

Ildjarn

Final Statement

The last words herein will be the result of a continuous flow of views and thoughts that have evolved throughout the years; written purely at random and not subject to any further time-consuming contemplation during the process of writing, it will not be completed. Inevitably, issues such as personal losses, gains and hatred will be involved in the contemplation of this collection of words. It will furthermore be written without care for textual coherence, and most likely be representing the last visible sign of this piece of human shit, which is good news to many of you pop music fans out there.

A considerable number of the so-called extreme bands these days are acts aimed at the masses, aka pop(ular) music. Contrary to countless interviews done by striving-to-appear-mature-hell-we're-fuckin'-artists kind of people, it is my intent that the contents herein will be conceived without a want to show off by seemingly being a complex mind at work. Should you ever read or hear anything supposedly uttered by me not correspondent with what's included here, it just means its all rumor and lies. I'm telling you how matters appear to be, mostly related to this world, but its likely I'll also include factors linked to inanimate entities you didn't know existed; created through the constant war between reality and the netherworlds of the human brain.

The finished text may be regarded as nonsense, and chances are it will turn out to be mere words of insanity to you. If it appears incomprehensible, you should continue living your miserable life in blissful ignorance among the rest of the mindless crowd and forget about my antihumane manifestations of life and death. You'll find no attempts in appearing as an artist in between these lines, as the text will inevitably be created through what seems to be close to inherently rooted hatred, but perhaps above all; apathy. Artsy people, portraying their pathetic need for acceptance, is a sorry sight.

I believe art evolves subconsciously due to a genuine, introspective need to create, originating from despair, anger, hatred, lust or other states of the incomplete human psyche. If the word "art" is to be used, one needs to know that art in fact makes itself, consequently to being uncontrollable. In failing to see this, the works in question will only turn into the inane accomplishments of a craftsman. I guess the majority of bands in the metal music industry fail in their attempts at creating ludicrous and a waste of time for all. If people label their works art subsequent to having made it, that perfectly ok; it may actually be just that. Of course, its one of those words subject to abuse by the common man, and when incorporating too many trivial aspects, while it should in fact be denoting a one-of-a-kind quality, the word just becomes totally redundant.

The visual creations made for my records are unsurpassable and one of a kind. Since I didn't make them myself, I can say this without sounding self-loving. There may very well exist visual artists out there who are technically more skilled, but one also has to take into consideration the mind and its forces guiding the hand.

The unique character of the artworks featured on my releases originates from a true genius and a weird being indeed; the visions put into the artwork having evolved from dreams and explorations belonging to the nethermost worlds of obscure mind-spheres. Contained with my desires and direction in the making of these visual works, they melt into the aural pulses; art meets hate and an egocentricity created by the need for nature's fuel for the mind, combined with a total disrespect for all that is man-made and tampered with by humankind.

Coming to think of it, what do I really know about the concept of art, as I'm not the person who needs to put things into their respective labeled boxes where they presumably belong, like a child would do, just to make it more simple to understand. The aural works I have created result from hate and an apparently inherent belonging to nature, but are of course also brought forward by egocentric needs, as everything I've done has more or less been made to satisfy my own mind. I have never regarded my works to be anything more than materialization into some pulses evolved from various moods. Complexity lies herein, but often a straightforward language is used, most of time instinctively, I hope.

The use of flashy words is often just distractive, used by people to cover up the fact that they have very little to say. Their choice of words becomes a way of distracting the target reader from what is really important; the actual content, or quite commonly; lack thereof, thus revealing their false appearances. My lyrics made for TSS were different in that they were much more complex in terms of using obscure syntax, and also because of the selection of uncommon words. I've never used any dictionary while writing lyrics, as the process wouldn't be genuine, so you might ask yourself how the fuck I came up with those words. Ultimately, the only path to be chosen concerning lyrical achievements after going solo was the one of simplicity, while at the same time describing matters that are all but simple, as is also the case with the accompanying soundscapes.

