as the palaces and towers fell, and fell,
deeper and the whole mountain sunk, as she cried, and her tears saw the stairs wet, and mixed with
the dust that lay at her hands, resting, under her face, held almost to the ground... and it fell silent,
and the long night of weeping ended...

Annathem woke again, the singing crept from the rising mist, growing out of the grass in from
between the cavity's of what was left of the staircase...
He saw Helix there, laying, wholly occupied and troubled in her grief, and instantly was shook and
threw his lyre violently onto the staircase, not having turned it broke into pieces, and the music tore
and fractured, and the music stopped as a storm fell silent, thunder in the distance vanished, and as if
along fell pieces on the ground upon glass...
He kneeled to the ground, and exhausted himself to apologise, to mourn with her and swear
melancholic sympathy... the saving of Antihelix failed...
His group behind him waited and powerless, and the pillar of smoke above them, indifferent leaned
over them, like a tree pushed by wind... and shards and sparkles above them like the leaves of a
tree...

We will take her with us...
He said, we will take her above, and come back out of the above with her, we will resist the contempt
of destiny.... We will take her with us... the group started to pick up the pieces, and Annathem took of
his mantle, and they put the pieces in it... and carried it each holding a piece of this large mantle, and
carried it away... Helix watched in tears... she hardly could stand, and followed them and brought

along her heart in misery... they approached the water, and the group of Annathem walked into the water, off the shore down, and Helix held onto the mantle, and tumbled into the water, and had to release the mantle, and saw how the group disappeared, she took a few strides on her hands and knees and got her hands through the sand, and almost drowned herself in the water, surfaced again and cried so loud... and for one more night again... cries were heard on this shore, and resounded over the calm lake... and animals about were even so much, moved, that they held silent often, when the moaning and weeping grew louder...

She beat the water, early in the morning, after one more night of sorrow, and grew angry, and wished herself gone in such violent way her heart was seconds away from dying and would see her life to end with it, she cried excessive, and beat the water once more, and it moved towards the lake more towards the calm wave touching her when they had just end, but further on also the water moved... only metres away from her, blond hair drifted in the water, and a head arose out of the water, and the face of Antihelix surfaced, and she walked out, and saw her lover, and walked to her, and held each other, on a surface of water kissed and comforted each other...

Further away stood Annathem and the others, out of the lake watching, and walked back...

The laughter at the warning of Ehedhi

Ehmeden preceded him to slaughter mankind coming out of heaven the last man coming out of this ether serene and kind bliss heaven, and before him his flock of doves coming out of the dead, struck as fire out of gas when he crushed his axes in them, and sent to the sky the doves for all wounds of the dead, ehmeden set forth to warn and tell people his coming.

And he told two ways of what would happen, what would come to pass, and he told this to Jedith, and he told her, while he was moved, and begged for sympathy for not his own faith but theirs... and Jedith laughed... and not laughter for this tale, but a laughter for him, for his personal thoughts, while they were all thoughts he could derive out of him, and battle all their convictions, yet he had nothing but laughter at the expense of what he thought was wisdom... and then, he grew bitter, he told her violently now, and with hate for their kind... and Jedith laughed...

and it was told to others, and they laughed, and this was no laughter for a joke, but a laughter at his expense, and they waved at him, they said good day, they smiled when they saw him sleeping under a tree, they saw him some words of attention as best they could and their eyes would shine, such a funny man they had never seen... he hated them he said, then he said this to people first, and then afterwards when they laughed and smirked for his whims as they saw it...

After their mockery, he crawled for them and kneeled even... and he said you don't understand, please, this is what you can do...

And behind him he saw and sometimes with anger he swallowed and drenched of the violence, and sometimes he wept for the violence and irony for them, and sometimes he awed at the glory rising behind them...

But he could never tell any of the flock a miracle to come... and he could never do but to betray them, his words were none to have a result, and his whims, would have none of a result, and this rage behind them, could it agree with any one result of them?

Watch those beautiful doves, struck from wounds like gas took fire, they are spit at the heavens, watch those doves, graceful... the doves have crow souls and the crows have dove souls.

But they laughed. And so this God set foot on earth, along with a flock of angels and muse with his axes rhgerhed and ghereven, and his sword Edhel. From all his victims grew in their embowls doves and flew up and spread here, white doves with long feathered tails...

Upwards, carried the clouds, and swell up underneath the columns of Prahal.

ETHERITH VOLUME III THE SYMPHONY OF RITH OR RITUAL

Do you really think these thoughts this mind of you was spilled?

Screamed the well back to me. said Elhende bittered to Anhethen.

Could these images of this world growing be flowers growing outside or untied to reality? Its roots not be within that soil of reality, maybe the crown of the flower leaps out of the known world, but the roots of dreams are here, and here is tied to truth...

And you know and are merely told one needs to attack and defend, defend for that what conspires against someone, but attack mostly.

hiding in some language is a vanity unsound, but a language to speak like yours, is a vanity ready to battle among vanity's against empty phrase and those to be timid to live and greedy for what is know before...

the way that they will start to whisper their worm truth.

horrible.

they need to spit fire at the world.

what use is the "truth" when it is first held outside of this world, when it is a phrase one can not battle with senses and rage...

Lie in a world of lies, the most powerful lies...

gOf hope of the spirits to wake."

you must wait for moments of rage, so did the well teach her.

And then you can not concentrate, you set fires but you don't mind really what you are burning...

hesitation of the fools will be payed for in ashes of anything or anyone.

Feed the fires of a religious burning is all, and allegory is means, the woman is the decorative feature of the allegory, I understand you, resounded from the well.

She for a moment thought the voice came from above, when it was absorbed there when it fell silent... as if it drew back into the distant light above her.

Lheheden is sure not to know until this day, whether she is speaking to the world, whether the voices she hears and her voice somewhere resound, and who would find her to tell her the story's arrived elsewhere; it is now before you, and in many cavity in this wall palace of Iris it is heard, and she speaks there, and how will we know how much she knows already...

He gleaned, miserable from these medicin, his head fell back, he was tired of observing the blood red in his eyes, he stroke his chest, his vest barren, his ribs, where his longs were, were colored black.

It is not at all here outspoken, or to a regular agreement among these monks, or from these monks conveyed to anyone, that he was a demon, not at least anyone was aware, behind the curtains, behind the glass pendule copper crafted skeleton as a watchfull eye above the main entry... These gossips of religion, they knew once or here and there in this world, any man a prophet, and as colored water against glass can flow, and obscure more or less, these did not have a ponder upon the realm and unreal of the truth, in images a swindle, if you swindled them they would n't understand.

With gentleness and kindness he answered them, all people near, the overshadowing wasteland large enough, everywhere could be soldiers of Angh, Even or from any Helms ruins abandoned. Nothing of stride and not one fierce or strong word, all was gambled upon gentleness... If a an answer was as rot as they are exchanged here, he just answered with a more bitter rot, to tear them down maybe, still a feat of gentleness... Upon the look of himself, misery maybe, once an insane awe, so lonely in his self assurance, alone to scavage the land of worms, as all harnassed on safely on their obese monsters eating at the worms, breathing below towards him...

He sat himself at the desk he had ordered, the middle section was missing, it formed a square now, he crafted a circle on it, and the violet bodes came and run about so soon, bringing tablets, with delightfull pictures, Evens muse, brides of the Rothhalm army, all single, looking for their occult threads entangled, all sinfull, missed each time a passion lurking at another, sometimes missing a great moment by seconds, he grin, I was that one setting up the ball rooms for a more mathematical approach, but here is where you broke this artisan bond,... and romance, of course, for each doubt there is romance, could not in the she exist, not a novel given birth in prison, or a sewer be of gold, it surely could be a sewer of gold, he lived in one, a novel in a prison, he was sitting on that persons backside... He knew only that horrible feat, a demise so painfull to him seems, if any second led astray from this extreme deranged balance of each fractions to be on time, for a thought or a step left or right... Each word how many steps? A mind already much more thin therein, romance, was so resilient wherever he came, as the artists chariots of Even bliss with some emperial prowess for the unfortune and the deranged loves.

A tablet came along, and a debate unfold, but what of this, it could be seen, pulsating of pornography, suggestions for his humiliation, and when he refused? They blame him for his world to be but such a mountain of shit... Now they gone too far, when you reached the bottom, then for an allie I can only throw you back, on that mountain of shit, or accidentally when I swing you, release you, violently trash against the gutter, and crush your skull... I will carry on. A mountain of shit, he scratched on the marble...

You just depicted glory and turned it upside down.

You just depicted melancholy and you spat on it.

I could say your reality of shit that i stand above is pathetic.

I could say many things that i gain in sick decadent passions just licking the crevesce in between my own fucking fingers.

But that does n't interest you.

What may interest you is the sad little left over souvenir you get that is stacked on the glorious mountain of shit your grabbing your fingers in, it is the passion you are locked in, I feed such passions plentyfull more then what you get to the mouse and rats of my all my golden sewers. The little verse to contineu your cursing over those worries of the romantics and symbolists and this tocking like a chicken surely your highest achievement, proves you are a late age man at heart, and later age man are those that dance the Messias farth dance he had thought for all of you. You should read him, you learn such a great deal of noteworthy worthlessness of people. He plucked in a plate on the table, steaming hot, whirled with his fingers in the chopped carrots, the pees, crusty, saussiches, potatoes, sweet as tyranny these dishes, the sugar tyranny, and the sheep bleet like ants.

The dispute over Anhethhen and the poets souls.

**The majestic and massive legions of grief set down, and waited for the few angels of
Hethred...**

**To the astonishment of the legions of melancholy, Hethred had sent painters, in no time they
painted the preparation for the battle of the legion of melancholy, and put their canvas at
strategic positions... they sketched the scenery, as brilliant as they were, and as lightning the
demonic legion arrived, instantly threw themselves onto the shields of melancholy and looked
with their swords for weaker spots or holes in the defence, they flew back, and yet again
smashed into the shields and threw back melancholy's angels, then the angels of Hethred
dispersed and moved like insanity, and unleashed the mayhem of all however few predators
battle and devoured all gazelles....**

And the battle was won, and the carcass of melancholy lay trashed upon these fields in Phiron.

**Now I have the poets to see the message of a most filthy lust for revenge on reality, on the
most vile of reality, and that breed all reality at the centre... walk on amidst them gallant
hearts now venom...**

And the oceans made rot and lifeless first.

**The algy in the sea died, and then all the fish in the sea died, and all the ocean died, and all at
the bottom was black and acid like rotten eggs.**

**Green plagues and disease washed up on the shores of the oceans, and the seagulls died first of
all the land and fell from the sky, and people fled in horror and hysterical growing, gasping
for air as they were breathing the spores washed up out of the oceans, and choked in it, and
they fled inwards into the land, and the poets chased them... and their vanity the absolute
arrogance and the dumbness set in again even as they still choked, and the poets, in oblivion
as all nature set, now took revenge and rimed, and sung sarcastic songs to the crowds!
And the crowds called back and soon again blamed the poets, and comforted themselves the
poets were man too.**

**And the poets said we were in the prisons, in the asylums, we were choking before when we
saw it all dying, we were starving simply looking at your festivity's and your pranks and fun
and amusement... but now we can dance, we never more choose to idealism, we are
misanthropic, we merely want to harass you and annoy you! And we smirk right there as all
will die... and never have any belief or comfort that we too will die... we were declared insane
then, and we are so deliciously insane now...**

**We were always to fight for a spiritual ether away and in the distance, and we suffered not to
gain any of a pleasure you perceive to be a pleasure, this pleasure was vain, soled rubbish with
the jokes we crafted to set you free, our pleasure was character, suffering, pride, glory,
principles, beauty and in all a beautiful principle everyone could see most suppress in simple
phrase, the easy and most prevelant riem you speak of when you judge is blindness, blind
words, blind insights, and simple rime without the quest, the venomous search for these fresh
and new images, new images to refresh the mere reality... to taste again the rot or the glory...**

**And you grow numb. It is all the romantic and the surreal, and outside is nothing.
With all these lands under your cries, your sick futile cries painted on such horrible paintings
in this land your land everywhere.**

And we said raise classical paintings that were left in Phiron.

But you wanted merry things... and a merry justice now... and the oceans turned rot like eggs, and slime became of the fish, and the fish were infested with disease, and the beached on the shores and their belly's ripped open and spilled all the guts on the shores.
And plague out of the ocean.

And now that the seagulls died, all the birds died, and there were no birds, and the vultures and sparrows and feazent and all those died, and all that was left was chickens. Chickens were left, and cows, cows and chickens, for the complete low, a vile breeding, all that was left was the docile species, infectious milk from the cows, and dogs and cats, all growing fat in the excess of being fed chickens and cows. And the chickens could be fed cows, and the chickens could be fed chickens, or the cows could be fed cows.

And there was such bitter rage, and the poets bulged up of venom, and hissed and spit.
Anhethhen too in this war of mind, a war of rage.

After long cynical discussions with the people, that answered and were daft and plain, and awoke more so his venom.

After he had cursed and spat on his dried out mother, after he reminded all the oppression of intelligence.

He found a letter of some time before, his letters to all girls, young, to breed disgust and hate in them.

And he opened the letter... a girl not so young no more, not especially pretty, but sweetest, with a distant yet open expression, exotic, remote, he could see here... she had made a drawing like a stamp, it was titled "I came on this earth to learn."

It just struck him, and the heat and burning of rage, the rot of the world suddenly dawned on him, this was the only thing he could see was really possibly to break his venom, but he could see nothing more then that...

It was n't about the children, they could all suffer in the rot, it was n't about plain ideas, all the ideas themselves were ruined, people to claim money was the problem, it was a mere idea, it was the disease of the blind... it was the merrynes, it was the denial....

So he broke by this simple image, the naïve, sincere of this older girl, he reminds her words, how she often remained silent to his remarks, his extensive words of irony and intelligence, she would have the most simple concern, she ate much fish, a bit of sin in this time...

But there was something, still melancholy could strike hard the poets, hiding from Hethred to consider, underneath the mantle of disgust.

A moment of peace, but never forgiving or pardon to all the rest, there was merely a single, seconds in eternity left... seconds of peace, of honoust tears in eternity... soon the world will not understand how it could be saved...it will know no different but demise, as even the dying grow arrogant, as one would have seen it is true, and dying people will be as arrogant,... no pity, no repent.

Arawnhe the Goddess of melancholy mere slave and servant now...

Hethred wrote a letter to her... there is no more an anchor of yours anywhere here, all the poets have turned to mercenary's, they are out for humans blood, there is nothing but revenge, horror to be told, messages of blood must spill and cynical rime.

The imagination vain within, for rotten youth, and an underground. You may still hope for Anaehtheana, illustre angel of mine, you may convert her presumably, a lust for earth must be a lust for woe... as for this verdict, I will demand it be written down... how shall we have it delivered... for once I allow you to decide... Anaehtheana needs a book, this book will be the map to her city... those underneath, my stubborn kin on earth, a book will be carried around and delivered to them, anaehtheana will find her a mark, and the book will convey it to the others.

Arawnhe replied forthwith, it is you that created her, and once more I will try to relieve those to suffer most from your stranglehold... Elhende, hoist her up from her well and send her to Phirons wasteland temple, in those remote parts, in this absent of hope, she will deliver only what she dreamt... no other messenger can be more befit.

The sorrow of the giant Herhell.

This is the pit, the nothing, the slowing down of all upheavels and turmoils.

Too good giant here sleeping...

Haunted the Goddess, and urged him...

Do you not want inner peace?

And poisoned the giant in such a deep sleep...

So mal content would he be...

When finally she stopped to whisper in his ear...

That was the size of two horses.

Out of the earth to rip open, leaped a giant,

And he pounded on the trees, sure to see if behind any of the trees was his wife, but so angry, and without hope, that he broke them with a club of steel...

Every time again he leaped out of the earth when Hthred woke him, and wishpered that horrible tale, that she could not allow for him a woman, because it would not be grace for a woman of this size, and she had created him with a sex equally enormous, even proportionatly large for him, so that he would not have a woman, not even near a womam would he come, if any woman on earth was seen...

Every time this woke the giant and he arose with an unstoppable anger, until the giant again forgot the story, and hesitated and in an intelligence that was never awoken by the goddess, he draw again to the vally in which he slept, long days, for weeks, maybe a month of sleep that shook his cradle his valley... as he was haunted at night, as much as in the day, with rage, with anger, frustrations, violant so violant his anger.

But Prhaal, pittied the giant, and oen day pounding at the trees, she sent him a vision, of a woman gracefull, looking into his eyes, and seducing him, he smiled like a child, and grabbed towards the vision... drifting along where there was a cliff, the vision faded, and now this dumb creature wept honoust tears, granted him by Prhaal, tears that calmed and ice cold made his violant rage that burnt him... and so many tears, there was a cascade on the mountains down in the cliff, and in the rock grew, and burst out slowly giants, his hundred children, and some five times the size of Haalwhill... Now in fear he looked about him and all his sons climbed out of the cliff, but he looked and looked and so scared they would find his love, he faught them all and outraged again and provoked by Hathereeyede he called them all down, and with her mercilessness grew above them all and shouted so they would hide back in the holes that gave birth to them...

Now he walked in the forests and made fibres of all the trees he had splintered, and turned the fibre into thick ropes... and tied them over the cliff...

He locked his sons in the cliff... but he soon again forgot the vision, and the hate, and got back to the valley where he slept, and slept... and even when her spirit the giants bride in his dreams was of human size, he would see her so clearly, that he would be eluded to think her of equal size, and since he could not reach her he was in love, and contented and now smiled as he slept... until Hathred woke him again, until she told about how much such a child's mind could use a mother and never had one, and how the pleasures and touches of woman would be too ugly a sight when she created a female giant... And he took to the forests again, and pounded on them,...

The wars of Acatha and the winged dogs.

The seventh gate to the ocean of thetanium was crafted in the mountain side to surround the ocean and unleash storms on the oceans. Acatha and one of her winged dogs, looked for to be slaughtered to open a Gate, fight off the all too human hero's challenging them.

Billions and more billions times billions of men and only a few women, no more than thousands, the men of whom all of them lived for only one day, each one day of hysterical fear or brutal self-disgust...

Growing the mountains underneath, pour fire and sand and ashes to this purpose...

They do not even really belong to the underneath, she never looks out for them, never even intentionally penalized this plethora, if her policy over hell is already consciously ugly... this rim building down is never even intentionally growing, and is never really especially cared for.

The banners of Elhende

In this dungeon, shaped like an arena above ground, but with dungeons and caves underneath it, was said the dungeons of the most sickly, the most corrupted souls...

It was called among those to know more the dungeon of soldiers knights and emperors, and within in all these hallways and corridors the prisoners chose their own residence, and walked around, but caged surely, and they were often reminded when they stumbled into a large forehall and saw the windows bricked shut, windows so large like the biggest cathedrals, but carefully sealed... in this dungeon, as the saints chose the most abandoned parts, the catacombs, were mostly corpses hid then living beings, in a dungeon and in abandonment these parts were the most abandoned, he contemplated and drew uncaring plans, and plotted to destroy his own brain as he taught, he plotted for gigantic towers be built with windows bricked shut and all caged and all alone... he was hungry for his own insanity...

That day it silent in the dungeon, the people seemed to have fled, but the candles of the guard who patrolled the dungeon moved even here to register those that inhabited here, and marked for them to be present in a book he carried along... he noted through the bars of this cell someone did not move, he walked in and nudged his shoulder...

The person did not move though he sat up, his muscles seemed to have frozen up, stiff and hard, but he was not dead... for three days he had sat there and having destroyed all of the world he was caught in fear alone fighting in himself... he was taken out, one more prey to the revolution against all natural and all perception, and this world drowned in his own bitterness...

Three more days he sat in this place, annoyed by the strings across his body in which he was wrapped, they kept to see bells ring in the distance... then he got spectators standing by his bed, but one day they hear this ringing of all those bells as if he fought with them, and when they looked to see what had happened he was gone, he walked the streets and started to wake again...

Their hysteria and their words to betray what any poet of the past will have said, their hollow moans, their little concern when he faced them, and he spat on the floor of this place of convenience and merryness, and they tied him up once more... he had been locked in the dungeon before he was ever to stir or provoke, he did provoke, when he was a child, he did speak in such cynical tongue he was already widely known for it and they locked him up, now he spat on this floor and it was clear he would be locked there again, but he hastily got out of their hands and walked away and got to the dungeon himself and stood in front of it... the dungeons fat walls were shivering as he touched them, as if a whale of a thousands of whales so fat was trembling of cold regardless of such a fat skin wall.. there were shrieks and screams and roars coming from it and everywhere from within the building as he walked further along its wall... roars like lions and shriek like panthers, and occasionally violins or keys come forth like virginous angels but always at the back as if it cried when it raged, and raged while it was silently crying...

He had grown cold and destroyed his sentiments now for had seen, and for long it was said underneath, and everywhere proven it had no use... and he stated to the wall, it is said there are soldiers knights and emperors here, and I will say it this is the dungeon where they are, and I will get you out, I will break down this entire coast line this wall and come back pounding on it... and the thundering voices in it continued and regardless of anything... he walked on and just started to drift around, as something possessed him, he was crying and cursing inside his head, and he whispered out loud angriness, and surely if they saw him they would have thought he was mad drifting like this, and pointing and making gestures, as if the use to be mad at anything had long eluded him and now spoke directly to a higher order.

Anhahnen walked into the cathedral, and everywhere and the columns and walls were made out of paper books... an altar stood at the back surrounded with a library in the shape of half a circle... and he opened a shelve of the inventory and roaches and bugs fell out of the bottom of the shelve he opened and pieces of rotten books dripped on the wooden floor.

And slowly the archives were eaten away.

And he left the Litherath, and passed on the left people who were debating the good... and to the left people who were debating evil... and browsed trough the library to find material for their debate... and they debated over what is one man, and debated what could bind thousands of men... and they found vast volumes of books of late, of twohundred years to add to the debate... while their discussion, their debate was shallow, and heard in the streets, and with books or without books was old... and plural, and to speak and advocate for many voices to be and set free, but in the end there were not many voices and there was only one, to debate...

And as he grew weary, and was closed in with empty arguments, a wall slid into the ground, and roaches scattered across the paper floor, and moist swallowed a part of the floor into the earth...

As he would later pass again, there would be mere archs and pillars of the literath left...

And eapharonae woke and awake, bathed in the river, and aefauthean travelled to the land of wells, and met eapharonae, and said that this was her land...

And she cried when she held the banner and caressed it in against her face...
I can not do anything, I am a muse, and this land is asleep, and these priestesses are mourning, we can
not disturb them.

But they blessed so many a war, and agreed to all this death once...
We need there blessing now for sure.”
They mourn, as people are satisfied they mourn, for when they were passion.

And when there was beauty...
And now they treasure those ruins of it...
And they have enough. Do you hear them?

No.
Nooooooooo
She whispered.
We have built the wall of Ethereeen, that was us.
And it ends there...

And we sleep, and you are powerless... please do not exhaust yourself.
I will not tell you what the others tell you... but my conclusion is the same...
We have ended all aspirations with the wall of ethereeen, you may look at it, its complete, a marvellous
finish the the end of time... a magnificent seal, a profound remnant of the arts.

Aufaltdhinemerung wiped his ax in the banner and made it shine, and swear he would never mourn,
and rather burn the priestesses tombs all over the earth, and marched back, and put his banner on his
shoulder,

He walked into what was left of a garden of old, now only crossed by a small river, all black water, and
a tree with crooked branches and crows in the air above the piece of forest and above the tree, and in
which tree they flocked and rest and shrieked... and kneeled to the tree, timid to be seen in the land
that long abandoned ways of the ancient.

He murmured curses and grinded his teeth as he took this gesture in which he did not believe...
But he harnassed hatred and freedom and denounced pleasures and amusement.
Then he found a small castle, once more pilgrims of such hesitant and civil convictions wondered, and
looked at silver and gold, and table wear and cutlery and vases of bronze...
and murmured it should be used or stolen!

And left this small castle, with the bridge that served no purpose, the bough of the castle torn open to
accommodate leisure for the pilgrims...

And he took off to a small palace, where more pilgrims wondered, and held palace, and with a small
piece of clascisist parc arranged much like aristocracy's of old would do.; and with a buste of an old
aristocrat, recommended for having given the palace and the parc to the pelrgims, and he said now
look around you here, now see what you have done, scattered power, gave the elite away, and the daft
flock anywhere and everywhere and claim to have no duty's but rights.

And he spat on the buste growing ever more outrageous.
THERE SHOULD BE A QUEEN HERE, he shouted at the passengers by.
Look at him, and pointed to the buste barely anyone even noticed for being too lazy...

He gave you this...
And they laughed... and walked on...
And he took to a piece of parc devoted to children...
He got the king...

WHY CAN WE NOT BE ALL TIRED OF KINGS WITH BEARD AND BENEFICIARY'S AND
GOD, AND OLD MEN TO GIVE SUGAR TO CHILDREN, AND MAECENAE, AND ARTISTS
OLD, AND ALL OLD, AND OLD SOULS, AND OLD VIRTEUS, AND OLD PASSIONS...

And he heaved his axe high and struck into the forehead of the sculpture, and again axed into it, and again until he cut off his head, and he pierced the axe in his neck and jugged the banner into the ground!

He saw everywhere when he walked on wonderers and pilgrims, and now he was alone...

The pilgrims of the palace further further wonder, but one must have noted of the disturbance, and soon enough five or six of guards of the modernachy came to life and with more vigor then was usually expected of the monarchy.

They surrounded him and led him away, as he passed the sculpture one of the guards uttered they would put the head on display near the palace for to be seen what happened.

Or for an artist to come and paint the crime.

And he applauded this and said give rumour, sure.

But he was silently again brought away...

Where there was pilgrims to care, over him, to salvage again, and speak again, orate and preach again... in a place with mold air, rotten air, along with obsolete actors, renegade politicians, withered, numb priests, a place of casual silence, of cold moderacy, of hysterical wards and to nurture... to sedate... he could lay on the grass in the gardens there for days on end and think nothing... he could observe the trees carelessly scattered but still it was a clascisist garden and some composition was there, but he could not feel and anger over the trees having to be replaced and the garden more meticulous, because in this sloppy kingdom and palaces... everything was sedation...

There were vases with smoke burning and coal boiling in it with a smell that numbed, grey smell, rotten smell... there were little bells on strings hung everywhere in the rooms and the bathrooms and the hallways and in corners and as soon as one touched such a string servants wards and guards would come and smile at you and...

The only thing they would do the wardens of what was commonly known as "the Hotel" was to lock and unlock the corridors... exits, fire exits, main entrances alike were closed and locked, so as for the residents to having to constantly find ways to go to a specific part of any building, even gates for horse and carriages to come trough were suddenly blocked by small poles in the ground... But most of this went unnoticed, or the residents easily surpassed such annoyances, they barely noticed, as much as the medicine tour came buy and saw to not much of a serious drug, but rather a moment of humiliation, that would not sedate him in this way but had rather kept him alerted...

There was the residents to have their work they made in the Hotel exhibited.

More crowds then usuall, Pelgrims of anywhere wondered trough the hallways... he helped a girl there with her exhibition and instinctively put drapes on the tables.

NOOOOO! She said and rid of the drapes in an embarrassed way.

But the tables, he murmured,...

He took to the disgust usually to proceed on the disappointment of sentiments, sentiments that always aroused intuitively, carelessly, as if he wasted them merely, he never intended one.

So now again he grew a disgust as he usually grew, and not in the least a disgust or any argument understood when it was used as an answer.

He found a closet with sheats and drapes, and decorated the tables with them, hung them anywhere on every misarranged lamp post, on every table that did not fit in with other tables, on every sculpture that showed lack of profound violence...

Soon enough to endanger the exhibition to drown in a wealth of sheets.

The Pelgrims passed, they always did, in this waiting room of arts, premature, womb of cultures, they were waiting, they were walking, but they were waiting... nothing was here, no culture was set, it merely faded, nothing was said, it was merely still to listen to rimes of past time, still echoed. They sung still the echo of those rimes... and of those verse...

**It was so obvious, a few lines drawn, and an army could be seen, an entire movement against the dead,
but the Pelgrims wondered, despite the degree of disgust, to taunt, to mock, to preach...
Nothing moved... they kept to smile... nothing to starve their rotten hearts.
Nothing to burn their acid intestines.**

**One day he escaped...
It was nightfall and the nurse as he called her, sweet and innocent dwelled through the hallways of the
ward looking for her choir like dogs look for a nice piece of any material not specified to chew on.
When she past a door she was suddenly drawn into the room and thrown upon the bed... he pulled her
pants down over her behind and trust his weight unto her...**

**YOU ARE SO INNOCENT!
He said with a demanding voice.
BUT FUMBLING INTO THE WEB OF POWER, I BECAME CRUEL LIKE POWERLESS GODS!
She was already on the verge of panic, as most therapists, epiphany's of normality would be already in
panic the moment something threatening grazed a hair on their body, and alike many books would
have told them, some places are not for amateurs.
She had just realized she was an amateur, was trying to get with her arm to one of the little bells, even
if she was so far away from to reach it.**

**DO YOU WANT IT SPRAYED BESIDE YOUR ASS OR DEEP WITHIN YOUR ASS?
He demanded?
The nurse uttered a small squeak and was completely paralysed and numb.
MY GOD, OUR GOD, DOES NOT PARTICULARLY LIKE TO WATCH THIS EXACT MANNER
OF COPULATION!
IF YOU PRETEND I AM INSIDE YOU, THEN MAYBE HE WILL BE ANGRY, AND HE WILL
STOP ME, OR MAYBE HE IS REALLY LOOKING AWAY!
AND IF I AM INSIDE YOU AND YOU STAY QUIET, THEN MAYBE HE WILL NOT BE ANGRY
WITH ME, AND WE CAN BOTH WALK OUT OF THIS!! ALIVE!
On this the nurse started to gasp for air...**

**So one day he escaped, and since the treatments he forgot the most important thing, while everything
else drifted along in his mind, thoughts, ideas, he lost his anger, and was set free, but crippled to have
no sulphur to burn with the fire he was given again, no yeast to make bitter the liquor, no meaning in
his words mere form, no form in his words mere streets and alleys, no names...
He remembered everything, and he saw the paintings of aylearya but he did not want to burn them...
he remembered they had to be burnt, he knew why, he urged himself, but his beliefs faded again, while
his mind still was looking for the proceedings, never grew more tempers,...
He passed the palace again... the pelgrims he hardly could have seen through the haze.
He loitered in the castle nearby... the silver could have not been any less to reflect light. And his
mirror image a blur...
He passed the sculptures in the childrens garden...**

**One now was cut off a nose, the witch, another was cut in the head and shoulder...
The head lay beside a tree in the herbs...
He took the head...
He wrapped it in cloth and drifted away, further to the wells and epharonaes... or Phiron.**

He threw the head at her feet... your rot empire!

She looked at the head and startled...

These are no myth...

This is no king.

All your ruins! He said.

All that is to mourn!

It will all look like this.

You are asleep.

What do you expect?

**In your dreams not be castles while there back there at the mouth of the river sand is merely washed
ashore while in your nights are castles seen?**

**And in each of eaPharonaesses wells all the priestesses that slept were stirred in their sleep by these
cries... and the dawn came, and the truth of Iris daned on them...**

**First few words would sztartle only few priestesses; soon their temples lost their shine, and in one
clean cast shadow over a world swift alike a lightning strike and all was revealed.**

The massive church became powder.

**An army in cages! And pilgrims astray and wonder, and temple now ruin and lost meaning, their glow
is not, their ideas are not, their nature is dead... she cried... and the world held upon dreams
shattered broke, and the plains fruitfull dried out, and the moist drew away from the meadow. (!).
And when they woke and refreshed themselves in the river the first death would meet the soldiers who
baptised their banners into the river at the other end at the mouth of the river
They marched trough the city's and disturbed the pelgrims everywhere their banners baptised in the
tears of the priestesses burnt and seen shadows and nuance and raw colors trough the lights and all
the awe in the streets...**

**Then I set fire to all these wells, burn while you sleep, and kindle sleep a religion of sleep, or sheep, or
careless where burns the fires at the sky... looking at the smouldering ash, as nature slowly takes away
its shine it fights this decay...**

Now Hethred sighed.

Why can you not see you are with them and everyone in the shit.

**With the priest who has few a flock, with the teacher who has stubborn or religious pupils, with the
doctors that have patients complain.**

Do you want a palace and shore and parc and forest and castle.

**All draped in this way, that there is no obstruction, no friction, that you will have some luscious
Godess when you are lustfull, perverted Godess when you are simply crazy for such, someone to speak
to whenever you wanted to speak and silence when you wanted peace? Should the birds be tuned as
well? There is no such world.**

Stubbornness and malcontent are the delicacy's here.

**Zo begint het leger van Hethred haar gekrij's dermate snijgend en luid te worden, dat het door het dak van het
ondergeborchte dringt.**

zelfs tot in de slaapvertrekken van de hoogst rancuneuze Godin.

ze woelt en slaat haar ogen op en werpt een gedegouteerde blik naar haar wand met de meesterwerken van haar uurwerkenmakers... Al deze klokken die in een groteske compositie, en met verschillende metalen zijn vervaardigd en ingelegd bespotten haar als zij ziet welk een lef de voorzienigheid heeft,...
De wijzers wentelen op de wijzerplaten... kleine of grotere koperen of gouden beeldnissen verschijnen, en slingers slingeren, platen met gravures draaien rond... toch zijn ze volledig geluidloos, niet het kleinste tandwiel knarst nog maar in de geringste mate.
het leger brengt een geluid voort als een sissende stoomketel.

zij schrijdt uit bed en neemt vertoornd een zo'n klok vast, en haar vingernagels knarsen door het metaal wanneer het dreunen van boven haar haar eenmaal helder maakt, en zij rukt enkele klokken in een beweging van de muur.

