

Burnt By The Sun, Pentagons and Pentagrams

(“Give me control over a nation's currency,
and I care not who makes it's laws.”
Mayer Amschel Rothschild, 1743-1812)

A tide of Blue Blood.

A tide of mystic light so consuming shadows take a life of their own.

But you won't see them walk around. CFR (Council on Foreign Relations).

TLC (Tri-Lateral Commission). A wave of order for the new world is in

store. A new world order for humanity to deplore. Like those foretold

centuries before. Like a capital city laid out in denominations of 13.

Like nominees for the presidency that belong to secret societies.

And those who win are held like puppets, outranked by banks.

Founded on cosmic lore.

So be our perceptions insecure.

So sure of what we see and what we endure we see no tie to the ancient world.

None. You think this happens by chance? You really cannot afford to be this naive.

You think life happens by chance? You really cannot afford to be this naive.

You think war happens by chance? You really cannot afford to be this naive.

You think this happens by chance? You really cannot afford to be this naive.

When life When life is what When life is what they dictate.

You can run but you can't hide from the tide of illumination.

So fuck off with your trivial talk radio shows.

'Cause all your politics argue on the shadow and not on the substance.