



# THE NAMELESS DECLARATION

DOMUS KAOTICA; MARAUDER UNDERGROUND

**“This article has been left here in this location as a gift to you**

**It is our wish that you will become inspired by result**

**Make copies, and spread the flame to others”**



The hand that had written these words does not exist.

Here is the Decadence; here is the Surrealism.

We shall band together as revolutionaries with our pistols replaced by full, glowing Absinthe bottles. We shall see Art & Magick as the glad lovers they are, invite them over, and partake in sacramental orgy before the gates of eternity.

We are the painters of Life. We are the poets of the Death. We navigate the depths of height with the stern wisdom of the immediate glory found below. We laugh in the face of the two-headed beast; True & False. We are neither high nor low; we are everywhere at once. Our heads have left home, the apron

strings have been cut; we no longer occupy that place called Condensed Belief.  
Forward, towards Everything...

This is what you deserve. Success! Freedom! A goddamned living that does not suffocate and depress. You have the right not to work from 9 to 5. You have the right to know the system, and beat it to death. You have the right to believe your own lie, and not the lie they give you. You have the right to be one of the apes that walk *upright*. You have the right to be saturated in your *own* colors.

We shall create a virus, and spread it through the hearing & seeing centers of the brain. We shall plant eggs within the occipital lobe. We shall watch them become us, and not even know it. Behind their college degrees, behind their desk jobs, behind their wife & kids, behind their massive credit card debt, behind what they think they know about themselves & the world, there will be found the splinter of (/.../).

We shall teach creation unto the world.

Deph'eth Bek'eth Nix'eth

This [I AM], Flower-Eyed Head-Grenade; Spectacle-Wearing Jester-Muse of the Sixth Sun and it's Offspring; Sucking on a Miracle, Psychedelic Bombshell-Prostitute from the City of Disease, and within, there was found a garden. Let it be known, In *New Eden*, every plant, fruit, animal, and event *is legitimate*.

O, to vomit up colors we hadn't ever dreamed of...

*Your in the Army Now.*

(/.../) will pool together the shards and splinters and fragments from the Great Feast of The Mind; now scattered amidst Screen Death in its POMO horror. Yes, these sparks of light throughout the history of our species, those beacons hidden beneath triviality and boredom; the very callings we gear our lives towards for but a glimpse of their complete and sprawling radiance; at long last, *The Economy of Dream*.

Intellectual Anarchy; Trustworthy Asshole Zen.

Everything must, and will be, New.  
I'm not talking about the Golden Dawn or the OTO, the Church of Satan or the Church of the SubGenius, IOT, Hermetica or the Vatican, Discordianism or Scientology. BELIEF shall no longer be condensed, deepfried, or contain transfat.

We have a (/.../), the Joy of existence.  
Side Effects Include: Pissing Springwater, Shitting gold, and Farting Nag

Champa. May cause the Ego to burst, and candy to fall out. Do not share with friends.

Our O-Zone encompasses the Stars, our gravitational pull seduces all ISM's, OLOGY's, and ITY's into the Super-Massive-Blackhole of ITYISMOLOGY - Thee Magick Word for the Invocation of Bullshit. *Saint Death.*

We shall continue the stories began by our forefathers, and every book will end with "...and then I got laid." May your bird cages be lined with the likes of Nietzsche, Shaw, Baudrillard, and Bakunin.

*Our Lives shall be transformed by our Lives.*

Within & Without (/.../), that meaningless word, that doorway into lightning, transmutation and fearlessness, We create our mark upon the base of the world.

Our location within cyberspace, our Green Dragon of discord, will be overtly illegal in the eyes of the comatose. Pleasure, and Knowledge will be found there; Feast & Fire, Enlightenment, and Aesthetic Terrorism, too.

Here is a bomb awaiting a tender home.

Spread your Skull.

Lubricate the Mind.

DEATH TO THE IMAGE  
HAIL THE NEW FLESH