Ze krijgt terug naar het plafond, heer nekspieren verkrampt, en haar ogen wijd opengespart, en wend zich direct af en vetrekt haar gezicht als een kat die azijn heeft gedronken.
het leger hoort ogenblikkelijk een hoog maar kraken krijsen dat zo'n tien keer luider is dan hun eigen gehuil. zelfs het volk in de omliggende landen worden verder zo bokkig terwijl midden in de nacht brieven al door de bewindvoerders worden rondgestuurd om een tweede muur rond de arena op te trekken, zodat zij verder na van hun slordige idealen te hebben gedronken weer zonder ongemakken konden slapen.
Hethreds engelen staan onmiddellijk al achter de deur te wachten en kibbelen zacht, terwijl ze zenuwachtig hun dienstjurken nog goed steken.
Ze laat dan nukkig enkele engelen aanrukken, die dan ook ogenblikkelijk verschijnen..."wat zullen wij doen om het leger te straffen Godin?" komen ze toe, zoals ze de problemen al inschatten... Weer zijn de engelen veroordeeld door een sentimentele zachtmoedige vrees, verstrikt in alle onrechtvaardigheid die hun jaarlijkse taak is, en willen de engelen haar onmiddellijk paaïen en hopen dat zij snel over een straf beslist, bevreesd als ze zijn voor de gevolgen van haar ongenoegen.

Straffen?
ze doen tenslotte wat ze moeten doen.
mijn rancune vanmorgen is geheel niet tegen hen gericht, liegt zij, om haar volledige controle op de situatie te veinzen.
zullen wij hen dan kalmeren?
verlaat die zucht voor snelle gemakken, jullie gemakken doen jullie zo snel vergeten dat de macht van het leger moeten worden gestaald. ze worden alleen een moment rust gegund als ze echt op het punt staan om te breken en onherstelbaar zichzelf te beschadigen.
laat de bron maar gloeien.
vul de aders tussen het ondergeborchte zodat het geluid dempt!
blaas met hoorns terug zodat het geluid niet tot hier komt!
maar de meeste engelen zijn nu in de weer met uw rivier en die kristallen paleizen die u hebt besteld
Meesteres.
laat ze dan ook deze klokkenmuur vervangen, en ik wil hem niet meer in de slaapvertrekken... maak er een die in de praaltuin van de ontbijtzalen kan staan. en dat zij ook weer nieuwe dagen bedenken, de oude vervelen me...
en het leger majesteit?
de engelen hadden moeite om te beslissen of ze zouden aandringen, omdat zo'n aanslag op haar stemming even gevoelig lag als te blijven zagen.

breng schalen geslagen room...
de engelen verstomden, en tartten haar verder om toch weer andere luimen te ontzien.
en hoe moet de ontketening dan verder gebeuren?
door niet te veel suiker in de room te doen. antwoord zij verveeld, en zonder veel overtuiging.

dienstengelen van de keukens van Hethred zelf zijn ogenblikkelijk uit hun bed gehaald en hollen nu allemaal bovenwaarts met schalen met zachte bergen vaste room.

Het volk dat toevallig in de buurt is had nog nooit zo'n schouwspel gezien, hoe in het holst van de nacht schalen van slagroom aanrukken en in de arena worden binnengedragen door de gesluierde engelen van Hethred zelf.

de mannen grijpen erin met hun handen of verdrinken hun hele grauwe snuit erin... en zuigen het goedje op... de kreten en het gedreun verstillen de volgende dagen. later kleekeens te meer hoe een opvliegende het weer was, als het langzaam groeiende gedonder haar niet meer deert...

ze glimlacht nog slechts even in haar slaap.

ver onder de arena koken ergens in gigantisch grote vaten de klokken van een van de wanden van de oude slaapvertrekken van Hethred, engelen zijn gedurig in de weer met kunstwerken in de vaten te gooien, en de werken verbranden als slingers vuur zich uit de poelen slingeren als opspringende slangen.

of ze worden met grote messen door zware mechanische tandwielen kapotvermalen...

om de Keizerin altijd weer een aangename eeuwigheid te gunnen moet alles in minder tijd dan het kost om het te vervaardigen weer in deze kelderateliers in die gigantische poelen gegooid worden. zelfs de machines en de kamers zelf worden vervangen, als zij even is langsgeweest bijvoorbeeld en een glas wijn drinkt op de ongelukkige vergankelijkheid. en de zo spijtige vervaging van de expressie in de werken van al haar hoogst getalenteerde kunstenaressen.

The altars of Hethred

The Furien and Hysterien

The terrible lust of boredom, gruesome wicked sensuality of the female storm here below, and poisonous decadence in the reign grew, as angels and Hethred exhausted themselves, growing more ideas, in a fierce war of vanity and power with boredom. The truly fertile land of creation,... where in a hell of boredom, in a cage so empty, even the most arrogant or the utterly daft, would pick up a crayon and start making circles and things would spring up... the elementary laws of physics and the desire of void and nothingness are a force of creation beyond any will power of violence and the combined force of all the stars,... And how stood the more mall content, in contrast with the breeding of more innocence about her, more obedient as ideas faded once more, but did the supreme female really grow more vicious, or was the vicious of yet another idea merely a sudden fear, while other pains had just got out of sight.

gTo know how you must enjoy, you must also learn to be punished. “

All bordered pleasure and pain.

Now she had new altars built, with many floors, with columns, and ledges, in between which angels were enchained, painfully seated in a twisted position, and had other angels come give them only smallest bit of mild to quench their thirst.

Thus raise altars, living artworks, living shrine, maintained by angels, and composed of angels...

That is even better result then actually realizing something or convincing people of the truth. More splendor is truth when it is simply annoying and not to be accepted and fought against, when they actually even suffer, and shut up their little clamp minds even with all the strength they could muster!

Look at how innocent and visible their barren rotten ideals really are, Hethred had many gracefully arrogant, savage angels, a flock that could have been called the Hethredians truly... but unlike her having power and a complete freedom of her mind, those most venomous in nature without power were bitter and grumpy. Determined and arrogant, and mall contented as they were, taken by such blind rage a conviction, they were Hethreds most dangerous adversary's.

So Hethred had them caged, she separated them in groups, and lashed on one group, to rape and sodomize the others, they had dungeons and suites with imaginative toys and toys in the forms of fruit, or often in the shape of a chicory, the chicory being the most dubious piece of food around in the empire,...

So here too was the ambiguation of sensuality and degrading lust, but here all things were more aggressive, aggressiveness blended into horniness, it was a figment, a shadow of what was high above them a breed of monsters, a breed of arrogance, but here truly and once more beauty laurelled and painted the ugliness, and some horniness and intelligence laurelled and painted the beauty... but these angels the Furious of Hethred had no wit.

Demons that had not really any other function but to be submitted to all these games, these tortures and brutality... each their life within a scenery, or their existence would bulge up... a piece of grass on which a tree and some fruit from them, just befit for them to extract emotions out of the soil...

An angel growing anxiety from the twisted position grew hysterical, and started sobbing, easily she had here sent to one of her bedrooms, to save one was to have her completely at her mercy... but as soon as one would have cheated the rules, trying to avoid her duty's on such an altar, other angels were somewhat too strong and courageous. Such angels were tense with pride, as one would be led to the public stage for humiliation, as Hethred merely brushed her with the thin stick on her behind

The angel would just got hysterical.
crying like the whip was on fire and she was run trough with strokes red of hurt and blood

gTo know sensitivity, here you also know to shiver of this belief, sentimental, and then you shiver, sensitivity can be easily a hysterical child."

as they all relished and were lost in acting and theater, the light sentiments pervaded and bulged up, and then these rococo penalty, this orgy of a ritualistic humiliation was in place, to dampen all the illusions and vain bubbles of thought pushing up against the columns and walls of the empire.

Here when they were subjected to this ritual they could not differ pain from mere touch, and entire suites beds and chambers, and cold walls and wooden frames were raised on stages, and flocked angels before the stage and carefully and more so it was pride, easily in pain, or it was vanity, so sensitive and chained and tied, her angels endured, their souls truly suffered as they were publicly humiliated
and if they would be proud, or indifferent, they would not be ridiculous
but since they were girls, and were as childish as

to curse the world, to curse life, and past life, and future life...
can make you who you are...
as well.

and many passions in such cursing.

She raged Hethred.

As crowds needed to be led on, or otherwise where they could not be led on, be beaten down...

So were the hysterien, so light and their minds at one with thin air.

They easily started gossip and all kinds of illusive convictions and... hysteria in all.

Now the most fine blades smallest knives to make the most delicate cuts were positioned in a room...
they stood raised in golden or silver forms like vases growing finer at the top like candles, with the
most delicate poisonous slicing cutting blades.

So they were tied to the cold marble, and as their bones broozed at the massive tablet... the Goddess
liked to give scars to all her virgins, cuts that would embarrass, and occasionally stupefy angels... one
angel grew completely insane of the sensation of careful strokes on her body,... she shaved her head,
and occasionally went on a crusade in the arts and masses, with a flock of more arrogant angels,
caused much of the most timid in fear, demolished art and entire church interiors.

As her reign grew and was still young as she was, childish like a girl, and her lovers demons and angels
rose out of the fires and pools of titanium... she was struck by a little girl just lifting her robe, laying it
down, and crouching down naked, and put its small bit of waste on the lawn right there... she was so
moved and grabbed by the sensuality of this scene, that she had many toilets of wood crafting gold
silver and marble all removed and put in one of her abundant museums.

Now and since a large portion of the empire no toilets could be found, one simply did its delivery on
the floor... in hallways or rarely even just in a salon, or there were recessions too provided behind the
curtain, but there would be angels especially positioned with scoops, everywhere in those hallways and
parts of the reign there were teams of angels with scoops and brushes and a bucket. And would be
called and stood there as the needy angel crouched down.

It was a ritual to play on the delicacy of filthiness of their lesbian pleasure dungeon. Of course obvious
and only deemed in this divine world, all these delivery's were firm and consistent small little packages
delivered, one could not assume ever was so much splatter and such a dirty goo being sprinkled all
over the palaces. The curtsy was all within such perfect confines of grace.

But not all was so vile filthy and lust in her reign.

At time she revealed her own tenderness even, as an angel was sobbing, "ohhhhhh" she went...
so cute the unfortunate

the weak

they are so pretty

and as question marks sprung up from the angel...

you being unhappy cause you broke your crayon, or when you did n't get desert, or when you hurt
your little toe, or when you numb brains just fall off the stairs and panic, totally numb of pain, but
when sensitivity is proportionate, and the most sensitive break a crayon and the numb violent souls
rampage fall down three stores balcony, that is SO beautiful!

You look so beautiful then

And so vain hurt she looked like a little lost puppy, she said.

gbecause maybe i am a fetishist of compassion"

The sight of tender and gentle hurt, and my honest tears of madness this delight I can cry, and do cry
for you my angels, you are so beautiful, know I understand how beautiful you are.

Uhh? Went the angel.

I know you don't get it, smiled Hethred.

No I don't. almost weeped the angel.

**But there would be smiles behind her back, she would n't or could n't do this with some more
rampage angels... it is a matter of dignity, she treasured the weak, and how could she give them more
pain, as to confuse their souls in such a way... why could they not stay horribly spoiled!**

They are beautiful girls in the end...

Not men or old bats or mothers here around.

Their arrogance and occupation in delight was the true conviction this perpetual world needed.

**And stood in the middle of the street,... a wall painted on nymph screaming, looking at the water,
looking out of the painting, these fantoms to them, drown, citizens of neglect, with souls that ousted
sleep, and rot, and death, no greater rot then neglect of grace and natures rites... within rites of life,
and rites of senses, and simple treasure, to neglect a simple treasure would in this neglect the greatest
demon.**

**They were appaled, for once struck, reflected ugliness upon the sleepless souls, terrified, that the past
was such contrast, as the head decapitated to the one waking muse, so the new arts beauty shooock the
souls of the sleeping here in the toxic of enjoyment and this hysteria...
walls as ethereeen, but a crime, and soon removed, and the peruptrators looked for, and a mockery, a
challenge it was, that as a crime and not modest at the side among all other modesty be beauty.**

**Hethred crouched down, and set the glass jar on the floor, with chocolate tied to a string, with half of a
broken pencil stuck in the jar, the string leading out of the jar, tied again to a pencil holding up the
glass lid of the jar, hinging in a weary balance atop the pencil hairs. The lid was then tied to a smallest
bell with with she called her angels...**

There was brown sugar and sweets in it too,...

**she left and lurked in the next room, carefully looking at it as she passed the door and walked back
and forth...**

**An angel came as she was looking trough a book of engravings of older kinds of torture... ahhhhh she
sighed, and smiled so gentle... they walked in the room, a mouse was cought...**

**What shall we do this time your highness? Asked the Angel,... "drown it" it was not without guilt, in a
treu dumb criminal neglect, cruelty, demanded sensitivity, any sensitivity including cruelty, demanded
for the sincere, compassionate of the soul, as Hethred was a noble wretch, a truly compassionete
criminal, of which joys and pleasure only could be attained, and in it in art practiced terror and
torture, as artist treu, and not as those arrogant souls, without a eloquence of the mind, or souls
without eloquence, and be hardened and feeble of mind... a mothers care she had for death, and unlike
nurture a passion solely distilled out of the highest mark of beauty... eroticism, and eroticism, is female,
all female,... perfect as a females body eroticism, vulgar as the males body, as those insights be
intertwined.**

**She had large cabinets, a temple to these jars, bottles, all with shelves and altars, of greatest aquisitions,
all these mice, millions, and stored in pure alcohol or poisons,... and added sweets and sugar, or any
cream, or dish, with poison. There were cabinets for chicks, puppy's, lambs, any kind of creature to
beg mercy, and each to depict a sense of cruelty and compassion, what would wake the consciouss, or
what would be a memory of an event, drown mouse, or suffocated and starved in its own excrements,
neglected in its bottle, it took a brutality to contrast with the most innocent to keep one alive in this**

abyss of burden... and indeed no human would be so delicate a work in any of her jars and glasses and vases with the sweet or poison or acid, for she had dogs for that.
Still more art in dogs than man.

Now she started to dream of sickly angels faces.
She instantly alerted some angels to accommodate a hospital, and browsed in her poison and disease cabinet only some rooms away from the prey cabinet... she picked out a poison and put it on the handles from the staircase, as soon some of her youngest rushed down and an occasional angels slid down the handle... Soon enough they were applying for the little hospital, with burns and ills, caughing and their tongues out of their mouth, their eyes looking at their nose, warm temperate and shivering. Hethred enjoyed and her soul was deeply pleased and a gentlest caress like reward a child or a virgin to a poet, that a smile came over her soul and sighed a warm satisfaction, so delicate so treasurable these faces these glowing bodys, hungry for the thick sheets with feathers from the fattest swans... and bandages on their burns, itching, and the nurses to her aid, occupied, hardly capable to treat all these angels asking for attention.

The siege of ethereeen

Here ends this song, and it's true, the giants took To anthereeen, adrift, with Aneatheana, the dungeon of Anthereeen gathered violence within, a beating pounding like a heart ready to burst out of it's fat walls. Anasstheti showed the head of the old king in the garden of nhaevral to the muse, the muse were woken... so ends it, what is left can be told as the future is rich of tales to tell so soon as there is a bitterness to react to the sleep, the subdue, the saturation...

And the story told now can be mostly considered accurate, maybe you live in a world where these parts are already accomplished facts, but as it is told here nothing of the following parts had yet come to be realized... anything might happen, be it, that what is so enourmous to come, has origin, and key's and signs everywhere, and if stubborn enough the future may be easily deduced out of the present, off course, one should not be misguided by what a surpassed belief is, and what is main and common among an age, but prophets who do not see turn around, storm and a breach of the boundary's everywhere, set, could see a glorious empire demise... those prophets we will not include,... easily other prophets deduce the future, and, wicked as it may seem, some of these prophets have imagined more of it, then was actually deduced out of the present or past... they bothered not for facts, but...

They simply wrote the future, and what future will care for the accurate or inaccurate... if it is built, then it is accurate... if it is to doubt or look for the truth, then it is still the past.

And the giants breached trough the walls of the dungeon of ANthereeen...

And hordes instantly marched into the world, ANthetissa took to lead the main horde, and now releaved and smiled, and marked on a map the most triumphant route, she saw one of the main rodes for the traffic of vendors, beggers, wonderers and pilgrim of this undead empire, and could hardly sedate her greed to venture over and interrupt this silent wondering and this order of deadness crawling...

Set free is the rage of so many ages, and the casual, satisfied smile to have grown everywhere, the saturated now amazed, and in being amazed more so alive then for a long time passed now.

And anyone could see or feel, in this simple breach of law and the insane laurels of anarchy gotten, was already so much change, if only were out of a prison, if only a road was crossed in the wrong way, if only some marched through where the pilgrims marched on these paths that were slopes and valleys so long ago where they were, and so much in it a road was dug, slit out.

Anthetissa had himself lifted by a few miles, up so he could oversee, how this army simply did, what all these vanity assumptions and considerations could not do... simply run through the stream, some man mingled in, the carriages slowly moving, moving away and slowly out of order and going to the side and finally halt while this march had already been so worn and tired...

It was majestic, he cried, he got insane to see it, this whole slavery got to a stop, the traffic slowed down the city's in the area, until slowly the roads in the city's nearby clogged up as well, and the anxiety and wonder of this spread and was legend...

Among these hordes spread out and poets more violent, took to throw rocks at the roads, over bridges, and wrote signs on people's customary fetishes, and spread instantly like animals that could only roam away like it had finally rejected the mother and the land of the mother... this sweetness sour to the wild spirit now it had to draw away and spread everywhere...

Anywhere were growing banners now, and painted so many ideals as much as there were ideals in Ethern and behind the wall of Ethern held and caged promises, these were dark promises, only knew of a lust for revenge, dark banners and dark sermons and mostly hollow, and banners shouted and were only ironic, in this ironic world, amuse, sign but remained a sign, it pointed nowhere, it was carefully crafted, but mostly, how could it speak but all wasted within irony... a couple of years now, it had spread this army, and been looking for swords and arming itself, it was momentarily seen and it was sometimes brought to attention by fires were set and roads and city's blocked, but mysterious, and obscure...

And Euphoreana saw the havoc down the mountains, and Anaethan and Anthetissa conspired after these couple of years,... I don't know if they are anything really, they stay underneath and they polish their swords, if they would mean anything we could destroy everything but I do not want to do that, only if it meant it would end this dying undead deadened empire...

But it is the army of anthern one can not teach it ideals,... no, one can't, its own banners even are not credible to themselves, but as soon as those banners mean something, they would be a militia truly, and so soon maybe the militia of the whole world for that,... what does the undead empire care, what do their moans and urges care for what army, sure they will protest at first, but that's why there is an army in the first place...

But to vent all this power, and to harden the imagination in their banners there must be...
Off course, I was thinking this all this time, what purpose for such noble lack of future and persistence in passion alone to have a whole future...
To break through the wall of Ethern?
Yes,...

And I will set all their banners in light, I will ask for Euphoreana to harden, to verify the banners and for the world to know of this doom of their empire pounding on it...

Why do you not give me a city... if they can take one city and restore then maybe they have proved enough and maybe they are willing prove this,...

She stroke her hand before the sky and when he flickered his eyes as they opened the sky was black with dark butterfly's... he staggered backwards and the butterfly's took to a swarm...

I cut off this hand of a giant, and she held her hand to it, as the butterfly's started to spin a web around it... I will have them carry off and where they must rest and they grow tired they will halt and

leave the hand, and that city will be restored, no compromises, no hesitations permitted, the councils and people in power will brought down, the entire city dismantled, and a new city inspired by what is left of the beauty will be built... it does not matter where, this army is dispersed it must have a marker...

As in her court, the malicious urges of gossip again befell the dungeons, and the name Aylheyis was called, and answered by worried whispers and hisses and shhh's so many girls uttered now in reply to this name... the Emperesse does not like to hear the name Aylheyis...

Soon she will send you down to the abyss of slaves and the ocean Theytahnem with her!

Aylheysis dared to cheat on Hathreddianeia with a demon of earth and was cast into Theythanem, thrown before thousands one hooker now, who'm they ate until eternity...

After she not only refuted at hathredianeia when she was expelled from her court, but dared to call her a man... a insult she ca not bare to hear or they would be instantly removed from existence or worse...

She was the only one ever to take to the idea, to insult her character lustfull with a males, as she disgusted the vileness of the male desires, and their limbs and their genitals, as she sealed in her hate for man the Theythanem Ocean below her, not ever to have allowed one man to escape it...

So far to have come, they approached the wall of Ethereeen, it's enourmous frame at the side they found themselves decorated with the most frivolous nature scene, underneath written hundreds of times, maybe across the whole bottom half of the wall it was written a thousand times, or a billion times... written in any language, in any key of lettering, IN English dutch, Arabian, Lhendenhen, Elvin language,...

gis this what is to come, or, a reflection of the soul into madness"

Is there truth, or, fragments of light always

What there is to come, truth, or a reflection, fragments, of the soul, light, into madness, always.

Madness, always,... he pondered...

Reflection but fragments...

What is to come, the truth...

What is here, because the truth could not be further away or it would not be the truth... it is here, right here...

BREAK IT DOWN!!!

He shouted!

Ladders were mounted against the wall, upon which shards already rained down, and pieces were shizled off... at the sides lava was poured on the frame, and pick axes were thrust in the weak material... some scratched the hard crust oil paint off the front of the wall, and platter and hair came off... a whole part of the army attacked and pounded on the wall ans started to grin a cavity in it until after minutes already it became a hole...

Some already started to drift off behind the waall, momentarily lost or slowly fading,...

Pieces of the paintings, of ships cemented in the docks, the skyscrapers of the cages of the soldiers, the heavens dark and sealed for the future, all was scraped off and and ones to start pounding and beating into the wall.

c

Pieces of the wall drifted towards all sides, gravity itself was disturbed now, souls were lost and found again, coming back from behind the wall, until it gradually shattered and entire shreds were realized and whole legions swarmed trough it...

**The pieces were already being used to pave the way behind it, sculptors were bid to mount sculptures to the sides...
Painters were bid to paint walls steadily growing, as a legion like a thin string pierced the nothingness, and formed a first line...**

Anhethhen, crossing the first river of darkness about Hell, descend in its deep, and rise again towards Mahres and Ahman... One day again, so many years after the wall of Ethereeen was built, Hethred will challenge them... build higher walls and deeper dungeons, so the world will grind as the plates push against each other while they expand...

**In these deserts and lands nothing was but the imagination, no life and rarely Gods, and burden and thirst here was much awe. Held back by the sadness of the lands at first, they build a temple to harness large fires to set to life this wasteland, and set to light these lands, and for the people of hell to move forward behind them...
Burnt they suns, like gas lights in alleys in antiquity, further away, sowing forests, forests with tree's hundreds of times higher then the ones on earth.**

Anhethhen, die de eerste rivier van duisternis overstak rond de hel, achter de muur van Ethereeen, daalt af in de diepte, rijst op naar Mahres en Ahman, op een dag, zoveel jaren na de muur van Ethereeen gebouwd was, zal Hethred hem uitdagen... En hogere muren en diepere kerkers bouwen,... Zodat het bestaan weer knarst als haar voegen tegen elkaar drukken... In die woestijnen en woestenijen was niets dan de verbeelding, geen leven en nog zelden Goden meer. De last en de dorst hier was ontzaglijk.

Weerhouden door de droefenis van deze landen eerst, bouwden zij een tempel om vuur op te wekken, om de grauwe landen tot leven te wekken, en in licht te hullen, en om de mens uit de hel voorwaarts te bewegen, achter hen aan...

Brandden zij zonnen, als gaslampen in een antieke steeg, verder weg, en zaaien zij voor zich wouden, wouden met bomen honderden malen hoger dan op aarde.

And all the caves here they visited filled with gold, with vases and silverware, jewellery and coins, Helengellehs talents and Hethredian florins, even if there was never a man here for sure, Hethred stored all the gold here, and in the gold you could see city's and futures, and visions of all alterior worlds, alternative future, other course, fruitfull courses all more beauty then here barren reality and her treatment for it...

Then thundered the third time Axis...

Swollen the venom of her pounding on all.

Massive flock of her now more countless numbers of numbers...

The waters of Pharawhell rose to large waves, growing city's of crystals atop it's slopes.

The pyramid of Hethred shook, half of it fell into the black Ocean of teythanyem and caused thousands of sea to flood, pieces fell trough the ocean and dug holes trough the boiling lava, filling shafts of the mines of men, she froze on her throne, the court knew what to do... the ones nearest to her panicked, to her slightest and most sober of usuall pleasures, some were to gossip of eafathae she

never deceived Hathredianae but actually was so stubborn, and said she would not obey the rules of her court, she was asked before the question to be freed from the harem to a King on earth she did not love, or to seat in the court, Hathredianea and eafathae quarrelled long, now she was seen in the third belt of the underwroom... the court and the angels quarrelled further about the proceedings, this while the Angels above the court carried on and rebuild...

Ordered the marble and the boulders and rock from the mines of men...

Hathredianea lurked into the darkness before her... and grinded her teeth, uttered whispers in between... she went down to her quarters and again up an enormous staircase and found herself in a room where the side had broken off... further back, at the end of the room was a painting on the floor, "it was called the imagination wall." You can not break that, you can not pass, she spoke...

impossible...

An angel appeared from behind her..

Our world is ever safe no my lady?

There is defiantly, a psychosis behind their intentions to the paranormal, and thus towards the imagination...

There is even an order of this psychosis, directed by axis... moved and turned by axis.

Iris seals it from them, the wall of perception...

They will have to do with the expressions before to reach with their hands in our world...

They have but signs and no life... no life of us, they note the marks...

They can't reach in...

She returned to herself, and found herself on her throne... the angels, some of them stood looking at their queen, the empress,... some were running about a while further in the throne room... Hethred whispered annoyed...

gwe need more brooms"

The cranal wings of Helix and Antihelix

For years now Helix and Antihelix feast in the gardens and amidst the ruins... they ate the fruit in the gardens together, walked along together, watched eachother and themselves in the water, but mostly eachother, they could not be happier.

Suddenly something roared in the garden without worry's theirs.

gFor so long now frivolous love and happiness passed the thousands of years of cold beauty, a beauty more cold, now I have come to turn you into tragedy again."

Hthred Spoke straight out of the fires and her voice first startled Helix and Antihelix, until the silence again fell, and both Goddesses realized what was been said... they looked at eachother and grew utterly worried... the silence now grown sour was disturbed again.

You will walk to Ethereeen, you will seat there at either side of the path to astarahea

You will not be so stubborn, to hesitate or find a shelter, or I will have all of the past rebuild, and proceed your tragic romance like before, I would turn one again to stone, and have the other sing her saddened song... I will watch you from the fires along the way, I will observe how brave and dedicated you are to some more responsibility, over to guard the immaculate with your treasurable pains, heroic to all Goddesses or Gods anywhere...

Slowly they set course, but eager where there feet, they would have time, EThereeen was far away, and their life would have an end again, even if the end was not so much colored even and pain would again settle in their heart...

They grieved at times and no longer was there happiness, fortune for each other to hold was still, but their smiles to each other were burdened now...

They decided to try to elope of the Goddess's wrath and take a path through the Lakes of EThereeen, where there were no fires so it was said, and where they could beckon Praal. Or sing to Aaanathaem for help...

They walked on the paths through the lakes now, and soon the deserts behind them and more pools surrounded them everywhere, and visions in all the waters, in the smallest pool, and wars and world being born and died in the lakes, and worlds at war in the oceans, and whole worlds swear allegiance in other oceans, bigger, and wars abundant in these waters, in all colours lit and shades and trampled flower beds or forests growing with Goddesses or men...

They sang for Aaanathen, but no one came, they found their long journey was soon to end, as two giant ruin pinnacles raise in front of them, the destroyed wall of EThereeen...

Then it started to rain, and a thick fog swept forth and surrounded them...

Out of a pool arose a muse of Prhaal...

You are sheltered here for moments now, I speak for Prhaal, we know what will happen to you... she will see you turn to glass, on giant sockles in the sky, and she will see you cranal wings, and she will have one of you fly about and cry, when at the other end of the path, one of you is frozen, and turned to glass...

The two Goddesses started to beg for mercy, they reached for each other's hand, they near at the muses feet...

Prhaal will not allow what she has planned, and she is in great mal content, she has given you these lyres, they will keep you both to petrify, together....

The Goddesses sadly complied, knowing this meant to die, and meant there was no more torture to each their hearts in turn... and the rain took away, and a fire sparkle ignited in the distance...

But once and once more and in a longer while, but every time again, there will be rain, and when it caresses and runs off the lyres, it will see you both live, and be able to fly both of you towards each other, but stay above the clouds, never fly out of the myst...

Her voice dampened and whispered and faded and they could not hear what was said, and the fire grew...

I see you have been hiding, and I hear there are pleas made to the muse, I also find you are not loyal to the poets, what will happen if all is merry and tragedy's dampen, and the pains see all the poets to comply in a peaceful tranquillity, and the fires extinguish, and the burning of the inner soul, and no violence in convictions, merryness and weakness, compliance and a debate in fear to hurt, a sweet tragedy and a weak and unsatisfying finish to the glory's of reality that could be and truly...

Truly see to struggle forth, and caress the withered death with born, living grief.

I will see fires below... I will be watching, I will hold the tragedy... this is my loyalty to the poets that you do not attain...

So the two ruin pinnacles, the remnants of the frame and some pieces of the wall of EThereeen sticking out, were cast into glass, and Helix and Antihelix were carried up the sockles, and turned, and helix turned to glass first, while antihelix was living and looked at her sister, she was in fear, she was so scared, it struck even the birds flocking by on the sockles, and held their singing... but as soon as she was placed atop the sockle, and given her lyre, she turned to stone... and both sculptures now symmetrical, while the people beneath walked through the columns... at the very end fires were placed on top of the lower balcony of the columns...

But they were not placed at enough a height to observe the two sculptures when a thick myst embraced them, and away they fled, and feast moments of their love in the clouds and above the clouds, tasting the sunlight there to caress the floor of their garden now, and at occasions, as she could, Phraal, to see enough water gather in the heavens, thick, misty clouds,... again, at times days on end...

Very real at times, their memory, they remember and looked at each other, and remember for thousands of years, they had to see the other cold, lifeless, every other day, and very awake was kept in their happiness this memory...

For now at times, Hthred grew a fire like a snake to crawl up to the upper rim of the sockles, and had one live, and she could fly off, and watch the other, and mourn, but gently only, soothed, as she knew there was glimmers soon of moments above, for both, never again to be burdened by such misery, for being trapped in the most enduring thousands of years spell...though touching the feet lifeless, hold her hand to her hand cold and motionless and still so much, the reminder was alive, the penalty endured,...at the will and loyalty of Heethrdia to the poets...

The invasion of Ahman and Mahres.

And while the army sent over the Mountains then reached for the deserts behind it, there were tent camp majestic again installed and wooden walls built around it, and indeed it was to remind of a great age... And soon small palaces were built for nobility... And emperors marched forth out of this army moving forward... A giant deep was slain into the floor of the earth where the arena of Endheeen and the dungeon of edheeen stood, and first the angels took to accompany the army around them and in a heaven growing, and the slaves underneath everything were harnessed out of the underworld and led behind this army...

One of the wise that was called to take residence in a smaller palace educated a luitenant... and future general... or what higher he could become...

He wondered of this past for them a past, and lectured him about it so he would not misunderstand...

C

Why do you make yourself so ridiculous, the harsh bat said, sounding like a rusted metal door grinding in the floor as it opened.

At this point ...you would have been completely embarrassed and appalled someone would have the nerve to say this...

And you would have the bat tied with her feet to one end of the doorway at the back of his smaller palace, and her hands tied to the other end laying there like a carpet.

And she was so appalled by this treatment she could not resist to wine and complain, to squeal her discontent and your complete lack of respect... and you would say soon you will be disposed of just lay silent and don't make a fool of yourself and be a good carpet...

He walked out into the garden and reasoned with this luitenant just twelve years of age...

Some people are stubborn to learn of sarcasm, and one will try to bring them down with any means of intelligence, but they will merely keep to protest in high pitched voice and confirmed of their idle and high pitched toned authority..

And so the master of sarcasm, sensitive as he is will feel so ridiculous and the whole warfare he fights with turns against himself.

Sarcasm is since the dawn of man the true duality towards dumbness in what are two sides of an empire, beauty atop and slaves ugly beneath... and both will resist each other perpetually... an empire in demise is a contempt of the slaves to rise, and otherwise.

This is why the stupid must be humiliated physically, and there can not be freedom, never, or there will not be a civilisation, but hysteria, and because it is such a sin to waste such brilliant stupidity, you

can not have it be wasted on a small number of stupid people, and you can not have it not be seen, not be seen only by the smallest number of stupid who would easily surpass and walk by without to notice to the extent stupidity should be awed at.

In this way presidents and prime ministers in our recent past had well the position befit to them, everyone could see them...

But in an age more just, once again they will be overrun by power, and this needed not be a crime here I will have to be timid of to show the world what I do...

gBut then the stupid will say, one can not humiliate people like that..."

Yes... the wise said,... and alerted him he should try to asses more this nature of sarcasm in to think, to a very core of indifference of their arguments...

Only power and action can be enforced, the ones who have no sensitivity can hardly be made to feel and suffer from to fail the ideal they can not comprehend...

But, we will exhaust the world and our power, for this frustration that is in us, and to torture... at random... and this results in that indignation, they will call, injustice...

The ones to see it from a distance will claim attention if they feel safe and call it injustice...

The ones to not feel safe will be worried, the ones to be subjected will cry and squeel...

But then intelligence and even art is impossible and useless, is this why they call it useless?

There is hate, and melancholy... many rewards but they are on your own... in loneliness there are such rewards, when you wait, and walk away from people, and in hate you will find some satisfaction, dreams develop to haunt people with,... your fantasy...

Imagine if it was NOT useless, you would make someone a fool, and he would feel something, just like you meant him to feel it... but then he would not be stupid, so then you could not hate it... it would understand.

So the very idea that they will never understand, will fulfil your body with those feelings opposite to it.

We are not individuals dear, are not our words a common mark, is not that mark someone else's and when you utter it to belong to everyone even if it is thought....

It is exactly opposed to what people say, the truth, that EMOTIONS are individual... but they will spit shout and rage, they do not take another individual into account.

Reason is meant to be fought with, and only when one has agreed, or better yet, if one has prevailed and obtained power over another...