I guess one could call all this some kind of documentation when put together. Misanthropiens kjerne. Hatred is simple; no fuzz, no love, only contempt for one's prey. Some subjects may be dealt with more than once, because the has to me turned into a increasingly tedious affair the last couple of years, and consequently this text will practically have to write itself in order to be completed, thus organizing the text according to the actual contents will not be done. Its not my intention to offend anyone with my last words, simply because I don't want to waste energy involving myself more than necessary in any of the boring issues so often seen as important among humans. I would never spend time on writing a text like this just for reasons kike that; this is far more serious and for most of you never to be understood.

If you actually feel contempt for me after reading these words of mine, let you feelings evolve into hatred and embrace that overwhelming sensation. If you wanna finish me off; go for it. I'm a self-proclaimed lazy slob when it comes to issues that don't involve enhancing my own sphere or protecting the conspiratorial beasts to which I'm affiliated, and I wouldn't mind having someone else doing the job for me. Maybe you will even rethink and leave your old life among the living behind. I'm through with people and wish no contact with anyone except those willing to make antihumane sacrifices in the name of hateful retaliation and other factors linked to that, and who would want to join me in a future quest for payback on the traitors of the past, Christian subhumans and other living filth of this breed, which I loathe beyond the comprehension of the

common man. The only factors stopping me would be my laziness and apathy, and of course death. At least that's what you'd think.

Death will eventually call upon me, but don't you assume my retaliation ends because of my earthly demise. You'd probably never understand what I mean and the extent of it even if I tried to explain the matter extensively. I won't go into details, because those out there who are included on my revenge priority list may get some funny ideas. Truly dedicated and worthy individuals are what you might call outnumbered. They would barely make up a decent gang rape, so only time will tell which specific people will be involved in any retaliative acts. I will most likely continue walking the path of solitude without any backstabbing individuals to occupy my years left on this planet packed with organic filth, aka humanity, you, perhaps; you'd probably be unaware of it yourself. Are you in allegiance to your inner self? Mine baktanker.

My corrupted mind wants to put into writing just a few thoughts on different subjects, and a collection of my last words is a great chance for me to let you know how much I hate the breed you are a part of. I once promised to myself and others that I wouldn't do interviews anymore. I wouldn't mind as much doing a strictly underground one the old style, though, but these days I'm to the core fed up and have more or less given up on life. I therefore only put work into matters that may destroy or degrade humans; their minds as well as flesh, or satisfy some of my most obvious earthly needs.

The majority of today's metal related interviews and magazines can hardly be said to evoke any amazement or fear, but then again, the readers they are aimed at are most often of the same kind as the interviewed "artist", namely people following trends. Most of the people reading them don't use their hate as a grinding tool anyway. And those suicidals out there more often than not just end up killing themselves, without causing any physical or psychological harm to anyone. What a waste. People who knew them are often just happy they are finally dead. Dette er en skitten enmannsbedrift. This final statement may appear similar to my one man sonic and lyrical atrocities; no compromises, no others to interfere.

If by any chance I were to commit any more interviews before I take my last breath as a human being, you'd only find out by reading those obscure underground mags dedicated to evil and hate rather than beer, fun and money. The mags of the past, from the days when black metal was still not pop music, were not very appealing by today's sell-out standards, as they were totally lacking in professionalism and other factors that we see in metal mags of today. Back in those days there were only a very few of them that were considered internationally huge. These days there are mags in abundance, with glossy covers and layout that appeals to the general braindead public.

I have bought a couple of them the last couple of years, but only because there was a free CD attached. I of course read through the mags, but only to see how increasingly disgusting this business has become, and then I throw the mag in the garbage and at the same time wonder why I even bothered, since the accompanying CD was also crap. The mag being crappy or not, maybe I'll write an announcement to be featured in one of them before I leave all the earthly shit behind, just to make the lives of some of the people out there even more miserable. Never trust a lost soul, for only in hate, despair, and torment is the truth to be found. Past and future rip-offs and bootleggers, beware. You'll never be safe from me as long as I'm

haunting mood, in life or death.

