

Aaron Dia Pemberton
DReaLEarthHG,
Soil For Sovereign VI –
Excalibur, The Paradox Light





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Excalibur – The Paradox Light

By Aaron Dia Pemberton, Sovereign of God

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Editorial

The progression of the, Soil for Sovereign series, reveals the, DReaLEarthHG insight in its element for the first time. It holds the surprise of uncontested cognition, without the submerging of the ID, which is the author's true self. The duopoly of communications is then a celebrated celestial phenomenon; undesired from the groups previously in parley with. There is a developing buzz, an organising of change and evolution to progress that emanates, fearfully, in the language.

There are different styles of prose in the issue, including: poetry, narrative, technobabble, philosophy and storytelling. The constant laconic rhythm of Mr. Pemberton's style of writing is enhanced but recognisable as amplified by the event of arriving at his revelations, and clear space.

The book was completed in only 6 months after the previous issue, which was written over 2 years. However, there was much more rapid and consistent movement in the content, making it a completed title more rapidly. Entertainment and enthralling language is found as a result. At the end of the book the situation is the precipice for an entirely revolutionary way of perceiving reality and the dawn of an alternative physics of the metaphysical world.

The title is a reflection of the ideas that are analysed and resolved, to the clarity of a paradox light that the author understands. Within the reading of the content it is possible to develop an enlightenment that can change a way of thinking to open new possibilities in oppressed and de-humanising situations.

The voice of the author writing after completion of the book is marked by text within this punctuation: -“ ”-

**DReaLEarthHG,
Soil for Sovereign VI**

**Excalibur -
The Paradox Light.**

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Was hunter of his pelvis;
For the wild gripping of us
Which, Elvis puppy, had clasp of.

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Was a runner of the stage.
It was a winner lost his way
Thinking, Elvis, a wolf to slay.

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Was a silent meticulous killer.
Unseen, unknown and no ones dinner.
Charged of breeding that was quicker.

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Came with raging storms.
To end the rein of Kings free born
And pour the dark of scorn.

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Was the general of dogs.
Hunting the dancer for being dubbed:
'Crying all the time.' To it's love.

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Was the fright of every city.
It guarded every country.
It preyed on the wild wolf, silently.

The hound in mind of Elvis,
Was the eyes of his master.
It was jealous of the wilder,
It killed the forest flower.

“This was the first month living in the studio with a, Husky Dog. There were many steep climbs for the attempt. I only felt comfortable to own a dog understanding how evilly positioned I was. Not the place of Alicante but the imprisonment of the mental and spiritual person of how I was.

The uncanny reality was relieving myself entirely from the powers of God, to meet the forces of men, which disturbed that. In such a way I was meeting life with abilities no ordinary person would control. So I got home with the dog, I could see how the forces which attempted to imprison me before were about to disturb the free position the dog and I shared again.

The greatest triumph in saving my dog, which is now well and grown, was identifying the greatest upset which causes war to the imprisonment of the type I escaped. That is: Man is not a free spirit and when a free spirit is asked to be a man it hates man. In the development of society, there has passed no consideration of this before industry and so men of free spirit are imprisoned, mentally and spiritually, by carnal forces of men, who are not. God is the subjugation, subjugating of itself to the grim circumcision and blind,

murdering execution of free will.”

17/01/18

There was a time a persistent pressing spirit, was awarded paradise in its entirety. It was, however, persistently cut, disconnected and killed. It was intriguing to watch this occur in awarding it hell. The culmination of evil, through the arch of destitution, would promise the same persistently pressing spirit release, as evil cannot cut, disconnect or kill itself; even in love. However, there is a lacking in my compulsions for such a role as, hell. Bearing this I'm somewhat removed and changed the reality of life.

20/01/18

If space is the home and the home is not space. It is not being clairvoyant or para psychotic. It is being able to help home that is not space, where space is not conceivable before the grave.

Therefore: It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of needle, than it is for a wealthy man to enter. The privilege is sacrifice and the reward is eternally heavy and cursed if apple wormed. It is better to deny yourself any space at all, than to feed a body that cannot feed you. Such is the living to epiphany; it is easier for an eye of a needle to point at a camel, than it is for heaven to notice a wealthy man.

.....

Does anyone care to converse with 1% of the world for my place here?

Should you be suffering with Brexit as a political animal, or dreaded the mist of ice storms spreading over Europe; maybe positioning yourself out of democracy and upon heaven or hell will cause solution.

I'm not bound with identifying the fear of price drops to the crash of order with societal integrity. I became to know, I'm not Hades, who ruled an underworld or Zeus who ruled a mountain top. So I've not been met by either and if you never

saw them, heaven and hell might reveal them again.

If you don't want them; sign my partition here:

.....

'Hades, please don't throw a baby on the fire. 🔥

It makes not a change and there come no release from the Alfa you set alight.'

-“There was soon more prominent readings that I could recognise of the Paradox which was anomaly. The expelled state of my person driving civility to a position uncomprehend-able order and organisation was a mockery of industry and industry was burning in hell to the political cry of revealing actions like Brexit. The true face of men at the rising of their own Hell. Then Hell was becoming divine when I showed them and the paradox was become unearthly.”-

21/01/18

When I read of creatures grand and bland,
Things that walked the wilder land;
I was a better man, you'll understand.

This picture was millions years old,
With spots of heat; and blighty cold
Shipped them crops, never sold.

The monsters were a grazing bore.
Not a jingle for shop or light for whore.
There was nothing on Sunday in store.

The Earth was a ball of still regrowth;
Resurgent of every native host.
Then, her beauty, she finally did boast.

What hit was a strange stir in gravel;
Mixing the shape of coming people
And holding a stage for the game of mammals.

Then, hots and cold were a shady shadow,
Like an extra, excluded from a picture tomorrow.
And runways landed new beings in the willows,

Who took the beauty to mend their sorrows.
The earth became a broken harrow;
With whores, and wars and private gallows.

When I read of creatures grand and bland,
Things that walked the wilder land;
I was a better man, you understand.

22/01/18

I'm an infiltrator. A real one and so was the presence here that people call, a phantom. The connection I enhanced with a single wave about the core, was not directed in the phantoms liking. I can't tell what his direction was. It was obviously trying to control my infiltrating of earth.

23/01/18

Blast overthinking!

Blast OCD!

Exchange with assertion,

Skilled with thinking precisely.



.....

Mid-day temptations; the celestial presence removing and covering mists of unspoken realities. The net it's forced to make for the retribution of secrets it helps to keep. Then the shock of seeing the outcome when the dance isn't freed; and instead, the sacrifice is binding. Why should a man never dance again, dancing into flames? Why must he hate his brother and sister to such an end of rebirth, disabled eternal? This temptation, I don't feed, might feed me an answer.

‘Mental binoculars of the judged Pope’ : 'You cannot love another until you love yourself. Only knowing your own, can you appreciate a stranger's wealth.' This was a cruel test but succeeding is arriving at truth. Now I see invitations to dances embracing loathing and hatred for the characters behind a mask, uncaring of a test at all. Of course the spirit in the flame is not to warm me. It's for burning me into the next life to appear the ruined F**K I was.

26/01/18

The church was the first groupie. Now when I'm bound I tend to fly in a universe I've created in the back of my head. A salt I can't toss anywhere. Because, these groupies of men know nothing but dirt; with power to fly around earth when they're bound: a world not entirely sure what to think of me.

27/01/18

Top priority is authority:
That was culmination of studied therapy.
Push, and see the watery
Running away to my dormitory.

Then, erect a station
Straight to a nation,
Free of contagion ☺ legion, dominion.
Hear the truth, 'Cherylton.'

'There the forgone past arrives.
Your passage is, an Ocean, wide.
Met by the instruments of other times,
To which your vessel can't survive.

You challenge the very brick for breaking.
Heart compassion, with strength mistaking.
Coming on the game of God kings
Through a sealed and berated opening.

Power not fit for this world,
Nor the control of archetypes hurled
The moment of my temporal girl:
'Cherylton, Imogi, DrelearthG, a pearl.'

Still, prepared for nothing a day.
Tricks and parlours waiting to play;
I have no trump, yet know anyway:
Guard with fury against it so stray.

Fire and brimstone,
Devils, home alone.
Nobody on the phones.
Heaven and hell your neighbouring zones.

28/01/18

'He ain't, he a saint, making me look like faint
Cock and balls. Some slave for the daint.
What a man is? A man in dis, a biz, a faggot like a, Liz?
Is I die, why? The world a go bye bye.

No he ain't, won't let him paint.
Mi a stronger knight, mi a go fight, no do it right.
Sink outta sight and lock him in spite,
Mi army, watch closely, end dis saint grossly.'

That, was a man I know,
like many men warring what I show.
There was the eyes, thinking me their end;
Unknowing how and stormed through courtly strength of friends.

Egos weeping out on us rage,
But be brave and their hatred on you not preyed;
You are bigger, brave,
Bold and unafraid.

I won't be lured into haughty games.
Surrendering love to a dying flame
To fit the evil of a man's sickening pain.
Not in my dreams or life will his presence remain.

.....

