

Burns Out Bright

"Pentagons And Pentagrams"

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["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.