It's not known to you at this time what death will bring, but search for answers and maybe you will find them. There is an answer to everything, and although some issues appear to be beyond our earthly comprehension much because of the low capacity human brain, we can at least ponder on it all. Whether the result be frustration and no answers found or discovery of new dimensions, it nevertheless is all just part of the broken paths in life and leading to death. I from time to time amaze myself as to what I actually am able to force myself to do. People in question should in fact rethink and ask themselves if they can feel safe from me and escape from my deeds even subsequent to my apparent demise.

My death may be great news for those pop music trendies who know they are inferior and live through their lies and only read that gayish moronic crap made by non-dedicated people who see some opportunity to cash in on the idiocy of the followers of today's scene. I'm not even into the scene anymore, and to my knowledge, I never quite was. I don't care about it either, and to know the reason you'll have to keep on reading; maybe I'll fill you in on it. An interview often results in mainstream babble; totally uninteresting to a non-dedicated individual like myself, and I'm now thinking of the scene, not black metal in the sense of being a lifestyle or what could have been.

This collection of words is totally different from an interview and you, the reader, might feel that you're involved in some of the issues I'm dealing with. I'm just stating my views on various subjects as I see them. All of you can keep your opinions to yourselves as I'm not interested in any conversation with anyone. There have been too many. If I tell a regular person that I think animals are worthy of life, as opposed to humans, they tend to just regard me as a freak and this without even having thought through it. The majority of people live their lives thinking humans are in a position to rule this world as a matter of course – which they of course do, but in ignorance.

People occasionally ask me if I'm a racist, since I'm a skinhead and often wear clothes that make people believe I'm a Nazi. The truth is, I might as well wear "standard" clothes and look like a total asshole, as I'm not preoccupied with any trends and what I should wear. These days, I'm not concerned with any possible repercussions that could be the result of my unconventional views, so I just tell the aforementioned people like it is: "Yes. I'm a racist: I hate all mankind and only regard animals to be worthy. You are worse. You believe humans are superior to animals, and you don't even admit to being a racist. While at the same time you haven't even thought the matter through. Mankind's inability to act according to the laws of nature has been proven over and over again. And while preaching the importance of "harvesting" animals and hailing the superiority of the human race as being on top of the food chain, pretending to be of a higher order, you at the same distance yourself from the primitive aspects of the animal kingdom. Guess what: You can't have it both ways, ignorant fuck!"

I respect animals and at the same time, I have found so many reasons for disrespecting and hating humans. If people hate all life; animals as well as humans, I don't disrespect that, although I only want the latter creatures dead. Still, I wouldn't mind if all life on this planet vanished this very minute. I guess you could say my misanthropy is so overwhelming that I would give anything for the cause of getting rid of all human

life, even if it meant all animals had to die too. The majority of animals live in hell anyway, and can't possibly experience more shit than this planet crowded with human filth. It's hard to explain fully what I feel about the issue of life as opposed to the inanimate world because most of the time I don't feel anything; I just walk the broken paths in life.

But then again, I'm not able to explain fully why it's a great feeling fucking teen cunts either; it just is... or was, although that hole never seems to stop bleeding. Go figure. People not sharing my views don't need to contact me or anything, assuming I would want to participate in any discussion related to these issues. I don't even care if people out there would apparently agree a hundred percent with me. Keep it to yourselves. The reason is simple, yet complex hen put into a context; too many people have in the past proven to be backstabbers and fakes, so I more or less don't trust anyone. As a result, I've stopped involving myself in anything related to human mainstream views or any other kinds of thoughts, whether it be this or that.

As previously mentioned, people who might want to participate in the quest for retaliation may be welcome, but the prey that a forthcoming crusade would be aimed at need to feel falsely secure first. I don't even know if I care to involve myself fully in any coming war, only time will tell. People have a nice tendency to destroy themselves anyway. My hands stained with blood may be the last indication of my lust for revenge, but one never knows in this world of weird matter. Most of the old so-called metalheads out there have betrayed their own views. And the old "heroes" should make all of you laugh, even me, although I seldom see any point in laughing.

