

messiah



The Life of Lilya X.

Whispered foreword. Shortly there will be a meltdown in collective human consciousness. People will suddenly realise many things at once, key things about their true identity, nature and abilities, about the world being a totally different place than they thought, history and current reality being totally different than they thought, than they have been made to believe. Their mind will melt down like the twin towers. The whole thing will run through. Disclosure. Revelations. Clarification. Remembering the original way, the problem, and the mission to solve it. Your false reality will be gone. You will have a new vision, new understanding and new feeling for yourself and your life. Magic. MAGic truth, that everything comes from and returns to the essence: the MAG, the SEED of everything: love. And love has its laws, its amazing ways, its great power – and its language. You'll realise that the human love language was once broken in a very particular way, and since then life on Earth is going in the wrong direction, with accelerated speed, a programmed Golem out of control.

Like it all happened to me. Let's say, my name is Lilya X.

Please note: this is not literature. It is a document of a life story. Patchworked from thousands of events, words, thoughts and feelings. Not for judgment, either ethical or aesthetic, but for documentation, observation, amusement and consideration. and to note. the end of the old world and beginning of the new is near. it's here, through the rabbit hole.

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Fragment from the alchemical lab (a strange and silly inserted part, kind of a thought experiment, from Part II.)

“Imagine an oppressive matriarchal world

A women’s world. Where most leaders are women. Women make the laws, women make politics, women make economy, women make education, medication and most of culture. Women are said to be first, the Crown of Creation. Doesn’t it say in all Holy Scriptures: in the beginning was God, and She created everything? It does! All Holy Scriptures, the Bible and the Quran, and even Eastern theology speaks of a feminine divinity, using the feminine personal pronoun “She”. The Holy Scriptures cannot lie, they all say “She.” She created the world in six days, and on the seventh day she created woman, say the Scriptures. Woman ruled the Earth, giving names to everything. The woman was lonely, so God took out a bone from her body, and created man from it. “My little half, how I love you!,” cried woman in joy! But the little man was naughty, and picked a fruit from the very forbidden tree. The sneaky little man lured the woman to eat from the fruit, and for this they were so punished by a supremely just Mother God, that they were expelled from their sweet home, Eden, to hell, the world of toil, torment and tears. This was the curse of the just and rightful Mama God upon her bad children. We carry this curse in our lives, and still blame the first little man, and men in general, for the hardships of material, physical life on Earth.

Men are thus secondary to women. Because they were the primal sinners, and because God, as we well know, all the Scriptures say in every religion since the beginnings of Universal Matriarchy, God is feminine. She. She is the creative force that gave birth to womankind, including little men. Our feminine left hand and right brain, our intuitive, unconscious and spiritual capacity is after all, higher and prior, superior to our masculine right hand and left brain, our rational, conscious and intellectual capacity. God is a “She”, we all know that! Isn’t Michelangela’s Sistine Chapel image of a Divine Woman with long hair, with her beautiful first creation, Human Woman at her fingertip? It certainly is! Isn’t the Mome, the highest priestess of the Western world a woman? Isn’t the Vaticana all about female energy? Isn’t Jerusalema entirely feminine? The Kaaaba stone and its magnetic aura? Aren’t most holy places vaginal, clitoral, womb- or breast-like? And the Trinity! Isn’t the Trinity: Mother, Daughter and Holy Body? Only the third being kind of masculine let’s say. Isn’t the feminine overwhelmingly present in the world, in God, and in development? Isn’t

development, growing, evolution itself a feminine notion? Of course it is. Man is fixed, woman is dynamic. The world is dynamic. So the world is feminine. The ultimate obstacle of men is that they cannot give birth. In theory they are capable of doing almost everything that a woman can do. Only in theory, of course, because they couldn't really run even a tobacco store on their own, let alone a country. But to give birth, that is for sure and beyond question the privilege of women. So how could God be man, for Christa's sake? To create is to give birth. Aren't women stronger, more intelligent, capable of much more love? More complex, deeper, and closer to God?

Men, the little silly-billy bimbos (smirk), they just love house-work and raising kids. They don't really have ambitions by nature, only to be at home, serving the family, happy second to the natural Queen of every household, the woman. Men are happy to sit on the sofa, watch football and drink beer. Hang out with the dudes at home, cook, bake, clean, talk about cars and TV series, watch the stock exchange rates go up and down. Play with the kids. They are, themselves, like kids. What would they want to do in the world? Give them a water pistol and a barbecue in the back yard, and they'll be perfectly contented.

Men often take up their wife's names, and of course children get their mother's family name. Women make money. As the head and heart of the family, a woman is often so exhausted from running her show, that she often takes lovers. Male prostitution is a general and accepted phenomenon. In fact, we all know that male prostitution is the most ancient of all trades. (Ho-ho-ho.) Already the first man was a whore. Being a whore is a spurned way of being, but official husbands are often jealous of the matriarch's stallions and lovers. Male hookers and good husbands make and keep women happy. Often the women, when they like a male specimen, anywhere, from a library to an airport lounge, they give signs of their sexual spark. The male will then do everything in his powers to make the woman happy, ignite her spark and make a bonfire. It is so easy to make a woman come, that it often suffices to lick her nipples and rub her clit in a corner or do her good in the restroom. Women sometimes just sit in their cars and have street stallions get in and lick their pussies and finger them 'til they come. When a woman has had enough, she bids farewell, often giving the male money for the pleasure.