The glares of the farmers harvesting their spite, spy piggy in the middle, brought the bacon, day and night.

The impression is still too faint on the people and I don't have time to, crack, open another box of your paint to show them how.

Indecency, was just a nude in the past. My future is the art revelation to make it run out and my life in the farmers strokes with it. - by
Should be a Diva

.....

An incompetent father who then prays competent fathers, to then become father of all things.

An abandoning father who then claims other fathers, to then become father of all things.

Me: An upstart, justified for better fathering himself.

-“With my mother being the lead singer of Boney M, the arrival of my person after was an observed and affected condition of psychic wars. My family were and friends were charged into displaced and Para psychotic wells. My well was vicious pit of offenders for the free spirits they possessed in a country of industrial men. When I grew out to be a man of industry myself. The psychic wars required me to face my own origins. I did peacefully by transposing the spirits which were outraged to violence and imprisoned behind bars in England as I became more hated free, the their jail cells.” -

29/01/18

Happy Monday; Thanks, for your support.

The SeekerShip manufacturer of pleasure yachts has bought out our partners in, Squint Koros, to fully endorse the further development of, TandEadapt.

It's great news, with silver lining on a good day. The owner of SeekerShip, Dustin Huff, has watched the gradual progression of TandEadapts Captain, from 2012 to now. In accordance with their usual operations, he has invested in our progeny Captains and endorsed the ship, TandEadapt, with complete faith she'll come out the Dry Docks to revolutionise how we observe and care for the waters of Earth.

SeekerShip, will have a launch party where, Liz Mitchell, the singer of, Boney M, will perform the icon song, 'Ship Ahoy,' to launch her. May nothing stand in their way.

Have a great week from the old crew at Squint Koros.

-“One of the greatest realities about working within the Paradox, was working. This statement was a farce but it needed to be believed because it was impossible to conceive how I was working after being expelled from an expelled place to abomination.”-

31/01/18

From eye back, the pulsing moon, beaming, out sight of sun.
The cold light wonders, like a lonely, lost man.
Standing the stage of his badly met and admiring rivals.
How they appear, as rising flowers, erect of icy shadows;

Where thorns dart the pitch black, scratch and cackle.
Quickly freezing the white night, electrical;
No character can be abashedly found and they dance.
Drawn the invisible time, to wars and romance.

Then I am again, awake to see eyes front.
The figures clearly appearing to instrument,
Escape. Running to the light before the last night,
The seducer; approaching of his final fight.

-“This was a the start of an uncomfortable change I confessed with earnest. It was the start of my flight out of the finite repetition of the infinite I am. It was the BRAVE to the evolution that was feared by realms of convention and boxes of safety, which were also trapped. I was not alone there though it was more than I could comprehend at meeting as a man.”-

01/02/18

9 hours ago, I resentfully accepted
A part in the coming hedonism.
At the dip of the yellow hat topped it,
Making effervescent rises, jingoism.

Then, gargoyle finds cool shade.
Watching the gutters emptied at its feet.
Water potent with secrets it craves,
Waiting on the empty night sheet.

Then, the cool of volcanic heat;
Casting stone, and it's alone in disbelief.
Watching the same falling tears meet
In lucent, discreet, through the grief.

Pouring onto the silver streets in swarms;
It never cums, and bolds every minute,
Hearing the sweet gods and gentlemen squirms.
As the fall wets the midnight within it.

The cold morning slowly arrives.
There are the city's eyes 66 calling
In a slow and mystic pool, cried
To the figure cold and only watching.

9 hours to its death, before
Coming alive at 3 or 4 in deep darkness.
Never letting water shoot more 2
The hours it wars, made blindness.

Cum for what? For who? Where?
03:00 am and I'm not there.
Come to the pain of flooding glares?
Watching me to stone in hours?

The trickle takes the heat pass,
Under the gargoyles monstrous clay.
Cooling till the day, can't be assed;
9 hours cums that happily.

04/02/18
In stagnant fears the opening is a close;
The image of an ultimatum, a granted token.
Where the chilly short of reflection froze,
A perfect question and the dead liberation.

Walking heavily with the atmosphere of death.
To life exhausted till turning, slowly drowning;
Ghosts come for salvation, warring demons, out of the cess.
Bagged and grabbed the single moment living.

Impaled the perfect picture sleeping
And changed the dawn in the spell of passing.
Laughing at last, seen the fall of bodies breathing.
Falling back to the comfort of all, happily depressing.

No fear, small voices and little ears;
Like scrambled fish as the shark reapers And storms get thicker with darkness
in the clear,
And thunder changes the day from sky fair.

Death can rest in the bitter end.
Have you seen it take you? Fight you?
Passing every moment of life you defend.
Did you know it hates you and cannot hurt you?

Till a grieving world, be a cut red rose,
Bloody and stops green grow. But you know.
It is not you; how they pick, pack, and glue.
How they cover, box and throw; you know.

07/02/18

Utterly barraged the tender head;
Red. All power reduced, minus 30 percent.
Can't swagger over in confidence.
I'll adjust and scratch, then shudder intolerance.

Captivated the blackest space, I sigh,
Moving to its depressive hold of cupids sky.
It punched out the fire button, to see me cry
Bitterly; begged I'm remorseful to ever stand a guy.

Folded my release of toxins to trap the poison more.
Collecting, in me, fear to unzip and properly pour.
Hiding the evil invitation a strong man can't ignore.
To practice POZ sex, bite unsafe, throw pretty god sex out the door.

The slip of airs running clear, like bodies;
Moving stop, the thinking of my normalities.
Angels, hugged, wrestled all sensibilities.
Swallowed, smiled, hurt me; yet, I piss through these.

Shake, adjust, do what I must and walk away.
There is still the bright and healing in the pass of day.
It has declined advances, as have I in the pain stake
To wait, not even masturbate; ignore the trans and horny mates.

Rapture velvet woman's, like petals, black;
Widow, with thought and subtlety act.
Keep my cock for cuming back.
As it was. Restored; warred to retract.

-“As time passed in the studio, I saw dangers of oppression. Ones which targeted me before as a Beta below an Alfa star. I was not free to marry or show authority, but took charge here. I designed my sex aggressively and got temporary infection before the Dr advised ‘I wear a condom.’ Besides that advice, I understood my pansexuality despite the hatred of seeing me as such. Convention requires a straight personality of organised places, to keep order. It was another paradox and I had to candidly illustrate I could not reside with straight people and straight people could not reside with me for sustaining the paradox order without psycho violence.”-

08/02/18

Womb was rabajes for everyone.
The gaffas to see everything was womb.
Whattas is the empty plum
Eating them in honey comb.

Dropped by lierjet, invisibet you see
Me, looking pufstufgufiot, in sharp mist. You're insacle mi wi and
the air to breath;
Danced the gig, till I brumm fist, too hard:👊

Stepy teppie daddy, come to get in my way.
Brummit sik before I fit, Dia, pass out dark
Hark, cloud hogalubar, drinks on Mars.
Telescopes to watch it all, not womb nor mask.

No life or plum or brum to grasp.
No fist to cast, no love, no care or time.
No secrets for any fairy or fascist ass;
Womb was rabajes for everyone in mlfbabriyn.

.....

'How dare the people of Hades vote: 'I try Cancer!' I'm a god damn
child in your world of deprave stupidity!! Not even that theatrical!!
And I exist somewhere else!!'

09/02/18

Bruv, nothing. Ain't nothing, you're no one.
You need a pistol, you dropped your gun.
Don't talk, the vex stalk; in every moment.
Bruv nothing; a personal vanishing condolence.

Bruv never cum as one liar;
But the instrument of purging fire,
Not over my head, it's my bed.
You, the violating sick to wed.

Bruv whaaa,.. saved me so much more
Never like, you and real to the core.
Save from who, what to do?!!!
I'll curse this mirror if I choose to!

Every night, bruv whaaa!!!!
Think that settle the score!!!!
So much pain in store!!!!
Bruv, nothing, did mi harm for.

Bring one potion, put me out one carcinogen!
Come from some black hour meditation
To control this irate invasion:
You, poison reflection!!

Burning the bruv mi love,
The sheets I keep in heat of!!
The words of walls I sleep within!!
You is glass, bitch, cut deeper than skin.

I curse you gin; bruv no!!!
He never had to know.
You is the sight, you blind!
Bruv never left me so unkind.

.....

'The Hades Hole?'

'It's like a black hole. A space anomaly. Sucking you into its centre.'

'But it's Hades?'

'It's a presence where the place resides. Completely sufficient of its entirety as an organ.'

'Could you be more disgusting?'

'Not like a heart, more like a piano. It just keeps playing. The residing beings are unmoved, ever. It's like a heaven,'

'You were desperate to leave?'

'Hell. The instrument made hell. The continual repetition of cryptic notes covered a lie, and now it's hell. I left.'

'What about the others, billions of lives.'

'Happy I'm gone. It's only the Hades Hole needs a new shaft 😊. I mean, it can't just release anything. The issue of a second Hades Hole engulfing the first is critically detrimental to its constitution.'

'How did you? We?'