Then you are reasonable... when there is peace, and in peace a compliance, and in this compliance and ideal overpowering others.

It has no use to reason that we are all different, while this will lead to the fact, that we have a scattered, ruined arts, and while we are all the same flesh and bone... and nature is there for a direction of all ideals...

We live in the most dogmatic times, where democracy is allowed, and the hysteria as a result of that is ignored.

When an emperor reassembles an army to enforce, then the emperor will make a fool of random subjects, and he will make his point, and the hysteria will end, and all easiness and casualness will be finished...

And...

And?

To mock the people will make them understand principles... and...

c

And they will be satisfied and proud again...

Forget not that only is seen the future when you know this is the ironic age.

The age of the masses...

**An evolution out of the trauma of cynical dictators.
But we will have ages of temples again...**

So when stupidity is opposite to beauty beauty is this meaning?

Beauty is only to mock them, enslave them, the more profound beauty opposite to stupidity is hate... to trod on them, care not so much over injustice, but do see them humiliated and how is humiliation complete? Would you not have to give them beautiful city's? and farms composed with more care and again artistic? In stead of shoving animals in little cages and have thousands on a row to slaughter?

Would you forget the liberation of the masses merely meant, that the donation of the poorer to the nobility and for them to have the civilians craft and work for a flower atop a stem, meant at long last, for the donation to be replaced by an economy?

Now the masses have the means to extort the wealthy, they will want souvenirs and all kind of crap to deflower everything and ruin everything. So does beauty really matter? Trust me I have seen them awe at it and such a smile, one does not enjoy teachings and lessons or strike them, touch them as they are not sensitive enough...

You are here for power, and have the artists build them a few city's, but bones for the dogs... have them work for you rather, who holds, and is strong enough to hold the power, and this is enough. You are arrogant enough to be indifferent to the beauty, you just wipe your feet at it, and it is not humiliated like the bat is... it does not squeal, don't worry about it... the artist will learn, and is stubborn, don't worry about it... it was done and treated this way by the artists themselves in this horrible age,... but they do not suffer.

But again, this economics then, this horror, the wealthy have no more money for beauty, the artists are unemployed, and the world of crap is so massive and discouraging, no wealthy man was ever convinced in this decay, he would just put a beautiful venus in his garden... -an artist would in this whole rot land- no wealthy man could ever look a great man with this venus in his garden even,... -an artist would look a great man, alike an artist once put a canvas in between the most massive army's and decided to paint the scenery amidst the violence...- no civilian was convinced, mankind could ever build a beautiful city again... -only the artist, sober, as if careless said, build a beautiful city and could do this... it does not MATTER to him...- and no one was content but hysterical rather... not the artist you could see being hysterical, DESPERATE, yes... his donators and fathers, power, and God, all gone...

Only the artists general, and this you will learn as your ethics, only the artists get away with everything, you uphold the power, and you can not, try, but never will mock an artist... WHO will have their laurels when you walk in their palaces? You have nothing, it's their palace, who will have the laurels when you are buried in your pyramid? The artist... and who will have the laurels when you put him to death? Or torture him? You can easily see you can not break him, but you must serve him to have all the power, and then he will respect you... much selfish as the masses themselves, he will understand...

His character is thus he does not even have to be an artist, and then he is a wise this man, and does nothing, or philosophy write or meditate... or just walk unsuccesfull and still be an artist...

One can not see the future if one can not see this was the ironic age...

How can one build a temple when one has to confonrt irony and carelessness, and commerce and science a religion today... and masses watching amusing theatre...

When people everywhere humiliate themselves for money.

Does this idea of to be timid for a casualty make any sense when one will see this kind of hysteria?

They have made you to believe this... think outside the confines of this age please...

Regress, to be certain of the past...

And the stupid are to teach us so much of the condition of the masses, that it would be a sin to walk away from it and a hesitation to our responsibility's, and that is at the same time our very pleasure... this responsibility.

Any poison is too weak for them, we must live up to be so strong, to be this poison for stupidity... not to kill it, but that means before again it sprouts up, when it died, and sprouts again, before that, in between, in life, we must torture it, poison it slowly, and savor it. You will have to work because there are many passions in sight, many a delight since you fight for principle and humiliate for pleasure... in that age, no king could arise from the daftness abundant and set to work because there was simply no one to arise or to be beside the culture, only an artist, and this was the martyr of this age... only silent or to hate he could in this age... all this violence of ages, now in his soul opposed to this glory of irony and hysteria that empire he must devour.

Stupidity is the most profound contrast to beauty, not to be mistaken, there are ugly humming birds, ugly such features in nature even flowers, toads, insects, ugly arts even in culture, but the stupid wants to be a success in it, in ugly arts, and will wonder at the irony of it... he means to have civilisations of it, irradiate the irony of ugliness.

So it is more so contrary to beauty then ugliness itself, this stupidity...

When one day the empire that we now become is to be brought down, and a democracy installed, the hysteria will resound not around our own world today, but it will resound in a whole galaxy, the wise will be split and tortured with passions to want the blood of the stupid, while the stupid stack mountains on all the worlds of their hypocritical commandments, they will pierce whole many earth with such signs, to make humanity move in circles, and for them to laugh while they do... hysterically laugh since nature itself in them knows they are off course... and their persistence manifests in ugly shriek and violent smiles, the brave confused will have a raw laughter, but stupid, the stupid will have a freak laughter, cutting and hysterical or aggressive even.

In this age there was a whole palace built for every idiot.

The last thing we do is point out how it still had poor mal treated, the first thing we had to do was to attack pluralism rather, to grow more palaces for the dumb.

This age defended all ugliness with pluralism and had not an ounce of beauty left, an economy, a science became a religion, a hysteria for what was new, flat careless products to consume rather but marvels and nutritious pleasurable things...

It was nothing, and it could not be fought for one would have, a law over opinions, and all its laws were sick and no one knew, they were all about to defend ugliness first and had no more reservation to any hysterical right... so no longer blinded by this? Could we not see how rotten it was, and the ugliness of virtue, this so called beauty to have to blind all and overlook this ugliness... be this not as ugly as the blood spilled of power before that?

Blinded by this hysteria, a penatizer, a monster must be born... deu the hysteria the opposer of hysteria, that will make all wonder at its mercilessness, and in the end, run before his mercilessness, yes, our meaning is different from theirs... we are the precursors of this monster... we hate, they run... or startle now, but did not hear the sign yet, and we are nothing, nothing as far as no change has been met, and rot inside and spit a rotten odour out of our mouths, and perhaps the emperor this monster, is more ugly then anything ever seen, because mankind will be more arrogant then anything ever seen, and this past we have just left behind us, will be so stupid to point to this... for the rehearsal of ages in the future not all this today will seem stupid, but the swelling of it, in a future age, when the

monster is born against it to act and find in it its purpose, the cultures blown up a thousand times, try not to imagine the stupidity you would not survive... think of this glorious monster.

I'm prophecising you a monster must be born, and given the right circumstances, prevail... I hope so, off course we come alive to think this... if not today, or if not the right circumstances yet, the hate of us will flourish underneath the idleness of intelligence the most horrible idleness's underneath its feet trodding and making them jump up, the earth is growing hot with hate, while the monster grows somewhere and everything announces it, and silence it to announce itself will grow it more...

And nevertheless later a monster will grow indeed, indifferent of lectures, indifferent of words. The angel smiled... and what will this monster look like empress? I'm talking about dreams, I speak of the supernatural of dreams that is all, it's the biggest monster, in it monsters can be mere ghosts and set loose terrors and wars. The only monster was that one haunted the mind of entire flocks of mankind, and once again, it is solid, solid as fire is.

The holy sea of the wrancours

In a throne room threehundred throne stood in a V shaped composition... Threehundred altars were mounted before each throne... Slaves scuffled back and forth on a black steel floor up to mountains of paper, and brought each time as many pieces of paper as they could hold in their arms... and lay it on the altars... On which the knights heaved one arm each loosely, carelessly... and the papers set on fire... Out of the embowls of earth above more paper was spilled down, and grew the mountains,...

All scattered to be picked up and taken to the holy sea and the furthest depth of oblivion... such those knights who had guarded Evhenean and witnessed almost her solitude... growing ever darker in their beyond ghostly realm... decided over the breaches of fantasy and those tides... determined to break the times and build the times, never to allow an age to slumber, or thundering punishment! to grow careless, or a profound beating...

And now that the fires eat again at city's old, and see new life, not ruins once again grow rot until they are but dust, now that archaeology is surpassed and all things excavated... now we will have them an advent of architecture and theatre and music, now we will see them the power to build stars where there is cold and frozen lands... now we will have them hang boulders in the empty sky and sow them with forests, garden planets and the development of fauna, and anew now castle and knights for my... entertainment! My stage now, a whole, humanity, no longer amused. And could it be for this miserable to doubt a sin when to face the possibility of sin, that delicious sin?

And not know what is lust? Could he doubt to spew clouds like a breath itself? And what can be breathed, and fill the entire darkness? And build! Heaven? Shall we not contemplate to build heaven? Does our ambition not ever need to bulge up and rip the spheres apart? Why not then a crusade on all that we can see and fill it with air and angels?

How could you live you ask? Why do you cut your nails? Why does your hair line stop where it does? Why do you not have, well, abominable idea, I hesitate to tell you... This has no place in this end... "How could you consider something so without grace like three fingers or six in stead of five!"

ITS PERFECT, not because it is an opinion, opinions mere vile stupefying relative doers and passion exterminating alien convictions.... To believe is to thrust into the world, to consider the relative of things is to dwell up and loose in a numb insanity the very odour and treasure of nature... does one want to hold the disabled from his mourning and his grief? Does one want to take sorrow from those to mourn for a loved one? Think of the consequences you who are not alive and smother poetic verse! But you really relish in cheer stupidity... because some neat rime on a flower is pretty right? Not so relative. Taste is such a flower, but then, this is relative, admit you have none other caution for passion, fear of passion evil sad or ecstatic as passions come in sadness overwhelming, evils burning, ecstatic delight....

Now for opinions, and they smirk as they have concluded their discussion again, the most vile and stupid understanding, to think, even propose that natures conventions, that the not disabled, that the average beauty can not be summarized in an ideal... and as such an average and a disabled average... and therefore that the disabled be not disabled, and that the average are not mere average, and perfection is not to exist, it is so apparent to someone who has not grown daft among a passionless religion.

It is apparent to the bears, the lions, and even the worms, only religious without passion will try to dilute beauty and all its splendours and excesses.

The only ugliness is modesty and reservation. And for sure the passion of any religion is beauty... if it is not concerned for that it is completely corrupted, old, and useless. Priests without be apart of nature and environmentalism, soldiers standing in line for welkin hymns old and without new life, flags who are not growing more skilfully composed and with newer ideology... what an empire of beggers. And they avoid in this way the places with the bigger rewards, at the palaces or the banquets... they simply go sit in an alley somewhere... A logic of digging up corpses, and for knowledge sake, how shall you ever become a romantic! For as far as I know, a romantic never does care for any knowledge out of his loves, sins or crimes.

i can admit, if mankind will not squeel, then all that i am and believe is ridiculous. all i fight for childish vanity, to think and take pride in it to know something that is in fact complete nonsense.

in fact for it to squeel makes me horny.

when it comes to humanity i'm a psychopath.

nothing gives me greater pleasure then to see it suffer.

...

not for suffering itself, i don't really fancy animals to suffer...

but mankind was arrogant enough to kill the aristocracy and forget about the artists, and tell the kings to be rats, rather then for the rats having to all be kings.

...

i'm afraid i actually believe mankind had the chance to be noble... i seen it in arts. a venomous, treaturous, sardonic kind of nobility... but nevertheless.

.....

Yes, Mankind will ultimately suffer for this injustice of course... but, sorry, I do not think Nature is a willing participant in this ...she is screaming from this torture ...there is no joy in it for nature to have herself corrupted and destroyed by one of her own creations..it is not in her nature to behave in this waywhat you attribute to her is exactly the thinking of mankind!

mhmmm.

i guess with my taste for art i have a taste for consciousness.

the injustice of that is exactly what i want MANKIND to finally suffer from...

i guess me and nature we are the same, we both would sacrifice everything to just spit at mankind's daft arrogance.

i would do it, she will do it.

...

I usually cry when I see riots. She sobbed and leaned on her throne and a tear fell from her cheek...

Then I start shaking, and crying like a complete fruitcake.

I start whispering... where is the chaos, where is it to begin, where are these people, let's start the chaos, let's start this beautiful revenge, let's resume this wild and untamed freedom...

I really cry and shake all over, of the complete disgust, being SO tired, SO fed up with the most ridiculous culture, hanging from the gallows for over fifty years when it hung itself... I gave it the lead for which it bought its rope, I pointed it to the tree and chose the branch on which to tie the rope... and it's still gasping for air. But riots I enjoy these like the most gentle and most idyllic art, it's such a sweet, sweet insanity to do that.

I actually am aware of it, that I am insane when I cry tears for... that I feel warmed for,... for to see my dreams of worldwide the streets be on fire and people loot and pillage the whole bloody thing!

c

But Ilhnhilne said·

But you will lose your reign, it is hung underneath the world, where will you be? Out of what will you exist?

Hethred laughed loud and long like a wretched serpent with her fangs in a prey after a long hunt...

gNothing might amaze you what is to exist in it... the course of potentiality trod on the same path just beside existence"

And as she said this, her palace was cracking and twisted again, as Axis bridged another gap of the dark.

And Hethred, she looked up dreaming, and held her arm up... "reality is a sorry excuse for my beauty, it is a miserable object of my wrath, it is a horror after a kiss, and a kiss and all before it will be forgotten again. Hellengelleh will remember, I will smirk as she tells me this story and never believe such an insignificant joke. I, passion I am dream, she, melancholy, she is wisdom. I will have won, as sure as I am the future, and dream does not need this reality that is a pitiful past, always was a vain chase of that light of wisdom, for dream soon it sleeps, in the arms of the total night it lives after it merely bred on haunting.

as she took off, seated in the chariot, she whispered, "as you know, the fountains of Hethreds reign and heaven... the ladies are to have such lavish tales, of green red radiant dark and blue so deep, that it reflects everything... the males are only fat bald plucked chickens, no teeth and no claws..."

So it is true, "as the tale and the truth dawned, out of the ghostly words and whispers" She had what i lost, and what i spilled, beyond my control i spilled it all, it ran to her... but despite it all that my heart

ruptured pierced and torn may serve her still her lady Anaetheana. And serve her city, built of my misery, and distilled out of my failures.

my heart and my life withtin fantasy like the soil, each year a layer of sand
and my heart a mere stone, out of leaves, hardened by sun and by pressure of all this earth my life.
so he said to elhende as she asked him one question and never had or would ask any other question,
have you loved much? have you hurt much?

and he said,... broken hearts? How many do you want? if anyone would buy them i would know
happyness at last.

seven million seven hundred and seventy seven thousand and seven hundred and seventy seven angels
over the northern ocean.

thousand and hundred and eleven elvin of highest nobility
six million and sixthousand and sixty six thousand and sixhundred and sixty six vampires.
ferocious ladys, with lust for art and old machines.
and some thousands more species of woman.

and girls so young and so indifferent they were pride or vain, lush and willing, and tough, or in
contempt of all.

And most of all even a queen, passed right before my eyes, a tale of a man so modern and dead to
become classic and knightly, and embrace all the ancient splendour of pride rime and verse and thus
embrace to hurt truly and passion on the edge of a deep gorge of misery.

And vixen and nymphs...

as a poet i sucked up all these female souls and cast them into a world of poison and dreams...
Do not the Gods us bring forth rather then we bring forth the Gods... my words, i can not trace their
origin, how would flowers know to stem from a seed, they do not know,... we can observe the land, but
our attempt to define, stems from dreams, and in dreams lay forces, and also graces, and wicked
seducers, and of natures falseness.

So he said farewell, and as the story absorbed him, and again he walked out of the dreams back into
the temple, and Elhende gone at last, a new love dearly missed.

and he Found the large sculptures now, and never been here, in all this time, corners are such
dramatic things, to hide so much, and usually one does not suspect there is a corner and a world
behind it...

he walked towards the Gate... suddenly a man broke trough the window, and more men, five there
were, and seemed anxious to loot the premises.

then suddenly one startled, and looked at his fellows...

he shouted in angryness, and at the same time fell on his knees, and evenly so seemed to realize how
exhausted he was, and how much anxious his thieving heart.

he shook all over, and took three pieces of lead... Take this back! and the others also took lead Talents,
Hethredian Talents, and threw it before him.

and outraged and desperate they were...

"no deed can be undone, and no payment can be undone"

"these talents mean nothing, it is the life they spring"

"so i will take them back then if you want, now go"

Ilhilne was beside himself... a cancerous black twisting spirit, the most majestic spirit of all choked
back into the earth.

and he returned then in the ruins and city's of an old and lifeless spirit, a decadent in his palace, but
a mutiny as the palace is sinking, break away from sails mounted like visions, there is no panic here,
people casually go about their choirs, they work alike there is a calm see and sun, and for him, there
was storm and waves like towers.

Hethred laughed and throtted at the mouth...

"It will not be long, and the wrancune come and they all shall conquer, and all reality will fall in an ever growing crack of history, everything to fall back into the past, like as if a great hole in the earth was growing, and angels and demons side by side where tearing everything down and pulling at time as if it was a carpet atop the cliff, dragging it into the deep... "

aeilyeas wonderings
March 28, 2013 at 3:29pm

and the wrancune eghstapher wrote elegance and tenderness, and how the snow lay on the grass, the weight and the gentility the snow was a blanket and could sometimes be pressed into gentle fields and taken up.

THE WONDERINGS OF AEYLYEAS

For a brief moment, so insignificant it could be shortened to a mere moment, blinded by the splendour of you Beauty, and forever musing over your milky white skin, for it to shine once more, skin akin to a moment of such splendour, to the passions we live our life without order, without future, without hope, with mere our clothes, a medieval armor garmen and heavy boots with straps, and a case of old worn books, and a wooden column, like a huge chess piece, and a chandeleer, of very old craftsmanship, but no house, no closets, nor a square where he will return, or return and see how it lost its greatness, how the people there are passing again, not a journey man, he is lost more so, as if castles and palace and arena's of empires have molted like carton board, this life today, we will leave to our servants, who feed us and watch us in the streets, as the gentle writer observes over them as eagles small prey and rodents looming amidst the dried out grasses of a late snowless winter. That is how AeilyeaS lived and wrote, being kicked out of schools and walking out of academies and kicked out of his quarters, being kicked out of the fortress of lie, everywhere, the peoples squabble was appalled at his metaphysics. His grand ouvertures of a pending doom, and the hyporisy of their common lives. Claspings their claws on the stoneworks around their gardens and the land they owned, tiny little piece of land, their reality was as a soar on a soar, the strangulations dreams of Aeilyeas and hethred the Goddess of passions and hates where exactly THIS world and THIS soar for an existence, a miscarriage from a lesbian kiss. where in Beauty, was the odour of cloud, ungraspable, a paint color upon the subject matter, that needed torture, bleedings, brutalized with bombs preferably.

He just wonders, the people of the market square don't talk back no more, people are dumbed down, he walked on the market square, now he has no more places to walk, but he was always in the ages walking, never resting, his thoughts nor his eyes nor his feet ever rest, he is on a crusade with a coffin of old worn books, like a casket where all the beauty was stored, nobody grasped what was there but him, a desolate life, a desolate age, a desolate mind in a desolate dumbness.

Everything for a myth.Nothing matters but the myth.The death of mankind don't matter, if it is more myth then its existence it must be.And it is way more myth for mankind to extinct then its existence today.

EXCHANGING THE NAMES

The exchange of the names of Irrilliss and Hethred

the exchanging of the names of Irrilliss and Hethred, hethred once favorite angel once eleven years of age was so sinister shuttering at extravagants of heat, violance, tempers, rage, thunder, and lightning, soon at eleven she fled the court and started chasing thunderstorms in the lower reigns, so massive, with the desolate empty villages and cities old underneath, where it always rained, and tried to catch a lightning, hethred, tall atop the higher reign balcony stood and master eleven times to bend a lightning, where she as eleven times had almost managed to catch one, and at last she caught one, she shivered and gruntingly shreecked, shaking and courched of exhilaration, a loud bestial laughter, sharp as of a horse staggering, harsh as a jackal, what play they were, hethred and irrilliss, that is why Hethred chose her name for lightning, and always she flocked gracefully with her now mature wings, to thunderstorms, and never caught a lightning once more, as her wings grew mellow in the storms, just lacking the playfullness and the youth to reach for it as it burst out of the heavens, and of the tiresome hunts she now walked and still, casually walked but then, a lightning, distant, always a hundred metres or more beyond, and as she called her own name when they struck, Irrillisssss. The lightnings had a harsh, venomous thunder following them, a hethred shriek as it were, pantheric aggressive and it could break all windows if the villages in this realms still had any windows in them, all shards sticking out of the window ledges, dripping with rain. And as Irrillis chose most to reside more in the lower villages, she called above to her beloved empress, and gave the primordial morbid phantom that rose from the dream worlds of hethis for the most venomous curse of any she needed to bear, and gave her her name, and the primordial spirit became a Goddess. "Eyille Enhillidh Enhethnheii Rethwhaeldthaeh" "Eyille, The, Enhillidh nobel Enhethnheii, river Rethwhaeldtheah, of vengefulness where reth means vengefull, and whaeldthaeh means hurricane, a vengefullness loud as a thousands of thunders and lightnings whirling about in a massive eye, striking the land, rotating one side, wrecking the land. and irrillis, a one hand, a one strike of millions in it.

THE MEETING OF THE SKY, THE LAND AND THE OCEAN...

The angel Louwhelehnn

the etherith mythology is called the naturalist sublime or, "leviated" or level up or so, "sealinglevel" its a spirituality about nature and emotions, as yet, it does not make demands upon war, management of land, etc, the war epos homeros is a tale of decadence and adventure really, the hesiod artisan is the descriptive of farming etc, now, both are reletively disdained of actual law or order, the inconstencies in love and war and adventure is in itself merely the quest for myth, an absolute demand in life as one of life essence. as it is in nature as luxury one of mans essence as

artists grandest wish, if, it does not wreck the whole world, if, the artist plans out the whole world, his dearest wish for luxury as an elite and incredible art of such small little city but one to an terrible excusity, to have the whole world instantly leap into that city of course and daily is impossible, still only within the taste of the artists grinning smile, each visitor freely marvel at a delicacy in any mozaic or an invention, a machine or a way of life, the kitchens of anaehtheana, who could not even exist if not everyone had proper to eat, which could mean some people do live on a bit shard loaf of bread or so, some want even just a pea a day, everyone is free, everyone is to be keen on chances, from any chance always grows the chance to exellent chance. one channels anything to the other. a site as the ayris machine even distills out of the worst in any future little inconsistencies of getting stuck somewhere the possibility for the "i am an artist in great mergency, i am stuck in a severe complication, please help me" in this case a possible giant rope may be hung from the sky and he can climb up to a possible artisan jewelry store." (its the goddess antheparis, because all the Goddess where busy, one sat alone and decided to become loneliness in the cliffs, frail she found, in gutted lovers her destiny, but who could ever be, and upon the of waves lashed boulders walls over the magnificent sea before, calling as far away as loud mouth of ocean, or maybe oceans, suddenly the bare from the shore drew back and sand lay further a beach and it was so anxiety, she was dead scare, as the dent in this sea, magnificent it drew the oxygen, what would happen to this sad sea, well, rustles of water rushed, as so the pattern of the bare as they in pierce or slnder soft come rest upon eachother one after the other, a magnificence that is the mathematics of the various syntaxmetres of how to dive sentences in poem, the rime, the verse tempo pace, there are many already established, her whole heart rest, she did such effort, to seaze, pluck again her lonely sadness, but the dent in the sea stole it, the anxiety in the air and the empty void in the sea swallowed it, and upon the now revealed bleak white sand shore before her, love as never this bellow of bleeding in her weakly heart, a louder wave, a pierce, first gently delivered fourty and five and two dead maiden and mermaids and vixen dead as shipwreck, and tears and love as they sweet rolled as the waves and theri arms coiled about and flung and lay on the beach falling dead and so beautifully strong and toiling in muscules still, dead all dead upon the beach, but in a deadness of such muse or Goddess, the wind that stilled the colds usually found on the shores fleeting into the hands and neck and even in the midst of coldened early summers felt, but the purple moment once more, ooze of love, since in the toiling hands playfull dead upon the white beach she could see a live. and, upon the pierce wave, gently caress and pushed the muse and dead angelsirens or angelmermaids some rolling some sliding up in nether pulled necks, sweetly embraced by this lovable deep of the miseries of the saddened waters, adn as the pierce stilled and this beautiful picture lay just lighty, a flow came, bulged up and rose, and shuttered majestic foams and bubbled toil and spranckled as parkles of fire water and as trees fully with round a bush of white exploding of cream sweet waves and droplets fresh filled the air all over of the giant rush, and as it dwelmed over the first of sweet sadness dead, there washed upon the beached and against the cliffs even a few with wings to grow from the rocks cold and bleu dark black, bashing and some shoulders broozed, a chine stale gently but then, lovingly pressed to the coldeth stone tablet cliff tender as despaired pains, love in the firt touch of reality, or, the standing land, the ever resting of the giant life in perpetual tormoils, this, ones, had never knew the land or sky, arrived at a border of three, where the sky touched the land and the sky and land touched the sea, three, it was the only border of three of life of such magnitude of emotions in a three, the foot, but not footnote of reality, the foot, the paw of life, claws upon the beaches, lurking over the the purity of the liquor of the quensh of the fruits, the being of the fruits, the elegance of the orchards freely draping in any art nouveau they would so desire, fling majestic troughout in the sinfull arreyes where be... walsed she

did the first whirl of average bombs of vixen now 5000 and 78000 and thousands more upon all the beaches as the beach again swalled int the deep and lay all the vixen and muse and goddess once more. dead and silent sleep very long do sleep, and the first as the water stilled over the all bodies, among this call of the mermaids and the sirens all dead for the shipwrecks of once and eaten full bellie and suuch profound coil in every of their obdomen and arms to poison and melt the any ow who'm would see, the goddess of three, coast, level and breath, instantly cast a shadow of light, that none Goddess, nor melancholy nro hethred or one muse or an angel could ever deliver the rumour, here was a secret for them, a shadow of sweet light within the fumes still rose as indeed a smoke lean in fumes from this of beauty cut finest cut suffering and the perfume of the gentlest deadness, the first, moaned gently, three of the goddess ahzhellhuehe, standing over, light as a door for your despair, now here sunk in the lonely, so sweet deep you sunk in the lonely, because you are dear, now, you would have died for the beauty lonely, if to not we cast a shadow of light, none hethred nor melancholy ever see here thee on the shores, we do not leave of course, we stand and walk by thee, but alone you never be, we three, coast and level and breath with our caress of light and thee the breath of lonely by the sea, bounce upon the horizon ever and back, bounce upon us three and ever fling back to the shores of me, now i spread my arms my goddess, gently wickedly, loosely, the last spreading of arms in a hapyness, safely lonely found you the lost on a one shore. she aside her head gently resting on one end of the air, so gentle, why? is all could say, nothing understood... this here and nowhere is it happened anywhere none, here is all the dead and of the beauty, and you are the one that never happened and of lonely, and here the deadened only so sweet enough,... the first in a fraction as if, but not moved but a face, in a fraction, whci is never seen as such in any case then, they moved and lived a little more, stole part of their grief such extacy is... a ray burst of movement, move upon the loneley and her arms enlit with grief to but moments embrace and sweet kiss with the side of her head the the hairs of maiden, looked, but this destroy me, here, why can ever beauty end? so dear? and as the three and the coast said... this, is one spot, and you think it is coast, but it is the you of three, but as far as oceans you see, as far as the sky above you see to reach, as far as the land of you lonely finally reach, to me, that size is the idea, to come on here and here to see, one washed and if thou missed not heaven nor mirror of this sea nor the land mountainous meadows still sliding would have ever kissed all three, and as big as heaven bleu above, "and she looked above and and wonder in in a shock and awe,... "and the further coeans mirror as thou know the land to roam, glare upon a further as is infinite it glow so even and majestic sizes, "and she grazed over the marvel and shocked and awed as to her breast female subtle with hands screamed the gentlest wanting, a first wanting for a maiden of love ever maiden, subtle one hand to her heart, and one hand streched so sweet and agile as so calm towards the infinite sea... no wthese and bleu dark be thouest and us and theirs, now these as spring ever from the oceans as each time a downfall will from bare and piercing waters waves gently slides and caressing waves as more wiked then the gentlest lies, and here we are, as the size as all the bleus, and the coast here bleu and dark for the, that size surprise, is here a line and off in there and pointed at her far and looked a left and saw, and there beyond and back she pointed to the right of them and where she saw the three and looked, and died almost and lay with hands far streched upon the rocks, indeed surprise, the line is in size as infinite as all the seas and skies. and shuttered among and gently crashed her tors and pressed her breasts against the stone platue on which she rest and shuttered cried and let the living of her in grief and each a heart a tear in an immortal leaf as water a drop that never dies and tears that never again be without names as ever sirens rise from swallowed martress of the deeps, and the wrecks of ships devoid as they hungry had to their lovers eat, and watery hearts despaired they drowned and for the love to wake as sleep, and the remained and back to cast with hands befor eth elight of dead,

the love so dead and back it flung its agile slender body and as rung, a look before to die a barely turned about to cry, falling beneath and waved in a glide and spun and churned and loves so many lost now gave all martress of the deep shipwrecked and layn in blood as blood colored such sweetest blod some purple and vast mounds of spouting blood among the wrecks of ship and dead their wounded bodies as they draped the ribs of ships, all before the lonely that would never be to see the deep of blood for lonely and the coasts that so be white would never see one drop of the hammer or the axe on anvils merciless thunder as it of frailty would do make a unheard plot, and beauty even had a thunder stopped... now... shuttered as unknown of blood and death of ribs that broke upon the sea a deep of death and cadavres a miserable bed, shuttered smiled she stutter and of beauty be, any time the coast to see, new glisters of the infinity of these marvelous and for her laying dying misery grief and knew well how good they lying, and curled one arm so fine and in despair of this a merciless treat and vast the fortunes to her heart she greet and rained upon so sweet and fumes of ice to roast so soft as caress of suns but deeper trough her flesh but ice, and trough and trough alive she of void that lonely was was lessed. and one raised in energy convulsing stelt her hands and clasped within the white shores sand, and caughed and choked, and gave a birth and once and choked a fin and fell upon the white beach ill, and coiled and out of sand and lashed as a mare so already un of tamed beyond and slung her hair and lashed a half of rainbow up a mohawk of a emperial natures armies legions scraped so lionasque the beach and one for this then first a child of female and of siren born. more now this and finally lonely was forlorn, and screamed now, so far in extacy and now of reward not ungratefull but enangered of despair of joy she as female be damness shrieked.

ETHERITH, THE LAST VERSE

And the angels the most grim that ventured now the earth, last scavangers saw their chance, after the noble anaetheana demise and the dissemination of her armies. As salesmen they now each approached hethred, for more havoc more roses they would have thought. Ennewhynn begged Hethred for silence, and that she would inherit the whole wide world at the death of the last swan. And hethred drank coffee, and whatever such wishes if they were for mere paintings and not for any mundane reasons as reasons are. Paintings she could always grant, craft it well, never be refused such a commissioner, when you have no reasonable wantings. To understand some of these other creatures, is to embrace a silence to make peace with them, but its better for the artist to hear people scream, the screams of a war, that will never be resolved, the inner war, cause of his suffering and a life astray, leaping off a thousand cliffs, running against a million walls willingly. And if not to do that? What war today is left for an artist? Shall they leave you be, and see you a life so convenient it will be gently sedating, falling apart mere at the trivialities? They have taken the poison out of the absinth in this land, it is not for the artists to have the poison untouched in superficial human souls, and the rotting of the libraries. The talk of trivialities became louder, and the talk of more important things became more silent. Alas caved in under his obliterated senses, the temple of etherith and the muse a mere fragment now, memories seemed so coherent, fantasy scarred, for a year now he drifted, as the stranglehold loosened again. Hopeless battles, vain actions, standing at peculiar places, lost his home again and again vain in life as it was wise unheard chants somewhere, cellars with water, no light, they lay there, cutting their arteries, their blood smelled like urine now.

Ennewhynn lurking in her silence, the silence so threatening to anyone, followed by a blur of the sun above her, wherever she came was an autumn light, more hazel grey than any rainclouds brings. She had crept ashore at many swans and her hand as if a swans neck leaped from the shadow that dazed and confused the swans and strangled them, one sound could kill Ennewhynn. Except the songs of the swans, to endure her here another angel from below, and be her only meal. The last swans, sent before the poets wrath, to take each swan at a time.

Thunders at a sky full of sunlight, peering back into the horizon light from her armor, the angel that guarded the last two swans, the thunders have gotten more silent, untill now as doomy lay with a thunder of silence down as struck lions, and Hind, as she was blind, lay on her knees, the silence stung her ears, it drew away the air of her head, nausea overtake her, people scurried forth before them, the two elegant swans hiding in the elegance for the dissaray, finally they had ventured towards the land of man, and blind, footsteps, and the threat of ENnewhynn, nearer, this brave guard angel struck by the footsteps, rephrained of her duties, and struck the sword in her chest.

A shriek accompanied it, and the silence caught the swans, living now in the disregarding footsteps of man, these noble swans once fed the most artisan soft bread from the most beautiful mills, where the weight of the stones of the mills still felt trough the softness of the risen dough, now preying on crumbles left on the roads. The journeys of some could not be condoned here, or written here by poetry, it could not be conceived, it was starving, messengers roaming for addressees long deceased, drifting is a word found here once, gold was in dungeons make no mistake, the offense existed and still creativity could relish in the offence, creativity always found a way, not its muse. Heroesse idle and eating hearts of your passions find you, drift along with authors and the achords playing of the muse in the water cold but running trough the air as grapes woven into it, at a mouths height.