In many religious matriarchal families, the men will have their chest, back and ass shaved before the wedding. Elsewhere, they will be dressed in sacks to hide their bodies from other women's eyes, to their own shame and disgrace. It is a

form of submission, meaning that from now this male will only serve his mistress, the Queen of the house. Serve her and no one else, and do nothing in life but serve her. Raise the kids, cook, wash, take care of the house. Let women do their more serious work of running religion and the world. The husband is unclean, as we know, since the sin of the first little man. He is like a pig, filthy, unworthy of God. He represents the heavy, sticky material world and the heaviness of the speculative mind. His dick is a sign of his animalness, it's like a tail, we all know. The animalness must be civilized, barbarian men would eat each other if women didn't tame and educate them. The single aim of the dick must be to make women happy, and make babies for women. This role is so rousing, so intensely exciting to men, that their dicks are at the service of women's pleasure at all times. Some religious matriarchs cover their guys with a sheet, leaving only a hole for their dick, which is perfectly enough to make a woman come. Especially when their guys are ugly, fat, used or simply old. (Wink wink.) In certain aggressively matriarchal, fundamentalist lands, castration is a wide-spread punishment even today. It's a primitive and wicked way, but still a way of keeping the law and order, which is universally founded on the submission of the masculine. It must be admitted that many other horrific, sick and ridiculous customs fester around the problem of submission. but let's not talk about that.

Women in leading positions will often be manisers, it's a commonly known and accepted thing. It is nature that allows women to be often horny, and to be mating with many, since they are complex creatures, capable of concentrating on several things and several men at once, keeping all under attention and care, while men, who have simple brains, one-track minds, are very happy with just one woman, who will be The One and Only. See all the myths and ancient tales, like Odyssea the great adventurer, who fucked all the celebrities of the Aegean sea, and even spent serious time with some, before finally going home to her husband Penelopo, who was all the while diligently weaving, turning down all potential lovers. You see? Hah! It's all coded in our culture. That's just the nature of things. Women need more sex, freedom and power. Because women are by nature superior to men, and there's nothing we can do about that. They have, by nature, more rights, and more grace. As they can have multiple orgasms, even a whole cascade, without unpleasant and dangerous goo, as opposed to the single spunky and baby-making pleasure of men. That's why in some religions men are considered unclean, and cannot even enter the main part of the church, let alone become priest. In most religions, the word priest

doesn't even exist, only priestess. To have a Pope instead of the Mome? That would be surreal. Men don't have a soul, as we know, they were a bone of woman once, inflated to become her partner. All great religious heroes, historical figures, the great thinkers, artists and leaders were all women. Women have divine blessing, men have a woman's blessing at best. Of course, "cherchez l'homme", and "there is at least one man behind every powerful woman" (the famous 1+n husbands in women's basic human rights). (Wide jovial smile.)

Handsome young guys often make a good living, serving the pleasure of powerful ladies. To be in film, make it on stage, become somebody as a man, you often have to lick some pussy and be a good fuck. And of course, you always must be clean, lean, toned and tanned, scented, well-dressed and gallant. Women often hang around watching men come and go in the streets, looking at the bumps between their legs, their asses and their chests. They often call out, commenting on the paraded assets, making sexist jokes, whistling. Aging men will have to really make an effort to be kept and still wanted by the wife. Hair implants, dying, beauty parlour, gym. Improve your cooking and sexual skills always. Be attractive, amusing, mindful and fully supportive. In the old days, since ancient times, men couldn't even vote, or inherit, or even study, let alone fulfil a serious role in society, they would be so denigrated. But after all, now we know that men are almost equal. There are male politicians and leaders now here and there. God looks down with just as much attention towards Her less fortunate sons as her blessed daughters. Of course, God remains a woman. If God was a man and the world was run by men, it would be a materialistic, parasitic, treacherous and deceptive war zone, a highway of devolution, to a civilizational dead-end.

But we must admit that men have been kept underground for a reason. We must confess. we women are afraid of them. There is an untameable wild elemental force, an uncontrollable power in them, which attracts us women as much as it repulses us. We are in fear and awe, jealous of the dick. yes. what a miracle of creation! we women are madly in love with the divine part of men, repressed for so long by our stupid and stifling matriarchy. the king, the priest, the boy and the beast. where would girls, women be without them? the glorious king, the amazing priest, the adventurous boy, and the ruthless animal who will tear us apart only to get closer, and to take us closer to our own selves. the man, o the man without whose presence, gaze, touch, voice, caress and support, without whose force we women are nothing. no money, no power or

knowledge or passing thrill can compensate for the lack of true love and companionship with the binary polar pair. without strong and free men, women are not happy, deep down. so let me detonate the bomb of truth and blow the establishment of matriarchy up in the air. we, leading, breathing women of the world must confess and reveal the truth. we've lied. the feminine is primal, but not superior. no. she and he must be reunited. in society as in language. we need men to be side-by-side with us. once above, once below. let's tango. let's fuck and get fucked. let's reestablish balanced Duality, harmonious Trinity, and ordered systems of universal analogy, with the one, single, central law of the SEED. the MAG. let nobody be castrated, mutilated, repressed and suppressed. let MAGic rule again. Let's find each other, in the first place.

Imagine... Look through the mirror, turn the image around by 180 degrees, and see that dogmatic patriarchy has been our canonised reality for the past 4000 years of his story. Adam's, Kain's, Abraham's version. The killer's version, a forged history. Now you hear hers too, the underdog's version, the victim's tale. The women's story. True history. The messiah is born from the wedlock of the two, woman and man, true and false, victim and killer. Juxtapose. Superimpose. Identify. And transform."