

Halted embryogenesis at the birth of second thought, creating before acting to stay safely at the start. Textbook nebulae authentic the World Order's end. But we dictate through creation just how, where and when. The sound of self-severed limbs. Broken joints on cold steel links. Impossible havens harbor them. Damp floors carve swollen skin. The long-sought elusive passage keys! Where once was a door, now stands a wall. Concrete beds prevent digging deep. Leonine threats behind bamboo stalks.

And anxious Darwinians frantically self-analyse,
too ultimately aware to trust anyone or anything alive.
Toxic, parasitic ideas hijack our minds.
Mimetically commandeered to include the suicide.

The privacy of experience. The illusion of focus.
The future is anticipated memory. The virulence of idea.
Vanitas on aged pages, copper violin.
Incumbent phrenology to drain you of your doubt.
Don't call my landscape a plane, you increase egoist!
You're merely a hallucination of my own Atmas!
Volition decides the future as the authors all agree,
Impatiently arranging for evolution's recrudescence. Visual receptors are undeniably unique in a closed Cartesian Theater, body anchored to the seat. Pressupposed conclusions, methodic doubt. An escaped res cogitans flees to an inter-subjective world. Passive beliefs bridge the chasm, mind pregnant at birth. The danger, dear empiricist is that to which Narcissus succumbed, and still do, some. Fountainshead, automatons. To subordinates genetic interest is ultimately human! Rampant self-awareness in your invisible Hands means everything is fickle, subject to your shape and shade. How will you, dear hermit program your semaphore? Self-preservation is subject to an emotional homunculus. And anxious Darwinians frantically self-analyse, too ultimately aware to include the suicide.