

And Oceans, Solipsism

Solipsism

When I was younger (a naive christian with thoughts like melting sugar) my fingers were attacked by nails and I could hear the voice of J.C. screaming under my skin, trapped like a slave in my flesh. This was in those days when water flew in my veins, the rain kept on pouring inside my head and I denied & killed him (not with scissor nor knives, but with the inner muscles of my torso). The rumor says that the bastard was raped by the cross, but maybe he was a hermaphrodite who raped himself.

...det vitala med perpetuella varandet
r att vara transparent existerande...

I understood that this mental traffic was a new symbol burned in my mind, like planets in orbit around me I was stading in the centre with the sun in my pocket thinking: existence is an illusion, mankind will face the mushroom cloud, but I am I, the ultimate god.