

Envisaging The Ideal Planet

Transcending Bizarre?

"There is free energy, motion and life
But we dissipate to feed our entropy
Our destiny is thermal death and emptiness
But who cares, Hail nothingness"

"We are stardust, we are some cursed men fallen from grace years ago
We've shaped this world out of our thoughts

We aren't concrete, we only exist
For just tiny moments in time
We vaporise, we'll never be"

"Let's presuppose there is something concrete and let's say this is good
How can then this great God disappears when the mind stops?
If something is dependent on the existence of my mind, how can it be concrete?
Contingent and dependent is the essence of our beings, these strands can not be unravelled
How could it be concrete?
Dependent, mind fabric, dematerialized, we'll always cease to be
We are mind fabrics"
"How could it be concrete?"

"He who is sober and reached enlightenment
Sadness will crush his mind as wisdom
Is a sore that bleeds joy"

" Stars will guide me to your saviour!"

This world was not constructed for a man like Descarte
He failed to adapt his mind to this trivial planet
Thoughts like shadows hid the light and poisoned him
And as he drunk his wine he fell in a trance
With the help of Alcohol he fell in a trance
And formed his vision of the ideal planet

"I've found all the answers, my mind is now free
I despise your saviours, your satans your gods
We came from nothing and to nothing we'll return
Our destiny is nothingness"

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"How could it be concrete?"