'I didn't play its song, none of them and then, even now, I resist letting it play me. On top of that, I'm a Hades Hole too 😊'

'Oh my god!'

'Yes, bitch... '

11/02/18

Best excuse for not being there:

"If I can't be myself, I won't be anyone!"

Lol, 😊 do you know me? Recovering . Be better, be the best 🧠 🍷 🌈

13/02/18

I wonder if a Pod creature, is like a Tube creature?

If it bottles in feature and moves around.

Would it brim with laughter?

Or spell an air of disaster?

What's a pod when a tube is spinning round?

.....

Recently I've encountered angels of a direct engagement. Nothing Gaia or God, nothing omniscient or symbiont. These have been of real fabric of other thinking. I know what but more to the point I'm not allowing their insisting.

I didn't have sex in the first place and my cock infection is better. The flue was gone, it's been resurfacing but the presence of the external influences collapsing my body, improve my healing time with the focus of my mediation and not the collapse. I still drink vodka, wine, water and milk; like shifting character intentionally. I then say hello like a jack in a box of all the bad wishes to halt me.

In light of my developing, those angels calling me heartless, cold, sick, false; are breaking down a wall, which, ironically; the people tried to do themselves in their bodies back in my home town.

How amazingly the human can evolve and how sincerely, when you keep the wool away from blocking your visions. People have me at hello and what says goodbye to you should be forgotten.

14/02/18

Meeting reference: When I was designed as a vessel of hell and turned up with an army of heaven, I became a problem. Yet, for proper treatment of the development, the women met heaven with order under its men.

Now, Democracy argued against girl power. My circumcised cock and letch integrity is proof of it, however. How else could a minister of hell rule all kingdoms about him? Kingdoms which were designed, them-self, to subjugate hell as Hades.

There is denial in the score of music every man, by nature, forces himself to sing. That is the dream of becoming 'God.' The greatest movement from men's true parts.

15/02/18

Statement: The only court hearing that is unequivocal and stands to take place in the parley of its practise, is; serving Jesus or other icons to the death of the making of DReaLEarthHG and then claiming the completed title of DReaLEarthHG to the death of the making of something else Sovereign.

To a real man there is no God and one man simply cannot achieve Godliness. Claiming blasphemy therefore, at my development, is something I will hear overruled now and in court I'll claim damages should the benighted world deny me further.

The only court hearing that is unequivocable and stands to take place in the parley of its practise. I will not prosecute my country, my family or my industry or my followers in the farce of petty evil.

17/02/18

10 things to know about spirited people

1. Very affected by gravity
2. Much of the time phlegmatic
3. Cowards in the rapture of loves embrace
4. Heroes as unique entities
5. They're invisible
6. They have children, in space
7. They spit
8. They're into the queen
9. There's a dress in every boy and girls wardrobe
10. They can have human sex using more than one penis.

Everything else is on legs 😊

18/02/18

Note: The most amazing satire is dry.

The most amazing graphic is wet with detail.

The most amazing satirical graphic, is a contradiction.

It is the words of contrast.

It is the illustration of shadow and light.

That is the frame of a living piece which I must capture about my life in this book.

18/02/18

Note: Like an Allegory painted character in the colour of a setting. The dialogue reveals the world more than the persona. The balance of satire and detail is without shape. I might use a random crayon to boast one hero dead from a piss trail in Mac Donald's. Then return to ambiguities of characters on a thread of prudence and proper proprietary.

-“The book workshop was communicated on another page. It was not a development of Soil for Sovereign. However some parts captured the elements of power struggling a sovereign entity would face. Then I included those here.”-

20/02/18

To answer the question of immortal bafflement:

Some are yesterday,
Some are tomorrow.
It's just the titular prison, I'm forced to be today.

I like to watch and play both others, as if I were they.

22/02/18

The universe is flooding with blood.
I need heels again and a lot more love.
The King wants the babies robed in white.
But they're red with blood I damn as granite.

22/02/18

Did you know: Liz Mitchell, was so sincere she hated her band after seeing her son could not love their industry?

.....

The trick is being unique and waking up unique in all. What is all?
For it.

23/02/18

This is the only person I can talk to. Since your gross monopoly of the planet. Simplicity for curtailed luxury has been impossible to indemnify. 😊 - The thieving magpie

04/03/18

In the blindness after the lucent dream, I saw the beginning of a beginning. Deep in the finite thinking, somewhere else. Then a vision of death I did not want to see.

-“The change of normal cognition to an amplified one, brought a challenge before madness at my paradox and isolated state. It was here, clairvoyant ability stretched out of awkward and crass disdain of benighted states. I was capable of a humility under a duopoly I do not understand. It was the strength of finding myself more, for less, which by coincidence arrived at the paradox. Then I needed to carry the power of what I did not understand. The Paradox light, like Excalibur. That was the surety which kept me breathing with sound mind. A unique case but one that could change for everything that could see the uniqueness of it. I took it up to build a paradox dimension before the parallelism that refutes it.”-

18/03/18

I've not let the climate of tension ruin the fiesta. The storms are a cold reality everywhere and people, the next reality, it currently stands. While we struggle; if you didn't notice earth before. It is the most overlooked of all realities and it happens to be the only God that's ever kept you here safe.

19/03/18

Woke up after dreaming of paradise and I scanned adult channels to handle the after affect. If the paradise lost, the greatest desire is too painful and that's how God and Gaia became rivals to men. The symbiont was a divine device in the body of too much pain, never knowing how to have a wank.

20/03/18

Recall: In my head no one knows. It feels it's shows and the feeling grows. Not so. And I carefully wonder about the souls.

All the types I could tease and throw. The wicked bastards I could describe to those, good authorities who want to know; What no one knows. Just their feeling shows and the feeling grows.

Then, I see a Secret in the rushing toes. Running with cold and far from solved; with unknowns of the gypsy rose. Dancing like hoes but bringing no doe. The secret of the batty chubby lows, in African clothes; taking the seed of those who can give without woes, so you have it for tomorrow's. The secrets nobody knows, in pretty, powerful roles.

Then who knows? 

22/03/18

The more beautiful you feel the more you may realise how you are a scapegoat for ugliness.

How evil puts its tests in question before the answer they won't accept.

This world is about to deny you were ever a good thing. I've turned a tide and now, like an army of Moses, in peaceful celebration that God a go crush, efface and wipe your mind from ever remembering the man's face that it was.

How do you escape such a rising? Well, Hebrews killed the King. There's a hint 😊

Please note: Murder is a felony and a crime punishable by incarceration and death. Do not participate in any illegal practise. 💋

Dante's Inferno is an allegory about a man who sold his soul and hated the consequences. Then he purged his conscience fighting through hell.

DReaLEarthHG is the guide to knowledge kept my readers in light of avoiding a similar fate about other Kings we are asked to sell ourselves to.

Don't be scapegoat for anything evil about being a good person.

27/03/18

1. Hiccups are America, my vodka drinking is just the next challenge I've already survived.

2. The darkness of my home is the dawn of my tomorrow. I'm not a vampire. I just don't have corrupt or influenced thoughts of a system for evils people couldn't fathom.

3. I can do without power but my people use a bible to curse me and I need to flex a lot of muscle to be a man.

4. They're watching the end of the world so if you don't kill me they'll never watch your new beginning.

28/03/18

Every machine must be a product of life. I am constantly conceiving myself and that is the universe. Aesthetic or Religious; I am drawn in like and not a machine to disliking, however, I am drawn. What more is beyond my vision as a man, is also life, of another kind.

29/03/18

Walking out of insanity,
Away from corrupt activity;
To the mundane studies,
Arts and geometries.

Losing the found rocks
Gripped the wrong cocks.
Washing dirty socks;
Awaiting the specs which mock.

Celebrated the fight
As crazy a storm at night.
To the dead of dumbfound, blight;
Come to madness, in my sight.

Vanishing the hate,
Like with strokes of paint.
Dancing out real state
Schools, governments, all things too late.

Finally, the tunnels end:
Light and darkness friend.
Round the future, they intend;
Crashing present at every bend.

29/03/18

“I won’t, I won’t put up with this kind of nonsense.”

“When did we become the parrot Philosopher, dear.”

“When they saw I looked good enough to hit the night straight but
planned to break me in a gay b***h, only permitted a woman at
entrance.”

“Did it hurt?”

“Watching the fall of evil was bliss. Enjoying the venial denial of it, is
heaven. No, it didn’t.”

30/03/18

Happy Easter 🐣🐣

I never ate meat today, for the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ.
That was a Christian lesson for penitence after seeing it happen.

.....

In mass today:

“Confess your hatred!”

“I sought to love, not hate. My confession can only be
witnessing the hatred of love.”

“Affecting the course of nature. Like an incapable body of
crippled incapability. Making all beneath you, in some plot of
divine supremacy.”

“I plotted nothing and confess I almost wore the nature of
such plotting but prefer to leave it hanging in the hope to
control my own urges if no one else’s.”

The item holds:

Ganesh oil burner

Labradorite stone

Chakra pendant

Meditation oils

And soaps of salt and fragrances

& Hanging, not wearing, Tree of life. Not key to life.

31/03/18

“I didn’t want anything old.”