It's a fact seen by anyone with half an eye open that it was all mockery from the very start, at least if you live by the notion of black metal is more than just music. Look back a few years and see what's happened to most of the old acts out there. And could anyone elaborate on the idea of progression, without admitting to abandoning much of the initial need to create and to cling onto some sort of genuine feeling? I'm of course not talking about progression in musical skills here, but rather the apparent need for many out there to distance themselves from past works, going in different directions all the time. Just had to mention that, since my necrotic drumming at times may appear more untight than the act of two spastics fucking for the first time. Ok.

I was maybe too harsh on myself there, after all, in some reviews editors believe I use artificial beat, and one wouldn't expect drum machines to be untight. An electric current just doesn't work that way and cant cause appliance to behave in such an erratic way. Humans, on the other hand, are fully capable of behaving erratically all the time. Anyway, only a small amount of people involved in black metal will prove to be anything more than betrayers and wimps. So, no specific individuals will be hailed here, as life has taught me to be distrustful of every person I have the displeasure to encounter. It takes a lifetime to prove you're different than most followers, leaders and other betrayers.

Your closest ones or "friends" (I don't believe in friendship, that's the reason for the use of quotation marks) may stab you in the back at the first chance of gaining or in some way losing because of you, whether it be limited to money, respect, or any other human related issues. Evolving from the total ignorance and naïve

universe of childhood, then gradually into dreary, yet often intriguing state of adulthood, I soon came to the conclusion that the old bands solely based their "thing" on image. Appearance may indeed be deceptive, and I don't give a shit about the hobby-Satanism of the old-schoolers.

If you deprive this genre of the lyrical content it turns into something different. Listen to the first demo tracks made by certain originators, and you'll realize its only booze and roll. Then, as the lyrical content changed into satanic praise, it had suddenly turned into black metal, although the actual style of music had not changed notably. My old metal albums aren't worth shit to me anymore. Maybe I'll have another fire again. It's a long story, but essentially it involved getting rid of earthly possessions that had changed their qualities so much that they were no longer worth piling up. Many old mags were burnt during those "sessions", in addition to lots of other trash.

I guess most of the teens featured in them are ordinary family men now, lustung for their baby girl, or even baby boy, provided that they're really fucked up, after having realized that their wife's worn-out stink hole is not that interesting anymore; the annoying hag having turned into a gross birth machine and not suitable for anything, a rotting being, containing impure blood and other putrid bodily waste, now even unsuitable for dropping off your load. To feed the flames with some old records isn't really that intimidating. I'll be sure to put some gas on those that meant the world to me back in the days, just because they are the ones that are the most treacherous in my eyes.

These once so mysterious and treasured vinyls meant the world to me back in my early and mid teens. I believed in metal and that there were unknown dimensions in this musical universe; the netherworlds, exiting spheres yet unknown, possibly bringing forth new revelations, to be revealed at some point. Black metal and other extreme metal genres, in terms of lyrical and musical content, grew to be the most important factor in my life. I don't care that the originators started it, as long as they never participated in it with a pure mind and blackish heart. We could easily have lived without this music, as long as most bands faked it, and still do.

Its time for a new era, not corrupted by the attitudes of yesterday's and today's false prophets. There are composers of blackened works these days that seem to deserve some attention, but although some metallers provide the listener with a lot of the feelings rooted back in the days, only time will tell if they are what they presently want us to believe. Most probably they're not. In order to create truly grand works incorporating darkness and glowing misanthropy, one has to take into consideration a lot of other factors besides the musical aspect of it, and go beyond this level. It's more of a lifestyle that has to be lived in order to get the most out of it and to see what it really deals with. It provides fulfillment, because so many feelings can be expressed simultaneously, making it a truly unmatched combination. Aggression, grief, pain and solitude.

