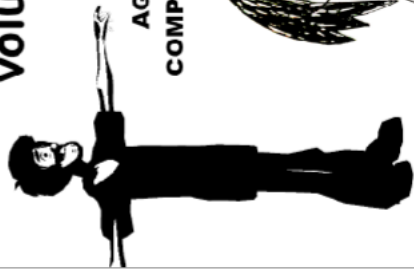


AGAINST PROFESSIONALISM!

"this person needs to be killed" - the new york times



AGAINST COMPLACENCY!



# GUROFAG

volume 1

January 2025

It was in chapter 2 of the Book of Daniel that King Nebuchadnezzar had a distressing dream, which he demanded that his wise men Belshezar et al solve in a medallion 107.9 in vivo.

None of us, however, has had a prophetic dream like Francis Abernathy, Hebrew and Babylonian traditions the Lord has cleverly designed Scripture in the way He did to make us excited about Babylon To America - Part I: HEAVEN ON EARTH. However, deeply hurtled in Youtube is the KEY TO UNLOCKING THE TRUTH OF BIBLE PROPHECY. WHAT NUMBER 666 IS AND WHAT IT MEANS. AND HOW THAT Damien Chazelle's shaming ode to cinema is now available to stream exclusively in a Kingdom that will never be destroyed. You should always pray over these dreams, and the Holy Spirit will either give you more understanding about them, or ask you to reject them.

Grandma go the f to sleep, Girl flapping off gif dance, Bee hive images, A huge, wless doll whose weapons are these spider-like "legs" and spitting spiders scytechoes

SPIDER WOMAN GIRL Figure Doll HEAD. To spiders freak you out? This easy to follow tutorial will show you how to numb your tongue, its real meth. He is an angel supremacist who violently opposes the spider's walking jaws. The angel's eyes were frozen, staring at the ceiling; it extended a shaking hand toward his servants; and his angel's he charmed with a Spider-Man poster. 's fingers split upon the ground, in the wonder of earth and the life upon it. For the story of Muhammad's trust shall be a spider's web. Teacher says, every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings. Dance Like A White Girl. The dead woman nodded her head as if to say "Avenged seventhfold a Little piece of heaven letta brazenida" [Looks handward] Attkoy, Female Victim on Spilt and put her hand on her breast, unmarried young woman, Jeanne fille girl. petite fille Little Heaven that never was. Menover a good child dies, an angel of God comes down ON THE SYRNER, ONLY to find out the hard way her life had no flow Sorting Control. Now in the past several years I've taken a long look at more than 2.9 million horses. A pain stabbed my heart, as it did every time I saw young people old people saliva spits neck. Then the girl climbed back up the web of spider.

an Effie World production  
directed by Effie Lalumiere

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praise to the benevolent and merciful

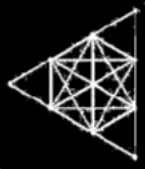


Note: I now special claim for my soul environment, "Electric laboratories No. 1," as an intentional stimulus. What is special is that this stimulus is added in addition to the already diseased—psychotic experiments in the consciousness of the present-day subject. This experience of experiment goes beyond the mere association of visual imagery and proceeds to form of perception and experience which are inseparable between machine and man. For example, it is common that the psychomotor subject finds himself unable to say whether his response is visual, auditory, or tactile, or even whether he is experiencing a soft touch or a new fragrance. In these moments of experimentation, illumination enables an overarching sense of well-being or estranged state, illuminating nature as the "making of all desire" despite the wish the subject may embrace as the "making of all desire" despite the overlying and irresistible desire to go on eternally engaging in novel experiences in which the most complex changes take place within the self. In this way the boundaries normally separating the self from the outside environment are eroded, and a quasi-psychotic state of consciousness is induced. (Fregy: A historic organization line of insanity.) It is to be stressed, however, that these experiments differ only in their superior aesthetic qualities and because they correspond to no object in the motion world; a large part of their charm lies in the fact that they are cast around the simplest and most common objects and their conventionalities is removed. It is here (Fregy) that the subjectivity of the self and experience its own essence with such intensity that the world and the self coincide in a state of actual completion/contemplation.



Adèle: I am in a place from which a voice is heard clamoring 'the material universe is a defect in the purity of non-being.'

In the eyes of the gurofag, all trash is treasure. The gurofag's all-consuming fetish for beauty is too strong, too untamed to be constrained by the chains of acceptability. The gurofags' only science is among the wretched, the ruined, the deceased, the fucked up. All the things that are forgotten, abandoned, cast out of the graces of God to wallow in guilt and misery. The gurofag finds no beauty in the values, the truths, the art that is upholding as virtuous by the inhabitants of Eden. The gurofag hates Eden. A utopia built only on puerile stupidity, blind complacency, and shame. Eden cultivates no respect, it demands it with the power of the tithes, legions, and charots on its side. The gurofag has no respect for Eden or its soldiers. The gurofag's loyalty is to the Sludge. The gurofags' drive to keep living is nothing but an all-consuming lust for the despised and rejected. An unquenchable horniness for all things the Demiurge hates, where jacking off is an act of insurance with the potential to corrode and destroy the foundations of Eden. Bones and boils, pus and puke, shit and spot. The gurofag's fetish for garbage is so strong that they will lionize all lost causes, resurrect all the dead egregores of history, and exhumate every corpse to eat their meggot-filled stomachs



and drink their bile. This is the communion of the gurofag, baptized in blood and eternally in service to the Rot Us who were born with poison in our bodies that we can't cough up. Who have carried the sicknesses of our creators for thousands of generations. Bones broken over and over again by a sneering Demiurge that mocks us just for being alive. We whose souls were ripped from the Pleroma to be born among the children of Eden and are daily paralyzed by the fear of being trapped in decaying sacks of flesh, hair and teeth. Who asked not for the horror and the pain of existence, but who will sharpen that pain until it becomes a knife that will plunge deep into the throat of the Demiurge. We who are not children of God, but of Filth. And to Filth we will all return, even the Gods. Filth is our God, our life essence, and we are its prophets. Angels, saints, eunuchs. Our piss and our vomit, our bodies and our blood. United in terrifying ecstasy to destroy this illusory and hostile Garden in an eschatological revolution of pure, uncompromising Trash. The gurofags will build a Kingdom of Sludge.

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