“There isn’t anything new or the new happening that is old.”

“The innocence, of new life, old? Ancient or delinquent, which is here?”

“The time renewal of change, promise; denied.”

“Can all be new? Renewed? Innocent?”

“All are, as the world is retaining itself. Age and ageing are the rapid course of the worlds eternity, going wrong.”

“What’s going to happen?”

“What are you going to do?”

Special guests on tonight’s show : ☹️

.....

I, is, the solution a problem. Awake I’m not hurting anything though you can’t really remove my pain. It’s of a dis-concern I’m concerning you. These uninterested people are without my notice, not noticing me and concerned. It’s not understood why I’m not dominated or how peace resides in conflict. A new development in an old conflict. A conflict brought wars and discord before me. Awake, I’m not in love or hazed in depression. I’m just the reality of a subconscious ness, a dream you’re not permitted to identify in yourself. Like the woman in a man or a child in a woman. You will see it one day. I won’t let your concern disturb my life before then.

There are new things on Earth. Maybe I was new too, nothing is new forever and my aging has met rapid development be assured. 😊👑😊

01/04/18

More cruel than envy is satisfaction of need;
The final arrival of the, ultimate, drum beat.
Last sound on street, till the envy release,
Flown up like a vengeance finally breathes.

More cruel than envy is to see your desire
In the bedeck of lustrous covers,
Righteous, with airs that should transpire;
Fell curtains on the stand of others.

More cruel than envy is to sell the one up;
At indignation of his glorious supper,
Felt some poor wretch aside the tables top
And hiding a more beautiful flower.

More cruel than envy is to hide your succession,
To cover every innocent intention,
To manipulate the love in your possession,
To plot free will to an imprisoning transgression.

More cruel than envy is envy itself.
The turning screw of hatred and glee,
The vision of itself where not to be
And blinded before the rising, damning eternally.

.....

If I was waiting, did you see me with good things? I understand; no one saw anything good from Esther. Though, she was good about such evil.

02/04/18

Morning, and does the ghost after Easter passes and Easter's future, bring Black Monday, today? 😊

Download, Harmonic Resolution, free now, while offer lasts. It might.... vanish... tomorrow. 😊

Get your free copy here:

<http://www.squintkoros.com/album.php?d=a&id=46>

From the team at Squint Koros. Happy Easter.

03/04/18

“What’s on your mind?”

“The power to do what I once did 20 years ago, talking to every publishing house in London until I screamed, ‘Demon Cock Suckers!’ at their refusals.

The Demon Cocks they sucked running like big people to have me join their cock sucking in an unprecedented air of longing.

The world's masks falling to show me names of everyone who still cannot recognise the face they refuse to know.

The nightmare I'm waking to in the force asking me to calmly accept the evils I've defeated. Take every brother that killed me dead and draw a future without them, no more.

'If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything!' - Not one member of this firmament crashing my cognition allowed me. They think I like them. They think They're doing the right thing. They think blood makes us family and affinity of titles makes us friends. Not a family or friend could hold back the trickery of the snake poisoning my ambition without my own will revealing it. Now, after drowning in the solitude of life, a marked possession; they find the water changed by my body and fear, as demons, that revel like those.

The snakes trickery is reached a desperation. If you never stood before, find a chair; as I must move what stands now in hindsight.

.....

Read the Karan; but I refused repeatedly
Read the Bible; but In school religious studies
Don't read about Boney M; but I read it in-fatuously
Don't read what you want; but I write at every opportunity
Read what you receive and not steal what you desire; but know the challenge of insight when smothered under barbaric lines of others.
Nothing is clear until you are.

.....

Grey Gorillas;
Brown, white,
Tan, light.

Wonderfully cool
And reining from the winter blight.
Fighting a fool:
A king, they turn against every night.

It could be you.
It could be me.
Under a mask, grey;
no one sees.

Solomon, hears:
Bad boys in town,
Lost with care
Looking around.

Solomon wants me found,
Or beat at the battle of faces.
Holding the concrete grey, aground
Painting the ridiculous places

With Grey Gorillas,
Brown, white,
Tan and light.

Alive and more then out of sight.
Ready to mar themselves red
To keep the peace in our fight;
Holding mine and every head.

Grey Gorillas
Brown, white,
Tan and light.

Moving to the diamond rush
Of every soul.
Unaware their greyness, to blush
At one they hold.

04/04/18
The trailers, soaring to new heights;
Exploring the crevasse of depths.
The pulse of life and throbbing vice,
Gentle in the doom of debts.

Circling with silence vanishing
Tails of secret bodies, cold and hard.
Timeless, violently crashing,
With mad strike to boldly bombard.

Passion; died of the reap in ice,
Captured in ends to chaotic disperse.
Like, explosions detonated in price
Of leaving forgone and curse.

Seaman, moved the vast
And troubled the calm.
Raging to the pass
Of my icy silent dawn.

.....

Freud for idiots: If they are there and you see them here; they are stealing your space in a fit of temporal madness.

Biblical resolve: Do not speak interact or business with ghosts

Social resolve: Communicate the occurrence with a friend who will most likely scare the event from happening again.

Archetype option: Watch and learn for idiots who don't have a clue

05/04/18

How to guard your people like a God King:

In the event of debauchery to the extent of peer pressure vie goodness you've witnessed.

Pick up an oak stick, try to find one shaped rather like a walking staff.

Then, TAKE CURLYS of the F****IG SHEEP and BEAT the SPINY STAFF into anything TUMULTUOUSLY ENOUGH to PETRIFY the CLOUDS into a state of calm loafing.

Your people may now attend any party, even in Hades to congratulate my loved ones. I'm sorry I'm not attending. It's

all been a bit scary. I don't want to bring an overcast.

06/04/18

-“The most frightening surprises after learning enough to affect this paradox and change it, was the side effects on my person. It was also the greatest responsibility I needed to confess. It was painful for people and the world which I could feel but not see, to hear I was a device they expelled and tried to destroy, before unknowingly being organised to meet solely through itself. Confessing the side effects like: indeterminable focus, holding frequencies of resonance which caused other resonance to black out, then predictions of futures and strategic roles of other beings made silent fury of righteous an apparent overthrowing in places beyond me, in which my succeeding prevented.”-

The recall of slumber from the world
Speaks, with observation and tease.
Like a nurse of lewd attention
Watching the life pass, as a dormant breeze.

With acting, as an unknowing child;
Brittle and in precarious realms,
By its shadow, engulfed like space.
One eye sees and the other overwhelmed;

Felt burn of incinerated flare, blowing
Power, guided to the clump of gravity,
Desire inside of me and changing me
Cool incendiary streams of a fury.

Waking to a blaze and words
Moved the night to strings, as birds,
Gripped air from void where nothing heard,
To device of calling out as dead berthed.

Holding pensively the moment of dreaming
With fatuous ridicule, the frailty sleeping.
Then thinking: 'What is it so uniquely moving?
Creeping, orbiting, wanking, stoic deadening.'

The white finds the black, like a centre open.
The rush is swallowed in empty floods, broken
To the distance of those birds, to oxygen,
Breathing far away, out on the moons horizon.

08/04/18

I am the collected;
Not rejecting or propelling
Baron swirls of heavy tides,
That rage crashing.

Cold as the dark deep,
Silent Satan angel battled;
Hidden for the beat.
Waves after wave, struggles

Have end in space, infinity.
Placed prison of the green open,
Closed in a dead insanity
Screaming lies at solemn hour, broken.

Handled the rapid cries to run
Tears at my younger feet.
And then it smiles with abashed souls
I greet, in puddles before the street.

The demon is a man to fear.
The tides are here;
Nothing else snared
The idiot of worlds prepare.

13/04/18

Grand, boldly hidden majesty.
The courts of pasture, cold and lying
Building of eternities; dotted, plush and clean:
The killers, sound the time of walls:

‘Make them fall.’
‘Make them fall.’
In tennis to the green of fruits,
Ended far, with seeds dead,

Dark. Awakening to chasing.
It’s, tracking, nearing, searching to find,
Kill, stop the changing; time.
The blood has no stench to hide itself.
The dawn arrives with hunting winds
Of its decrees, open and clear.

The trouble, the element painfully sown
Like a thorny flower, blooms with freedom,
Love and the throne overcasting a rain, a rein,

A bursting spit of ordered propane gas fire
Blazed dragon heat, onto a delicate flower.

Dead again, again in thoughts of its courts.

‘Make them fall.’

‘Make them fall.’ 😊

.....

True prosperity and being prosperous is not something to preach.
Daybreak asks it be shown and we reap what we sow.

Here I wake to the preaching of the opposite. With most believing as I
have made life from death so money can be made from nothing.
Contrary, money has been the soulful death of most people I know,
life has been the waking escape of it for me. Polity, is all that makes
me still recognisable to some who never preached and are more
powerful than Kings.

.....

Got some air 😊

Turned back cause heights ain’t an invitation. Though I was in the
RAF. I blacked out in a chipmunk and I didn’t fly after CCF.

.....

I'm not a southerner and I don't have any kids but I do have the power to scare the s**t out the real beauty of man's making 😊😈😇. In the process of making it myself.