Muse could not be further from the truth then authors, his words were written, in good hopes for Stone walls barred saw him to misery an ending. Two lost swans of which birth should be the entire stock of wildlife beauty, butterflies and bee's, gadflies and wasp, deer and zebra, and lions and panthers, nothing left but in two rains of arts, one weeps in lack of wantings, one loathes and consumes the tastes, a shallow plain of rain and a shallow plain of fire, and their talkings, their eyes their mouths and their sweet lips and the skin coiling over elegant bones, Lines, folds...

Thousands of years these busy footsteps walked in the line under and over the reigns of the arts, how offensive that inspiration would strike one dead when one is young, o rit would be glorious to die young, but inspiration rejuvenitating trough this land, it slay a lot of youth, and a lot of inspiration.

Hisseh and Egentille too plowing trough the land of the north. It was better for the arts itself to hear people scream Hethred thought, and yes, for killing the last of the tree, you will be inherit the earth she said, more muse and angels to do her bidding on earth, more then idle footsteps, or busy footsteps, as they rather called, as idle itself would do her bidding, for the footsteps, of which their reasons has certainly killed inspiration, but what an image that would be? Rather the image stayed clean from a poorer purpose. It was the artists soul, ardent to feel an anguish throbbing in ones heart, to wear off the common burdens, and to consume cancer and have an entire heart turn black, with a chest, much like alas, his chest, it became to breathe for him, his vessels becoming thick, his flesh becoming harder, veins black growing over his torso.

Images sent to pluck a sensation, for Hethred, for what was to come to pass in any way, they stole any dignity from mankind, trapped in ancient artistic ideas.

Smoke, Hodhesse, can i inherit the earth if i extnguished all the suffering? You may she told, a bliss to be painted once more, however unreal, however unsettling. Peace, however a bureacracy it may be, however a bureaucracy of war it may be, a spirit fort hat, a spirit as suffering, a painting it could be, they came with entire carriages of lead for her coins to futilies for more weight that none would know how to pay anyone with that lead and that value,

They gave her lead, and she gotten paintings, and more for money, that she could buy more paintings, how could i always win, she sighed, as she ordered more coffee, how could beauty always win. Murmured trough her court, as all these youthfull eyes of her angels witness the last passings of the earth. Smoke swept in a chimney with bat wings angels taking Hodhesse into the chimney and she got stuck there, burning, a fountain of lave sprung from this massive chimney. FFlowing over the roof. Enhhewhyynn strangled by the last two swans, and two angels struck the last tree, and one more, and they swiftly grew back and consumed them. Forever burried within the stem and the branches stranglehold.

One book with the last two swans, where all the wildlife must come from, one last tree, where all the nature should come from, and all the flowers, as their flowers were as sheep and cow and chickens, and as sheep and cows and chickens were not wildlife. One such book, that the wrancune sought, and the people, reasons steps, spoke of, "What wonderous worlds do these books come from" and nothing more, as long as remotely paintings sunk in the swamps, they were defouled by mud, axis thunder comes over the land and the reigns, that that book still exists here there will also be the two swans and the trees and the bit of suffering, just a bit left. As long as the two swans are there, and the trees and the bit of suffering, there is the book somewhere. Because the books is the eye, the spectator of the soul of the World, and the World, is now two swans and a tree and an ounce of suffering. Alas stood with a number of books, in Apple crates, stacked on the street pavement, and with a wooden column, somewhere, in the drizzling rain.

It was if something would come along and pick him up, drive him away, a carriage, but there was none.

Because he was the alchemist crafting the glass of which the eye is made. Reflecting, one can not live crafting this eye, he was hiding in cellars, cooking a glass sphere. Or where was he? In a cellar alone one could be as mad as once an artist burnt the end of his book in a fire. But this glass sphere now, this book, was an aura of selfdestruction, breathing the sign of the times, thats why het ook a hammer, and hammered onto the sphere, and shards were left of it, and he put shards in the eye socket.

They will Judge him with silence, weary of his words. A language fell silent in them, a rouse of rabble grown civil in them, a standard modest, having overgrown the wild roses and the pinching uncomfortable thorns. The rose, a primordial fire, thorns, a moral indignation. And both those at once. A lighter, more fragile vegetation wound around the old stem. There is a reason of dismay, a laurel to it, when silence greets the old essential grale of wine, the bread, broken by hand.

Something is silent here, it comes from an essence, thick buttered talkings rephrain at once at the ruse of the essence, a subtle taste. Then the mediocre, is enraged, what was poor as an old idea, and tasteless, now is warm with the salt of distastefull sweat drops upon putrid flower petals. Where it is written dubious as dubious times it is not clear, in all the enrage, if it is written for butterflies or gadflies. In despair alone it will be excused that it has grown a flower of sickness. Evil is mere beauty, that acts in disdain, if it was not beauty but indifference, it would be mere, the tooth ache, and the boulders breaking from Mountains, tumbling down. How could you not see the real spiritual being growing and sickening in this day and age? The counsciouss in evil is beauty, because it prides itself, and it tastes the misery. It is not evil, it is beauty alone, it confuses people, because it shines like diamond. If there was no soul in arts casualties, then only would there be no soul in beauty, therefore the casualties and the soul in beauty exists because of the arts. You push, the boulder from the mountain, you sweeten the ivory of the tooth, where it starts to crumble. And you do this, to challenge the indifferent with the surreal, because the surreal is the mercy for the mind. The mind is powerless, it needs to bind in allegory, it needs to mate with the wans, not because of the elegance of the swan, but because its forms and colors bring a newer meaning, because without the Lines and the shadows that catch the swan, there would be mere line, in stead of the elegance of the swan, just as there would be darkness, in stead of the radiance of the light, and that, is no mercy for the mind. Silence is simply talking at the end of reality. So then there is, the Laurels of dismay, the ethics and esthetics, or the ether, and the law of it, performed, indifferent as matter, extatic as light, remarkable as a swans neck. You merely walk, and art is wasted as you walk, that is all, forget property, you own the world, you shed as slugs slime, or chickens horn about chicks, so why be modest, you own the world, and some own it, assuring themselves whole pieces of it, while they conceive that they created it, whereas they own very little treu matter which is the sorry state of the world, which they own, to create the world on top of the soil, within the water, with the water, to breed, and manage the world, that is creativity and art of this species that has alien angels and muse do its bidding. Hethred unwraps a sugar log carefully crafted in fractals and with the most luxureous cherry paper and sugar, laced with edible gold in carefull miniscule leaves. It was like unwrapping a diamond and finding a web of fine crystals coiling like the milkiest clouds in grimm shapes. With the Gods, you can build, with yourself, you can only take. And if you take it away, you take it away from what you already have, make yourself no illusions, you end up with less. And if that is your book... It will be among silence bliss, and as sweet, if it was not carefully crafted it is rather as boredome bitter.

... Hethred, tired of man's stumbles

decided the sent of two Goddess

the first she named voice

and decided it was to be the hardest art, more difficult then any art

and all that was, was the tone of her voice, so smooth, so beautiful
the mere nectar of perfume, of her voice, was sweet as all the flowers in reality, every born or ever
died, as born or dead as beauty.

only her beauty would have made shine the world, and rise the beauty

now

hethred sent and anaetheana, mourns as armies rage aloft burning setting fire to all this, and the
earth, still convulsing of her aten heart of lover

one, lost lover to her, how she miss her blood as life, how she miss her life, and never dare to mourn
of aten her heart

how rageous she is, reality, how vile it is, how tragic it is, she knew, as yet, another heart? another
love?

would i eat it?

again, she thought...

but love her first, she thought, but once i would eat it again.
the taste of madness is pure, the taste of death for them, without me, is worn and blasphemy decay
and, their sweet myths so tender, so tender deer to this dear to master as panthers spirits

upon thrones among, walking in her rooms, a series of thrones, that would rival the five hundred
largest collection of shoes of the five hundred most beautiful woman young

ill to decide, she never seated, mere leaned at the throne, to sit on it the throne would be done too
much, to be beautiful

she could not credit to seat on a throne, to the throne. how could she ever? a beautiful throne of
power, could not be seated.

a throne for a bathroom, majestic marble was, minimal yet deco and still such beauty, but.

a harden chair and thick fields of cotton for her, yes
to reign as she seated was never her preferred pallet, painting red feathers, glowing of their blood.

To now, send the goddess of voice, she first, had her one dish, subtle, yet aplenty for the most of
troubled troath

a pudding of rice so sweet, to sent off, gullable she left, none would have even seen her, and even to
have seen her and she seen one

they would have known

she would have known

it could have never worked
only one to be so still of lies in anything and sent forth anything to do as anything such wicked
cruel disarray, hethred...

mhmmm

and now, she sent...
whisper.

again, hethred, seeth the second time to earth
and had, now, 2 talents of lead

and sought the second lover of anaetheana...

and sought, a cruel wielder upon anvils
two more talents of lead were given

weary and in greed, he took it.

again, he saw, behind her, amazed at the muse, so muse lost

and again, the greed, the damned, could not near her

to fulfill any wish nor crime for hethred nor be so as money to her meant an art
evil fails upon evil, how she becomes good, how she becomes lost, and can not even see it

he looses his hammer, a giant slayer of swords of angelic

one angel so tender and breasts and eyes, blush and slender cheeks, innocence, and as willows
grace thin and agile... finds it, upon touching it, instantly she grows a fiery rage
seeth she throws hate among the skies that hover among the trees the compartments in which at ease
slick clouds perfume with mist the blue

she comes in the mist in instant, an apparition
she slays upon her Belly, she vomits,

and grasps the vomit, bloody
and strokes it...

and eats it

and fell the hammer...

and so sigh, the most beautiful thing ever on the earth created

so gently she spoke

"I am whisper"

and the whole world knew.

EPILOGUE, THE ANTCLIMAX

There she sat, insane, bent over a book, burning it, luxurious editions, of all her vast libraries surrounding her palaces the core of her reign, with lives of the most frivolous, decadence, lives legends in their waste and splendour, in their uselessness and disdain for order... She burnt entire sections of these unique copies, sometimes taken years to print, hand carved letters, or letters inked by hand, the vast majority held no life whatsoever, barren landscapes, descriptions of exotic plants and species, the novels and literature of course with venom and a confrontation with this meager world above, that indeed, but she burnt them, because she was insane, and she burnt them, because she knew, beauty to fight beauty and nothing else, no opinion fighting an opinion, no subjectivity fighting subjectivity. That she knew and that was why beauty and non the least her own would drive her insane, she who grew insane of her own beauty, and non to sympathize, non to be so insane, not even daughters of her, would sympathize, she was alone, with her books, and she burnt them. Peaks of iron, with flowery crowns and wider feet, so slender flowers of iron, but towering over any building on earth, so tall, from there over the mountains where these landscapes full of these iron majestic stems arose brought and delivered all the marvel of her reign and books and illustrated journals engraved brought further and they filled ever more, her reign, so many times the earth it could not be counted, so many floors of earth and several times the earth and her animals... The towers of Effèsèlinne, elevators for her angels, in trains were pulled chariots, and they were pulled by a strain, a thread of electricity upwards, powered this strain by a steam engine in each of the enormous paws firm in the mountain or on the plains or within the waves of sand of the deserts venturing by. Slowly it dawned on her that Inspiration, nhaerhael had survived the collapse of the gate of axis. Inspiration saved. Elvrhael saved her from the rubble, brought her to earth nooooo. Clothed her with a drape of velvet, as saved by beautiful arts, comforted to live again, and then, screamed at and yelled at on earth, vile as they thought of it, they ran, and flee, and made way when they were again among the people, then fleeing in an empty artists salon. And for the artists harbored them, And for a moment thought of her more beautiful then passion herself, passion ever saw the poets and the architects, the writers and the painters to turn as such... decay and repulsion now, and the war, the war was deu, to see the army dungeoned up in the prison, the arena of rothhalm, to fight them back where they were caged, back from scattered lawlessly over the earth, drifting and causing uproar here turmoil there... And her symphony of annihilation was well heard, the people hollered and laughed as she did, the walls kept closed as she reigned once more with her

stranglehold over the people. A breach was made, the city of AnaeththeanA had a tombstone for the angel... A breach was made in the Gate of Ethereen, Some men got trough, to a land Amahras they would flee, If they ever would reach it, Stranded as yet on a land before that, anticlimax for this world, angels and all. What strangles the earth, her reign remains; and Rothhalm this massive drum pounds again at the center of the earth...

the first war was over, and hethred, seat on a large spine of a traingle, rose, the triangle as shadow, it rose, it split the all deeps so high she coiled deeper below high athrone seated, higher then the heights of the titaniums depths, lower, shadow so vast, trough the lones waterdrops in billions of years for the lones and the ones found only rarely, all alone, and still deeper, and the radiant vixen blades swirling even fled, and it rose beyond, and the shadow was as blot as hethreds anger... and above, mellow wept melancholy, and took a breath, so sleep a breath, and shivered, so cold, and she sighed, so slooow, as times slooow, hundreds of years, the angels fell as if eaten back into their altars of ice, absinth and opiata and sephiaeh, all hummed of a tears trough the skins, so cryyying, so in sweeeeet be lyyying, lying of love, and a moment of silence, a bleu moment before war, and hethred unleashed her armies, her four daughters eaten legions all her cast, from the myriads to her now all legions lesbians swung, alllll into the dark, the legions of rothhalm swung above, the gates ripped, cracks appeared, the windows bricked splintered, splinters right, left, assymetrical they shot flung into the dirt pounding on the dirt, casting clouds, giant windowss splinters of the dungeons below in the ravine of thetanium, threw blows clouds bombs as if onto the sand and dust splinters, and shot and broke rocks this splinters, legions from the fine pyramid, silver in one cast, leaped leaped down over the rothalm fractures, glimmer spirits blacklucid spirits leaaaaaaps of stealth, absinth, opiatie, sepheah, three generalesse of melancholy, as bolders fell, as doves dead counters and lay before hate as feathers, the all shook, the fires upon earth such symmetries, among the coiling sparks of the red fireworks, but sizes of mm, sizes of seeds broken or tortured or scattered, or burnt roasted and fracturing and shrivelled of pains, this red sweet life tumbling all over, the pains none knew, and as yet, it was all and the majestic fire arts of hethred, craaaaze of her madness, the fallen as doves, the crying as angels, as waters, as woe, as sleeps of silk,... hethred, for destroy the reality a billion times, did but a cigarette lighted, she, for an earth, for reality even, but on earth, enough was enough. her black ladies raged of more height then fumes that grow stars but as fumes be a fume of thousands of miles if the reality, was... a grain of rice...

HETHREDS HORDES? PURPLE HORDE ADVANCED LEFT AND DOWN? SWIRLING
GRACE FULL LASH IN FIRES LEFT DOWN SEEPING UPON THE EARTH, TROYUGH?
TROUGH THE EARTH, UPON ANAEHTHEANA!

HETHREDS GREEN AND SEPIA BLEU LASHED RIGHT AND A LARGE SPIN AND
WAAAAAY OUT OF COURSE AND RETURNED AND LASHED NORTH OF
ANAEHTHEANA

HETHREDS ORANGE LE4GIONS LASHED IN A GIANT SLOOOOO WTHINNING LINE,
SLOOOOOOOOW WAYYYYYY RIGHT? SLOOOOOOW GLIDING, a giant instant fuse of bombs

sheer stroke she legions of orange, and a hook in their move and fastest then anything LASHED
UPON ANAEHTHEANA

Alas Ellhe De Ellendeh reddish glimmers dark coiling individuals glimmer here there, lashing at
others of hethreds legions, fierce and slow, unable to resist the greeds below, raaaaaage for them,
but still at time for the wars, lashing along,...

ETHERITH VOLUME IV ATHA

CHANT I

CHANT I Verse to Ellendeh

Maths! haaaaahhhh! but how DO we know the concept of
something being larger and something being smaller a
number? Not because we SEEN first and in our perception
first had to see 1 and 10 ones and then SEE 10 10s? and
somehow further assess 100 times 10 and so on? And would
we understand infinity in which spirituality houses? Not
quite. And yes, in the word Metaphysics and spirituality
and in the threads already evolved from way before hand,
right now. And then that magnificent spirit eye to makes us
see that. How would you call that. THAT eye that compares
a 10 with a hundred because somehow it understood?
Insight? Hahhh. Its "RHWAHFRHENN" Spirit of electrons
and quantummechanics.

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh
Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh
Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh Aeyleaele, Angellesse Of Hell,
was the only one who ever challenged Hethred, along with
Milichnheyelle they wanted to overthrow Hethred, together

they caused a flood that drown on fifth of her whole empire,
and that was the power of both. Hethred saw this, revived
all the angels from their Brilliant Tombs, and pardoned
Aeylyeaelle and Milichnheyelle never to do it again. Weary
they smiled and nervously startled, clasped their lips to
eachother. They both were worthy of Hethred Goddess who
created reality in a Kiss with Melancholy. Out of dream, or
the spirit world. And is the very vision of and Above God
on earth. A black hole, is as if her vacuum cleaner.
Mercyfull, and all things with her, though she is a tease,
come to good End.

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh And Hethred asked, and why
did thou do thisth to My Empire, and Aeyleaelle said, i
tripped my toe against one of your floor ledges and it hurt,
your empire was n't perfect. Hethred said, then i will see
you don't trip your toe anymore i know those things can
hurt. We'll make it better then. Nice point. Maybe you
should talk to me first. But how did you raise those angels?
They are Immortal Aeyleaelle said. And Hethred thought
Her how to do that.

Milichneyhelle bound with Aeyeaelle was so that it was she
who quarreled and mainly left it to Aeylyeaelle, and final
decision, for Milichneyelles powers to turn him to flesh
from titanium or otherwise, the first who could do it as such.
Each time Milichneyelle woke, as Aeylyeaelle would need
it. And embrace they lay, and she said, would you do this

for me beyond anything. And she said even at the other end, or in reality. I will be there for you. And we'll cause floods agains somehow. But it is best not to do it here no more.

And upon then, when the Army of Rothhalm stood gently, and slowly encircled the Earth and finally came in cordons, Hethred now. Saw AnaehtheanA Angel Sent from Hell, To build her city, finally her real wife, and she planted in her heart a flower, which guided her from the pits of oblivion, through thousands of corridors and Billions of touches of the eye of hers, yet still to the proper and exact place, for AnaehtheanA, who was untill this moment, to have a disability, a throbbing headache, could catch the scent of vision of this one her bride Angel. And they married. In the Cathedral of Ghaudhelley. And Upon that Hethred had Ancholoheem Sent an angel from heaven, and she touched AnaehtheanA, On the forehead, and thus she was given Bliss.

And finally Hethred, first at least shuttered over this contempt, in the least something her daughters she ate would not be compelled, how something that vibrant could be born from her spirit daughters, but she gave way in her grudges As finally she and Aeylyeaelle composed a 20 raven, the size larger somewhat then Condor. And one Condor Raven. They decided, to give this gift to the earth. As a treaty of peace, and the purple and yellow Peacock, the magicians symbol. The first superb creatures of an

advent for Hethreds coming to Earth in Billions of years to come. The first truly Immortal birds.

And soon enough, Aeylyeaele and hethred hit it off, and devised for the Empire 50000 Axis Vultures, vultures as large as buffalo's, and They journeyd into the distant lands about Massive suns for Hethreds Chandeleers below Hell.

And soon enough Aeylyeaele found a way a crevesce beyond Hell to rise of to Ancholeheem.

"I will tell her there is a Goddess of flowers, who sows flowers before the Goddess of the future, who created the new world in a kiss with The Goddess of energy and force.

Who is born from the poetess heart and rages afront on a hurd of magnificent butterflies. Thus reality was created out of dream by crying and hate, but the future is the illusionary force from the malign of any kind, that poets vomit from their chests"

"At the center of reality, is the Goddess of hysteria, who planted all consequences of lack of judgement robed in the classics, the daughter of ridicule. Hate in sending both these, was to end it, or to proceed anew, but to Hates or Hethreds ultimate amusement"

And Aeylyeaele Ascended with the first raven Condor and the 50000 Axis Eagles to Ancholeheem Ancholeeem ironic as may be, saw it to be wanted they shook hands. No said Aeylyeaele, i am not allowed to touch you unless she commands it. I mean to take you from this, all your palaces

of rain, and see you set down, below Hell, to Hethred. And there you may love again. Without recourse, without spereation, to created in your lesbian kisses perfect realities.

In return fot the favor, and the kind gesture, and the adventure as such of Aeylyeaelle, and his ordeal, Hethred gave him the key to her Treasury. A massive hallway and building, one of her largest, and several planets large it was, with nothing but paper bills. Any kind of money found on earth, classic and modern, piled on mountains, scooped by cranes and into jute sacks and into ritte baskets alike. and Aeylyeaelle could gladly just leap around and lay on the paper, her soft skin feeling the paper, and making love with angels on the papers.

Aeyeaelle then dared to set fire to ONE of Hethreds bills, upon which Hethred cast him into a sun of melancholy.

And then had him sail an endless sea of fire. But the Children of Ancholheem Freed him from the sun. And they Caught him on the journey upon the firey lake beyon Hethreds Cathedral rim around her Ocean of Boiling Titanium.

And they the young children of Ancholeeem crafted an infinity of 7777777777 and infinite silver hawks, and set course upon them and lit more planets and suns across and lighting about Hethreds dark caverns first Empire. And these silver Haks, these Condor Hawks With Aeylyeaelle to journey, one direction and all directions, She did n't know where to roam next.

The Goddess Of tea and the Goddess of Coffee they had,
from Ancholeeems reign, and made aeyleaelle a trillion
glasses and vases and cups of glass and crystal alike, and
quarters and palaces they built, and set the glasses
everywhere, and Drank Tea. And Coffee. In a trinity now,
and meeting then at hethreds quarters, the Goddess of Tea,
Coffee and Aeylyeaelle explained a heaven about
Hethredeyii Erghervheneiiiysz Hell.

Next then were more of Ancholeeems children, silver and
blonde their hair, with a mild stroke of dove grey on their
loins.

And the Goddess of Flowers and the Goddess of Books saw
massive libraries and massive new flower beds, Silver tulip
fields, and and okre bleu lillies, and made new colors for
the flowers, as much as the 52 sezonal tides in Hethreds
reign, here there were 67890000 Different sezons.

And beyon that, the birds and the daughters all kissed, and
these kisses gave birth to horses and daughters, and thus
they stampede the plains of reality to infinity.

Meanwhile at Ancholeeems court. Hethred, Aeylyeaelle
and Ancholeeem raised the Flower plucked from
AnaetheanA's Heart.

and they ate the petals, and the petals grew more petals,
they fell to the ground, and more petals welled up from
these. And They all indulged in the petal fields thus.
Inviting anyone. AnaetheanA grew yet another flower in

her Heart. AnaethanA and her Bride Aeylyeaele bound
in love Forever.

And the Goddess of Doves and Friendship, Most powerfull
Goddess of any. "Dhovheyiiallwhewcombekghth."

She lay a Green sparkling robe under Axis stampede.

And she had a dove sent from one of Nhaevrhaels sisters.

From her mouth came that Dove to Axis.

And she said to Axis, now it is time to rest.

"And I will always come back."

That the Name of the dove and the Goddess of Friendship.

Elvrhael gave Axis a hand layen on her left shoulder.

The real wife of Aeylyeaele, came then, wondering... You

have me poetry of Whouldwhonderheyeei, You found a
small booklet, you put it in my left hand, you offered it. I
said what is this. You said if you please, It was all in stone,
it was a fable of stone, and you all this time never knew.

The gate where you stood, and hesitated to rush back to me.

As you doubted at the Gate, and you rushed alas, thinking
love or materialism was possible, and you said these pages
were stuck on it with candle wax i stole from a Church...

and after the Orchids grew in the meadows of the plains of
the artists, over all the surfaces below Hell and in hell as

both weakly related. You had one week and you gave me a
ring with the very nails of Christ. And the gold dug from a
Steampunk machine, the noblest of Machines. Hethred Has

Billions made of those to bring her flowers, or to trot
around with flowers from one destination a love to another

love, the mail system of Hethred, as the Angels now in Hell wrote their letters on flower petals so meticulous.

When you are Immortal, you can see a crystal grow. You can have it as a flower.

And after that one week you gave me that chest, the word in etherith for larger seeds that squirrels gather, with the nails of christ in it. And flowers in that little cup and you took the lid off and some flowers spilled out, and you showed it. And you said, I will build you a Palace if you give me one grain of rice. She said,...

Maybe.

Maybe, it was written in stone, i said yes, and you never believed it.

And Aeylyeaele, who never had seen love, suddenly shuttered as she showed him a vision of their adventure in stone. An entire world painted and the Gate painted and paintings and thus a landscape of Complete eminence, and

He showed it to Hethred. Hethred sighed, such a story should never be just stone. I will have it remade in marble, i'll have a few for my angels. They will love to see this. Hethred upon it, had 6956779000000000 crimes and sins carved in platinum. These are all the torments that once in flesh now in spirit you may cause, and and more so then that. And Ancholeeehem Carved as yet, in waterfalls frozen ice, 77777776856777799000456777777 and infintity, of the Blessings that were silent, dorment, feelings as sees, but brighter and infinite, blessings as future.

The goddess of grass eating grass in despair all this time over the woes and horrors of the earth. Had been given a vision by Hethred, and she awoke. And now leaped and ascended to heaven, and Heaven on Earth, An Earth Hell as Heaven. And in Ancholeehems quarters, both five were there, when they ate a gasp of grass gently and mocked and laughed and enjoyed this. And as the Goddess of grass changed the Axis plains of perls over the Robe before the Infinite amount of Axis Hordes of Imagination.

The Goddesses of words was two triples, one in heaven, and one in Hell with Hethred, and finally they met, eternally seperated, the moderatly warm and tickly ice of their friendship amused the Goddess and Aeylyeaele now. Upon his tendency to burn things, and to satisfy him, she led him to her quarters of legislations.

Burn these, i give you a human heart, humanity. I give you a world. Divine, I give you, a golden egg. and silver sugar on top. A crafts mastery as a light in your heart and a black pinch of tactical wisdom.

And Hethred gave her girls and her latest daughters and her daughters that were through spirit and her daughters that came with ease and compassion bravery and loyal wit.

And the Goddess of Hawks had a lenze to see so far, to observe these majestic flights of the Anchoooolehem children and not to miss it, and to see these were Hethreds favorite pass time. And the Goddess of Fish had a oculon of spectrums of colors with Billions and Trillions of colors.

Aeyeaelle and Hethred Saw and amazed themselves over these. 20 000 children to cheer for a dolphin trick, and THAT would not resound or in any case have this friend be feeling revered, and they bite because their basin is too small, a few bites yes no ferocious are they dolphins, and if you dig a creek, and see to it a larger basin. Aeylyeaelle devised a scientific experiment to amaze Hethred, Finally without teaching a dolphin tricks, it is an experiment to see if it will now merely play for cheers of children.

and conclude

From Dust to angels, from clouds to fire Demons.
And Aeyleaelle, could touch upon air in Reality, and
change demons into angels.

and Aeyleaelle invented a pack of Vampire cigarettes, favorite of a Vampire, and the last part of fiction the Elph wanted to play was a Vampire. And Hethred too said, you must suffer, poor angel, give me a couple of friends to smoke these cigarettes with. And she complied. Lonely vampire genes, dormant, in gene of invention a vision, as the Angels who brought the butterfly ships for Hethred to sail with the Silver and Hawk and eagle Condor flocks.

Hethreds inventor Vampire Angels... Now legions, granted from Alas or Aeylyeaelle, former Ilhilne and other names, so many Names. And these were his daughters, and Now more Steampunk for her reign, and both Ancholeeehem and

Hethred were very Gratefull. And Suns of Goddess now,
coiling inside, unleashed bat demons to the outer reigns
above Axis.

The Kitchens of AnaehtheanA

And Aeylyeaele started crafting in the kitchen, and he
devised a coffee so black with a foam of straberry and milk.
And a Coffee with speculos flavor, and a cream based on
the ancient Nepenthe with a foam of mocca. And Hethred,
for the first time relaxed and shukling. You can do that too?
Almost as Insane in the kitchen as me? How frustrated we
both must be?!

And Aeylyeaele forged an Altar of Ice, And a muse Broke
from it, and he cloaked the Muse, in Velvet, and
Ancholeeehem said, why you can do that too?

And The Vempires Cigarettes filters were made from
flower buds, and where once cruelty had existed, the
Goddess of irony said it is not necessary. And The Vempire
and Hethred and the Goddess of Irony Went to Earth, and
gave one such Vampire cigarette to a pig. and it actually
smoked the round pink animal. As a Bird talking as Hethred
perfectly knew what bird to teach to speak, here They three
knew perfectly what animal would take a smoke. But as
such. Alas, Aeylyeaele, or the Hope of Alas, "helaas"
Whopeyyyy, Goddess living in Aeylyeaelles Physics, Set all
the pigs free, both Aeylyeaele and Whopey set all the pigs

free. and said if they want to smoke, then maybe we light them a cigarette, as their paws can not. Cynichae, One of the Goddess of Overworldly Vempire Bats, Descended from Vampire Heaven, and Declared an end to cruelty.

Upon that arrived in Reality the Goddess of Ivory and the Goddess of Dream.

neheeenhea and WILDHEYEEEEIII

and Aeylyeaele lost his lighter, steampunk lighter, and Hethred and Ancholeeehem finally stated together, we assure you now it will be there, and he looked and it was there, and it was even on a white napkin, and it was a white lighter. And that was the 39th or so or the 64th miracle they devised on earth.

Wheskeyehh, the General, Goddess of War, A muse of Auryal, caught the daughter of Ayriss, and delivered her to the Earth...

Aeylyeaele was a force to be reckoned with, in poetry entwined with the wreckage of Hethreds most feline whims, and carelessness, As Ellhe an astral light shone through the trinity above in the middle and below. Coming from a long journey now, light and rid of infants ironies, He searched at request of Angheoleem for the suffering and her pain for God and his angels, if you found the seeds of the apple of Eve, God could be restored his Throne below her. Hethred mocked, as Aeylyeaele laughed, and so they took upon them so much, and the mosquitos growing from God and his angels hearts, in which they were reborn every day. Their revulsion was on their course, their pain and insignificance was part of the ascendance of reality, in which it was imperfect and ailed as it streamed. It streamed and it was an ailment. As reality was not art complete, like a mountain so vast of Hethreds silent masterpieces below her reigns, for her an artwork. For others it meant something of a cause, or a bedding, or a peak or a crown, or a rupture or a cause of some sort. To her once again it was all art, and as no feat in reality could manage to be such art. As creation it bled when it streamed, it hurt when it screamed. and the was angholeem and HETHred and Aeylyeaele and ELlhe And Ellendeh. So he ventured, he roamed an island, Where his vampiric roots lay, he roamed a beginning, one of the twin beginnings of reality. Where at first the dawn of the woman arose from the rivers, sirens, and they gave birth to the vultures and the First Condor fe's as the panther centauresse. No frail commitment was this, to find the seeds to restore the throne of God, a mission in grace, for a lost devil, witty he and she meandered she in spirit and he in life for this where Eden, and he found proof, two cadavres stilled in roots of a tree, petrified as they had one meal together. And this seeds where everywhere, upon the tree that grew from it, the oldest yet living tree of Eden. With Apples. So he found

the juncture, the ascendance of moral, and to him and Hethred trivial, or an experiment, relative, or a cause to resist in its artwork a sin for then, they gathered all the apples, and in baskets on Condor Fe's rose up. and brought them all to Angholeeem. As they sharpened their axes on them, and tasted also of this twilight, of this split of a will in a life, of this split of psyche and desire. And so the first time the court below of Angholeeem angels mocked the living and the dead, for the first time they were not sad, and could breathe. They had always been sad. They had a never a moment of rest. Angholeeem would never have rest. And her courts and so many millions and trillions of angels had never rest, but below on her courts became a mocking, of the living and the dead, and of the misery and of the hypocrisy, of the penalties, and a light came about, that sad as they were their history noble, and all their suffering beggars girls, and seeking soul cakes so long ago. With the gazes and the mocking or perhaps the generousities of aristocracies. Now they let father out of the pits and the caves and the daily life and the worthlessness and the pulverisation of him and his angels torments and his angels decrepid sufferings. God below, now God restored. he lived a million times for one day. 165 months in a year of Hethreds lower reigns, one year or 165 months, with 52 seasons, for them to pluck, as God and his angels lived a day and suffering again the next day. For Five thousand of such years. Of a 165 months, and missed and not once could admire the 52 seasons of Hethreds reign. Of which black Holes are her vacuum cleaners, of which chariots on earth, where a whim, to see what nail polish she would use for the meal, with millions of nuance meals, or for the tea, of millions of falvors a tea, or for the flower bathes, of which colors ranged over 235764359 times five hundred million. and the rim over God mocked God, and angholeeem sad, melancholy supreme, a radiance above him and around him, like a corona of a sun, that was about a Moons size. And that size, was of the Fourth Moon of Jupiter, and that Corona around it Angholeeem, was of the width and the corona was of the magnitude of the largest star ever created by her loveresse. God for Five thousand times 165 months and in a days of that of 72 hours in every day... and that day had thousands of chandeliers for Hethreds as her Suns from the sealing of Hell...

Epilogue.

and God and his angels who grew a worm of their hearts
and lived again born from a mosquito for one day... For
Five thousand times a Hethred year, that lasted 165 months
with 52 seasons...

THE ODYSSEE OF ANAEHTHEANA

AnaehtheanA an Angel who wanted to build a city.

Flew up and escaped Hethreds Court Below Hell.

She would free the giants dungeoned by Herhell the father of the Giants

Who had over his tears that Hethred thought of not creating the giant wives.

Had grown from his tears in this cliff every droplet a tear one giant.

She would break through the walls of Ethereeen holding the earth as a one Dungeon amidst the deserts. And fight the PheDragon Beast of Ethereeen. And her sisters Phedragons.

She tames the dragons, and journeys with the giants, over the lands, as a Hethred rays brings the 52 seasons
Hethred created about the Angel as a guide.

AnaethanA would fall in Love with a sheperdesse, but she was light of heart, loved by AnaethanA, but
Hethred bought three sisters with 12 lead coins, and cut out the heart of the Sheperdesse. AnaethanA
leaned over her chest in anguish and grief. THis was earth. Now she knew. Brave she was, as she set on, to
create one beautiful city.