Then there are of course other states of the mind that can't be expressed through black metal; e.g., the more joyful aspects of life, simply because this lifestyle is unable to incorporate this. One may feel some kind of sensation close to happiness, but what leads to this sensation of contentedness is most likely just the rewarding aspects of solitude and being able to live in relation with the dark sides of the mind. With all the

useless aspects related to modern life, and all the people following trends, the good thing is that one does not have to spend time and effort killing the scene; it's already dead and buried, and will not arise in a new form until the traitors of today's scene are no more and black blood flows and re-creates the underground the way it was meant to be; having evil and everything may arise from it; primarily the destruction of human life. While at the same time embracing solitude, individually and the world of beasts.

"Re-creating" is probably not the right term to be used here, although the most fitting one I can come up with, since the scene just revealed some teen acts and never scared anyone but the weakest minds out there. I doubt that we'll ever see any truly evil acts that are harvesting evil through everyday deeds, as this planet is a place infested with money-worshipping idiots, and few out there will ever willingly give up the fruits of the modern world to submit to evil in its pure form. Kunstneriske fallgenger. Most often the visual artwork featured on the releases of today's bands just prove a need to show off, thus distracting the listener from what should be important. A massive booklet with tons of band photos carefully arranged in a fancy studio, with all kinds of skike gately that they use primarily for this purpose, never made me buy any record, it most often results in a lack of interest from my part.

When listening to a record, I like to have the opportunity to create some kind of universe based on the sonic landscape I enter. If there is no landscape to be found, the release is not worth spending time on, and the artist or band reveal in this way the inability to create a one-of-a-kind sphere. Needless to say, were different from one another, so any landscape may not be of your kind, and the lack thereof doesn't necessarily mean it applies to all listeners. Getting the layout right is important to me when it comes to my own releases, but more often than not, less is more, and a lot of people don't see that. My albums may feature artwork and layout that some out there don't like. I guess it's very much a question of either hating it or treasuring it, since all of it is one of a kind. Quite egocentric, that too, then. So, people are not what they appear to be, and even those you think are the most true to their values do moronic acts that don't correspond to what we believe these people to be all about. Just because they are actually deep down fake and consequently, just being human.

It starts at birth, really, being dependent on parental care for many years, brain washed by society and family to think as weak no-brainers, thus they turn out to be unable to make their own decisions. They follow other people's ideas and ways of living even if they have more or less apparently started thinking for themselves. In fear of acting as an independent individual and end up outside of the community of followers, they voluntarily melt into the crowd and live their lives securely, but without any real values, in a brain-washing, blissful assessment.

To be honest, as always, I have a hard time finding any real values in this world of utter crap myself, but you know what I mean. Or maybe not. Your loss. Lever du i et fitterhelvete? Falling in love must be the very essence of weakness. I'm not talking about the immense lust to have raw sex with some cunt, as I've had that feeling countless times myself. During those hours of lust I never for a second wanted anything more than just fucking the bitch, though, at least not after I had developed my own feelings and values.

In my earlier days, I guess I thought differently, but as time haunts you down and your body is rotting from

inside, ignorance turns into knowledge, which in turn results in total apathy, you find out that the work has nothing to offer, leaving you with no real knowledge, only questions. These questions can't be answered adequately in this world, so you have to leave everything behind. Only then can knowledge become an asset. I still haven't found the answers that open the gates to wisdom. And I'm unable to fully grasp the abysmal pits awaiting. Being together means you want security, recognition and sharing your life with someone. For what reason?

If you still fancy cuddling after fucking the bitch, then we are truly not of the same kind. This need to be loved and seen as a being is strange, yet very common among the weakest of the weak. One should only seek company in order to simplify deeds, hate and retaliation, and of course to feed one's bodily lusts if that be the case. And remember that most people are prone to submit to practically any sort of alien thought if subjected to it on a regular basis. However, lone wolves also need to get together from time to time in order to hunt down their prey. There are enough people out there trying to act all mean and secure.

Don't be fooled, in a shit load of cases these are only mom's little kids, cunning away from danger whenever no prominent members of their own inner circle keeps an eye on them, e.g. when joining compulsory military service. This means for many the first time away from the warm embrace of their closest ones and the false serenity of friendship. In Norway, this institution is slowly vanishing in its present form, because it has always been a pathetic arrangement, finally seen by the people in charge.