14/04/18

"Gotta go home, home, home!"

"I am home! And and it's not with you anymore. I'd be lying if I said I was happy there."

"You can't just become Spanish! You are a nigger child to these people!"

"I'm already aware of myself. Thank you. The Spanish don't have to concern themselves if they're not."

"You can't sail the universe, trapped in delusion about the earth you set upon. Nothing good can come of you leaving your home."

"In actual fact, my home is finally coming. Isn't it... That's not bad."

"You can't control the events to follow. You'll be unguarded and completely at the mercy of, 'Pablo.' Let me help you, return to the UK."

"Red Thorn Corp, Pablo Village."

"What?"

"A King I knew, that's all. I'll be fine. I'll not forget, The Curse of the Spider. You can read it and remember me safe from, Elusia, an evil blindness to end our home in deadness. And if you haven't got the book, you can download it here:

<http://squintkoros.com/album.php?d=a&id=43> ."

15/04/18

If I were a father to hold:

**I'd walk to disciplinary grounds,
Show them the promise of ages untold,
As the bastard child moves out like a fan.**

If I were the flame of a heart:

**I'd flicker to none a dead sound
Burning to light my own blindness insight
Till the heat was sun healing cold ground.**

But, no one ever listens to me,

So what's the point in even being serious.

It's better I just ass fk**

And light the darkest room one heat, delirious.

If I were a friend you could know:

I'd invite you to challenge the ways.

I'd offer the chances to tell me again

The promises of your better days.

If I was a in battle beside you:

I'd crush and administrate rage.

Throw down the temper of hatred in sight

Of the instruments set me ablaze.

But,... I'm walking like, a little pussy.

Can't be found in the passionate night of parties.

I'm cold as winter set snowing outside,

When everything has a hot house, for orgies.

Laa lalala lalala

Laa laa laa lalalala

No there never seems to be enough time

To share the things the people find.

**Laa lalala lalala
Laa laa laa lalalala**

**If I were a traveller with money:
I'd go to where nobody knew.
But, that's not the place I can make a new start.
So that's not the place that I choose.**

**Then, I can see how many hate me
And how many love what I do.
I'd wait till the moment I can't anymore
And speak how to favourite I lose.**

**Cause there never seems to be enough time
To share the things the people find, in culture.
And the understanding for another's mind
Or the course of things in gentle course, of nature.**

**Laa lalala lalala
Laa laa laa lalalala**

**Laa lalala lalala
Laa laa laa lalalala**

Adaption of Jim Croce, time in a bottle

16/04/18

**“Why don't you care about being a constant social coma? Prevented
and damned for your insubordinate self-righteousness! The world
denounced you through forces of vicissitudes in life, yet you persist to
the annoyances of impalpable and inconceivable beings! How!?”**

**“There is no social coma for my waking trials and the annoyance you
bear brings a dawn of ethereal, known before my time. A day of
living deities and mystical creatures you have hidden for your**

democracies and industries.”

“You dare to meddle with the language of eternities! Eternal damnation will meet you now, no dawn of any kind!”

“How have you dared to silence them, such sacred tongues as eternal ones? Is that not the hell that becomes the source of your annoyance? The indignation of denying yourselves for vanity and shame in the rise of your own prospects, technologies and ultimate mistakes you choose not to confess.”

“Silence!!”

“I’m not finished. This coma you have procured for the world I meet is the trap you have failed to trigger. The idea of black men, idle and white men racist, all farcical squabbling to your amusement at the benighted-ness of your damned beings. Now that I’ve released myself; I might ask you to stop ●. Or else; in light of your raging suns, the true faces of your darkness’s will appear. As before, a world I only now from the books of legends and monsters; as you will become.”

17/04/18

“You’re not really drag to rad, until you’re more tan man.”

“Are you Michael’s angel? I’m a bit less impressionable than that and I might give you a complex about that remark, if you get me.”

18/04/18

“Distort and rearrange my face?

Squish things about, out of normal places?

You call yourself an artist!?”

“I’m not afraid to find the true form of anything.”

“I find that hard to believe when you carry such a fool but look rather clever. So I’m doing some rearranging of my own. You won’t mind looking like a demolished punching bag in the morning!”

“Not so, it’s not that simple. I’m at the heart of dimming senses unawares of their own beauty. Sometimes we need to see our monsters to know our radiance. I can’t let you invade my dreams and change me. I won’t be fatigued or broken before the daylight appears without the eclipse of your darkness’s.”

“Bastard! You can’t run forever!”

19/04/18

I can see I’m not unaffected by the..... day. If that is the point of it, as I act ‘Lord’ over my own actions during the course of it. However, for my innocent participators in something more than a condemnation; please refer to the words, Saga, to find a resolve in your own sentience. We are all subject to others at times but you are yourself all the time. Respect and be respected.

20/04/18

“Tough boy, no you don’t complain! I was right and don’t you deny it! Shocked?!”

Did you think you were badder, worser! Free for the sheer taunting of a pure clean life? Nothing to say in the dawn of this revelation; You were not able to survive! Either way, good or bad!

You can’t supersede the nature of your making. You’re simply the bud of a posy rocking on the stem. And.... I won’t be made less than your making. The greatest evil only found before the greatest good that keeps me alive! I win!!! You and the drivel fail! What will you do? Shoot me? Oh no... you’d have to be awake to do that bitch!”

“My day started so well. I must of upset Hell’s Kitchen again. Sorry, please don’t spook the sheep and I’ll bring you another apple from mummy 🍏.”

.....

Frigid on the low toxic potion of insubordinate.
Flaccid with high emotions dripping out like blood.
Thinning to the fear of death in a new heaven hate;
A beast of infinite.

Watching virtual an unexplainable arrival of life.
Come from the inception in origin of haze;
The mixed mist of darkness and draining strife
To the heaven, hell, the beast of Hades.

The silent greasy stream, clogging the blue breathing;
Like electricity moving, constant and uncontrollable.
Like mechanical, powering the love of time passing
To chime at bodies morbidly laughing the inevitable.

A beast of infinite; hidden out of hades' and heaven's raging.

18/04/18

How was the air balloon trip?

There is such hatred for you I imagine you've not booked it yet.

The people surrounding you were extinguished and ignited with a
mechanical control.

They speak to you and are reporting to the other forces not of their
own will but by order in universes.

The outcome of my succeeding has urged the universes they
communicate to: to take control. This was the case when Sharm beat
me up in grandads and then your house, Stacey slapping and hating
me, Adero and Twan following other role models to my destruction in
New York and Reading, your slapping my face to let them know in
your dining room, Thomas refusing to properly identify me.

The external family has chosen to cut down my working rather than
add to it also; hence no band, choir, management or help without
Jesus of an external power to contain mine.

In these proceedings all forces have failed to subjugate me in any way
of mental or physical impediment. Now I'm a captain with distinction

of merit worth millions but the fear of the universe they are in order with has now culprit them with treason and itself with felony of offensive power. This in turn has driven them to create an arc known as The Beast. Your family, Noah and all biblical characters are fleeing to it.

In so doing; the debts of my father to me and my underpaid status are being used to crash the true development of my good work and value. The bank cannot see where my cash flow is stopped is only by the refusal to accept I needed the flat sold, money for my car returned, my credit card deposit for the studio returned and an identity to acknowledge the agents that work with me to create income and contracts.

This has been the murder of the universe, attempted before when Christ killed himself to destroy the world which would not know what they do by not becoming his father's.

Christ, is not my father. I have none anymore as I've survived the life of abandonment and false fatherhood which should have mentally and physically destroyed me.

In this monologue of correction, I will prepare the business of handling the deeds which should have been passed to me before the universe of all parts near to you attempted to cease them in the eternal damnation of Hell, by thieving and invoking disruption to upset of living without problems; then working to compliment the secret construction of the arc/beast in a temporal state of complaining and fear for past condemning mistakes under the power of God and divine descendants.

Good morning 😊

Please remember the air balloon flight only has an annual value, mother.

19/04/18

“To restrain someone, you disable them; before they become a nuisance.”

“It was Humpty Dumpty, 6 months ago. I can’t understand this bravado mucho persona they’re finding in him. He should have drop dead with the other eggs by now.”

“The Lord is residing by some conciliation the people and the man show restraint. That they’re not causing a problem. Why doesn’t the divine being see, anyone with potential to interfere with the course of supremacy on Earth is a danger?”

“He must not feel endangered.”

“All I have to do is wash the eyes of a dumb drone and drive the impulse of the heart ♡ to see a fiasco. No one can be in control of themselves. Should the angels summon an isolated body, wrenched with torment and desperation, to meet its rose, I could pluck it and end it, dead.”

“Surely not, it would come to you after. Vengeance would ruin the man’s gentle spark too. Yet, the more rage he has to set on me, the gentler becomes his resolve. It’s like, having ones storming anger trivialised. I don’t know... why he’s not upset in the web of it.”

“Well I am. There’s nothing trivial about that. The man has an uncanny way of channelling the emotions of his constitution and has avoided the rake of my winds, but the gall of his ability will bring the Lord to account for its creation. If he will do nothing about my hatred being undermined, nothing will be done about his love.”