From the light that coronated siler and ruby crows,
Distant already the arches and her serene bows.
Of her Journey through the labour dilligent realms
and the slavery of putrid most unbearable hells
of Hethreds Upper reigns as Vampires twilights sized Liars
Dwindled she forth her last sigh of Hethreds Diares
Hethreds diars that below her spirit a perfume.
Had unduly as those Hells awaited majestic fume.
Drilled she in terror where her deathlike pride
Had forthed legions since and here Anaethana her Stride.
Where slaves so beauty they were truly
Held the sealing of the Hells Dungeons unduly
As A depth still deeper and an angerish anguish
Of this Hell where he angelic depth had vanquished
Soon so soon she rose above and beared the Stench
Of where the presumed sins of mankind wrench'
And so soon she had coursed above this in Despair
Brought he his legions upwards and at in time a hair
Grew coming treu prophecies and that matched
as Anaethana had her twisted and cunning plans hatched
Meadows of fires as tempuous and fury now she past,

How could you not see, that words attach not thee to reality, they are just
tools, you are free. Tchlutthnetthe Goddess of Tools. And her priesthood
and priestesses of Tools. Her sisters, chaendealabrahae candles Goddess.

And Wick of Course, long before begotten, and Glowrhome, The Goddess of glow. Light is a tool. And so is feathers Tools, twhrethnehreaaath Goddess of feathers, and her two daughters Awchrealvea Aswenneyiii and Ewhtheleyiii Merhckrech Swans and Crows from her magick as she could cast out legions of entire swans and crows.

They were both the Guardians of the Spirit world, and stood at either Gate of the Spirit world, and mended the Wrancune Hordes Demon Ladies pencils for writing Reality. ON their long journeys and battles of Martyrdom.

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh

And Hethred kept the hourglass of Hatred, made of the finest crystal, and so gentle those slopes of her craftwork, she made it herself, as no one could craft such a delicate masterpiece, and it stood on a titanium pedestal, filled with her petite master class subservients, those truly loyal and frail as she. But vulnerable, she insane, she hath no fury not reckoned with. They, strong, agile, for her pedestal of hatred, each petite was sculpted, in Fifteen floors extending each deeper into the abyss,... And as She turned the hourglass, the petites would come, and it was time for the Angels and frolocking arts to cast a new Mountain for her, so already, they stood, millions of them. Weary of what she would demand now. What she had thought of. TO extend her reach on the ominous still life without her Axis

Force of Creativity. Etherith Theopathea

Chivalry as my Female heart.

I must begin here at the start.

To tell you may or not Believe or experiment with this.

Recommended to it be true can be bliss.

Sympathy for religion.

Careless to dwell in it.

Furious to its beauty and beauties waters upon and fires lit.

And he thought me to see thou, to rule thou as satan.

And he me to love thou, as Christ.

He bid me a choir here and to a choir i was deem'

He had enough of your evolution of Sin Supreme.

Its details to him futile may seem.

Lyrics to the opening chant of Etherith.

Bibliae

Librum Secundus.

Et Satanas Se Regroupe Et Si infortunatus Et jacturam Cum Legitur,
studuereunt.

est Satan ce regroupe, est du malheurs et perdus avait lire est etudiez,

and Satan regroups, and in Unfortune and loss had learnt, and studied,

Damnum ecne damnum

Dommage, sans Dommage.

Damned, without Damnation.

Et pro Deus, Se recepit. Fugit. Et Primus gradus Ejus. Et Lucratus Est
Ascendencae.

Et Dieu Maintenant, ce retraite, fuir s'enfuit, et seulement du'n premier
marche du'n ascendance regagne.

And god now, retreated, flee, flees, and only from His first footstep in the
regained ascent.

Et Deus, Et Cedet Sibi. Modo Accederent Primus Gradus Per Satanas.

et Dieu. il lui retraite. Seulement aprochement du Satan l'eurs premier
prochain du'n pied.

And God, He doth retreat, Only for the first Step of Satan dowed his foot.

Et satan. Du malheurs grandir. Avait pas jamais une redout, au vincienne
debout

and Satan, of unfortune grown, Had not never a dread, a victory lost
Standing.

Satanas duo agere, discite a clade, resurgit, ac Deus alter, una ad tempus.

Nunc autem satanas casted Deus fugere loca, ut, deficientibus iam copiis
atque currentes.

Quran.

إذا توقفوا عن كونهم هستيريين ، دعهم يذهبون

When they stop being hysterical let them go.

وإذا توقفوا عن التعرض للهستيريا ، دعهم يذهبون

And when they stop being hysterical Let them Go.

وعندما ينظرون لطفاء فهم ليسوا هستيرية

And when they Look Kind then they are not hysterical

ردة

Apostasy

لا إلحاد

No A Theism

دعهم يحاولون

Let Them Try

الكفر

Irreligion.

رمزية

Symbolism

"And the love, from a stone, an experiment of hethred, kissed with the
wind the Childs in the Stars. From Fire born, they left their burns as frail

as their blood unred, kissed with the wind the Child their sister in the
stone."

Etherith First Verse; The Ewvhrecieyii Verse. Verse of
Gratitude.

Waters Pour on Us to Drown now Muse,
Let me Hear You, Let them Hear Us and Our Bleu Fiery
Ruse.

Crest of Torment, Heart of Anguish
When shall you then finally Vanquish.
From your lips so gently and eloquently Whispered
That the cat Goddess from Your Plays Herself In your
Genius Whiskered.

From Your Well, Born Alone and learnt to Whisper.
From a language that was known to but one tongue as a
Blister.

bereaved of Senses you, The Senses poem.
Of where the legions of your spirit Droples Ro'm.
The Muse of all the Poem Poetesse And Beyond indeed.
let us sign with one of you and one of me our tears our
Creed.

I sing of you, you whisper songs to me.
You whisper of me, I sing a song to thee.

Let us from the well awoke.
And the minute you a poet spoke.

That water in your veigns,
And the boiling of your hidden Reigns.

Ellendeh The Well, the river, the sea.
Scheldt, the sea of the north, Illusive you as reality or
bigger oceans none, then your grief by the well to free..
How you meandered near and through her Heart.
Anaetheana of which hethred threw it like of a crow a
steel lancet and a velvet feathers called a Dart.

From this well, i Imagine it still.
Painted the colors themselves your wretched nerve.
That you in still born being nectar had for such misery
defiath her.

Let me and the perhaps now pluck thee flowers.
And in this bath of the Temple as the waves against your
body cowers.
Now you sank and leaned tired and stained with perpetual
purity.

Born from draining woe in stones surround and dark
Solitary.

With a distant meandering ray of light,
that coiled as through electricity bright
Stiff your verse as your language grew
Whispers of a angelic sweet demons dew.

Here in this sink, where none may think.
At last the brow, stands frailer to us now.

Suffocated, your hunger to be born belated.
Kind of senses that see trees. At longest last and bees.

I don't beg you of, but urge drown the Tempest Love.
Of your words so holy speech, and i will convey it for to
preach.

Written is the Longest Line, that your lips brought forth
from thine.

Romantic as your will, symbolist as your body and your
finger tips.

frail milky lids surrounds your opaline bleu eyes.
From where the Tempest Love forever cries.

Nowhere have the drafts of myth.
Seen better words to have my swans and crows at your
service with.
Let me finally Brought me feathers, of undead crows and
stormy suffering swans through the toughest weathers.

Kind you. Shine my candle before your blind unlighted
eyes. .

Where gentle the silvery cynicism of our faith as bleu, dries.

I see in murky water yours a breast and a loi'n
deformed by the waters collding as they eachother adorn.
Now first thee Demons from my past and before reality
born

Bring me the Chariot of Three horses horn'd

Let me treasure this world against me storm'd
Against us, a chariot in a well a cage. For you to Lift.
Upon the slowly upon nothing gather'n clouds a painting.
With mahogany Stallions Bustes crowned as below enrobed.
heavened then these spider silken robes bereft and stale.
As the demons fight in light to keep your misery as beauty
pale.

never come the end of yours this Tale.
An irreligion for an apple fab'le.

Ewvhrecieyii the Goddess of Gratitude Herself.
Came from the deplhs of The Sea of Ellendeh as an Elf.
Now you too have a sister, in your waters here at Etheriths
Temple
For a muse again you sent, and on revenge had bent,
proceeding for a free and in gold leaves born Lentl.
Granted from Aeylyeaelle that never knew. How much pain
you for a birth had grew.
Carefree, let us fill this pool, by those souls who's souls
have fibres as sheeps wool.
cry for thee have i cried as yet.
To your silence that instantly i wed.
A muse never to expect.
Another then a treasure kept.

I waited patiently in Lions history.
For all that i knew one day from darkness none too free

That all about these realms a vampire panther see.
coiling as the claws it slung, for a huntress web she spun.

Waters Pour on Us to Drown now Muse,
Let me Hear You, Let them Hear Us and Our Bleu Fiery
Ruse.

Crest of Torment, Heart of Anguish
When shall you then finally Vanquish.
From your lips so gently and eloquently Whispered
That the cat Goddess from Your Plays Herself In your
Genius Whiskered.

I sing of you, you whisper songs to me.
You whisper of me, I sing a song to thee.

Let us from the well awoke.
And the minute you a poet spoke.
That water in your veigns,
And the boiling of your hidden Reigns.

Tell us now of Whatever you may weep.
With those gentle voices of your whispers secrets that you
keep.

Bring me from your teeth ivory, from your mouth that i
adore.

Deliver me from your heart pure, and the pain you must
endure.

One first verse for all to witness glory once more.

"I will tell her there is a Goddess of flowers, who sows flowers before the Goddess of the future, who created the new world in a kiss with The Goddess of energy and force. Who is born from the poetess heart and rages afront on a hurd of magnificent butterflies. Thus reality was created out of dream by crying and hate, but the future is the illusionary force from the malign of any kind, that poets vomit from their chests"

"At the center of reality, is the Goddess of hysteria, who planted all consequences of lack of judgement robed in the classics, the daughter of ridicule. Hate in sending both these, was to end it, or to proceed anew, but to Hates or Hethreds ultimate amusement"

And when all the worlds girls drive with Purple Porsches,
Red or Absinth Green ferrari's, then HERTHRED DE
ERGHRHEYVHII GODDESS OF BLACK HOLES can
select better nail polish from these cars to use, and then she
does no longer consider the Earth a Miscarriage to her taste
as she created it in a lesbian kiss with Melancholy. And As
she bred with her black widow spider from her womb, that
bit through her stumoch, and crawled from her throat. And
weaved the daughters for the Evenhelveth Vampires to
drink, where they seduced them through art salons, and had
to drink, the Blood of Lesbian Goddess, to prevent
themselves from turning in rats cats and Serpents. Vampire
souls. And they were cursed, because they would never
defie Hethred, and they were cursed, because her daughters
that ailed failed and frail, were their prey.

And the first muse, came back to the Wrancunes, as she
swung over an ocean, never sailed a ship or felt the wind,
and found the first wrancune, bleeding, he had not thrust
himself on his sword, he had stabbed his left eye. And she
took it out, and healed his wound and his eye.

i walk with the wind, i philosophize with the wind, i demagogize with the wind, as the wind is the only true core forwarding in reality. "Axis Goddess of Taurus and Imagination, as she blew through the last wall of the imagination, met the wind, and she with enormous gadflies and dragon flies canonized the streams pouring from the gargoyles in the nothing, as they flood the rivers, and as they led billions of rivers through the nothing, and the gadflies and dragon flies, wove Axis her steppes, and her deserts, and that is where hymnical virtues reigned. She reached the twelve sisters born in a tear from the first muse, who called Naevrhael back, and warned her not to open the gates of the imagination, called her back, and said she would die, and Axis reached the Twelve muse, and white dove, the spirit of Aeylyaelles dove, appeared, and gave the Goddesses the gift of speech, and Axis told, the twelve sisters, Naevral, rose from death, through the comfort of the arts, and i will have this mantle shown to you. And That angel who saved her brought upon you. "

the sensation of perplexion is the notion the person could be a little far from the truth. It is the philosophers BEST guide, his arrogance is usually key to an obliterating passion, and a merciful answer which is also wisdom. THE GODDESS OF PERPLEXION, AND THE GODDESS OF ARROGANCE, both born from two chandeliers hung in

the nothing, as Axis saw them in the distance, fled to the first muse. and waved through her tear, and she cried tears of joy, and with it they made a lake, and on that beach
PHERPHLEHGHRGHEA AND EXXEPHESSIEAN AND
THE MUSE REPOSED.

And Hethred, Crown of Victorian and Steampunk Reigns, has AN INFINITY of virgins, hooked to their back scalp with a fine needle, caught in dreams, and she makes love to their bodies, gently or an occasional kiss, and checks their dreams, what wonders they have today. Perpetually in dreams. Quivering of pleasures. A series of beautiful flowery dreams where she receives some more inspiration. They are in Steampunk cauffins, decorated with Golden or Platinum butterflies and heraldic signs of the utmost marvel.

the spirit world and dream, before reality.

Grew one flower, and a spirit grew it, and the flower she was harvested out of the nectar, and she harvested nectar and molded more spirits out of it, and more spirits grew more flowers and harvested the spirits.

Thus the spirit world was born.

Hathis ruled it.

At one point the first signs of matter appeared, one painting was made of Ayris, and she was born from that painting.

One Rock was made that the spirits could n't move through.

And a sword to split the stone.

Helix Antihelix and Ayris and Axis staged a kiss.

Of Hethred, spirit of madness and arts and rancour, and Melancholy, spirit of sadness and grief and compassion and weeping

out of their kiss reality was born.

And ripped open Hathis Her Reign from the core.

Ayris was cast as a punishment behind the wall of perception, she flee back in the painting of her birth, and a Soldieresse from Hathis Struck with a Spear in her left hand, with which she would have to hold the Wall of perception.

Axis was cast behind a wall and had to break through with an infinite horde of Taurus.

Helix and Antihelix Music petrified in a column made out of stone even more precious than marble, each in turn.

Hethred was CAst below Hell, Melancholy above, where she saw, how Hethred, considering it a miscarriage, raged in anger over this creation from below everything, with her the muse of loneliness as her pedestal, who floated in the darkness hearing tears perhaps once in a billion years, and one muse who would only once here one tear, furthest below,...

And how sadness grieved over it, over hers and Hethred De Erghervheyiis creation.

Nhaevhrael born from a tear from the first muse, who leaped into the infinite abyss after being protected by the knights of selfdestruction...

Called back by her sisters.

She opens the Gate

which breaks and collapses and crumbles all on top of her.

Elvrhael would eventually cloak her into the cloak of the arts and revive her.

The only others who could revive Goddess Muse or angels were Barthelheuiyuu Demons of sugar. , who robed Angels Goddess or Muse in cloaks with a kind of magick fine sugar. And Whenhuyii A muse of clouds, who had it rain over muse or Goddess corpses, upon which they restored, grew whole again, and revived.

As rightfully we can say, what came first, the spirit or the flower!

Full first names of Hethred

Hethred De Erghervheyiis Awhnniiss Aratheriean Eghekeiyttehrhyeii Amhddheaii

Hate of annoyance waanzin or madness artisan art gek crazy madness etc

in fact those names are each infinite.

Composed of all the words eventually of all the languages, and the coming languages. Of whom are infinite, as there will once be 100's of planets like the earth each having 1000's of languages.

ANAEHTHEANA THE BEGINNING

THE SIRENS
THE FIRST VERSE

ANAEHTHEANA MATING AND FERTILITY RITUALS

AND THE BUFFOLO's of AXIS Then ENTERED A GIANT HALL, AND LAY, AND BIRTHED THE MUSE FOR THE WRANCUNES, AND THEY FLEE IN LOVE TO THE TRILLIONS WRANCUNES

AND THE CROCODILES BIRTHED THE MUSE OF ANAEHTHEANA, AND THE WRANCUNES ROSE FROM THE PITS OF HELL, DUG FROM THE FLOORS OF CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES, AND NON SUSPECTING SPUN A SPIDERSILK CLOAK OVER THE PITS THEY DUG, AND THE PHANTOMS AROSE IN THEIR CLOAKS

AND THE CALLERS WERE RANDOMLY SLAUGHTERED AND THE MUSES SIGH LAID IN THE PITS NOW, AND BIRTHED ALL THE CROCODILE EGGS? SPAWNING EACH THOUSANDS, CONTINUING TO OOZE AND SLID OUT, AND THE ONES WHO REMAINED, THE FEW, CLOSED THE SAND OVER THE EGGS, AND THE MUSE OF ANAEHTHEANA WERE READY TO HATCH.

ouwhlwholleyelle left Three Images behind, beneath it all. With the Methreheyhen crowds, chanting hope chants and praising conquest of art and mankind.

and rheythethiii and kathzarheee two lovers, decided to sleep in the snow to lay together in Sweet love. By a tree, and the tree grew their faeries, stroking them with sparks of life.

Such subtle generosity, and that Book, the Book of generosity was written. out of the Goddess of endurance, who both wagered on reality. Whouwhrofttherheee the Goddess of generosity, who makes small gifts to enjoy with a smile of honousty of the giver, and a woe of treasure to the receiver.

The Goddess of Miracles, Eghyegheyyuhhe
And she I Give it the same sign back...
A line found in Lautreamont, the 81st miracle.

And Aeylyeaelle with a stroke of his fingers to air, moved all the darkness out of the other side of perception, and Ayris walking in the Walls to hold the wall of perception, was scattered in roses. and the Dragons of the beyond perception world plucked Roses from the skye. As a Heaven Bleu always, where above it heaven bleu, and sky was beyond the walls of perception. Where Ayris with her scar on her Left Hand held this wall, walking gently this ordeal each blink of an angels eyesight. Thousands of miles and trillions of miles in each persons blink of an eye. So forth became finally roses the Goddess of the Skeye.

And the Goddess of perception and Crystals, WONderer and roaming the Dream worlds of spirits before and after, touched Ayris on her right shouldered, and they Embraced.

The spirit glances, spirits of each glance to an work of the art perception a wall, could be broken now but never be unmended, It approved for Miracles.

and Ayris, who was taken to the Temple of the Vampire beyond perception, had herself locked in, and trusted these, Aeylyeaele in Reality would set her free, to with The Goddess of language The Goddess of birds finally crack the code of birds and their songs. So many means were now provided,

have you ever listened to the birds? A code as well. So gentle and so divine, and the Angel of Loveless received a steampunk owl and she could hear the Steampunk owl songs, and learnt this language. The Steampunk owl is called Meeenhwerhwvhea.

Whrouckeee the Goddess of Roses, and Dhereyelle Goddess of nurses, married. And Ayris was allowed to bless their marriage with the blood of her scar on her Left hand, that stemmed from the Age of Dreams and the Lash of Hethis her Rage.

"We are here your souls, protecting you All."

It is Spring, Under Water, it is Spring, in the Abysses

First wisdom.

am just a poet, what can i do? But if I rise with the sword then a poem will be my sword and you will accept it with the tongue.

Opening reference and ethics of ecology and the Vampiric mercy.

A poet would eat, if you anestheized the Dolphin, and amputated one of his fins, and grew a fin with science in a lab, and give it back to hiM. That much suffering a poet can handle, but for to eat. And it will not be pain. But a poet would never eat a dolphins heart.

"To consider the work of art of putting a young girl under a glass bowl on a swing perpetually gently swinging a little on one branch, and some moist crystalizing, could be an actual realizable work of art if you could take the soul out of that girl. But that in time space and causality you could never do. You would have to rewire every hormone and every neuron. So that it would freeze."

But it was Hethreds favorite artwork. A dead girl, perpetually, with a memory of 20 seconds, swinging and smiling.

LAST CHANT AND VERSE HOW REALITY ENDS

and athyeaele, the humiliated one and aeylyeaele the despaired melancholic, and anaehtheana, and ath shortly called, met again on a street corner, where the iron wielder winked at the angels, and the angels crouched their arms and made a little dance, how about the supressers not to burn, or crusify, or

torture, but just have to live with themselves for now. Let them grow, let them see; Hail the laws, hail the armies, hail the artists, hail the police, protect the sheeple, let the rabble rouse, and be confounded in their subterrains rousing rantings. let the sheeple prevail, let them see themselves, let them meet themselves, it will be worse then crusifiction or any torture of past times. Give them a simple mirror. and give them even, all their glances and their gazes, derived out of mirrors as Hethred the Goddess of art and the impossible could delve them out of all mirrors, with her flat laser fields steampunk machines. Give you yourself on a mirror, a place, a glance at yourself on a plate, where you look at yourself. And one day, have anything at all, will be your greatest despair.

"and the masses were the Bulldog ants for the philosopher, who when they were cut in two, the front attack the tale."

And AnaehtheanA how her city was lost, and no legions to war, musicians, roaring.
And Anaehtheana How her city was lost, brave as she was, and the curses of the Doomer Goddess under Hell.

And AnaehtheanA how her city that she bravery wanted to build, bravery for a beauty a sake.
And AnaehtheanA, how her city was lost, the armies, keeping the sheeples greed!
And Anaehtheana how her city was lost. All the dead walking, and none to meet or greet her with a welcome, let alone a war.

And, she, drifting, and the armies and legions drifting.
Found an elf with visions, and debated with her.
Aeylyeaele had a dove, and all the visions to your city.
But there is none to reside it.

He had a dove and all the visions to your city.

But... She spoke

Do you need anyone in that city? You always believed that?

WHy don't you just build a beautiful city then?

And then? What are they? These dead people, full of self depreciating jokes and depreciating philosophies.
they can't be helped the Elf Said.

Go to them and talk to one.

I don't want to talk to them i never have talked to them.

They are disgusting slobs and vermint???

Indeed they are said the elf, they just exist for the moment, for babble, for vulgarity, for food, for depreciation, they have no reponsability? How can a worm have responsability?

And are they worms then?

No they are ants, totally useless ones.

They are self hating ants.

If you let them simply go.

They will bite their own wrists, bite through their own stumochs.

They are simply cursed.

They are regular folks who evolution did n't want, drinking sugar and nurturing their offspring.

speaking of idle vacations idle meals all day.

They can not understand your world.

And how then do i build my city? When my artists have shit to eat literally, when they give them shit to eat.

When my army just roars further when they are released from this Dungeon of Rothhalm where they were fed whipped cream by The Goddess Of Doom Below Hell, as she even could n't sleep as they pounded the walls of their imprisonment?!

Let them go. They were never of use and will never be of use.

You can see them go. They are called subjects, once devout servants of kings artists and priests, prophets, emperors, Gods, and pharaos, and now they have themselves, and basically nothing.

Tell them that. Give it to one.

And anaehtheana reasoned with one, and brought forth her majestic tongue of the Hethredean below hell speech and their beauty of words, languages never considered or conceived and tongues, dialects to them, they had never heard, in their dispickable backwardness. They feared her to such an extent.

They started biting their wrists, and they bent over and started eating their own stumochs.

That was how sick they were.

There was nothing sicker not below hell or above sadness reigns where angels are born from altars of ice. The worst men, were indeed the people themselves, to themselves, how they could not escape, this feat of luxury to be themselves, as they were nothing, and served but Ephexean. This idle silver sculpture. HAXAS the panther, brought the head of the sculpture to an iron wielder, and hissed at the bellows of hell, and up rose to the earth and a hell the second angels of Anaehtheana, proud secondant to any decree of hers, gentle as friends they glanced demonic smirks as they strolled past eachother now, at random in the streets, a greeting of accidence.

At that spot the Iron wielder passed, and handed the secondant the Axe.

WHreckrech Angel below hell, who stormed wrecked and trashed everything? Hethred always pardoned it, treu fellony of disaster, none better to destroy arts in the perpetual arts palaces and reigns where all is arts below Hell, of that land of Doom of which we speak.

And Whreckrech lashed out, stormed through, and killed hundreds around the Ephexean Sculpture, and she had no fear, unliek anaehtheana, frail of heart always as she oversaw battles for Hethreds pleasures against her puppet demons, all her dolls and dummies.

Wreckrech leaped, and plunged her axe into the giant ankle of the statue of Ephexean, reflecting the light of Ephexean, that a the lantarn muse harvested, as yet did not want.

The sculpture after so many disatruous hist, and as Wreckrech defiant of thousands clasping her hands to her, notto destroy, it, wielding around in furious tempers. At last and not alas or aeyleaelle was his name. A human, so long humiliated, so long destitute, friend of Aeyleaelle and given already at birth the most rediculous name imaginable, his name and existence surely a curse one must have thought.

But he too defied them, and the clasping dead, and fought hard with equal temper, merely from those masses.

The sculpture, falling slowly, the silver crumbled, dead it changed to diamonds, thousands were struck dead by the ammunitions, millions were wounded and screamed, and started eating their flesh and limbs, this was the end of all hope.

The masses here in this dead land were finally left to themselves.

There could be ephexian or could n't be.

But now the masses were set free.

Thethryeu now, a magician from Hethreds courts, sought not affair with this demolition, and indeed had consented to the Goddess to ressurect the sculpture instantly she guarded the despair and decrepdiness to Hethreds whims. And the adventures to endure.

What an adventure if anything.

And Thethryeu lashed with her whip of magick at the shards and diamonds, and lashed at the crowds, fire spew up, dozens screamed and ran and flee, and she whirled the shards and bound them back together, and established a wild fury a Goddess image and vision and seated it, and mounted it. Ephexean had changed, hahahahahah. The masses were left to themselves, AnaetheanA had won, the dead would crawl now.

Their short sightedness would become wonder now. But what a self depreciating wonder, a wonder a maggot has when it would be a human hand, squeezing the life out, and still the hand would be in disgust of what it felt, and still the worm would die. And such were the masses these dead, among which this whole tale had existed and had pertained through its events. Ow h how At last, Athyeaelle, meeted Aeylyeaelle once more, in hsi cages, where he was tortured but these so unwonderfull. Without wonder indeed, scoffing. He smiled and smirked. What do we walk here they wondered? What Hell have we deserved? It is merely your own Hell they said to them. You have found yourself and found hell. And how did you get there? Not by your own choices? What do you deserve? Not less then all this around you? And how can it then last? You thrusted yourself to indulgence, you had no doubts, and you forgot any value, because you were thought not to have value. And those philosophers were struggling, but you never ever struggled, not to find a truth or a moment of justice, worms abound, worms in the cathedrals worms in the towers worms in the monestaries worms in the castle of lie and worms in the palaces ruling Ephexean.

Your reign Ends. I can no longer hold this place together, and you can't any longer hold this place together. Materialism is spirituality. And to you opens the door to yourself, to what you wanted, to your fictions, the truth of your desires, that you can easily see. But Alas, yes him? YOU saw through the philosophers spells not yourself, you always thought you needed to find yourself, and you looked and looked, and now you are alone, and you betrayed everyone. In your marvelous quest. In where is Aeylyeaelle and this Elvin King Now? Where are these vampires now? Brooding, and birthed from the subterrains and dungeons of the dug out floors of the Tehmpesthea churches, From the Crocodile eggs!!

CHANT II

THE ALTAR OF HETHRED AND HER MIRROR OF NEWER ART MARVELS

The altar Hethred had herself crafted this morning, it stretched her length seven times to the left, with a massive middle section still and seven lengths of her to the right. Within her grasp on a small table stood a long slender glass, with some smaller crystal bowls to craft with utmost care her drinks, various liquor, sweet flavours towards bitter flavours, the bitter were clouded and diluted with green and sparkling silvergrey, the sweeter had bright red or reddish, and yellow colors for yet other acidic flavors. On the desk towered two times four slender columns to the right and left of the central section... They had skulls of rats stuck in the wooden decoration, in rows of 19 each, one time four times 19 left and the same right. On the left there were silver small ignition switches as of Victorian machines, on the right black emerald broader lock switches, to lock or unlock each of the skulls as vaults. Each of them stored ninety-ninthousand paintings, sculptures or architecture decoration or entire rooms or garden palaces... At the center of the altar was a small glowing canvas, with gently churning inverted stars, and two slides at each side left and right with slender marks like insect paws, she lowered the slide as she scratched her fingernail over it, ticking the slide on top and sliding it down, the screen emitted a stroke of light as she did and then this light faded again,... At times finding an appealing mark, an insight or an idea, she opened it with yet another flick of her fingernail, and read the scripture with its insect marks, written from top to bottom, gently going down, she read it without moving her eyes, all her language in pure symmetry strokes from top to bottom...

She flicked all her fingers over the screen and the main slide view appeared, and played another selection at random, in the middle of the large hallway high in between columns of several floors high, was a massive canvas, a glass screen with shells and steel fractals decoration casted inside, the paintings condensed behind an oily mirror, when they were pressed against the glass they would show at times ripples and stains or stains like mold or worn or smudged... She could adjust the tone to Sepia or Ockre, dark or light, much or little distortion, fractals corrosion or silver corrosion, or ice crystals and water vapour,... She rose from her repose now, and set her fingers at the left column at the second switch from above, and with a stroke of her hand slid all the other switches down, and all locked!? As thick as work will be in this reign, as much as precaution is taken that all is amuse, and will stay but amuse, as yet many locks, safety, for all these choirs and these proceedings be secured, all is useless here, bear that, or think how to bear that, ambitions are picked up later, arts are replenished with vast amounts more of it if one is lost, it is exhausting, it all being so useless,... Somewhere if not one switch handled properly, would give way to a waste of time, and as yet since time was useless, it would become a strain, and her angels would n't want her insane again, as yet, when everything is useless not doing anything was plausible, doing something had to be art, you needed a strong soul to survive... To grasp and even rule the entire world, you needed to be insane, or would be at one with insanity. She played with the switches on the left, the trick was to capture them on the left, into the bottom of the column, weary as her taste, and changing as her mood and as the paintings flashed by, from barbaric cultures to delicacy, from intimacy to decadence, from fine tone of brush trough impressionism, she needed to make her choices, as much as at the right column was saved, and the more switches were locked, the less boredom there was among her angels, and so they would be having plenty of duties to attend to, the crafts of bloody scenery and pains of myth easily flourished in her reign very literally, as brushes became murder weapons and whole buckets of acid and terpentine used for these paintings, especially in such reigns where jealousy was the prime talent, it could turn to a grim faith for one exceptionally talented angel.

If the black switches were left open as still a virus could infect the selection, and delete all the notions and the remarks and ideas of the Goddess. But so soon she was fed up, she loaded the orders to a deer skull,... troubled already weeks with gloom, she was silent as sinister lately, her most prickly weeks, as much as ever relaxed, glances of madness towards nothing, looks of contempt whether there were angels at that place or not, she pierced her eyes in thin air, angels about looked away, a glance vindictive ever more frightening if she missed the guilty angels, the quirky evil of it simply stifled their blood circulation, but as she walked trough the palaces she looked never as bored as now... It was always like that, worse then before, it was always worse then before, such an imminent depth was in her mall content. As she locked her main desk, and dislodged the deer skull and placed it on the Axis star, she did n't glance at this desk even as she walked out, and out the door strode she as she

ordered it to be torn apart already, with a mere flick of a fingernail on a little glass and in curls of silver embedded panel beside the door, and soon this hallway would be torn out with the floor and sealing, this desk, the small garden in the opening in the floor and the room below, and the entire ballroom crafted at night, never used, an entire scenery she had set up for a performance, they went as far as selecting the courtisans, preparing the style and costumes and dresses, discarded nevertheless, never got to a rehearsal, a ball room that never anyone had danced in, it was carefully written down, the delicacy of her wastefulness the most lavish library to venture in... So soon all grinded within the thick steel revolving teeth below in the machine rooms, spewing all geysers of churned art and woodworks, mountains of them as they were seen on earth, bellowing up and down like waves harboring death as an acid the digestion of the earth itself. She took off for anywhere among the salons, something resembling lunch, to find a good room, she felt like a prime dish of long slender pieces of all lions, deer, panther and wolves meat... It had to be said that paintings of the hunt of eternally virginnous angels that caught the animals with bow or lance, were as much beautiful as academics on earth if they saw would feel their eyes now perpetually burn in the eye sockets like glowing coals and it would have been the last thing they saw before they screamed crawling on the floor. Barely held to a fire to be thoroughly roasted, the lions and wolves strains of meat she would fling at her angels, utterly disdained, not a smile by far on her face... deer she clasped between her teeth thrust her teeth against each other and chew like a jackal would gnaw on rubber... panther this delicacy she would eat, but there was no female panther on the menu today, -the only one who was allowed to eat of these by any account- there did not die enough poets this year.

THE RIVER OF INJUSTICE

"Enrobed with gracefully crafted wood and crafted iron, wedged in the mountains serving as a ceiling over Hethred's reign. Massive pipelines, so ornate, like giant gilded plaster decorations found in palaces. Delicate, embroidery, like nature would make, all draped with curves and braids work, frivolous, surprising like surrealism. All these veins led heat from out of the earth. They derived this massive heat from out of three engines the size of continents on earth, inserted these pipelines in the edges of this alloy of copper, silver and gold cylinders the width of many miles, as much heat as Hethred could have them suck out of this land where the frailty of the illusive is stepped on, and where the ambitions are illusive and frail...The whooping winds here in, they twist as much as hurricanes, their milky clouds like hurricanes, thick as molten sugar spin about, three massive artificial hurricanes within massive canisters, and a gigantic stem at the centre not unlike a flowers centre, thrusting a circular power as out of thousands of small stems, that had against them a shield to convey and direct the air, all composing one large stem, as a steel mushroom cloud with a giant hole through it. Through this circular motion oozed all the hot air, pushed forward through the ceiling that is reality, and leading down on Hethred's pyramid, throbbing in these carefully decorated veins, into three more machines, fitted beneath the bottom pyramid of Hethred's reign. The three machines condensed the heat into a brew of poisonous alcohol, later in secondary machines used to distil anything from green absinth like wines, to purple wine like rums.