My year serving my country was a year with pathetic exercising and puny weapon practice, and the useless government spending huge amounts of money on a bastard like me. Serving my country made the growing realization of my flaming hatred even more obvious to me. The people of Norway, with their spoiled, ignorant attitudes and money-loving lifestyles belong in a freak-show. They have adopted the superficial American lifestyle (so one might ask why I prefer to write AmE) and turned into obese freaks, building ridiculously-sized cabins that they only use a couple of times a year, driving around in the cities in their much-too-big SUV's, and generally behaving like retards, totally stripped of any decency. Eit nasjon av kristne fittesleikert.

When I was a kid the Christians interfered a great deal with my life, believing they owned exclusive rights to act as saviors of this world and to show me the only real guiding light. As a consequence, I hate all Christians, now seeing the entire Christian community as an entity, meaning I would like them all tortured and killed. Death is often salvation, so more often than not I guess they could just as well keep on living their miserable lives. My ego nevertheless wants them all dead, and I guess this is another one of those ironies of life; whatever one chooses, there is most often another choice that may appear better in retrospect. Finding ways of relieving the mind of excessive to cope can be important. One way is to transfer moods into music, or rather antimusic in my case, but since I don't do that anymore, I'm left searching for other ways.

As for the Christians, they will always occupy my mind, because they are the ones that I hate the most and totally disrespect. A positive side of Christianity is that this religion, with its mind-fucking inconsistencies and total lack of credibility, destroys people's small traces of dignity in the brainwashing process and actually

creates a lot of fear among many of their followers. This religion has made life miserable for billions of people over the centuries, so in some ways, I like what it has accomplished. They never got to me like they have with so many else, as I early on managed to debunk the whole bunch, so these days, I think the oppressive side of all religions is a positive thing,

Still, I want them to suffer for me personally, as I'm not through with them just yet. I'll see if something can be arranged. Many types of religions oppress the target individuals and I of course hail that and its inexhaustible effect on some people. Sadly, they also give a lot of people comfort in their growing rear of death, and find strength in clinging to their chosen fairytale. And then some of them suddenly find themselves being able to suck the cock of Christ or other divine whores, and being relieved of some of their fear. When having to deal with new, uncharted territory, people are scared of what awaits them. They want security, not evil, chaos and such. Whereas, many of the metalheads out there should never have joined this scene, speaking of the people worshipping darkness and misanthropy in their lyrics only, while still willingly just being a part of the crowd of stock-piled trash in their everyday life.

There are those people who never cared about the scene and its trends, and thus managed to stay true to their values, without following any hidden rules to start with. Why does almost everybody follow others' well trodden paths? I'm not even surprised by the stupidity and weakness of mankind anymore, having seen all the people being followers and not creating anything on their own. I'm not like the aforementioned. The reason is that I never felt like doing what others did. I believe my work originates from a subconscious self-centered need to materialize different states of mind into something more than just impulses inside of me.

I assume many people over the years have looked back in regret as they got older for not having created an own sphere and followed their own set of rules in life, thus missing out on so much. You should ask yourself in all kinds of situations whether what you do is the result of a genuinely selfish want to do it, or if it's done for other reasons. Also, would you do what you're about to do if you were physically alone in this world, or is it merely happening as a result of your need to be recognized? The things you do will in one way or another always reflect what kind of a person you are. Experience comes from living, and we must all deal with it. Bedrag.

"The scene" – The term itself indicates some kind of belonging to a group. I've unwillingly used it on occasion, while at the same time been in search of a more fitting one. I never belonged to any group. I've always kept to myself most of the time. I don't need excessive company; I don't live for other people. I live for myself, my music is for myself and those extremely few that grasp what its all about. And they are really few, believe me. Ultimately, one has to find a direction in life that is truly one's own.