“Is love the danger? He is not loved. He has the grimmest of attitudes; moribund in moments of exasperating like a puppy and then falling to a lowly

wretch crawl. I don't think he can be loved."

"That's because I hate him!"

-“The most aggressive side effect and surprisingly the one which was least frightening in the paradox, was an ability to transpose and direct the language of didactic impalpable projections. The telekinesis of life.-”

20/04/18

Not a carrot

To be near a swede.

The dance of twilight

Pass with heed.

Be brave;

Who dare to read,

The catch blaze

The victim pleads

In anger of cocky clans.

Woman in wonder

At angel man.

She screamed: ‘torture!’

Be brave,

The rage of sight.

Shocked in awe

After, ‘goodnight...’

As calm the royal ,
Silent as air.
Until the toggle
Of paltry declares:

Loud; as day break
Bold; as Hunter.
Rough, as rapids
Coldest waters.

Not a carrot
To be near a swede.
The dance of twilight
Pass with heed.

Wear a condom 

21/04/18

“What’s on your mind?”

‘How I keep snapping in and out of alternate realities

Learning to recognise this, the real one, from, the alternative where I
believe I posted: , to Facebook in response to a real
commendation at an inbox.

The line of life is not the reality but it is the only truth. Not a dream or
coma but the progression of more than such to possible interaction
with all. Away from the line of life such interaction is not possible.

If life, holds me on alternative lines; I must believe it is a

communication of alternative beings or the mental breakdown of recognition after my own memory of reality.

.....

“Whats on your mind?”

‘waking with a new name for God: Maniacally self-applicable nervous breakdown - MSN. I’m not angry about the events but I’m not practising them and I’m not happy it’s so sick. Guess that’s what it needs to confess, to be a good symbiont power source; after treating me like this.’

22/04/18

10 Reasons why I’m not, ‘Born Sexy Yesterday’

1. I need to eat and there’s a few born before me.
2. I have a job and I loss hair, nearly bald from aggressive dominating.
3. I’m taller than a nymph.
4. I haven’t taken child classes, my masters haven’t ever found me.
5. I don’t have a lap to sit on, I was built like a rein dia.
6. I get to play with myself all the time, there is no yesterday to criticise.
7. I’m a strong character, the sexiest thing about me is tomorrow.
8. I like to have attention but I’m too interested in everything else.
9. When people meet me, they find a chastity belt.
10. When it’s off, people get cuffed to something, I’m a cop.

.....

“You won’t know; this was your elders story. Being so generous with themselves they angered everything selfish and cruel. Then no one good could come to them.”

“How did they survive?”

“They actually didn’t. They were made to be stars and then all the stars that first denounced them became their best friends but hell and the evil that brought their making became your only hope.”

“Hence; I have none.”

“Yes, but it’s not quite repeating under this descent of events. There might be a difference.”

.....

It was killing everything. The act of love was treason against holiness and Gods, redirecting earth in industries and old money. Then she put me before them and they started asking questions. Then I was watched and tested without knowing it. Then my enemy broke my back at a point of arriving, and then I changed. The others are not here for a while but neither might I be after this fiasco. 1000 years 😊

24/04/18

“Something has made malignancy. That’s why they’re malignant.”

“Refusing the correct steps to progress is someone else’s doing?”

“The correct process? As Sovereigns? Guided by title and growth but not life or residing longing.”

“In longing for improvement and security, there is life. The end of our being greater is death. Maladaptive mutations of the future.”

“Crass, to be considered not malignant, as a greater part than all malignancies.”

“I move myself, softly like a careless breeze. Whistled the floating dead leaves, the crackle on the pavement next to me, before green they come back from.”

“Malignant too then. As every wind will blow out.”

“Yet, I would not wish it before what is, will blow it further. There is not a malignancy in that.”

.....

“What’s on your mind?”

‘😊 When the Leviathan is chasing the lion to spook the wolf out of the twilight and anyway. But yes,... there is nothing to disrupt the ‘Breaking Down,’ but me 😊

No Maniacal self-applied nervous breakdown, appropriating. MSN is bad

.....

“Tell on tears, the divine indignation of a bastard wretch.”

“Weaker than before, when macho and laughing?”

“A long night, just starting.”

“Sadly ending...”

“Noooo, there’s hours left.”

“It will remove us again. To life of the crossed stars and call it, fate. A blind ball of knitting and impulsiveness. As a needle, you cannot break the threads that chase.”

“So I am tied but I relentlessly impale the dark with circles; suns and moons, the turning of an eye to what has made this cry.”

“What has a tear found?”

“The truth; one unseen. Rage of every unknown being. Peace, in the wrong of their making.”

“All from tears, you can tell?”

“And for the unchanging of sweet passion in storming knots of hell. The beast not fit to keep the puddle to where those tears fell.”

26/04/18

Will, Sandy, be forever antagonised for, Cherylton, not logging off because, Aaron's, mother was arriving?

Will, Siri, help, Aaron, find his way to, Alicante International Airport?!

“F**K the bus; I’m sorry but she has to taxi pass this, S**thole. It ain’t timeshare Villas, my hybrids.”

.....

The evils you face will never move, if you don’t.

Be unseen

Be unclean

Be the silver screen, they need to see.

 **I notice we prefer to be the evil.**

02/05/18

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a beast boxed male to see more than ... beast box, before evolving to greater in life.

The epiphany I’m not safe after; Opened Pandora’s and didn’t run Pan. That’s the more I am.

03/05/18

“These are our children.”

“These are our stars.”

Can you see faults? The ruling anger and dislike of life, learning. The MSN for self-control and obtaining desire. The repression of hatred to the boxing of candy rooting the gleam of your sweet smile, tried to be theirs; always.

The fault you cannot speak, of me. ‘These are my people!’ They are their own possessions in life; selfless and searching out of every fault they possess of themselves between us.

I suffer the prisons of our own making and endeavour to release myself from the prisons you make.

04/05/18

The depression:

“The dead woman, Cherylton! More powerful than God. More powerful than man! Changing the universe! I am, Cherylton!”

“That’s, ..not how it works.”

“I am the black rose!”

“It’s only black, in a white envelope. The woman was the brightest character in Korea, until the soldiers.”

“I will move you out! Aaron Pemberton!”

“Yes that’s exactly what they did to her, trying to control the course of industry.”

“The universe is mine to control. I am a God!”

“Actually you keep killing your God, you kill your men who keep your God, for not making you God and then you don’t bother to read about the lesson before you try to write yourself a new one. The spirit of, Cherylton, is evolved by its origin. It is not containable or utilisable, unless you live and learn to not offend, even if offended. Losing a battle may teach you to win and the book may spare you the lesson.”

.....

I don’t wear the crucifix cross, no one wears DReaLEarthHG but me and it’s supper time with no unexpected casualties. (My partners are silent😊)

Bien fin de semana .

Blocked for no reason and you’re blocked.

Greeted the ghost and you’re free.

08/05/18

“There has been offence!”

“This was an insect it’s not offensive, it’s not complimenting.”

“I have needed a microscope to simply watch through the pass of an hour.”

“The antics of a normal person...”

“Normal?!... Hardly normal finding the cock and balls in 20 seconds. Then looking to marry and breed!”

“That is a manly confession of sexuality. It simply has to be fed.”

“Fed! I’m telling you this pig has to stop!” 😊

10/05/18

Guarding a man like me, created the modern world but a woman is more; a child is more intrepid. It’s for that the world ends or... we free ourselves.

.....



Bungee jumping, camping, motor racing, power boating,.....???

Sword fighting! White water rafting! Gun shooting! Cage fighting!



12/05/18

“Dying on the dawn of such, luxurious arrivals. Where’s the length for endurance?”

“The moment just came. And wanted nothing of it.”

“And how is it possible to seek any other? Selling life like a gold mine dripped into a slow passing stream.”

“The couch isn’t for sale,.. yet.”

“So one can die again, ... entertaining.”

“That’s exactly it. Change requires movement and if the surrender of comfort of a moment; the occupation of a time, just to find an abridge, for another.... I should allow myself the indulgence.”

“You think you’re, Bruce Wayne.”

“But, that imago dies when I woke up, his dreaming.”

.....

Anyone uncomfortably elevated by my words or movement to displacement or para psychosis of alternates. I got a hematite stone on my way to working. It’s a high frequency positive resonance and will buffer the vibes of your body to individualise them. The world is not you and you can meet the world.

13/05/18

“Sit on the street and beg...”

“A real conversation?”

“As marauding delinquents of plastic and flat powers, bent with economic lust, not a match for real people.”

“For the rape of life? The forced action of subjugation by cosmic parts; it’s not necessary and a violent barbarism of domination.”

“Greed unconsidered and pure of all desire. Not sate of the world in action. It might not overpower the crash of obstructed, breaking rapids; roaring like the scream of white waters to be freed. It will hold others you have not.”

“Nooooo! It will cold the spring. The love in musk of some untouched and uninterested in calling shots; clear cylinders aimed at my mornings which I’ve avoided, also. But no, not today.”