With as carefully crafted switches here, the vast hallways in which bloom forests and orchards were sprinkled upon with perfumes, these liquids could be adjusted to vent a modest summer breeze, or a refreshing icy dew in the air; it could repel mosquitoes; it was the engine for the five large ice reigns and the many smaller reigns and castles, palaces or rooms of ice. The modesty here created through this machine the angels referred to as the boredom breathing machine, all human passions or the least amount of it, were adjusted to the utmost base level, like a washing machine of the angels washing rooms. So grand, spanning twenty angels in length, they were usually fitted within wooden frames, and further on provided with energy by Hethred's youngest daughters on large pushing wheels or walking mills of all sorts. The breath of passion trapped, the passion's prayer, plucks a passion from the careless, that do not take care for a careful craft to be a passion, when to enter this large cave, glowing against the sealing in a poisonous light blue and this creamy white fumes in such spirals and clouds growing one out of the other, gigantic majestic revolving fractals. As reality heated up and hardened, the vents were turning at full power; as it cooled down the vents turned more silent. Then for the use and providing all the leisure in Hethred's reigns, the energy was derived from massive storage rooms. Above Hethred's reign no seizure, no heat, no quest, conquest or excess, no war, no rage, nothing could grow or bloom of the ecstatic or awful alike in the earth since it was built. It was the breath of revolutions gasping here and swallowed, the breath of conquest, that was derived out of reality, and hacked as upon a butchers table serving him for an anvil to this butchering of all animal life... all still, to nurture the gently growing purple poison that would kill this frail sand of reality.

The hate of her as she loathed, love for Melancholy strangled in this hate, reality such an object to comprise all her anger. Dried out of rage or woe unseen soon this reality, unattended these three canyons with cascading deep and all-

devouring tongues of long strains of mist licking at the passion within reality gently hollow and void. If it were to look for in reality, to touch a tallest mountain, it would crumble like moist sugar, be much hollow and nothing there, and a thin sticky then dried skin, or a withered cocoon. It's all gone now...A decadent amusement, a decadent repose in the gardens once more, barely eating, for harness for produce, none here strengthened, they reposed so much, and ate so little, that the embalming sweet opium odorous dizziness of laziness shone on Hethred's court always on the road in her reign, heating the proceedings and rituals as summer sunlight. Careful as any scenery, a blade of grass hung above a massive fleeting river still with much peace and silence for fine ironwork tables and parasols set up... Careful as any idyllic grass land hung as such, and fresh grass, may be at the mouth of injustice. The mouth of this river, gushing out of the earth, the river of all injustice, massive cascade sprung in the floor of reality, flowing into Hethred's gardens, towers built here at the delta with millions of veigns, hungry eating at the river, for all angels dishwater. The Hellsveithvaldeh, the moisture condensing into the caves above, a water relieved of all sound, of disasters loud in reality, drained and cleansed, sucking into the droplets the pure misery, of accident and disaster, passions and sickness or ills, corruption and sadism. All cries above now at last delivered this water without the slightest sigh.

At the shores of these cascades one could hear the leaves of the willows brush against each other, overpowering Hethred's most open palace, with jewels like stars fitted against the ceiling far above, where the stairs started leading down, in steep ascension, of a dozen cathedrals stacked upon each other it thrust down, occasionally delivering one ship or a torn-out house among the entire floods per second. That thrust against the mountains beneath, as an occasional treat, laying on the shores and drinking tea the angels, to observe the greatest spectacle one here such wreck among the silent storm of misery found its final land to kiss. Here angels were attentive for the wrecks, as others on earth gazed at clouds, and the wreckage instantly swallowed underneath, never to be seen again, as on earth the shape of a cloud dissolves into the shapeless mists once more, here for all these eras have the shipwrecks and its victims been passing and here where they were swallowed in the pools over the overhanging riverbank. You could hold your head very close to the surface, or when you swam in it, very silently and only just within close range of the droplets, the surface of these waters, there you heard the screams; all screams blending, over and through each other voices screaming like small people hiding in the water eternally engulfed with disasters; a gurgling, like a reaction of the waters chemistry, gurgling in a throat of a giant that had first swallowed a whole nation, and its people still screaming as they slide with all their belongings into his stomach. A screaming gently of this water that even made the worms of Hethred's garden laugh as they heard the sorry commotion of reality's most adhering and dedicated disciples. More loud cries and deeper wounds the morally awake than those battling to survive, and more morally awake and with deeper wounds, than these few still battling among beauties ascetic battles. As a friction of Hethred and the wishes of reality, friction of her, crafting, crafting with loathing, painting the civilisations massive ails.

Lay upon the river this thin layer of whispers of suffering, the slightest layer of a heat over this river, warmth by suffering the tender boiling of this entire river of injustice. Those of poets and victims stricken with woe, and of animals and the pains of trees, was the river of misery, in silent and romantic places, meandering among small gardens and abandoned castles and ruins, this was the river of real pain, opposed to her great art and composing the river of injustice, or the river of violated morality - the river of indignation. The river of misery condensed entirely remote at the outskirts of Hethred's reign, this river, of bitter sweet tears, of some martyrs or saints as much as criminals among poets long ago where few, these tears that sweetened the injustice... the river of injustice was never derived out of any redemption in pain, nor soothed its preys so much, nor as blood from disaster ran this river, they refused to be victims, their hearts as iron, the injustice pounded on it and resounded loudly. Not did it refresh any aching skin of those aches that make skin throb of indignation and this, acid, an injustice to the angels underneath or swimming in the silent lakes of this water, of delightfull finish flavored. It was accompanied by brutal singing further deep where it originated as dew in caves, but a massive thunder in the caves their darkness... Ever this river spirit of injustice saviour for them, as if they were peddling hysterically, and would the goddess of art be guilty of another crime against man? Another feat of her lack of mercy? How does she pardon and grant, and meet the demands of this reality begging for its next life, knowing that it will drown again soon,...

The Goddess of hate eats her daughters

Hethred, bored with the humility of her empire, and her obedient fearful angels all instantly in anxiety as she even see a piano and looses her senses, she has angels come with paintings and sculptures to propose her daughters, all gather in a hallway of a prize award of the highest of arts ever organized, "she will be so sweet her falsehood", was one offer, "she will be despaired so ruthless she will be" another proposal went. "she will be loathsome so greedy for beauty she will be", the third, "she will tremble of her own despair" was another offer, and these four of all the offers was chosen. And so from her lips was taken one follicle of skin that she bit off, and from it was grown the second offer, and from her hair the first offer, and from her one a fingernail was cut one small piece for the third offer, and from her skin one smallest scar was cut from her thigh, for the fourth, the one trembling of despair...

and so her daughters were crafted from this, and within a week the whole empire of Hethred vast, was trembling of the rages of her daughter, and none could sleep for a week, and fires were set and panics broke out, and all angels of her reign were screaming so much, that from then on always when they laughed an instant they would shutter and remind themselves of the screams and the anxiety, and so was it Hethred leaped at her daughters and she hauled them in with angersome fury and throbbing anxiety, as if the veins in her eye lids were bursting and her veins in her wrists were breaking and bleeding through...and in ferocious anger she ate her daughters, while despair she ran away at the back, forever now hiding as she saw how the limbs of her sisters bleeding and the flesh twitching still of live hung from her empress claws as she pierced her teeth in them. It was a hurricane at the moment in time of a lightning strike, one image, that the angels only wickered as they were tried to put on canvas in a few impression, and soon in awkward smiles and some wit stocked with the most remnant stocks of the paintings to be burnt or destroyed below in the deep underbelly of the empires. For ages on was the saying that she would eat her angels limbs, her looks when they shone such a madness, or a madness upon the empire crumbled started screaming an empire of screams, and as soon as a commotion started, whispers followed soon upon that... "she would eat her angels limbs" The sheer majesty of her madness, crying at the sight of a piano, was marvelled as a style of the delusional, as a grand opera of her qualities, to control this infinite horde of the most brutal female vixen, that she was capable to anything, but as she ate her daughters, maybe even she was deemed weaker then they thought, because she was grander then any horror, the sight of her crying at the sight of a piano, was forever the others icy cold murmured lips, where they start to rickle, where there skin starts to get cold, a draft of anxiety seems to enter, a supreme sensual female worry of magnificent beauty. The Empress weeps again.

Zo worden haar dochters vervaardigd uit deze, en binnen een week daverde haar onoverzienbare rijk van de uitbarstingen en de woeden van haar dochters, hele stukken rijk namen zij als het ware op in hun almachtige adem, en horden engelen vochten en kirden om de vierspalt die was geboren, en geen engel noch hethred kon slapen gedurende een hele week, vuren werden ontstoken en paniek brak uit, en alle engelen van het rijk schreeuwen zo schrill en verbijsterd, dat van dat moment af, altijd als zij lachtten, zij een moment in onrust en diepe bekommernis rondkeken, op hun hoede voor deze vuurzee aan engelennijd, en zij zich herrinerden het geschreeuw en de ontreddering. En zo was het Hethred naar haar dochters sprong, en zij graaide hen tot zich, met razende furie en kloppende spanning zoals haar aders in haar ogen barstten en haar aders in haar polsen braken, haar oegen groen omrand werden welhaast, en in ziedende haat at zij haar dochters, wijl wanhoop wegluchtte achterin, voor eeuwig nu verborgen, met het in de mond kijken van de ene maal Hethreds manische natuur ook werkelijk liet bloeden, maar haar slachtoffers en eenieder bloed van angst deed koken, zoals het vlees nog van haar keizerins klauwen hing, nog kloppend van leven zoals zij haar tanden erin zeeg. Het was een orkaan op de momentopname van een bliksemschicht, één afbeelding, van welke de engelen dan wel slinks als ze waren enkele toetsen zouden opzetten en dan vlug het bij de meest urgent te vrabranden of verspinteren schilderijen zetten in de diepe onderbuik van het rijk. Voor tijden daarop was het gezegde, dat zij haar enengelens ledematen zou eten, zo haar blikken maar op die manier vonkten dat hen weer op een vleugje aparte waanzin wees, of een waanzin over haar verspinterende rijk, of een spat verwaandheid in een van de engelen hun lachbuiën of gekir en aanstalten maakten om een rijk aan schreeuwen op zich op te richten fluisteren volgde spoedig daarop, en een zee van alomtierende stilte, engelen die met handen voor het gezicht links en rechts keken en collectief iets meer hun kinnen in een schuine lijn naar beneden hadden, subtiel, maar opmerkelijk. “zij zal haar engelens ledematen eten” de zuivere majesteit van de waanzin, huilen bij de aanblik van een piano, was eeuwig de anderen hun ijskoude verfrommelde lippen, die begonnen te kronkelen, waar hun jonge rijkelijk gebalsemde huiden onder hun rug en onderin de rubben koud van werd, het werd gezien als een stijl van ijlen, als een groot opera van haar kwaliteiten, die oneindige horde te controleren waaronder de meest wolfsbrutale vixens, dat zij capabel was tot alles, maar dat zij haar dochters at, misschien dat zij zelfs zwakker werd aanzien dan gedacht, omdat zij groter was dan enige horror, een supreme sensuele vrouwelijke zorgelijkheid van magnifieke schoonheid, de keizerin huilt weer.

It is written on the Gate of Ethereen, the long wall Hethred had built around earth... inprisoned as one mouse her billion mice the core, the heart of her reality, running in circles... Reality mere snow, may the winter landscape be crushed by the imagination, as by a colossal sun... The wall of visions around earth, paintings on them massive and large, for all hopes and future was lost here, cascet this earth, Hethred made it a cascet, failure, abortion, demise, decay, futile, hardened out dream, hardened lava out of fire...

ETHERITH

VOLUME V

OR THE SYMPHONY OF

Three Sirens and the Goddess of Morbidity

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh · Thursday, October 11, 2018

The First Three Siren Serenade and the Goddess of Morbidity.

The Goddess of MORbidity Goddess of money and bats and serpents...

Wherehmblielle, she that does Hethreds book keeping, she that cooks the books, there are many books to keep in Hetreds palace to hold her finances in check, and so often she literally cooks the books in despair. As she actually understands Hethreds Empire and money issues, money and kinds of money in her Empire only already close to infinity, as the arts.

Goddess of Morbidity Hethreds dear friend, and as they together laugh, the cannibals laughter after eating the dead bodies of their kin as they browse through the absurd paper trails of all that things artistic kept in the economies of Hethreds registers
And those her things artists delve from oblivious thoughts to add more space to her frivolities a Reign.

The Goddess of morbidity then often sits with an empty gaze, and as the realization of this wealth she is known to eat grass in despair, or pluck flowers and stuff her mouth with them.

An empty look, chewing on flowers and flowers bungling from her lips.

As most angels health was impeccable and hospitals are indeed useless art in the reign in their own nature, it was the Goddess of Morbidity also somewhat patron of the tragedy of Beauty, exeptional of deformation and disease and suffering. She was often found in hospitals, with nervous conditions, and blood pressures, whereas Many Goddess beneath as above where wise, Hathred and Wherehmblielle were the smartest, cleverest, a feat that proved the Goddess of Morbidity to be the kind of wise and expedient Goddess like a Hethred that could n't cope with the insanity, of realities wealth.

So often she committed suicide, and her embowls would change into a serpent, and her longues into bats. Her breasts became two turtles her nose becomes a frog, even if she leaves a beautiful dead corpse, occasionally ripped in the transformation of her peculiar death.

They have to mummify her body each time and put it on pedestals and pillasters of the Treasury as decoration.

The angels then have to catch the serpent wherever it flee from her secret liar where she endeavored her desperate cry for oblivion, and catch all and every creature that bloomed of her, and cook it in a cauldron.

Out of the smoke harnessed by Hethreds might magick, in a most greusome and unbearable witches laughter she reemerges from the clouds of the boiling creatures.

And then so, as she comes again, she is back soon, donning a disguise, mingling with the angels in the kitchens anonymously. Mashing Hethreds accounting books in angels dishes which they occasionally found under their potatoes and mangled into

their spaghetti meals, always wondering of this one anomaly in the kitchens otherwise perfect meals and dishes with thousands more nuance and flavor than in the center of reality.

It was in upset over the amateurism on earth, the center of reality, or the so called "hobby" a lack of respect for others or their own merit, that Hethred sent some of her most beautiful and talented and also melancholic angels to petrify as angel sculptures on the graves of eminency or standing of earth. to lighten the curse to have their being trapped, and an angels creativity petrified in stone marble or bronze, Hethred and melancholy and Ellhe as she the bode of the conspirations (and kisses) between them, they made the sculptures still feel things.

So that they would be overwhelmed by both the gentle wind warm or chill, as the storm, both crispy feelings of the ice frost on their loins and shoulders, and the beautiful heat of the noon warming summer sun heating to extacy the bronze sculptures. These in physics bound features were actual feelings. And their arts as they were were a mind.

They were the ones who guarded and stood proud before nature, and forever remember mankind of the fact that reality was fantasy, that the classics were living more like faeries or elves at times, and their dresses and garments, or fantasy characters, in eloquence and more artisan arts, part of nature and this gate to the sinkhole age and era of this abhorrent reality. And that were reality is presumed and shrivels into a cocoon of a starch, drought and anti esthetic it is confined by the priests and religion of Lhy.

Because energies and light as light itself were feelings, and so a bronze warmth is a feeling.

And the embodiment of beauty of a sculpture or even a painting, feels it, as it is alive, In each their own constellation, as much as the sun somehow feels as with its energy and lurking on the realities core end, and touching us.

There is one highest Goddess pushed below Hell after creating reality in a kiss with melancholy, and her one weakness was the sight of a winged piano. Where she would, this majestic being, loose her sanity and have her eyes fill with water.

A winged piano she could never touch the keys as any symphony or one key is she played the beauty would destroy the multiverse, and that Goddess has black holes as her vacuum cleaners.

Wlechliyè, the Goddess of fear has her ideas written down in heavily locked in secretive libraries and dabbles in inventing, for museums that remain completely empty, and her libraries not a single book is ever read. These are built and printed by angels blindfolded, casting fonts nobody understands, typesetting blindfolded.

Hethred has a bit of a dislike as respect all the same for her, ultimate of decadence and art mysteries. And awes at the kind of waste of resources, omnipotent fear and her inspiration.

Probably Hethred most renowned creation was reflection and mirrors, it was only her practical joke and the extent of her whim she did give everyone and her angels as many mirrors as they wanted. And vain and narcissistic as her angels were they used them everywhere. Now for the practical joke then, for millions of years they used them, only then Hethred took all the mirrors and radiated them with red laserfields and got every last detail, every image of millions of years trillions of movies thousands of years long, of every angle of all her angels completely unaware in bars eating drinking or in the solitude of their private toilet making. Completely unaware that one day they would be watched.

And with sweet innocence and dream and abscent glances were in these mirrors and now in these movies.

Whitteen, Goddess of industry. So many Victorian factories she had for her arts, steam powering this vast need for her machines. They powered with burning books hand crafted and hand printed by her angels, every letter in an original font, or illustrated by hand, and there were so many that you could never count, yes an infinity of books, so they had to burn. And they were poured for gaining steam power for making more tapestries weaving mills and, powering saw mills and more machines for. Owh the abundance... "If only one factory was built like that on earth, there was hope for reality after all" said She even. The epitome of anti ergonomics. Beauty. And what was left of it in this reality, that everyone was bound to obey.

Aeyleaelle, Angellesse Of Hell, was the only one who ever challenged Hethred, along with Milichnheyelle they wanted to overthrow Hethred, together they caused a flood that drown on fifth of her whole empire, and that was the power of both. Hethred saw this, revived all the angels from their Brilliant Tombs, and pardoned Aeylyeaelle and Milichnheyelle never to do it again. Weary they smiled and nervously startled, clasped their lips to eachother. They both were worthy of Hethred Goddess who created reality in a Kiss with Melancholy. Out of dream, or the spirit world. And is the very vision of and Above God on earth. A black hole, is as if her vacuum cleaner. Mercyfull, and all things with her, though she is a tease, come to good End.

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh

Aeylyea Ellhe De Ellendeh And Hethred asked, and why did thou do thisth to My Empire, and Aeyleaelle said, i tripped my toe against one of your floor ledges and it hurt, your empire was n't perfect. Hethred said, then i will see you don't trip your toe anymore i know those things can hurt. We'll make it better then. Nice point. Maybe you should talk to me first. But how did you raise those angels? They are Immortal Aeyleaelle said. And Hethred thought Her how to do that. Milichneyhelle bound with Aeyeaelle was so that it was she who quarreled and mainly left it to Aeylyeaelle, and final decision, for Milichneyelles powers to turn him to flesh from titanium or otherwise, the first who could do it as such. Each time Milichneyelle woke, as Aeylyeaelle would need it. And embrace they lay, and she said, would you do this for me beyond anything. And she said even at the other end, or in reality. I will be there for you. And we'll cause floods agains somehow. But it is best not to do it here no more.

And upon then, when the Army of Rothhalm stood gently, and slowly encircled the Earth and finally came in cordons, Hethred now. Saw AnaeththeanA Angel Sent from Hell, To build her city, finally her real wife, and she planted in her heart a flower, which guided her from the pits of oblivion, through thousands of corridors and Billions of touches of the eye of hers, yet still to the proper and exact place, for AnaeththeanA, who was untill this moment, to have a disability, a throbbing headache, could catch the scent of vision of this one her bride Angel. And they married. In the Cathedral of Ghaudhelley. And Upon that Hethred had Ancholoheem Sent an angel from heaven, and she touched AnaeththeanA, On the forehead, and thus she was given Bliss.

And finally Hethred, first at least shuttered over this contempt, in the least something her daughters she ate would not be compelled, how something that vibrant could be born from her spirit daughters, but she gave way in her grudges As finally she and Aeylyeaelle composed a 20 raven, the size larger somewhat then Condor. And one Condor Raven. They decided, to give this gift to the earth. As a treaty of peace, and the purple and yellow Peacock, the magicians symbol. The first superb creatures of an advent for Hethreds coming to Earth in Billions of years to come. The first truly Immortal birds.

And soon enough, Aeylyeaelle and hethred hit it off, and devised for the Empire 50000 Axis Vultures, vultures as large as buffalo's, and They journeyd into the distant lands about Massive suns for Hethreds Chandealers below Hell. And soon enough Aeylyeaelle found a way a crevesce beyond Hell to rise of to Ancholeheem.

And Aeylyeaelle Ascended with the first raven Condor and the 50000 Axis Eagles to Ancholeheem Ancholeem ironic as may be, saw it to be wanted they shook hands. No said Aeylyeaelle, i am not allowed to touch you unless she commands it. I mean to take you from this,

all your palaces of rain, and see you set down, below Hell, to Hethred. And there you may love again. Without recourse, without spereation, to created in your kisses perfect realities.

Three Sirens and the Goddess of Morbidity

The First Three Siren Serenade and the Goddess of Morbidity.

Wherehmblielle

The Goddess of MORbidity Goddess of money and bats and serpents...

She does Hethreds book keeping, she cooks the books, there are many books and so often she literally cooks the books in despair.

As she actually understands Hethreds Empire and money issues, money and kinds of money in her Empire only already close to infinity, as the arts.

Goddess of Morbidity Hethreds dear friend, and as they together laugh, the cannibals laughter after eating the dead bodies of their kin as they browse through the absurd paper trails of all that things artistic kept in the economies of Hethreds registers And those her things artists delve from oblivious thoughts to add more space to her frivolities a Reign.

The Goddess of morbidity then often sits with an empty gaze, and as the realization of this wealth she is known to eat grass in despair, or pluck flowers and stuff her mouth with them.

An empty look, chewing on flowers and flowers bungling from her lips.

As most angels health was impeccable and hospitals are indeed useless art in the reign in their own nature, it was the Goddess of Morbidity also somewhat patron of the tragedy of Beauty, exeptional of deformation anddisease and suffering. She was often found in hospitals, with nervous conditions, and blood pressures, whereas Many Goddess beneath as above where wise, Hathred and Wherehmblielle were the smartest, cleverest, a feat that proved the Goddess of Morbidity the kind of Hethred that could n't cope with the insanity, of realities wealth.

So often she committed suicide, and her embowls would change into a serpent, and her longues into bats. Her breasts became two turtles her nose becomes a frog, even if she leaves a beautiful dead corpse, occasionally ripped in the transformation of her peculiar death.

They have to mummify her body each time and put it on pedestals and pillasters of the Treasury as decoration.

The angels then have to catch the serpent wherever it flee from her secret liar where she endeavored her desperate cry for oblivion, and catch all and every creature that bloomed of her, and cook it in a cauldron.

Out of the smoke harnessed by Hethreds might magick, in a most greusome and unbearable witches laughter she reemerges from the clouds of the boiling creatures.

And then so, as she comes again, she is back soon, donning a disguise, mingling with the angels in the kitchens anonymously. Mashing Hethreds accounting books in angels dishes which they occasionally found under their potatoes and mangled into their spaghetti meals, always wondering of this one anomaly in the kitchens otherwise perfect meals and dishes with thousands more nuance and flavor then in the center of reality.

It was in upset over the amateurism on earth, the center of reality, or the so called "hobby" a lack of respect for others or their own merit, that Hethred sent some of her most beautiful and talented and also melancholic angels to petrify as angel sculptures on the graves of eminency or standing of earth.to lighten the curse to have their being trapped ang an angels creativity petrified in stone

marble or bronze, Hethred and melancholy and Ellhe as she the bode of the conspirations (and kisses) between them, they made the sculptures still feel things. So that they would be overwhelmed by both the gentle wind warm or chill, as the storm, both crispy feelings of the ice frost on their loins and shoulders, and the beautiful heat of the noon warming summer sun heating to extacy the bronze sculptures. They were the ones who guarded and stood proud before nature, and forever remember mankind of the fact that reality was fantasy, that the classics were living more like faeries or elves oat times, or fantasy characters, in eloquence and more artisan arts, part of nature and this gate to the sinkhole age and era of this abhorrent reality. And that were reality is presumed and shrivels into a cocoon of a starch, drought and anti esthetic it is Lhy.

Because energies and light as light itself were feelings, and so a bronze warmth is a feeling. And the embodiment of beauty of a sculpture or even a painting, feels it, as it is alive, In each their own constellation, as much as the sun somehow feels as with its energy and lurking on the realities core end, and touching us.

There is one highest Goddess pushed below Hell after creating reality in a kiss with melancholy, and her one weakness was the sight of a winged piano. Where she would, this majestic being, loose her sanity and have her eyes fill with water.

A winged piano she could never touch the keys as any symphony or one key is she played the beauty would destroy the multiverse, and that Goddess has black holes as her vacuum cleaners. Wlechliye The Goddess of fear has her ideas written down in heavily locked in secretive libraries and dabbles in inventing, for museums that remain completely empty, and her libraries not a single book is ever read. These are built and printed by angels blindfolded, casting fonts nobody understands, typesetting blindfolded.

Hethred has a bit of a dislike as respect all the same for her, ultimate of decadence and art mysteries.

And awes at the kind of waste of resources, omnipotent fear and her inspiration.

Probably Hethred most renowned creation was reflection and mirrors, it was only her practical joke and the extent of her whim she did give everyone and her angels as many mirrors as they wanted.

And vain and narcissistic as her angels were they used them everywhere. Now for the practical joke then, for millions of years they used them, only then Hethred took all the mirrors and radiated them with red laserfields and got every last detail, every image of millions of years trillions of movies thousands of years long, of every angle of all her angels completely unaware in bars eating drinking or in the solitude of their private toilet making. Completely unaware that one day they would be watched.

And with sweet innocence and dream and abscent glances were in these mirrors and now in these movies.

Whitteen.

The Goddess of light, dearest to Angholeem, and who made all of Angholeems crowns and cut all her jewelry, sparse as she wore them as she preferred to reside naturally, and barely even, but for anxiety on earth seated at her throne, and had the Angh Choirs sing then.

Siren of the oceans and the firenymph debated what can be done upon the stupidity of beauty in mankind's empires, and to save Alas from extinction, lost in the real world, the firenymphs from below hethreds reigns from the horns to unleash storms proclaimed the oceans they would send one firenymph and touch the water and all water would turn to sand. The siren of the oceans wept, Alas could not bear it, Hethred not even could bear it, so one siren of all the balance of the sirens and all

the waves, and one wave of water, had to stand forth, and be drowned, and this wave unleashed the one other proof of 34 Alas needed, to stop the stupidity.

Upon the second that all would be in pain, and all would have seen torture, Ellhe the Siren of the waterfall, within water light kissed and they saw the kiss of Hethred of hate passion and arts and decadence and annoyance with the Goddess of Melancholy and rain and grief and sadness. And Ellhe in the waterfall had her own bride, and both be wed sirens of waterfalls, and both be had their daughters as sirens of waterfalls and the roaming Ellhe who exchanged the kiss of Hethred and Melancholy needed no longer to be alone and had comforts with her choirs as she each time gave a kiss to both separated forever Goddess Melancholy towering above and Hethred below hell, illusions and perception tricks and entire miracles from the exchange of a kiss. So far travelling above, so deepest misery below to challenge that. And such cascades of torture and such heights of sadness. Now in rainbows robed...
And the Goddess of pain married the Goddess of compassion, Echeytheneeeh the Goddess of pain and Evhereiqcueeeh the Goddess of compassion.

Hethred present for their marriage was their own waterfall where always shone rainbows

etherith goddess, the siren that song and her voice so etheric poison she could have any part of the world rip open or any vulcano rage at her whim, however at the end of reality, she refused, and that is why auryal the angel was sacrificed, and had to be given the sword, by Alas, or his spirit Elle, and to his grief, she pierced the mountain with it atop, and had to take her own life, and reincarnated as a massive spirit, against the sky with black wings spirit, only female a giant as such, halo and nebula spirit, playing with the clouds over reality slowly towards with her wed finger.

SIren of the Vulcano in etherith Mhnenhhemregh, and her five daughters and three apprentice, who have powers share of only 100 vulcano's.

EwhecentheA was the only Goddess of Heaven that ever touched the earth, but in growing despair over the growing decay and with her sirens ready for battle, alas, a winged serpent that fell for Hethred and came out of heaven stole her, and gave mankind free a course to devour the earth, as the winged Serpent had great expectations to give EwhecentheA to Angholeeem, now both embraced and both wept the cries of the rain together. The ocean became the rain, the Serpent is the Goddess of vapour.

he goddess of eghreheii is the most regrettable goddess of the etheric mythology, the drifting of alas perpetually lost, a melancholy bleeding even the flowers upon the footsteps and grass soaked with misery, agrheii was sent down, an ultirior inferior cast of misery and bleeding and sorrow, she fell from the outer above, left of melancholy, a poisoned star of any, and crashed at one city as alas drifted at this as she crashed down, and she with all the might of power made the stones and the trees even a shade of grey, and the pavements poison of asbest, and the streets black and color death, and the people worn and still in soul, and the pace of ambitions and the walking about the streets lost and vain in discouragement, spirit eghrehii screamed at the walls that it was unbearable to any, alas still, walking, sighs of relief, choking on madness, and still smile of insanity, how the grey and the

suns of hethreds pain and fears suns bleeding and trough reality as suns five times the suns to light
 one day of summer even then grander then a day of the profoundest more caress and the well
 nurtured grass and the well eloquent unfolding flowers and the gentle grazed leafs. eghreii stroke
 her teeth to a wall of a house, shrieking pierced the walls and crackled the paint on the windows,
 the woodworms drought and turned to stone from the misery a fear, the trees silent beheld life and
 froze in lifelessness forever, the old beauty sensual of the arts grim shaded it with a black dust and
 patterns of anxiety and misery, beauty itself became haunting and ugliness itself became spiritual,
 light itself pale, and branches itself scars, destiny itself the worry of crookedness, greheii was the
 only that vanished, entwined return mirror of a reality cast reversed of reality, flung back from
 abyss and slay and shattered more back then bouncing of infinite distance, and life brought to but
 remorse a tomb and poisoned characters she hypnotized and stifled souls paralyzed their steps and
 stole and for the pale and damply worn whites the tomb of remorse that brought as bloomed the
 tombs of remorse and lit and oozed the eyes cast light from the stones the eye engraved and the
 stones of the tombs the eyes that lashed the rays of suns of the gutted souls, the eyes of the tombs of
 remorse that never be again. and egrheii death as death grey sweet she sleeps to exist and in black
 the grey the peace a ray of particles as sweet the particles the sprinkles of sweetest paper the sun
 small snippers of gold and warmth the eghreii grey the darkness gentle fine snippers finally free
 dancing trough earth and sky and sun and clouds and none and trough reality the rays of darkness.
 eghrehii split in in infinite billions small shards and the miserable most of being and the fortunate
 most of that exist and in it eghreii and the most powerful now the illucid snow, the snow of
 darkness drifting over the strains gentle touch of golden rays of snow as fine thin air so light.

it is legio that the angel of ecology and the angel of light would be in heaven, while in the
 underworld vanity and beauty Hethred does it just for that. And it ALL works. One with the other,
 above with below. Tears with fire. Tears to fall on fire. Indifferent fire, but not indifferent fire. As it
 grants it in a droplet of steam back towards the sky. The angel of ecology and the Angel of light are
 Hethreds friends, always the only quarrel who would be the most beautiful. For one Titanium stone
 that Hethred threw in melancholies palaces above. But as the angel of light and the angel of ecology
 both lay with Melancholy friendly near their owns and hers naked bodies. The stone which was
 their dispute, the palaces floors of heaven cascaded and water became they, and the stone fell from
 Heaven upon the earth. And upon Anaetheana and that was the exact city where Anaetheana
 Went. Where she at the Ellendeh was.

THE GODDESS OF RICHES

The Goddess of riches in hethreds empire, sister of the Goddess of accounting, owned the most, and could not laugh, was not
 capable of it. treasured by Hethred, and lured into that by the latter, as she knew of that curse, and as her precious laugh as a
 gift and this irony would bereave her of that most cruel smile and shutters as she could, and the fear that it entails over her
 angels and the fear that which that laugh brings and is connected to all fears in reality. Her Hethred she seated her often at
 her left side, and told her as the only one the most ingenious and provocative and subtlest and most bejewelled nuanced jokes,
 rarely understood by her angels, momentarily laughing always a choir at that a juror choir of the 87 wise Goddess and
 Goddesses of wisdom, giggling, and the Goddess of riches who was one of those too, who could not laugh. A serious matter,
 and serious matters, to the Goddess of riches.

Hethred for, also never, as an advanced feat and art of the Esprit of the courts and royals of Ephrenckii reigns, never told
 the same joke twice, and was feated with it simply as inspiration. The Goddess of genius, herself more so magnificent in
 endless bore, was outsmarted only in that by Hethred, how she made her tremble with a sparkles of a superb and outer, or
 shall we say entirely underunderworldly sardonic wit. A megalomania as many a rot in reality, and garbage heaps of

wickedness, how it stuck and caged you, threw you in schisms of despair and outrage. It was as if Hethred had stolen the very sparkle of knowledge and genius, of these the Goddesses most high in their refuganates, quarters where they thought, and ever pensive marvelled at wonders, and ever wonderous were over any object and angle of objects and colors, and where they delved more, more angles as colors. More words as languages. Of which a momentary joke of Hethred, was a few shelves of this one dechasm a pillaster as it were, sticking out of that there in the library so high. All the engravings of the lower shelves, and the sanskrit complex scribbles of the highest, were even the Goddesses of wisdom dare take only few copies or volumes at once, a shelf where the Goddess of passion and hate and arts, easily had plucked and brought entire carts, hurried over by angels, chipling wheels and kackling old wooden carts, and angels again, so despaired for the service that moment, in anguish and full nervosity, trembling at any clumsyness of theirs. As they and then still more majestic and lacking in clumsyness as any of most beautiful of swan woman on earth, in elegance most daring of any. And then still, Hethred could only gasp and shriek a of might and a might, a roar, as rather a shriek, so powerfull, and of power. As of wisdom, she made coal, plentyfull and abundance, was her arts name, and all gifts to her, where art and its qualities, shining, and as immortality perfect.

THE GODDESS OF FLOWERS AND THE GODDESS OF USELESSNESS

The Goddess of uselessness equally was high and akin to Hethreds Madness, but in a gluttonous way, as she could not do anything else, of anything she went insane of the complete beauty and uselessness of flowers and trampled and ate and shredded them all with her hands and cried and swore at them incapable not to a full massacre on anything she saw. As she roamed free this caused significant problems. Occasionally she found a vase or a meadow. As they were everywhere. She did have an entire court with palaces without flowers that they gave her, and drains that had no piping just water cascading down from one floor to the other through marble floors, reversed waterfalls in her pools, reversed fountains dancing on sculptures.