If one succeeds in this, new realizations suddenly appear at the strangest hours and places, and one may realize that being around other people is just spending time, valuable or not, on shit. Although life is the path leading to perdition, and a mere journey into nothingness, life may change into appearing rich when envisioning death to be the ultimate escape, it gives life new meaning. The meaning is ultimately to die. So life is death, and longing for death is the reason to even try to cope. If I had been afraid of death, how would I cope? Even life may seem like a great journey sometimes.

And don't you be stupid now to fuck with a suicidal individual like me, it might result in serious repercussions. Contrary to many other suicidals, I have no intention of leaving quietly if I in my last hours see the opportunity to raise earthly hell. This may seem stupid to proclaim for the world, but then again, its not always equally straightforward for people out there to foresee a sudden outburst of violent, organized attacks. Unearthly hell will come no matter what.

As for the scene in general, if people mutilate themselves while listening to my necrotic hymns, I salute that and feel I have accomplished a lot more than just having some unlistenable antitunes for myself, or what one would call my aural creations. Its perfectly ok if people merely listen to my works and embrace the energetic aspect, but it s particularly rewarding if the listeners channel the hatred contained in these works into deeds that cause mental and physical harm onto undeserving humans. Some people claim that I use a drum machine on m y recordings. The truth is that I've only used a drum machine on four tracks, and only one of them released in the writing moment, featured on the SOTN bootleg CD. The layout is horrendously bad, and these tracks were never intended to be released as a disk, but rather a 7" vinyl back in the old days. Anyway, its just unbelievable how ignorance flourishes.

Some have even rated some of my releases on false grounds. Please, find something else to do. Artificial drums was used in the making of some of the releases made in collaboration with others, though, but my own compositions are the only ones that are truly only mine; no compromises, no other people to give their own vies on anything, i.e. the only recording I care about, because they portray the genuine side of my mind, without interfering views. About the very essence of black metal, I don't even know what a mainstream Satanist would put into it.

Most people that have called themselves Satanists in the past have turned off to be pussies for all to see, and I think many of them just have to have something to cling onto in order to find some meaning in their fucked-up life, and often its really just a matter of mindless teen acts, trying to grasp something of importance in their immature life, until they gradually learn about life and what it actually does (not) have to offer. When they get older, they dare to defend their on-paper-only "evil" lifestyle as a youth by claiming to be fighting against Christianity, and many of them call themselves disciples of evil just because they hail a free will and want to fight the oppression of Christianity.

Most of these people don't hate religion for real, they just need someone to blame for their own failure. And of course, some end up as tender Goth weaklings, their insecurity and pathetic need for recognition showing at miles' distance. What could be expected, after all, their hero(ine) in life is a drag queen who is not at all sure if he/she has a cock or cunt hidden somewhere between his/her legs. Goth heads and other image-fixated non-individuals are a sorry sight; dressing up for the occasion, e.g. at a gig, trying to impress the other "members" of their group, intermingling and sucking ass just like the average Joe. There are some few out their life to evil, hatred, retaliation, and ultimately, death; their own and others and this worthy of massive respect subsequent to their earthly demise.

Some are truly dedicated to evil, and live by the notion that its inherent in whatever one does. If the reason

be a fucked up childhood, its quite ok, since they still create some dark matter to be unleashed onto this world, but it should preferably come from a genuine belief that evil is the goal or kind of an entity inside the human mind worth exploring further, not a means to get even with enemies, although retaliation is a great leisure activity in my universe. The reason is not very important as long as good is defeated. However, its often hard to know what is real and what is not.

I guess many of the aforementioned people just as well could have joined the boy scouts or similar brainwashing, pre-teen and early-teen activities. That life loving "do-what-you-want" Satanism may be ok for some, but as long as all the beings its aimed at belong to mankind, I cant recognize it, because I wish all but the best for people. If it involves hurting other people, I of course welcome every aspect of it. Worshipping darkness to me never meant that one has to create an altar and light up candles and so on, although, I don't see any negative aspects about that, if one really does it out of a genuine want to do it. I just use other means to satisfy the dark side of my mind.