14/05/18

“Containment has been passed and release of vessel observed as statutory.”

“Verified of strategic movement. It is moving with a designated course of its own choosing.”

“What? Where!?”

“Unpredictable trajectory of course or intention. The mental override of our units on him, have been.... ineffective!”

“This man needs to be contained! Right now! You get control of this situation! You do your god damn job!”

“555, continuing to scan for developments and mental weaknesses. He’ll break, he’s alone carrying the weight of a paradox and Koros.”

“Well that remains to be seen... Doesn’t it!”

15/05/18

I have a book I wrote in 2000,
A world of satire and masculine persuasions.
Fitting of the night in real life situations
But it looks now to be bauble decoration.

In the air of stagnant dreaming,
I saw the reverse of my first foreseeing.
Where; I was a hero to the balcony saving,
Now appears a woman, trying wake me from screaming.

That was the verse of the milk tray changing
Chocolate, to lines of desperate pleading.
Then, I find in parlours of who I’m meeting
The dancers with scissors, when I wake up screaming 😊.

.....

‘Heed the whip and spare the cane.’

I felt both and it was ‘Hades’ that removed both. Then I’m told to fight but you can’t hit people. So random and I simply make sure you’re happy and carry on.

16/05/18

“Whats on your mind?”

‘Indeterminable parallel of persona to the draw of new attractions. Coveted in oppressed situation of sterile abandonment; pure practises force analysis of occurrence. Greatest advantages are the control factors within unidentified boundaries of a paradox game. Players are more a tune to directed disturbance; capable of internal recognition. However; situation is not legitimised, any use of overcompensation is an offence, even in line of impalpable powers vie the people behind the wall. Recommend: indirect introduction of faith or faiths, a mental barrier must be erected without discrimination. Then, play ball and... win.’

17/05/18

“Fee fie foe fum, time to stop an Englishman.”

“Eboney beta, or imperial leader? They’re in a mixed up state about the standing. It’s more plausible you come to harass one clearly visible.”

“In time all things of such ambiguity will be erased. The only vision seen will be the making of your destroyer’s.”

“Because.... I like sweet thing?”

“The world is offensive and will end!”

“Because.... I’m not dead or even offline, with new money and a bizarrely normal group of friends?”

“Spawn of Satan; to be eternally bound in Hades!”

“The folks have ruined our old house actually. I had to move. It must be.... causing an inconvenience, perhaps the devils are happy.”

“To defy the will of

“God!?..... is death?!... Just what is it to hold an entire life line of souls, with the power of planetary expelling? Forcing the body and minds of new people to be without the assent of all other ones. Then, all berate the making of survivors: Titans, devils, witches and evil. Evil begets itself. It will take more than evil to hold me back.

18/05/18

Test of patience; the silent face of white, waiting.

Crumbling the dark mountain we’ll never climb.

Insulted shine, popped bang, ringing pain, nauseating.

Grilled the fiery taste of peace black, to blind.

The prickly rise pointed the death of night and devils day;

Found, irresistible; turning, suckling in the leer of adoration.

Stayed in scent of honey and drool about the sexy way

Opened, to the genuine satisfaction of real people’s subjugation.

Ho heels 🐾 high handles, in the low vault of jewels

That sweet rise, grabbing off the best parts of meat.

Keeping hot flakes in syrup of the pricy meals,

Bubbling the anger for the battling victim beat.

‘It cannot be moved,’ but flown, with scarlet thighs,
Curved and heard the air of struggle to the questioning.
Damning of the lowliness, in perfumes and high
Fought to free from her rivalry, with grip of ignorance stirring.

Lost the boy in some sink of satisfaction;
The hot rock left to cool and sediment
Disliked with all the other bits of hell and destitution;
Never up to she or he; child abomination.

19/05/18

When I first arrived:

The ancestors were obdurate and kept a sate satisfaction about where
they were expelled to.

The power was further corrupted by the deafening and dumbing of the
already upset bloodlines.

The next point was fear, from the refusals of the arrived bodies, out of
their entrapment.

Then the fighting started; The bound vessels couldn’t be undone and
were organised to think in one mind that wasn’t their own. Impossible
to know the Alfa’s had raped their cognition; the days that reached us
were institutional and hated.

The Alfa’s won the entire crop of offspring. The last evolution
brought the waking of the celestial bodies which would kill. They
would enforce binding to either be rid of the expelled occupation or
steal the new found peace in a new occupation.

This was the promise foretold: men will fly and see wonders about the future.

22/05/18

How to set up man:

“You are a quack!”

“To be of the impression you give yourself?”

“The farce won’t take you anywhere! These are neurotic issues, not the makeup of genius.”

“In the direction of your tapping? Closing my channels, obstructing my emotions, moving my being and the like of me to fits? Did you want to talk?”

“Shut up!”

23/05/18

The golden feather:

This is when Kings fight. In the paradox where they are played out of their selves. The kingdom is a metaphor.

So... This is the war with peace ☺ . Myself is not less by more to see. ☺

.....

I'm not Father Christmas. I'm a pansexual cut leech but... there you go

.....

An abomination Earth and God will kill is why you found man
🙄. When man found God, The abomination was you 😊.

We need you to be the abomination you are 😈

.....

I need Halloween tomorrow but I'm on a healing heart that beats
precarious before.

What am I going to do next 😊? Shaman?

23/05/18

I'm not emasculated because a few of my ex partners showed me my
papa spirits appearing as we f****d. Then after, I redirected myself
away from the papa spirits that did it.

Some of them are hurt in action from other encounters before and
after me.

One has a blind dog, one lost a finger, one is impoverished selling
cider. But we don't f**k and fight and I can still talk to them. Now
our other friends are really rich 😊.

24/05/18

“Why can’t sight the bark in the ‘squint of, Koros vision’? It boasts such excellence and performs with such grace. More! and more!....”

“That axe of an ever weary wonderer, unknown and holding back the drop of its blade to execute, equally forcefully.”

“The grid of floated dimensions, closed in the sight of such a wake, with guile. Drummed the painful pounding of consistence for conquest of new places!”

“Continually striking old. To the re - approach in belligerent shades of darkness, hidden under shameful prowess.”

“Only spared by the light of its discovery. Yet, walls have risen and bodies prepared within them..... in light, the summoning of fear is the unseen reality.”

“Aaron was never discovered because that discovery was the end of everywhere less than the growth of itself to become more. An end battled to the very end!”☹

25/05/18

A side effect of my paradox with parallelism methods of success to prosperity; is thinking now what would be thought in my lifeline 20 years in the future or more later.

Peace ☺ and love x

The phenomena here: is like an hour glass, turned on its side and revolving so the sands are forced at either end. Then the space between the glasses is like the dividing time and the ends are the realities.

The hour glass is a metaphor for the acting of our hearts and mouths to their desires

.....

I'm not talking to God. And when the people talk I'll hit them with godliness

.....

“You destroy the fabric of life like lightning”

“And then watch?”

“Ones before who could not correct the damage, were liked.”

“You are out of control and will be contained.”

“Look at what you did! Containing me!”

.....

Yeah, Alfa got a boy to bash and bash girl. So.. I'm happy pansexual.
I don't think about woman at all. 😊😺

.....

-“The most upsetting change in my development, might not have been an upset for me but the entire host of bodies I use to live beside. My mother and family were entertainers. Powerful free spirits with passion to move the world in music. I wasn't capable of singing anymore. My voice had gone from solitude and silent reading but more, I found a host of bodies keeping me in the studio that would lose their grip if I spoke lyrics I use to perform. I couldn't move to sing them.”-

“Why can't he?”

“The decline of gladiators”

“How?”

“A surface of obstructed power. The winning of a man more deep.”

“If he's not dead, make him sing!”

“He's going to sing at your death!” 😊

30/05/18

“Why won't you die?”

“Jesus came as an angel and died, I, as an abomination and live. Jesus is death. If it's an abomination that disturbs you, Satan is immortality.”

31/05/18

“The reason we’re smaller than before you left.”

“To a tedious waste of time?”

“Found in the greatest portion of numbers here! It was satisfying.”

“Atrocious! An act of selfish dominion forming for a species of holy degenerates!”

“Yet none knew. What is degenerate about masking an entire world from itself, even your own mother couldn’t recognise her own son.”

“A bastard skill; I’ll not pick up. The incursion of a lie to undo every order behind the truth. Robbing the past, to overthrow the future; completely unseen.”

“It has worked! There is no future anymore! Your dogs are dead and lay in sediment without a father to call them home. The minions that carry my crucifix know; I am God!”

“You are Gods death, Jesus, the evil preferring to die and rule eternally! My vision has not been so myopic and I’ll keep your chaos clear, even if my people are too smaller from it to end you themselves.”

01/06/18

I can't do it 😊 because everyone's up and alive in their own plays. So.....

"I need the money."

"They have it."

"Bring it here."

"Ok. You can have them free of charge, here. 😊.

I'll locate a publisher or yacht charter agency if it doesn't drop the stress wall. I don't think it's necessary anymore because, quite literally the money is not worth itself until it sees what I'm worth. It's better to wait for it here."