At all times guards held watch the Goddess of flowers and the Goddess of uselessness did n't encounter eachother. They would distract them if they came too near eachother, it was a meticulous play with such high courtisans of Hethred, but it always worked, the presumed insanity of both to encounter eachother in the palaces would cause the ultimate insanity.

Owh Angels, who were born in a Heaven of Sadness and struck from Altars of ice already carried down on the stairs of this Heaven of Sadness, struck when the altar broke by an arrest of torment as frailty of beauty as a case of an Emperors broken sword, baptized by the water and dried by soft linnen by the angels who went before you... Ascend into AnaethanA.

In Dufel, a satanic village, stood a temple of Lhy. Where Aeylyeaele roamed so often. There were castles of Lhy. Where he was imprisoned. Where he found Ciedhe his muse, red in every broken tiny artery of her skin such fine cherry red wounds right under her ivory skin, one of the most precious angels of Hethred, cast to earth locked up in a cherry barrel, and Aeylyeaele found her there in one of the castles of Lhy. Eating Jam with glass of ice.

Upon the Castles and Temple of Lhy was chiseled.

To send me in a blind beggers liar, where they not care. And expect reality to break, a cure, out of a lack of empathy, a blind spot to their being, a vision born from their blindness.

And it was chiseled there as such by unknown artists, and the rulers and priests and monks of Lhy that walked as a moan. Could not read it.

"Where something is "double", that is where it has a deeper aschewed meaning, it can be an entire wreckage of that meaning indeed."

The poet spoke, and said, and he chiseled it secretly himself against the door where he came out. "Welcome" where the priests indeed said that, when they came in, so much could a shelter be a nightmare that it brought futility to being immune of humiliation, a cage of nothing, for that which so frail, could withstand any torment and fear. How the bold, were trapped in a world, of a cold rule, a cold empire, a cold wintery reign, where in effect all roamed as moaning. Its priests more indifferent and schewed then the passengers by in the streets, still more wondering, but relying on the priests, to keep the statue of Ephexian shine in its silver, a robe and coiling halo of light about its ivory as of a young female splendour, catching the light of Exether swamps of fire over the mountains, fires in each flame licking over the mountain tops and as the statue slowly, casting more light as casting less light. Every day, The pedestal of the statue, was being restored, cracking, earthquakes, and the fires of Exether, burning, fuming, of Hethreds rage for that earth and the disciples of Ephexian, and the rulers of reality, and of the adepts and fanatics of it. Lhy was long forgotten, feared, it was a hollow thing in the mind of man. And many times their heads turned hollow as it entered them, and looked away again. These people, and the priests of this antimysterious reign. Delving more the flailing of meaning. And in a course of this, Reality was about to end. In a course of their knowledge, a dagger that was deemed too frail to slay some of the grandest rulers of it, who died fast, and sprouted new and ever weaker children. It was now wielded again. With the special alloys, golds and titaniums of a ring. And Aeylyeaele set his assassins out, entirely with ghosts powers, and ghosts amendments and tricks. Aeylyeaele as "Hse" no female not male, but female as yet. Hse looked up, and beside him. And the touches of his words and experiments with the mediocre of the priestesse and monnessks, gave these orders as spirits, as in an intuition, carefully controlled, more careful as intuition goes then he could ever consciously do. Power Aeylyeaele had not, just the practicing of the Universe, a bubble of Reality. Bubbles, like tears, rained down upon Amneherhea. Where his angels grew out of a new rain. That reality, was split, between a veil of water, and reality, to which the wise and beautiful were held, would fall in. With "Whraelthenh" The opposite of reality, simply as a door walked through, or from an empty box a dove from a thing of beauty so childish, she Hethred had the plans of reality, loathed by her, and finally, Whraelthenh, was the first child, girl, that made from this disease, this imperfection, this monster from a lesbian kiss with sadness, a first sign that something. Could be true and immaculate of it. Hethred at that point. Spoke out

"It was there and never would be. She said, like "hope"."

It was ever so dear to her, that mankind, silly and pathetic, eager for her to say such, in a way that did not even confine that as a meaning of the name or the form of that name, as black holes were even remotely mediocre to her, what was remotely mediocre more, the devastation, a grin of her whim, the garbage that man caused, devastation, as if a wound in nature, a maiden her love, of course that a maiden she loved, of arts, and meaning, and form, of passion, and of arts, decadence, natural splendour, nature, and she, sat now, and Spoke. "Mankind, pathetic, a word of which that form has not even a size in our reign, capable of a wound lashed in that the vastness of which to me is mediocre. And with a smile they turn away? From it. And with a smile, they hold their own garden dear, personally a little wealth, and throw out nature. How good then, that they, and their priests and rulers, have not the least notion of the very wreckage, and destitution of that nature. As that, or each of it to which reaches them, must be by their minds, and those are, pathetic minds as we do not have much size to that word here, Indeed have to deny, and lie, even in their most generous and sincere attempts, and because, the gift of their treasures, still even a speck on my Empire of pure art, was deemed too valuable, and their leaders, were deemed too much like them, and therefore too infallible. And in that. They see nothing but hope. And a beautiful world, of which not so badly damaged, a palace, which had no walls or colors on their walls. Houses, of which they had built by blind, deaf, and giants of which skin was mute. All was too beautiful, as long they stuck to reality. And that, was about to end... She now reposed and went to seat, for the remainder of time... and absorb every ounce of this grand finale. Apotheosis and Apocalyps, Through the mirror it went soon. The great consternation. The great

dissappointment. Hahhhh. She had her bring some snacks by maidens. But ate very little during this long time Alas, Or as she said herself Aeylyealle or alas, the root of that name. She caught scent of Anaetheanas trails to earth and wondering and her quest again, almost as oblivious of all knowledge indeed, chaotic and whimsy, and intuitive as she was as artists and Aeylyealle. The Goddess of arts and passion, and decadence, and beauty, and insanity, and rancor, who could steal the destitutive malign from past ages. And throw it anywhere. Hahhhh. Now she sat, and would not leave her chair, her throne. While excrements, her angels on the various pots in her vast theatres before their mirrors indeed as droplets as of heaven jutted, shitting of fear, her angels. Axis, mover of the imagination at the very opposite of Atlas, on which all was hung, would pick up reality. And releave Atlas. God, would send one lightning, after that Aeylyealle said "now i will build heaven" she would send one dove. to her who could laugh last. From the aboves, many floors of darkness higher then where Axis and her legions of taurus roamed and spewed forth in droves of colossal fury. Thouthem, below, many floors of darkness below the angels in lonliness to support her reign, with a diamond, one, as their companion, a tear, that fell, and the lowest of solitude, lowest of those muse, that heard one tear in millions of years and nothing else.

Thoutus.

A whirlwind and the Goddess of thoughts and chaos, and night. That swallowed a golden muse. That birthed ever inside the maniacal beast, small cohorts and hordes of golden muse, from which highest the Golden muse, of daylight and nobility, would ascend below and gather and hunt the demons that Thoutus spewed from its massive beak bigger then the night. Below the under hell, below the palace of Hethred, below the Ocean of Titanium boiling in which the dead hardened and over which they set, in the cobalt purple glow of these smallest dthingies and longboats, the first dead had changed the ships, the first titanium churches craftsman, of which stood all this time in the corridors and atop the staircases were sent gallions. Fleets. To change over to the other Ocean bank, An ocean more vast as destitution itself, oceans and oceans in size. For the journey when the child of reality began.

Hethred, comfortably slid down a little on her throne, as she swallowed the few snacks, and spoke "well, a wisdom in this pathetic being, this feature of a creature at the core of reality. Certainly. Of which time for beauty and recognition of beauty, it would amaze me if they ever knew what time or to what length is time from the point i swallow a snack, and to the legth or the point where it is burning in the acid of what is somehow the womb to my existence." Time for the recognition of beauty, this creature that needs to stick to reality and needs to preach to stick to reality. It has NOT. And i'm afraid they should finally realize, that time, is the stick you measure it with."

When Hethred is seated and not eager to stand for the sake of a promise or a duty. We know, this theater in which she sees reality, and we know, these threaters and balconies all where angels above and below reality of sadness and of arts see. The child of reality, they deem more likely to be born from hammers on an anvil, and they deem more worthy of being slain by the axe rugged, unfortunately, that axe, belonged to Aeylyealle, bestowed with many a gift and responsibility, to use it against them who would use it on him.

It was one or the other.

Where Hethreds Power is Described, an impetrable black steel.

"Everything is that mandatory, that if you don't need it, it was not conceived by reality. The word beauty of one. OF which humans would deny it untill they would consider even reality not needed, as long as they did n't need to see themselves in it or themselves for a kneeling for that throne."

She sung these lines, as if they were tunes that she could repeat, and always sung and repeated these lines, when she was not distracted and more concentrated.

Whimsical Hethred De Erghervhvi

Evil is liberty, liberty is evil.

The perpetual logic and psychology, of which the ones to worship reality, and that passed, and ending reality, and perpetually ending reality and end. And the visions and the prophecies, to poets plays to play as a record of more artisan comprise then ever devised, more so perpetually less pragmatic and functional then ever devised as beauty is. Perpetual logic and psychology, that an angel would fall through that mirror, maybe not a mirror as the oceans mirrors lay, but a mirror as the field of time, where it is presumed. Entirely vertical on reality, as would be presumed. Or at least there, and equated, where they walk and how they move, onwards, as time presumably walks, or from left to right, as time presumably ticks, or numbers rising, as time presumably is rising.

The psychology of themselves, critiqued Hethred now. Beholding this play of hers, as a poetesse her flail object reality. TO play with it as she pleases. Well, of the greatest poets and poetesse of past times their works, they needed to analyse it a little further, and still maybe they would find they were creating it themselves, and deviated little, from a poem or a spell.

Hethred now even included a promise, that she would no longer be laughing, so now she sat, and was not amused. And still. From this, among all billions of man; and uncountable trillions of angels of her reigns, and uncountable trillions of angels of sadness. She would a terror laugh, that resounded along the last passage of Axis, where she would receive meadows and glances, and where she was no longer blind she imagination.

And with that kind of thunder, she would laugh, entwined demonesque with terror upon mankind such a laughter, and possess a strength to laugh such terror, a Goddess, capable to laugh her Empire all and whole billions of treasures of earths a splendour and wealth, TO DEATH. And that, would be to her just a chuckle of her powers.

Intuition, is to what happens and what art poetry and religion does, as it is to later time, considered its psychology. Whereas psychology, is the ever changing of the root into a tree, and ever newer arts, ever newer poems, and ever newer ironies and peculiarities in which reality births and is reborn. Where it exists, it is needed, and where it is strange, that would be considered evolution; Now hahahaha. Laughed Hethred malignant and ridiculant.

And psychology, was perpetually an organism IN reality, and evolving.

and she sung, whenever lessons to her angels needed be sung.

As she already sung them.

A thousand times, she sung...

Very supple songs.

WHen she sung them, a thousand times.

The angels about her, stumbled, practiced repains, and still could not get a hang of it, it needs some more recitals hahhh.

Choirs benches be built.

You will get the hang of it some time she uttered and laughed a blind laugh, a laugh without sound or emotion.

"Light and power can do anything there, under the right conditions, ironic as light and power is unconditional. At least, to some extent opposed to us there, opposed to there, here, where we are us."

I sing, chant you again angels, these choirs must be ready.

Now practice, for the adventations of next plays, she spoke

Perhaps it is Goddesslike immaculacy that you seek, but perhaps if its words that you are looking for, it is true that the all subjects who contain some notion of beauty, that that all would be a range between what you see anywhere, and the most beautiful and young woman, as there is even beauty in odour, which would range somewhere far above shit, and close to nectar, or maybe that it would be, not so wasted here, if it was not so said, it is but to yourself all that. Subjectivity, is freedom enough to detach from anything. And still it remains the same. Beauty resides somewhere highest as in music, as that would include thunder, and the lash crisp of more whipping lightnings. It would be ever opposed to sand and dust in the ground, where the worms gut the essence of which beings master sound and thunder alike; And that music, highest of treasures and beauties, where the electricity and hurricanes blow through, electricity and the whirlwinds, the opposites of the worms and the pissebeds, or otherwise a name for those grey, little cockroaches, who mean very little and are harmless.. The most treasurable of enterprises to mankind, is wishful thinking. The only thing a philosopher can do. Is sit, wait, and see who comes out at the end. But it is very unlikely, if seven billion practice wishful thinking, that not one gets it right. It would be spirituality, if only one got it right, and he got it perfectly right.

Now now, the golden lions spew from the worms that were spewed from the deons mouths of Thousus,

Goddess of Spaghetti. Birth me from your lips some more strains of dough and paste, twitching flesh growing from those sweet lips. My last snack, some strains of spaghetti. And now, the Goddess of hate art and passion, decided she would no longer eat anything.

Not stand up, nor laugh, nor eat, that as much as she could do for this theater.

Certainly.

Then it would not be her, to run, and scream for more attention to, and see a ground fertile and pristine.

As far as we know, nothing to do, with ghosts or subjects.

The Goddess of perversion and Sadism only crime was that she always would grope angels from behind, and get beaten up by them, from which she laughed and laughed. ouwhrophrhea Goddess of perversion.

The Goddess of Suicide, Lhellhell, had two daughters, Anxiethethea and Selphphiiithea through which each a one gate for them both were received the suicidal, the ones who did it in despair, anxiety, fear, a phase of uncomplete madness, Self denial, in the first, and the ones who did it with sorrow and mourning, self pity, act of egotism, self fulfillment.

Anxiethethea was a land where they were bound, tied, buried partially, strapped in poverty, the land of Selphphiiithea was a land of wealthy castles of which nothing could be enjoyed, shivering as they touched money, wealthy dishes. The first were fed dried bread of gratifications, the second were given the rotten wines of desolation.

NUMBWHULB The Goddess of Spaghetti. When Hethred was chosen to formulate order and symmetry on earth she invited not the Goddess of order and symmetry but the Goddess of Spaghetti over for a meal. And made it as she considered, she spoke a word salad, could n't contrive of a single solid idea, mashed it all up when she should summerize, and abandoned all logic.

Aeylyeaele Ellhe De Ellendeh Guilt and hypocrisy is mankind's ultimate cherished horse its horse of decay
Hethred sent the 9 Divine horses of decay first and then more at the end of the world Guilt Hypocrisy
Trolling Judgement Hysteria Belittling Modesty Flatulence Light Sheeps Pleasure Mockery of beauty and
Defiance of Justice Sloth Indifference, inhibition and many vast hordes of the other Sloth Horses of decay...

The ghosts antimuse of gravity that pull everything down, and turn chairs, resound through mediums of
injustice irrational voices. Crack houses with their mists clouds claws. Tap windows randomly.

Whrveffheffhii Antimuses.

Chant ... in four parts.
The Union Axis Verses.

Verse I

The patron of obscurity dial

The key and the violet bode.

The creations eagle of mercilessness.

Verse II

Heavens shipwreck and its patrons death.

And their wounds like feathers softly bloomed.

Verse III

An Ayris for dreams and its armies.

Verse VI

The ashes of Auryal.

All grief turned to stone.

An illusion spewed from the stilled hope.

The Breath of Passion Trapped

Verse I

The patron of obscurity dial

A Key and a Violet Bode...

Enter here in the palaces painted and within black coal dilluted, with water and oil fresh upon canvas gently here glimmer. Through the hallways led, crafting themselves around you as you dream, or wonder out the windows of these drawings here... A pedestal at the center of all these proof of a realm, an ether, an ether to demand of mankind its rituals, to master its laws, in greatest secrecy, they manifest only in its walls, its paintings, its crafts, its worlds in books. In a center hallway then, passed many sculptures, growing from naive, to utterly poison splendour. Here statues of all the muse are sculpted out of dew, a church so vast you pass, with arts proposed, and angels gentle waiting for your attention, a pedestal, like a catheder, with a tilted surface, is set up when you arrive at the end here... Refined and complex shape for a key, in the small painting on the catheder wooden board, it is spun so carefully like a spider would spin its prey and weave the threads about it, and it floats as if hung from a thread. It was most meticulous craftsmanship, one could see its decorative features harbored careful mechanic locks... It was portrayed within the thickest oil, colors sweet as the sweetest purple, paint tempting and rich as cream, and gilded with a patina as crystal clear and draped with brightest daylight, it hovered within this painting of romantic skills and talent, floating in tones impressionistic then, and so deep and clear and with most refined and detailed shadows and contours.

9999 A number for the secrets of the architecture and the fractals, hearts of flowers, twigs lost and too frail to become thick strong branches; a spider wove a thin wire hung in a large desolate room; there are no prey here for it; hopeless as love, yet abundant as beauty. The key at the standard before the altar of the church, the guide not within but through the walls that confine the perception; this key opens all that lies behind the sculptures, the paintings, and the walls, the paper on the walls and the motives, and the colors, and the rocks in the streets; and how they are paved; it rips them all out boulder upon boulder and shows the foundations of these colors, pavements and walls alike; these motives and images whirl about this truth as a mathematics exploded. The paper on the wall it tears apart, layer after layer, leaves tumble and dance through the air as

fall, rites of cultures, in every room; the world we live, all within rituals a life, it would dissolve, and its themes as in fall the leaves dance... In summer rearranged and paved again; In winter barren and impenetrable soil, lid upon deaths sleep, and a key here, a peculiar place, a part of a frozen meadow; here a spring, a spring, in the middle of this frozen meadow of winter.

Haven't we ever noticed the expression? A surface of this imaginary reign we live in? How all these scratches composed chairs, beds, how all these threads form, apart from patterns, also a texture, rough as worn axes, or maybe as smooth as silk of spiders...? It can exist, but then it can be false or living; it can be dead and still, or it may appear as if these sculptures, as trees, walk, march, alongside; they would walk among us maybe so gentle and still and unnoticed as trees, but its pace beating faster than mountains, as they stride, then suddenly appear here, then surprise us there as a silhouette in the night, crown to a passage or a staircase.

A world to die now, a riches starving and the roots of her towers, fast asleep and anchored deep, and to turn to stone... A hunger dormant, sleepy hunger, dreams and visions in a slumber... Here with one number, through the gate, in arts, by means of inspiration, as droplets of pure alcohol in nectar growing life.

A messenger to you gently woke, in a gentle shadow of purple and white and violet. And crystalized a phantom with violet hair and purple strains within her violet hair.

And white flowers and gentle touches of more violet. She lives as strokes of impressions, and spills her figure as a cup of pigment flung in the air.

And a white dress so baroque and as yet delicate, all in a haze of violet, violet shadows upon the dress, and purple when the folds are deep, and thin silk her dress and thin contours of her skin as born of aquarel, transparent as perfume, dancing as a slowed down nebula of mosquitoes, flowers occasionally whirling around her in the air about us, as slow as wombs for stars far behind the sky...

While you brush your hand over your sleeve for a few last breadcrumbs of reality that were left, she holds gently a marble tablet at some distance from your sight. Black, with those stains like of marble running through it, stains white, cover of a nebula, a gate horned.

Now we ponder, thoughts in our mind and the words that are drifting from the marble entwine...

Creations eagle of mercilessness

9999, we repeat to yourselves, if mercy is marked as mathematicians do, temporarily making a number go away from all their equations, then this merciless number takes flight above all, like an eagle with wings of a crane bird, more graceful and longer still, and his neck like a swan, and tailfeathers of a peacock... It is the bowels of creativity, and mercy as it is waging war is idle to ask of her, of her that is creativity. She is like a throne for an octopus, so alien to reality, at the very end of existence across all the oceans dark and obscure, at the other side of the monstrous octopus arm to place these sculptures like pieces of chess on a board, and you taking turns as you try to find your way. This arm to reach for you here at the end may at times seem seductive in its kindness as a child. But then its temper, as it wishes to grind onwards, entire beds and plates of time, grows two sets of teeth, and it starts to eat, thunder and lightning oozing from her lips as her teeth grind through.

Number of the queen, the slayer of the bees and butterflies, beating the seals, slashing the dolphins, murdering the whales, withering the flowers, and all that for melancholy, not the anguish of its crimes but the tears from its wounds. The source of the poison, a sting ripped out its groin and tears half its body off, and its entrails scattered... poor bee, this is the number 999, unfortunate bee. You'll never know, your pains and death too sudden to realize, being sacrificed to beauty. 999 is too indifferent to be patient for some time sacrificed to you, you will be her sacrifice... The trauma of a butterfly caught in its anxiety, brooding on these pains, a body you should imagine, as if your veins would become gently wooden and dry.

Agonizing tremor of creation, as obscure as parasites on the misfortune, vindictive as leeches these arts and Hethred, A womb of acid, a spider in her throat. Hours before reality ends, according to the merciless of that number, meadows lush of wildflowers now scraped her nails over them and no butterflies so mere remain. Poisons delved she, and streams of it washing all the life away; forests born silent, and the oceans empty... her nail polish, in nature of the most gruesome ugliness, is used for a paint for all the worlds chariots, whose exhausted horses torch them into her direction, and her direction only, pointless, all the streets to her reign twisted and bent, and leading to circles. And all that she wanted, was for her nail polish to be hoisted and sled about and about... Like all of her canvas, mounted on some mechanical horse...

"This is my nail polish",

Said a pale white skin and such refined features, and pitch black hair glistening as she leaned back with her thin body lean and agile as crafted of young leopards and deer cups...

"What shall I pick today",

and sleepy as a cat, weary of laziness and razored with evil, as it struck as a set of virginnous white teeth against a glass when she spoke...

"Here passes an interesting color just now." A Chariot on Hells planes, as it drove by in her lakes of their visions...

Among all scavenge under the illusions cleansed of Gods or spirits or beauty, here this spirit Hethred, that created reality in a kiss with the spirit of sadness...

And she; hate, or how else appears in our life as she loathes...

She; creativity, or how else torn as we live, to craft as we are hated...

And her lover, sadness, so pure she has water in her veins...

Both in this kiss became Goddess.

Sadness ascended into heaven, among her hearts of ice as she herself the gentlest heart among these hearts of ice. A cascade upon a cascade, crowned by fountains, and a foundation of oceans, cascade upon reality and slowly grow bitter and more dark as rain upon the earth... Water on earth, freshest rain that we will ever know, is her sewer... Of melancholia grow her veins thus, a purity, that still she offers unspoilt a golden waste that is lashed with the soil of below.

Hethred descended beneath reality, underneath hell, a reign that came to pass in a twister of the strongest metal black and hardened out of Godly fires a heat this rage.

Two crystals in the twister of molten black iron hardened out...

As a black ocean below set and steadied under the growing crystals, taking shape of two pyramids of several earths, growing gardens under the massive sealings, under glowing diamonds and bluest veils covering the titanium dark cavities, the size of an earthly horizon each.

...

Hethred, moments upon the kiss, jealous of her lover, still thrown back by the matter condensed in the kiss, threw up from the deep fire and perfume mold as burnt out ashes, and its odor with apples scent strengthened;

it grabbed and tore away the floors of heaven, banished all men out of heaven and locked them under an ocean of Titanium black metal boiling, out of her sight, into the furthest beneath where their hearts grew worms, during the first day, and they lived only one day, until at the end of that day their hearts devoured their bodies and were born again. And worms so small like an insect larvae already took shape, like a smallest diamonds suddenly pierced in the middle of their hearts, slowly growing the worms of the second day, and so on for the other days, and all days to remain in the infinity of futility.

...

Hethred is irrational female torture, she loathes reality, crushed into an unsatisfying, unfinished kiss. A moment that was shattered sudden as a glass still full of wine, in her hateful passions she, the concentration of creativity, whose souls grow yellow sulphur, both now a Goddess and a phantom of creation, however to remain, the antimother, with a womb of acid, bright and yellow as sulphur from the earth, found among foam and entire rocks of milky green, and violet purple. And in her womb nothing could live but a black widow slender spider, and then, out of her throat, after climbing through her stomach, Hethred as was called this spider, weaves Hethred's infinite number of daughters... The weariness, or gentleness, of any mother's nature, no matter what shrew, any sobbing nature of a mother, could not grow from this yellow sulphur tainted and corrupted womb. She was the last mother of anything, her agility, and a predator nature, that she creates only through her stomach, and through her teeth of the fearsome Hethred. No concern, no labour, creation as a man, and all for waste and stifled in depression, no love, no care, nor gentle ties, grotesque and awesome, or with venom again torn back to inexistence... As everything, as her reign, as reality... For now, for any second still too powerful, but what in indifference may yet conspire... As some awkward unsettling bloated painting in one of her infinite palace rooms... Pending confrontation, as an exception to the Gods, she chose not to be anywhere at once. Entwined with vanity, never challenged, by any of her daughters, competing merely a caress to her leanness, as lean as deemed appropriate for the leanest that gave them greater power over prey. And in pools of blood, pools of sugar, pools of milk, there could never be anymore more somber and comfortless knowledge to those more dear to hope... Then her misery spawning and merely with a flick of their nails would topple, slay, efface any era more credited solid or massive.

...

And her daughters, Hethred's Angels of terror over virtue... They will come. And soon will have reality tremble...

Part II

And their wounds like feathers softly bloomed.

Along now while this drunken descent of all once ill into the depth of Gods forlorn, Hethred sends out an Angel to rise up to heaven, and vain and false and shrewd, disguised as loyal and masculine, she seduces the most delicate soul of heaven's angel, Exether.

Soon as colors to the sun, as she caresses without suspicion of her play, her teeth at Exether's loins, she flees, and takes back below reality. Proud and content at Hethred's breast she flatters her, moments empowered with the love of the immaculate morbid queen, for her mission to properly end and fruitful to seem.

Exether now drunk of fury, a soul of delicacy explodes, threatening as most unstable stars, the seal upon
Gods now, the weight upon decay... She grinds down further below and ever near to earth she falls and
rushes. After all the remnants of this dead mankind, she chases and hunts and seeks for all men hiding still in
heaven, or left behind near heaven, or anywhere at all.

And slays with a sword of ice, with a trail of angels wings and turmoil behind her like a queen's dress, a
serpent's body of havoc of all which slay with melancholy's swords of ice.

Thousands as clouds bright lit light.

Out of every limb or cut, flock first tired, then agile soon, one white dove.

...

Still fleeing as the apples incense tear them down, fumes falsely creep, from still now massive fires glowing
red hot domes over Hethred's orchards, at the back of Exether still the shadow of the apples scent as a lid
upon all mens ascent, that springs a nothing before all melancholy above them... To cover, keep forever the
heaven's hearts of ice, with a nothing, an infuriated slayer born from delicacy, and sinking those scents of the
most druglike and soul-obliterating sugar, illusions plentiful and enough, withstanding the most massive
arms of war; a nothing thrusts the hounds and trashes whole clouds of men against a hole in the earth, a
channel through damnation, to a severity to damnation superior still... Scattered now against the earth and on
the last steps right below heaven... Weary here already, of purities left but waste...

And Exether and her angels lash, and then gush and spring from their flesh, setting instantly to the sky, and
fleeing, these gracefull doves of these gracefull strikes, flung apart, and part and spray as white blood from a
lions bite, dripping against the last remains of the bright blue earthly sky, diluting towards a worresome grey.
Of wounds slayed with the swords of ice, out of the numb, the ones obedient, passive in the seduction play...
these hounds always astray, long passed the barrier of a brief unholy life...

...

And to come heaven's angels sadness, and despair of hell, hell anxious of ambition grown... As Hethred's
angels in the arts boredom torn... Finally drunk of its passions... Hell's perverse avalanche will be eating at
the sadness bearers, sadness angels. Their white and sickly blue pale skin of ice, when they are lashed around
like steam, will touch the earth and laurels as cobwebs about the thunderous dooms vessels, and send as rays,
as seeds, as sons, its billions signs...

Part III

An Ayris for dreams and its armies.

All so eager for an army. But then all so eager for this army... To prevent them selves from being touched.

Living in irony with little defined, and timid of the awareness, that so near here the true extent of the eyelids
open, an eye such as a globe hung in the sky, and eyelids like tides, and a soft abyss you can walk on, a
tender iris, mirror before all that receives the sea.

What drowns is light, and upon an aquarel skin instantly reversed, blinding light, a tender wall.

Everywhere on my trail where I meet these passengers.

Intuition like walls hardens for them as my hand touches thousandfold over every gaze upon the wall of
perception no matter how indifferent, and they stumble as they gaze indifferent, or concentrate and walk

determined, and turn here, then there. Doors slam shut, I rise up and push the door against them when their looks touch for attaining it, I gently let go of the door, when they cling for another room, and turn the back of their heads to me. I'm gone, other drapes, and window views spring as I drift away so soon. Pride I feel only for being struck in the heart of my hand, it's blackened now, rot foam on its mouth. Ayris impure and ever throbbing wound...

Wall, healing wall... only bandage to relieve... Holding you truly stings. Light, blinding light, pressing back all that exists, right in front of me.

That it places a machine towards it, hooked into it, and an eye written on this wall, and salute to you wall. Salute to you banner like a wall. My salute and this machine now makes you turn, open, close, spin again, like the dial from a safe...

An ayris not for perception, but to perceive dreams, imagination. Banner; Owh teeth of grotesque aggression crafted out of nature. Nature as a black circle, grew on tooth, like the cartwheels of radars, and to start the pendulum of temples and cathedrals, the objects of all my dreams, flowing from my one scar on my hand. That I have puzzles on you, shades to decipher their origin of, a play and with you, I source our plot, churn and wheel from these here lungs of nature, oxygen fleeting through veins as time, leaving ghosts and shadows, left with hopes and worries.

And if you walls fumble built at the heart of reality, a breath of nature harvested and cast in one column of a house here, a door ledge there, all door ledges collapse, torn upside down over the house, and the house would be devoured by the door... As such the same as if I would turn my head and the world would look at my inside, the retina would witness the flesh behind my eyes, as would the moisture of the leaves of the tree thrust down, and thrust through the thick stem of the hundred year oak a flow of water, pressing through the roots and spring geisers around the tree, dirt spewing in the air, as the leaves suck at the moist in the air. Only then she will give you ayris peace... And calm in those narrow walls, as guards of Hethis's six spirits. And all her angered spirits of the imagination search and hunt for you, the barrier of delusions tears held as dew upon the earth and all the lies there flourish.

That grew hard crystals these tears already as they shed from the tides, from the eye lids. How they pierce and sting this silky flesh. For these eyes that are three, your body of ivory and silk, your eyes of black rot, and piercing green glass, out of diamond poured, crafted by the weather, avengers of the nobler pilgrims, or trodden knights, that never proved anything and thus were mocked and laughed at. All that chased the remaining odor of beauty, so thin its passions sulphur, anxious when they caught it, the shield themselves with irony, over those pilgrims and knights.

...

And for in a haze as one dares look behind the walls, come tiny flies from these eyes, and nebula of vermin plague, and from your eyes burst then first, the thick leaches, and burst the insect beetles and ever growing larger... and larger, and enormous, and all the kings souls turned Gods, and all the humans hearts on earth turned white, a small mosquito born, no bigger than diamonds in the most delicate of rings.

These smallest sentiments never I would dare touch with the tip of my sword, I strike... with fear... fear alone....

And my demon quest, be that shade of my life, that lonely amongst, smiles so occupied and distant its embarrassment.

And from opposites these hearts, eyes of the machines, interlocking, opening each others vaults, the five pointed Auryal star, one star for this clockwork, with the seven pointed Ayris star, and the twelve pointed Etherith star, The four teeth of the Axis star, all and among many stars all became in its inner reversed putrid stars upon a vacant throne, that a massive sculpture of silver on a colossal column collapsed, and upon all these putrid stars embedded in a world of seven billion prisons, took shape these women, most slim as flames, and as elegant nudes, born upon the sent out marks. And in machines hoisted on sphinx roaming all the abyss among the stars were paintings, upon marble, hoisted up and beyond the center of reality, and keys with all the mathematics to build the woman from these marks.... Those marks like a scattered clockwork, wheels of

paper, here laying, and there a sheet, a vast volume in a book shelf, of its surreal composure and tied with one enormous pulse, like the hooves of a cloud of bulls pound once and again upon the sealing of reality.

VERSE VI

The ashes of Auryal.

All grief turned to stone.

Sadness angels above, born of altars of ice, brought down the stairs of woe, and slowly then the altars condense, and they are chaired in graceful chapels, and Angels noble and proud and closing their eyes wake for they be gently plucking leaves of misery.

Angels woe and ice within their blood and heart and veins that slowly burns as the cold of frozen steel. And the altars break, and melt, pieces and shards spill on the mosaic floors, as slowly they are released, before the violent pains of a love of all life's sorrow, as if all most intimate sentiments condensed here, a soul of perpetual morning cold grey...

Billions born and billions more of altars, and the unending rise of heaven, stacked with misery a fire, supporting the whitening ashes glisten higher, but to heaven itself from autumn upon the realities barren crest, the shield between melancholy and passion, between beauty and hate.

The echoes resounded of the gentle awakening, the altars slit, cracks as hairs, growing bigger, water as the thinnest and skinny milk oozed out, and not a scream from them. They sighed, they had no courage or a passion, no desire did they embark, or think, or could of it conceive.

And of delusional dreams so sick, were they adopted and caressed with bitter to them linen, and as yet the finest cloth, as yet bitter upon their skin, tiresome as it slowly woke them from life. Stroked patiently with the bitterness, to wake the life in them, but gentle yet as each a carefully stilled caress.

These altars of ice, not enough angels were there to care for them all for so much attention they needed, here and there lay half broken altars, with most refined legs coming out. They were all so starved here, born from starvation. Water on the marble floors, everywhere in the light the stained and a matt texture of glass.

All the grief was plucked, massive harvest of all dew and the cold, rescued, from what now beneath, and in between hate and sadness would encompass, altars growing, plucked from above the last light. Out there, above, was only Axis... Axis fleeting and raging onwards, and nothing else, the bird of the past and the bird of the future, the first one, alone, ever lonelier.

...

A Death Elvin from the stilled hope.

Delusions ethered within the realm, like a sea bed tremble, the sighs of hope strangled, and the gentle sentiments hardened and even below to hate and pain, the abode of the cynical spell, was pounding on the shield of earth and thunder, and spew in some illusion, a distortion through reality's modest ways and scarce as miracles there be...

