

Slowly fading into the dissolving light, there is no darkness for insight illuminates the night. For in the darkest abyss comes the face of yourself, like a wave, a shock, a lightning bolt. It sends the power through every action and creates the force in potential that can make the vehicle produce non-action by bewilderment of the moment. This moment, when the expression infinite in all, comes to be, freeing all past roots, seeds and pillars in creation. These fundamental programs are like Myths of old, franchised from the most unconscious recesses of the mind. For the mind will bring on the pain, suffering, delusion, infusion, stories, gigs, and primitive world views. The light that dissolves the mind is realizing that thought is a process to fill a vacuum.

What do you do with a vacuum? You empty it when there is too much dust.

This is the reason to form, for the winds push the motion along the potential in one's being and allows the destruction, reconstruction, and return to what was always in This. This lead to that, but it is not This, for not that can be that in which This is not-This and Thus then This becomes a fragmented individualized lyrical melody that sings through the being. So by being in moment to moment awareness, the force, willed behind the fabric of space-time, will allow one to release judgements from all that is, and that is not, and lets them go into hopelessness.

Hopelessness is still rigid in hope, but has a detection that to pursue a goal or attempt to help someone when the water being shed is only coming from the ocean of collective Reality. When one fragments, distracts, throws ignorance into the mix of delusion and confusion, the choice is no longer a choice, it is a step, a step to walk away from what was rooted all before.

This is the end of delusion.

Hollow be your name.

This realization that attaching to the fragmented augments of Reality is like resisting the lightning bolt that shocks through every portal of mind's own powerful effect. When one is resting in himself, and contracting from what is, a bolt is what is needed, for to reject to moment is to detect a moment to jolt. It is a conical presence of adapted energy formation above the crown that pushes itself down to the root. This is the quickest way to induce shock, is by creating the shape to induce a field that spins and intensifies the density of the shock.

To shock oneself will be shown now.

Feeling every cell vibrate intensely in the clouds of fogged mind, gives clear vision to all that is. Seen, is the future, but, future has no name. That is the riddle, the silence is the mystery, and no-name edness is reality to its potential of that moment.

Moving to the pinnacle, you first check the heart, what is this? My own face. To consecrate myself into This future, or rely on someone to blame all the costs.

One can throw the blame at the human race but what remains is your own nothingness, this realization is shown that the only blame is to blame the hell between yourself and those who

you are in connection with. This also sets up walls around the heart, so it restricts the potential of a future now moment in which the no-named no-knowing will present.

In every layer one goes deeper, but nothing deep is in a layer, it is just a moment to pass the dust to the next level.

So we bore.

It is the pain, the lack of what promotes This reality, Reality, for when one fights their soul to hell, it is not a rebirth that occurs, it is the nightmare present upon the dream. It is your own hell experienced before one falls to the bottom. The bottom is the destruction through the shock of lightning in which it levels you to the place in which shock is realized as a force. The shock is the greatest force, as it can flash, destroy, radiate, and hinder. It is the all that is in all things for flashing is how the atoms dance in cellular movement. This deep rooted insight is down below in which the mind is shocked into no mind and the development of the prose and experience is only dictated through medium of the body in which one resides as a channel.

What is it? Once one realizes they are playing God, they dance to a different tune, for the player realizes the Heavens are within and when one contacts their own insight, that is the inner voice of the child, and as all children are in Heaven, and all is Oneness, so such that one must be the inner voice of the Child who is God.

Truth laughs at danger in the face for what is experienced is beyond what can be rationalized.

It seems to me, that the pain is a sickness inside, an incident that webbed itself over the structure of the void. It just left me, caught me, used me, tempted me. But it is nothing, it is a web that captures one so the dream nightmare sticks like a woven puppet stringed trance. It is like the ability to see is restricted by not realizing what you are, for by being told what one is, is a curse beyond all things that exist. So as you see, when one roots it back, the label and names is the split in reality. For God is One, and We a multiplicity of oneness experiencing heaven bliss in each moment. The hell is all the names that the apple wished us to know. It is sick inside, realizing that all this is the evil of what is man. Corruption through naming all things and deducing a formation for what is. For when one reads this, shock will occur.

Now we dive deep into the flow and see that the Dragon was a wise-fool, for how could the Angel who resisted the temptation to bow down to a split, for when one is made in an image, what does the image say back to the One?

It says you are all things that are, but I am you, so you are not what you are beyond the rationalization that this reality is you. But what is beyond is mystery, silence, no knowing, that is you, you are the pinnacle of nothing, the example that extends beyond all things.

Dreams left me, fantasy reduced to nothing, hammering the nails into the wood, don't knock.

I stare empty, into my own eyes, there is nothing to see, for I faced the world and that world was within myself.

Where did I go? Nowhere real, just beyond to another place, to dark despair, fear, and paranoia, years lost from the mind own trick that something was wrong, when realizing that the problem does not stem from oneself, it stems from the split.

For how can one know what they can't see? There is ques in the body of possession, but it does not realize that one can become free of I AM. This is realization to its final point.

WHen one dreams, it is what one takes for granted, but breaking the nightmare, dream, is like stepping into the realm where one does not exist, but is existence in one realm. That existence is This.

This is musical sphere that extends beyond the harmonic tuning of Reality. When spheres unite with the mystica of unio ad infinitum, that realization hits one through every bolted reaction that splits.

Infinity divided is still infinity, nothing lost, nothing gained, just a premise that one has to come back to the door and walk through the wall.

Now when one looks back, it is a reinforcement of the wall, putting what was done into effect. This is because, looking back into memory, for without intention to past, there is no development of suffering in the future or now. And one is never now, for one is always a memory from the past time, but each time we remember takes us away from the now but in each now there is a moment of no remembering to be remembered so the victim of the mind releases itself and divorces into its own apocalypse called thought.

To be alive is more than just reason.

The pain is real, there is no incognito about it. Face it or cycle for infinite.