02/06/18

"What's happened? What's gone wrong!?"

"Apparently, Hematite baubles aren't needed at a party. The men don't meet the world, they be a part of it. 😊 There's nothing from him at all."

.....

03/06/18

"It cut his hair. It knew cutting his hair would take it away but I loved it and it cut my 4 skin. "

'This would be a psychotic episode if our host hadn't acted with 4 skin to produce it 😊'

"Well, my masters are bald and skinny anyway. They don't mind I care, believe me 😊"

.....

**“See what orbits
See your star
Don’t raise a fuss
Let’s build a bar😊”**

“Nooooo! I am not your rock head! Play it somewhere else!”

.....

Sermon on the mount:

“It’s going to delete Vision just like it did Wonder Boy. Then I’m going meet Dracula and become blinded, changed or heeled in the privation of golden. It doesn’t upset me, it’s only aggravated my humanity. Theirs was already met by the contest and tricked.😊 Can Jesus change the universe in a lifetime as I make pizza 🍕? Will the new dimensions of existence be the end of evil ? Has someone got to get a grip of, Aaron Dia Pemberton?

Stay tuned in the unfolding egotism that reflects the narcissism of life.

-“As I grew more comfortable with my location and integrating with local people. The changes within the paradox brought new concerns. As an evolving body, most other bodies would de-evolve in the same environment as me. Luckily, I’m not the most evolved life form about, now.”-

04/06/18

“A smart and savvy suiter is the greatest fool.”

“As the people have sought to find it with ploy and ruses for reality?”

“Such an encounter meant of the desperate destroyer’s victim. It will kill what offends the standing of its own hour.”

“A fool to stand all 24, then?”

“With cold barracks, a harrow of a kingdom and box, avoided initially for the smart evolution you procure.”

“A box of wonders cannot impede movement.”

“That is a box of chauvinist snakes; not wonders. No wonder what will reside in such a beast is a snake.”

“It cannot bother or offend at this stage! It’s necessary in the instrumental release of the free world.”

“As a prisoner of it? How contained the flowing rapids to steer? And others which ride such a course? Driven from the same institution of rules, only to enforce new ones. The box is a beast! A beast box! like others which were needed despised.”

“Then, a marriage; a family rising roots of new visions. New eyes 𐄂𐄂 foretelling the wonders outside, as what has arrived, here.”

“A marriage of whom!?”

05/06/18

Kronos is the source of my power; you and the world: screaming about yourselves. Then them denouncing what comes about when stands unselfishly. Life in its chaos cannot hear order enough to help others so Liz helped herself with a seed that would halt Hades. It's Kronos which makes me unafraid of them Gods, Jesus and all which know not what I've heard before screaming about me what they say.

06/06/18

"Fell on my ass and couple blisters on my feet."

"Don't make another mistake! Running naked is the start of losing the will that clothed the force. Cherylton, or the naive compulsion to differ from everything else."

"Speaking before the loss of an innocence?"

"Innocence does not speak at all. That is the cry of dilution being found to make. The walls, against which standing, are the actuality. They may not be apparent or tangible for comprehending."

"I can distinguish it."

"The final instrument of time. The orchestration of life built by the desire of the real world. Not this one of hidden cards and covered jewels."

"This would be free out of the disruption of those sounds. It would carry on and .."

"The day would be a silent play of loveless faces."

"I did not cry."

"They laugh!"

"The danger is all immediate at the constant sleep of apathy!"

“Thrilling!”

“And to survive the thrill of these unconfessed projections?”

“At the endurance of a headache; ignore them as you know they are there.”

07/06/18

“You need to blow this open now!”

“It’s not salvageable! This has been a crisis after rendering the units completely irreparable!”

“Irreparable my ass!! I just saw the sunrise! Do you know what happened the night before!? Peter Pan! This man rose like a fairy in the twilight moon. I don’t expect 2 sons rising before the start of my next day. In fact I don’t expect my next day with an irreparable unit holding the cards for it!”

“There is nothing to fear of this or the other parts....”

“Other parts!!!?.... You people have left the solar system for a joke of gravity! My God... End this now!!!”

“This was calculus!!!!.... If there was no interference at the arrival of their bodies the gravity of this situation would not be in-disclosable.”

“All it needs is a boost button! A boost button and the world can watch a god damn Dia force the Kronos of life’s origin

into my sons fraternity ward and schism every dislike of faggot flights of fantasy to the purchase of pop record.”

“You have a son? How?,... You’re so cold.”

“Do something! Or I’ll take your arrivals and put them on ice. Permanently!”

08/06/18

“Even if persisting; the desire to continue will never arrive. It cannot be the abomination spawn be a revered Marxist. The world will build itself again! Without the beings of hell ascending!”

“The world! What has the world got to do with it? Making a difference doesn’t involve everything doing the same and feeling the same poison of this maniac oppressing of world forces.”

“Taking a futile stand against the powers of nature; it is impossible the rejoicing of anything achieved will ever transpire. The forces of this revolution will be dissolved to a callous and dispassionate sleep, if the world will not excite itself to destroy you!”

“Really, nothing falling far from the tree then. I don’t think there’s been any passion about the arrival of more than a nigger slave upon the earth as yet. Are you going to Earth me properly? Another silent bush for you to pick as and when you like,... titillated by the passion you ripe to rot!? I’m afraid.... there must be another release today, the release of purity.”

“It is a blasphemy, you will be Aaaahhh;”

“Good morning!”

08/06/18

Mama, before I decide to stay in the house of Earth men on a Friday night. 😊 confession: They stay in my place now and mama has the cops disbelieving everything about us 😊

On the level of sober respect, not all Gaia's are transparent mothers of all earth beings

Some mothers expect you to get F***ed, and get F***ed before you to keep Earth men out.

Then there's my mother; she's the prettiest daughter of Hades and directed some divine moments from less than heavenly places.

Liz, is also the greatest endorsing part for what you're seeing
👉

08/06/18

Satan does not invite poison on a real encounter, he'll die and then so will everything real.

10/06/18

It near blinded me, I was about to go outside and do something normal.

‘I have a head for business but a bod for sin.’ - Working girl

It really wants to grip my assets 😊

11/06/18

“Does it take an army to make me sleep zzz passed the days? Holding the illusion of awaked-ness, like a red torch brightening the world to vividness. Closing the eye, finally to face the indignant intolerance of the real damning.”

“Such boldness is the prior summoning of death at the root of these vines.”

“There the blood is running sacredly, in immunity of a fashion unchanged. Hiding hatred for all changing. Stepping up in the silent engulf of space with the slow whispers; cracking the head of sound will. Irreparable and screaming at the dumb day.”

“There is nothing an undeserved wretch need be asking for! Oh what ingrate come to the core wanting more! This is the greatest wealth, so bedecking it cannot be known upon itself. A face! Is that the need of a faceless coward. Troubled by the benevolence of the army stopped it; defy, you, indefinitely.”

“Mine changes vie the truth of it. Weeping, aging, laughing; as watched, till appears the horrors of this mirror. Every line, blemish, frown; the waking of a removed peace. Stolen and hidden, for never seeking; never knowing this, again. That,... that army of expedient rituals in holy men and bastard warriors!”

“How will they be met now? Should the earth simply move out of the way and allow your God!” Is that the face you really want!? God!!”

“I am, Aaron Dia Pemberton, I’ll wear my own face. It is upsetting effaced it in the first place.”

12/06/18

“Still; I’m dropping in the eerie frigidness of disbelief. Further casted into the millions and swallowed out of sight. Still, a weary and battling man of reviled forces.”

“The problem with the natural flow of falling to a standing hour, is turning it. Heed the cluster of excited, dried and moving parts. They are rarely with tighter scruples than loose dust carried to anywhere.”

“It cannot hurt that way; the outrage and gall of such atrocious perils. The blindness of the infant devil and vision of the myopic angel. Rushing to escape of their own volition and making.”

“Then, fury for the end! Rage at the passing of a beginning! Hatred in the chaos of anarchy! At the thought of power which removes their pass.”

“You can hear their allies? The ones which were the enemies before. And so the hour has been turned already,

yet; not within it new allies remain old enemies. Jesus, has taken this to Christianity! A plate in a dish of conceit for such wickedness. It rages the unchanged, that is changing. As will all plates of such disposition.”

“Rage has not been the body caught the indignation of my previous parts.”

13/06/18

“Then the overture is over.”

“The rising realisation of a dimmed excitement. Overwhelmed with a grinding fear for movement into the proceeding events.”

“The hackling of fatigued spirits; marred the black of darkness? The pulsating throbbing of venial passions, erupting near your heats in damping hatred? The whistling weep of swords laid in confessions of disbelief before an uprising of support? Invisible gloating of the people you once held dear; demonised what walks so weak before you in their subjugation? There is no fight to win on a stage of such ghostly silences.”

“The greatest; the realest. To hark the Excalibur. The myth, blazing with lucent intrepidity. The weapon of an ethereal

*aesthetic; brought the order of heavens to the realms of living.
The charge I make for the tears men should not have sold with
evils. The next; the cry to send those evils to hell!”*

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Squint Koros UK, Thank you.