Spew as he cry now, the morbid and the poets on the earth would hear a ripple and everything shuttered, glasses fell over, cracks in the floors and the walls, cry did now the devils and the demons and as a laboring of violence, and a stillness of all grief and hurt...

And Alas then went outrageous of delusions, bitter piercing pains of madness thrust and a fire towards the sky, as he clung to his last screams, changing all flesh to stones, all grief to violence.

And said and passed as he was strangled in the harness of his scream, an Elvin appeared, and again in seconds hid from him, disappeared, through the old palace, vanished under a ledge into a hallway... And her voice so gentle, only moments later from her apparition hit...

"I don't want you to give up to build our palaces and our senate."

And this angel of accident, this appearance, that at the left of Hethred, brought life through demise, tail of this delusion and violent seizure and haunted as a mind would ever be haunted with beauty, none more fearful, now utterly broke apart, and disappeared in less time than an instant.

And what do you believe in? asked he.

"Death" said the Elvin.

And grinned he the angel.

Might be that I would interest you, in your senate and your quarters of your palaces, by your steps gently in the comfortably warm river water, and to ponder upon more evil to achieve, than hope and peace? A being spiritual as you has yet her bitterness to call as wise as she, of years of this reality, as it grinds against your soul. "I would not find this terror."

And no fear, no anguish that he so long cared for, but to save and spare his voices near and distant flock among the severed, shattered world that the secret desires underneath hope had broken.

No fear, and this was all he needed,...

These realms need, ashes to awake...

The elvin gathering had concluded.

And glanced he, accompanied by an iron lyre brown of corrosion spinning walls of glass, miracles in one world, illusions depicted in another, and as a spirit flew and rose as two horses with wings of fire tore him against the sky, and crashed and into each other plunged to a violent death and a fire gently exhausted and disappeared.

He came to appear by the tallest mountain, part of that rim entirely south of the world, shielding it from massive meadows, hillsides and lakes of fire, and against the hillside an angel climbed upwards, and he stood by her and appeared so suddenly and swiftly and rested his shoulder against the cliff.

And the angel, utterly bewildered, never seen this, as he was casually leaning against the mountain side.

Here is my sword, he said.

"A sword?"

"My dear one does not need a sword to climb a mountain?!"

Take it with you, and you will know what to do.

And the angel climbed, and with the sword, such load, but she persisted yet, and as she persisted the sword weigh on her, and as the sword she dragged so heavy as it were, so disastrous its weight.

And the end as yet was here, so now finding her balance on the small plateau, it was sooner than now, she achieved it and found her grip, not glanced about this sight for a second yet...

These radiant fires behind this rim now revealed blinded her, and this light of the giant silver sculpture at the other side, to reflect these flames that lick with long tongues at the rim of this mountainside...

...

The angel appeared

All went still.

"Wait."

"You need one moment."

And he cried, as he stood still, and utterly casually, but you could see that he was trembling, and struggled to hold what was to come, and pressed with all his might to hold her radiant and noble an angel.

He cried as such, tears gently spilled, and he would give away in madness and scream but couldn't.

This an angel casual was gigantic, as innocent and wonder like she did, without a life behind her, the nature and the spirit of girl in a woman so majestic, only moments so to attain because she knew...

And he said...

"You..." and he sighed weary and sighed with grief, and composed himself, and the tears sprung glass before his eyes and still he stood there, less relaxed, but...

He spoke again.

"You..." and again almost gone he was, but composed himself...

...will never leave this mountain in this eternity again...

He said.

And massive violent pain a monster that she grew,

She stabbed the sword right in the altar shaped rocks

And shook, the entire mountain shook one second and a mouth of fire grew a throat, and rooted deep within, and bigger fire where the sword had hit the rock, split the entire mountain...

The angel had not fled, he would forever be compelled to answer anyone he would tell his tale to, and stress the throat did but cast him away...

Now he needed rest. Auryal... had died.

As ashes rose, and ashes clouded these lands, and the ashes of all woe and sadness, petals flock as snow, and a cloud as an aura upon the realm now closed as wings, as if a doom scale upon the earth, and all they breathed that they could, the angels and the vampires here, and demons and the poets, the artists and the succubi, the Hethred's daughters, the angels, Ellendeh in her well, the light of sadness, now ever more and gently by the aura of Auryal obscured, inch by inch the ashes in the sky moved forth.

Here...

And rose in ashes and massive spirit illusive and yet beauty, gigantic delusion Auryal stood upon the land, and one finger held, the finger of marriage, and played with the cloud strain leaping forth over the lands...

And utterly sick, and disasters in his heart as many as ants and fleas ...

I commanded eloquent be and a virginous abundance be of her a bride,

And she, disaster and her greed, married a delusion as tall as the sky, Auryal and her all blackening ghost, fume from secret black tar the soul of those few mountains highest of the south. Not mere speak of paradoxical things or confusion, meaning diluted and nothing but mist. On the contrary, it is not born from obscurity, meaning merely to find it pleasant there, that something within a fog is useful, a darkness set upon the theater, as clear a truth it is as essence of philosophies and mythologies and religions, the mathematics, the form and shape, and the rituals of the senses to harden in all walls and houses and paintings on the wall.

A lightning strike then, and one more, no longer of reality apart, without mercy from the safe confines of provision and ordinary as reality seeps into the future, the end of reality, and its strikes as the first phantoms upon the theater, can be of wastelands as useful, be reminded only of how usefull one comet once was, to set from a world of primitive dragons a decay, then a world of benevolent and gracefull creations, there would be no more and ever more graceful dragons here, as much as a lightning throughout every act of provision, as can be said of any lightning strike, this evolution that bears, upon the creatures, growing, its energy and battle with time, and harness the excellence, through the lightning, as dormant in clouds, and through the pencil, dormant in tales.

But as much as if its strikes here and now, then it will give way for something better, somehow, always...

But that there isn't a lightning strike to sever me from reality is that chance; that we have a chance to be a part of perfection. Even as it is crafted by chance, if no reality was a poetess, with muse and gracefull bodes of violet laced with white and scent of white wine, no victim easy prey for its lashing words be found, but indifference, deformed as cancer a world and all its stars, and be but cancer crafted in between this aquarel tender light, that has the weight of ugliness to bear, and its amusement in boredom eras than in the nocturnal passions bliss, that as lush dwell in the color for life, lust and art, that color darkness their relief from boredom. The gut of heavens at war slit, a black chord, as history laboring for the present day, but presented in a marble table, that again as present before the emptiness of madness right before you lay, in any color, or of black marble, a gate, horned as if embroiled by a thousand of bullhorns. Rush because of weary poems and to disturb them nigh, rush a winged hound from the surroundings, from below, near where the marble lay, and vanish again as swiftly, in the opposite corner...

This inspired creatures, and their worlds, their life, and their meticulous composure, their delicacy, their curtsy. Still its energy touched and seethes through lightning, dormant in clouds... Through the lightning it seethes into the lands, and in the creatures in the lands, it seethes through finger tips... And imagination, the sister of the nebula and mists above or perhaps sometimes flatter and embrace each other... When the sky gently eases down.

the Goddess of pedestals, was also the Goddess of pride, hethred knocked her off and made her just a delicate a touch too old. She never wanted to get on a pedestal again, proud once one of the most beautiful, now gazed in mirrors in anguish, and tried to hide, wore masks never went to hethreds banquets. And fled to earth to live anonymously. Calling herself Allegorya De La Fae, Aeylyealle found her, as she mourned over the wretched world, as she was weaving a chain maille to go to war by herself a chain maille with flowers crafted in the texture, this Goddess of pride. Now ready to fall for her beloved medieval times on earth, with the courtly love, the castles, the curtsys then. She and aeylyealle could n't have gotten along further, and one of Aeylyeaelles only friends and support on his quest. Also the most fatal lady, and still she, one of the most beautiful woman in the world.

Embrace the status quo of stagnation, die with me choking in starvation, if you do not see the end of time, you are not a friend of mine, if you can feel a never ending waste of love, then hope is mine a sickening dove, there are those not to see no light, who have no might, so scurry and forget me well, i know of none of you am granted a sincere farewell. Robots as individuals muttering forth, the living dead, roamers as they were called know not any worth.

happiness a before them a charriot, find it they can not, instilled a treasure in sadness and effort, they pluck the fruit of apathy and get cowardice to retort.

Mathematical flesh this universe, dulled these skeletons by emeralds
hysteria seek they and share violence and despair
for those all 8 billion maggots who of no beauty dare.

fame is now the war, and war for fame, let it down the civil rain, and bloody limbs for the children and innocent with slain, with massive spectactle and effect
but a sword to be shown, it is now a mockery fallic thing erect
their brains should be stuped in sulphur
for not water to come their faulter
their brains and minds are not of light or bright a fluid
it is of cobwebs starch, dust and slime brewed
and a chariot indeed came, and a chalice not remain
epherheee axhahan the rebel who was lost amidst
grew never fury but of sadness hissed
and still they mocked him, in their indifferent stroke a trillion times
that here a world with ugliness rhymes
and said it them not to her anaetheana.

But to the wretched king of drama
the rebel fled to sadness a heaven
with a mighty fleet of sadness craving

Thus it rain as God was right, and don't you see indeed this garbage every burning bright
now all sudden mashed by floods and gone
in one stupid moment less then a second of gods shame now wronged
it rained and all the grass was swept

all the kittens of a mold now wept
their eyes were shut and as stillborn
for that the sweet cruelty lovers mourn
but as this charade wind on
finally it was Sadness undone
and she boiled the fire of exether to a stone
and bright now as a lamp to shone
here think nor dream they see
that saw a light degree
of a brewing underneath of a killing spree.
vacuous the airs in the north and the south
this is the end of reality now hethreds putrid magick was to shout!

all of you to share so well, on this earth one living hell
all beside the point but she, a genius that was recluse and beware of thee
arts in duty is the principle of beauty, and the principle of beauty is the wisdom and the demand of wise
and massive aristocratic prowess and deu merit
for which anyone shall fear when they trod on the clouds of upon which is carrions ride first before a
chariot with thousands of vestal mares and their good spirit
enrobed these clouds in the sparks of the wheels of the chariots and carrions that on droplets of
such pure water bore angels that sung those spastic hallelujas to sing the fires of doom higher ever
keep to singing"
'the shitrecipe of onion porridge that clutters the flow of intelligence through the veins of the
Ethereen walls"

The Seat of stupidity must indeed be always, local, very local, and share by the masses, and
the democracy, and plebeians of all sorts, who did not strike gold out of being poor.

While the laurels of intelligence in denouncing stupidity soar wide their wings.

And the stones bigger then the most massive suns assure, that Gods and above them
Goddess, and above them vampiresses even more abundant this harem, and above that
again the shieldmaiden of perfect death, and their reigns exist, by means attested of one
hope for a sickened poet, that came to a dove, that poet at last now a dove, and dove at last
now a poet, for which industries of artisan and classic marvel be adjoined and directed.
Nestling in the halls of the great misanthrop epherese the rebel, who could have only that as
a sign of truth to stir, and sign of reason to exist, and to start his march, and to have let the
angel who built the street now, lavish with her vestal mares and chariots for him to choose
from.

The rebel flee now up to sadness, the aristocrat, a vampire of the Evenhelveth missionaries,
now without crusaders vampiresses, the elf king, frozen into a tree, consumed by the roots
and entirely made out of wood, for which 1111 dimmed, and souls of those elves now died,
and eaylyeaelle, alas, aeylyeaelle, the mirror of the mathematical universe of flesh, a mind
like the eye of a another sixteen billion eyes blind. Mutter and stutter in religion, or amuse.
And what was amuse and what was religion they no longer knew. The left eye of Hethred,
was not amuse, her left eye, a trickery, was quite severe to see, and aeylyeaelle, lost sign
and memory nihil, shrined up to the fire of the sun, a trickery never burnt so bright, never so
beastly consumed as night, this one eye of Hethred as a sun a light, aeylyeaelles plight,
aeylyeaelles heart, was that eye, communicating, depressing, from his temple forth with the
whispers, that remarkably whispered their way, seething fleeting over the swamps of
forgetfulness of the arts. A one silent word that was whispered, made it well in the world, and

unbeknownst to the world, the seed of hethreds hate and see of Anaehtheana were eachothers dear in absinthian baroque and arch symbolist lovers a pair of gales written like knightesse. Fighting with their crescent of angels a bow across the realities gaping horizons and beyond that. And all these angels, and all these vampires, and all these elves, and sirens, and emohrea suicidal corpses, and death elves, and mavens, and strangest youths, all danced now around one seed of a horse flower, yellow to be and a stem with folickles as such, a treasure now, for Anaehtheana sent, by a blow kiss of Hethred, the seed landed on the realities central sphere in end, and for all this time Hethreds beasts of night, had this reality heavened in the dark, putrid rotting, and came to one seed now, where from this suffering and the wraths everyone had known and seen and was delivered, end again, here, the end, alas, for darkness once to be, and light that was in all this darkness time then hidden and only doom and gloom could have that light, be lent.

Aeylyeaele gazed upon his own insanity, inspired as those well equipped with a prophetic vanity, having nothing of good or befit to judge in his poor memory.

And as he wrote of this with Ellendeh, one last line of reality, that may she ask to be alone, then for what was proven treu as it was in stone, a muse would always be welcome, if keen and curtsy in atone, and then at last in mutual consent be there, as ellendeh and eaylyeaele, prophecies prophetesse of the lightest sleep, when day breaks and the descent is steep, where he could venture now with her soul to Hethred in her below hell a deep.

Aeylyeaele it was written and performed and as the grain of rice tale well bestowed in a marble city of gold, aeylyealles name in below hell as sounded as alas above, was of ice a cold, licking hethreds ribs, only, to that esteem and only to her loyal she did indeed for that become of greatest imaginable so bold. And that tale of reality, Hethreds mercy had at once resurrected the lover of Anaehtheana, so that bitter and sweet, sweet yet bitter, of this a story could at that end here be told.

And Hethred said to Anaehtheana when she kneeled upon here return. WHereas Anaehtheana, proud, as she was, brave, and in defiance ever, of even Hethred, she Hethreds most loyal angel. And never too unrude or uncharming to rouse Hethreds holy knees, for which she could not kneel or be betrayed, and be consumed by the beasts of night with all their smight, and jealousy for her dear lost discipled angel then, that she had to eat that heart of her lesbian lover. Murdered by three thievesse...

She said

if so sorry thee, for me a misery without you be, then something of that sorry,

lives in a kind bumble heart wide like a sea

and for thousands of years one some array, where you and your flock in

anaehtheana to build and stay.

Until my ascendance then where i will be, and for myself your wide open heart in

your city displayed and crafted to see.

With a light eye of imagination, trickery, and an eye of religion, of which if man
would see he would be vast in lighnings of anguish, and the soul shared with
aeylealle,

Only you AnaetheanA she said, will of my jealousy and anything of my power be
so Free.

Your guardian rebel i had saved, for a spell in this hell, Epherssee Freee, is your
new destiny!!!

Aeylealle, or Alas

THE END.

sadness comes before hope, and is topped off with a smile, it is the most deeply
carved smile you can imagine, without any other smile would have come to ail
and ill.

The scariest thickness of those thick books

THE HORRORS!!!

Of which the beasts of night with reality consumed, weaving their disaster, a
wreckage upon the imagination a cliff.

i could never forgive myself if something had happened to you and i wasnt a
barrel of inspiration to pour on smiles on top of you

the pleasure then of this venture was more profound for you, who came to read
this, but for my long lost temple, of where you know nowhere a street, but one,
far other side of the earth, with people stumbling on it, humble as my words,
spirited from me by that whisper as of arts spirits flock from one artwork to the
other, carried by glances and Ayris.

The clarity of these white pages, like human souls.

THE NIGHTMARES!!!

*Upon which guardians of the night, those Wrancunes, glee before the dying of the
muse.*

And burnt all once more to new life, in the sea of the suns.

*For that you should have no hope but to do you a favor for a little prayer, before
if death were true, then this reality died already an infinity of times, strangled in
the voices of the muted, choking of muteness, a transparent death, my still hold
many Goddess, to wear the carrions below on the Ocean of Titanium boiling, they
with purple glow upon the cobalt ponts, that fare soon the mortals and universes
of mortals passed, as their deaths with the Wrancunes cast out the ebbs and tides
of future and this second where you seated here today.*

Now then one thing more and one thing only... How much did it cost me to you to get this far?
I imagine many arts of millions of dollars, more priceless than any money should be given to
you. For with my dear bothersome toiling, I will have fatigued you, and this sleep to come,
you must have many arts, and many more and newer recipes to food and variations on
berries, with the angels of the north their accidents in creating the seasons, to have you
newer things in art and nature, and whole planets, me to pay for your bothersome and lazy
looks.

You need to make money too some time!! Let me delve in my arsenal of lead and hethred
Talents and Sadness Phraal Florins purse perched against my tunica. Its very different where
I am to dream of art that makes more money, whereas you steal more beauty with false
amounts a worth of entire planets economies from beauty in stead, and different too in that,
that someone who wrote through all the night, is no longer woken some time for the sake of
your petty, pitiful, and unsympathetic arrogance.

ETHERITH GLOSSARY

glossary

Acatha; Goddess of the underneath, guardian of the ocean of Thetaneyem, Where the dead are reincarnated in Cobalt gondola's, sister of Hethred, Goddess of the horns as a machine at the beaches of the ocean of the underneath, that make storms, mother of the firenymph that were born out of the horns.

Aeylyeaele; Also Alas, drifting poet, lover of Ciedhe, Eymehyelle.

Ahman; land to the west of Ethereeen

Ahniadhnia; Goddess of the underworld, to end the lives of the men under the ocean of the underneath after each day... While Hethehede turns their hearts into worms out of which grows the men for the next day.

Alas; See Aeylyeaele

Amhaelle, Goddess of inspiration, in her tears growing imagination.

Anaetheana; heroesse and angel of Hethred, frees the spirits from the winged hound of Ethereeen with the fire axe Ghreven.

Ancholeem; see Hellengelleh

Angh; castle and fortress in anaetheana to trap the angels of the north

Antihelix; sister of Helix, petrified when her sister lives, and lives when her sister is petrified in a column, to hold the palace of the arts, built in the wasteland.

Antithetis; Angel of hellengelleh with a lyre, its music along with Thetis spins reality in between the underneath and heaven. Antithetis is imprisoned by Hethred and made drunk, whereby the web of reality gets entangled, left for Tethis to unravel.

Arhane; human child who is given the revenge of the poets by hethred

Arvera; continent above the northern ocean, land of the angels of unfortune, clumsiness, accident and disaster.

Ascarnah; young daughter of Hethred, born without imagination, kept alive by a poetesse Erehe, lost in perpetual nightmare when the poetesse dies.

Auryal; goddess of change, goddess of decay and the decay and ruin of empires, upon climbing the mountain ellhexe, Auryal does n't know she would be trapped forever, only unaware she is given by Alas a sword, with which she ends her own life and brings about the end of reality, unleash the legions, and provide for Anaetheana be built. Muse of the Rothhalm or Auryal Army, rather, the Rothhalm army hoped to become the Auryal Army.

Axis; Goddess of the imagination rides, in darkness with her horde on the bull Horoh.

Ayris; Goddess of perception, keeper of the gate of perception, holding reality so it would not collapse in front of concentration, patron of arts, expression, mainly living in walls and paintings.

Brechthensexeth ; Goddess of spiders, patron of daughters, feminine sexuality and love among woman.

Ciedhe; locked in a barrel of cherry beer for having mocked Hethred, perpetually drunk, companion of Alas or Aeylyeaele.

Common Hethred star, also know as Auryal star, five points inwards, devour reality spew out fantasy, star of calling for the angels of Anaetheana. Star of the storm unleashed at the death of Auryal and allegoric Image and emblem of the army of Rothhalm.

Daedd; A Wrancune, Godly demon knight, last cast out of the second age to hell by Hethred

Death Elvin, one of three Elvin that appeared to Alas, working for the Ennenhelm prison imprisoning Alas,.

Derteh; Goddess of milk

Dheckkethentheaeayen Sword of Aeylyeaele master sword of the decadents, it is unknown whether it is the one broken sword of the emperor

Divine hethred star, with nine points, passion of conquest of all existance, all creation and all time, from the war of the muse to the last wrancunes. Star for a daughter bred that would challenge all worlds.

Earth; Hell

Eghenherdell; Goddess of paper and parchment, goddess of imagery and illusions, goddess of money, profit, ownership, she is a deceiver, hypnotist, she can corrupt arts, but paints among all other Goddess the tragedies of poverty.

Eghèsghè; Goddess of mirrors, reflection and time.

Egsethen, concubine of Hethred, mother of Evenhelveth daughters, or those daughters of Hethred seduced by Evenhelveths poets.

Ehwe; city built on a lake by mortals with the aid of the aristocracy of evenhelveth, **mortals of Ehwe**; were granted immortal life by the tombs built for them, perpetually haunted by the serpent Ephren.

Alas; A once almost to be king and general of Hethred, that as his unfortune spread became a poet, this only after he was betrayed and left his tyrants will by the army of Hethred, after Hethred had broken the imperial sword to make the army powerless, Alas is then to write among many the poem to lure the angels of the north, and to seduce the last grant of melancholy to a poet on earth, later decapitated the statue of the benefactor of Ephèxian, he sets to a temple in the wasteland and writes down the language of Elhende as she dictates.

Elvenhelveth; senate and palaces for elvin to be built in the city of Anaetheana.

Elzhaelle childwitch liberated by anaetheana from the shaft in the castle Ennenhalm, frees the Rothhalm army playing a silver flute

Imperial hethred star, or Ayriss star, with seven points, star of perception, barrier of reality, star once opened announces the arrival of Hethred, once Anaetheana is built.

Emsephia; Goddess of spirits and the spirit of language, transports awareness through images, rules the millions spirits of gazes and any looks upon images, transporting them from the image to the human beings eyes, and transporting them from the humans eyes to another image, or living freely crossing reality from images to images,... All walls and objects in any room or place outside have a continuous traffic of these spirits.

Ennenhelveth, palace city of the priests, where is imprisoned Alas many times for his revolt.

Ennenhalm, shaft and dungeons under Ennenhelveth where all the kings of old are buried

Eonghore; the angel of hellengelleh that the light nobility and bravery she carries and burns her

Epherhell; Goddess of fame, vanity and theater, sister of the Goddess of gold, silver and splendour, both closest to hethreds reign and always accompany her, recognizing her as superior and immaculate total image of themselves.

Ephertèlien; goddess of sharks, Goddess of fertility

Ephexian, Ephectian; new capital of Hell.

Ephren; lady of Evenhelveth, cursed to become an enormous serpent.

Essephghendegh ; Goddess of channeling, energy, electricity, wind, delivers messages in the means of Sekkxs.

Essernoch; Goddess of sand, Goddess of possibilities, Firenymph that turned the northern ocean into sand.

Essestreh;

Essellea; also essaellea essalessceëh; young morbidly delicatly elegant Duchess of Rancour, shieldmaiden of the poet and the patronesse of the black death and all mass murderers among diseases, mere fourteen years old and surely no older, and forever so young this muse of hethreds court gift from Hethred to Ilhilne.

Ethereeen; land to the west of Hell, where Hethred built the wall the first time.

Etherges; Goddess of the underneath, drowns the dead under thetaniem to work as slaves.

Etherith; first three syllables of the alphabet of the language of whispers of Elhende, meaning ETH religious, EHR, law, RITH artistic performance, performed

Evenhelveth; city of poets devoted to Hethred, the poets are cursed to become preying animals and seduce the daughters of Hethred called the Evenhelveth daughters.

Evenmongers; poets and artists of wishes of malice and unfortune, working on the anthem of pains and unfortunes.

Ewverghens; Name of the wasteland, swamp land slowly consuming all the arts of earth.

Exepher; light, fireland at the east. Separated by a mountain rim of the East.

Exether; Angel of Hellengelleh chases all man falling from heaven, with a fire axe Rhegereth, and an ice sword Ghereven.

Eyhemechlheeëy Goddess of Melancholy

Ezzreghnenn; girl squire of Alas and the small first legion formed outside rothhalm.

Firenymph, breed born out of the horns on the beaches of the ocean of the underneath, Ehmellese the artist that build the temple where Alas writes down the language of Ellendeh. One of the firenymph Essehrnoch turns the northern ocean into sand.

Ghereven; sword of ice with which Exether cast out the wormhearts.

Grhemeyre; angel at the court of hethred, bannished on a moon over tetaniem

Halm; realm, dungeon, arena or castle compound. **Sometimes a central part a core idea or compound or senate central to the other reigns, usually "Helm".**

Helix; petrified when her sister lives, and lives when her sister is petrified in a column, to hold the palace of the arts, built in the wasteland.

Hellengelleh; Goddess of melancholy

Hellexeh, Goddess of pain and sickness, at the court of Hethred

Helveth; palace city or luxurious residential place or constellation of places.

Hersthelh; goddess of acid, rules over hethreds rivers of acid and her reigns of poisoned lands, blackened forests, sick animals

Hennehchalhael; angel, last of the muze, the muze that Alas seduced and starts the war of Hethred and the Goddess of sadness for hope on earth.

Herexess; big cat of hethred, sent down with Xalax to guide Illhiln trough the wastelands.

Herhell; father of all of the giants of this last age who sprung from his tears falling against the canyonside, where he locks all his suns in this valley called Herhells deep.

Hernersesswhirl; born out of the silver given to humanity, evoked by

Hessestre; concubine of Acathe. Woven by Sestrehe

Hessexach cranal bird of the future, left of the gate, leaps out of the gate of Axis, and is the beacon high above axis, as she steers the horns, of Hessexach she reads what course to venture.

Hessexphor cranal bird of the past, right of the gate of axis, leaps out and returns behind the darkness behind the gate of Axis and always further into the nothing.

Hessexeth, Hessekseth, large black widow spider living in the womb of Hethred, comes out of her mouth to weave the hessexethian breed of daughters of Hethred.

Hethehedes;

Hethis; Goddess of the spirit world, roams forth in six shapes in the six directions

Hethragon; Evenchurch or temple where Alas is dictated the Etherith

Hethred; Goddess of hate, creativity and passion and poisonous character, Goddess of tender sadism, Empress of malice and ruined spirit. Supreme Goddess of the lower reign supporting all with two pyramids pointing to each other, one pressed against earth at the centre of all, one floating above the black ocean of Thetaneyem. Hessexeth, comes out of her mouth, a black widow with slender legs, a spider living in her womb of acid, where this spider sleeps in the most lifeless acid of the antmother, that in her could grow nothing, and nothing guarded by the spider, and with her will, she grew all, a creator to only decadence and lust, decorative arts, and arts without meaning, and meaning just as skin, superficial, cloak as a lie over truth, truth that is reality, truth that is earth, and bereaved an earth of splendour.

Horoh; first bull of the imagination on which is seated Axis

Legions of Exether; murderous angels fighting their way down from heaven with Exether

Nechmahal; goddess of steel, steam and machines, rules over hethreds engine room and incinerators and other decorative machines.

Nechthelleh; Goddess spirit of looks, sister of Ensephia

Neknen; pole spirit, Goddess of winter, rules and oversees Hethreds ice palaces

Nhaevrael; born out of the tear of Amhaelle, frees Axis from the gate.

Nihiliel, Nihilhelm; place of all ancient and wise and art, uphill against the rim of mountains of the East, behind the wastelands.

Nihiliels, Nihilhelms wells; wells where prophets sleep.

Phrichen; Goddess of decadence, creator of ZPhersvphers

Rancune; a sense of being wronged and in contempt of foe and in a more general meaning, in contempt of life, the ultimate foe.

Reghereth reghered; a grotesque axe with grotesque blades glowing red hot of anger, and spewing flames.

Rothhalm; a province in a valley, shaped as a massive dungeon and arena, sealed prison of the army of Hethred, once the army of Alas.

Thetaneyehm; ocean underneath those Hethred banished from heaven...

Thetis; Angel of hellengelleh with a lyre, its music along with Antithetis spins reality in between the underneath and heaven. Antithetis imprisoned by Hethred and made drunk, whereby the web of reality gets entangled, left to Tethis above to unravel.

Threphalhell; Goddess of blood and wounds, revenge, injustice and war and oppression. lives in one body with trehellegh, master the angels of blood and war, only walks out of her body for patronage of the highest conflicts or bloodshed.

Trehellegh; Goddess of light, torture, pain and terror, and rebellion. lives in one body with Threphalhell, supervises her angels and only then appears at the greatest feats of rebellion or uprisal.

Tristesse; dark winged angel of hellengelleh or ancholeem, guardian of the revenge of the poets.

Welkin; withering, welkened, withered, angel spirit of decay.

Wherhemhegeth; Goddess of mathematics, words, languages and all that is written under an image or that exists as abstract under what is seen and felt and heard. she lives in insects composing matter, in roots, grass, leaves, fungae, and all branches of trees... She rules over hethreds vast machines and beauty machines and the ghosts in this enormous machine.

Wrancune; or wrancour Godly demon knights escort of the first muse Amhael, four of which are sent out of the early age into the later age... Alas' of Vision of 24 of such Wrancune burning a parallel book in which reality is written.

Xarax; big cat of Hethred living on earth, guide of Alas

Ychmeck; Goddess of fall, of dirt, rot and death, decides on throwing souls into the Titenium ocean of hethred or set them high into the muse war, reaping from those to be reincarnated.

Zphersvpheress / Zphersvphereth; Goddess of lust and ritual erotics. Daughter of Phrichen

TEMPLES AND CHURCHES

1 single, the decisive authority and number of melancholy on earth, only the noble are considered alone.

2 dual considered the number of helix and antihelix, symbol of dialogue music and intimacy.

3 syllogistic, considered the number of meaning, meaning derived only out of three images to be combined, superior meaning being imagination or ghostly realm, depicted in the Goddess Axis, in turn related to Decoration, matter, and perception, depicted in the Goddess Iris, and related to the third, Music, sound, balance and inner spirit, depicted in the Goddesses Helix and Antihelix.

99 considered the highest number symbol of the first 99 bulls of Axis and representing all others after that.

temple composition

The first temple,

Temple for the creation, the war of muse, is composed as a theater, vases and bowls of fire and legions depicted caving into each other in full armor swords and shields, the arena leads to a corridor where the muse flees and the knights are adrift, ultimately leading to the abyss where the muse is crying, alone in a round room, once again a corridor leading to the spirit world, which is a large circle with six statues, six figures of Hethis, and the kiss of Hethred and Sadness at the center.

Then you have a lane or an intersection to...

The second temple.

The temple of the creation of reality with a composition when to enter the gate, left is Goddess of melancholy depicted with the ice cross, right is HETHred depicted with the imperial star, the second part of this temple is the composition of the poet, Axis by the pool holding Nhaevrael, the one that opened the gate, Alas on the staircase, Ellendeh in the pool, Axis also above the sealing at the other end of the pool, leading her bulls, Iris in the middle of the corridor to the library.

The third temple

Destruction, arrival and conquest in three circles with the common star, the imperial star at the same end at the right below, the conquest star at the left, above, connected by a corridor

Hethredian church

Gothic architecture and floor plan slightly resembling a rib cage.

A throne is sculpted with dark wood, plaster white or possible ivory white decoration and bass relief in the final last room opposing the long centre hallway, no windows are in the final part of the hallway, merely chandeliers with candles abundant, altars are in the hallways intersecting the main hallway and present any composition of for example woods and marbles and dried roses and smaller paintings and jewelry sculpture compositions... They are each organized according to themes.

The central main tower houses a library and the hordes sculptures of Axis.
Main colors, black, purple, red, corrosion, to lesser extent very dark bleu or green,
detail colors, dark green, thin lines of gold on the ivory or plaster.

Ellendeh church

Floor plan of a star.

Roman church with few gothic crowns atop.

White marble inside, and a gothic well at the center, may also be a square deep pool at the center. The rectangle pool is only used in the temple, the well is depicted in the churches, however in the intersections a series of pools may be constructed for bathing.

Ayris church

Square temple with gothic doorways and hall bass relief decoration

Ayris place in the center in crafted gothic box with openings. At times white marble for ayris and cast iron or bronze for the casing, at times with glass or crystal windows.

Lavish gothic ornaments coming out of the walls and sometimes whole sceneries gushing out, the fantastic pushing back the reality.

Hessexeth church

Six or nine cornered floor plan with large gothic support beams

Gothic and utterly black interior. Hardly any colorfull or bright objects. In the church itself are place away from the thick outside walls walls with a very slightly candles lit lead in glass windows of the most frightening spider like decorations.

In the hessexeth church is stored at each of the six or nine stain glass windows on katheders large illustrated copies of the Etherith myth.

Enhelveth palace church

Set within a large parc

Large luminous windows though for rituals obscured.

A large circle first hallway for reception

And many oval intersecting and overlapping shapes for floor plan, displaying vast amounts of paintings and sculptures, mechanical artworks and wealth of virtual artworks and movies.

its a pity i did n't name all rooms of the temple on it.

you saw the large round hall at the beginning said war of muse? Thats an opera house with a stage, one might also show classically oriented movies... so thats the creation the engine of the locomotive,

then the second circle is a room depicting the darkness in which the crying muse is alone.

then a room with the six forms of Hethis, with in the middle the court of spirits and the kiss of hethred, and the painting of Iris.

the war of muse is giant bass reliefs.

then you go to the second temple the temple of imagination seperated from the creation by an lane.
the two seperate circles are tall sculptures of Hethred and Hellengelleh eleven metre or higher.

...

then the square is the pond of imagination, with sculptures of Axis and Naevrhael by the water with
a stairase going right in the pool, Axis and her flock of bulls against the sealing, Iris in fron of the
library

Helix and Antihelix should be there too.
of course Ellendeh is in the pool.

...

then the three circles that is the library. the vague alterior buildings are garden buildings.
the building on the left of the scenery is a temple depicting all stages of the ascent of exether and
the fall of the Angel Eonghore with the lantarn. and it depicts in those connected circles the events
in heaven and hell.

among others, the seduction of exether, the listening to the poets wrath, the angels of Hethred
searching for the shell with two quarters of the poets wrath...

...