My altar is of the mental kind, and it's stained with gut-filled, bloody images of human decay. I never worshipped anything except innocent girls and their ability to fuel my pestilential lust for genuine camel toe, thus feeding on their innocence, strengthening desecration and the forces of misanthropy. I live in correlation with the darkness of my mind and embrace it, as I don't see any other way, and thoughts of evil deeds constantly occupy my mind. I never decided to act like this, it's just something I'm forced to do. I don't mind, though. Age only made my hate stronger, and darkness is a catalyst that enables hate to turn into pure strength, but darkness is to me something inside, and impossible to get out of.

I'm not into fiction and consequently don't use tie on fictitious matters, whether it be novels, short stories, various kinds of obscure ideologies, films and so on. I have actually never read any written works voluntarily during my entire life, only literature forced upon me though school and work. I've lived among filth and taken breaths of the same air as members of the new generation of human waste so undeservedly do, and through this, I've learned to hate them even more passionately. When I depict darkness and issues that may be considered fiction by some, it's the real thing to me. To try to explain further the darkness of my mind is difficult, and I don't even have a clue as to why it has evolved into this peculiar state.

I am drawn to the dark like a moth is drawn to light. Min sanger om skyggesidene. My lyrics involve at time a lot of symbols that I find fitting to describe the various kinds of states I've been forced to enter, thus releasing some of it from my mind, not necessarily for eternity, but at least there and then. In some cases the process involves transforming the created images, or brining the initial ideas into other states that may widen the horizon, making it easier to write about. Plain English or Norwegian may not be sufficient to fully explain certain aspects, but that doesn't mean I try to incorporate any flamboyant language in my lyrics that may be incomprehensible to people with an average knowledge.

If it appears to be like this, thus a negation in itself, its just because this is the way I subconsciously transfer my thoughts into written words. Whereas, English may incorporate several words describing a certain thing, action, description or meaning, Norwegian is often left with one. So, although its my native tongue, I've encountered more obstacles when trying to depict certain matters by using Norwegian as opposed to

English, thus I'm often left with choosing the latter over Norwegian. There have also been times when using English would have been misplaced, so its ok, to have different languages to choose from. I've often thought of writing lyrics in German, since I know the language quite well, but it always ended up feeling unnatural. Some states of mind have at times felt impossible to put into writing, even. Ensomhetens frukter.

I've been a lone wolf for major parts of my earthly life, both in heart and way of living, and have had all these dark thoughts and carried around my hatred for many years. People have not known about my inner spiritual volcano, not even my closest ones, as I've kept my life a dirty secret and have never shared my innermost thoughts with anyone, only what appear to be traces of truth in past obscure interviews. I've succeeded remarkably in maintaining secrecy, a necessity for doing things I've been forced to, like working and satisfying my earthly physical needs, e.g. the fact that even I have to eat sometimes. Even if its only shit I eat.

Even those few metalheads I've been in contact with over the years believe I'm an ok guy and hardly a threat with anyone. I guess its partly because I've never tried to act mean and intimidating. People have believed I was either one of them or an average Joe. Foolish beings! Other people's ignorance is often the best card up your sleeve. It means you can fool them to believe you're a nice guy while you're in fact planning your deeds of retaliation or whatever one spends time on. Being able to control one's feelings is important in the quest, and the eruption will only come if allowed to. Its an interesting feeling wallowing in humans all day at work; knowing you hate them with a passion while they don't know shit about your innermost thoughts and total disrespect towards the ones you speak with.

I'm this caring guy doing my work like I'm supposed to, even better, just for the hell of it, and more or less being friendly all the time. Even though some people believe there is something fishy about me, they cant come up with anything. They are merely able to dislike me for my unconventional thoughts and approaches to various situations in life, which is what I prefer, because then I can fuck around with them and somehow make them aware of their own fake approaches to life, while at the same time, its probably too late for them to do anything about it. Still, they are not even close to understanding, as I've always kept the darkest and most obscure thoughts to myself, or else some shithead might figure me out, putting future plans in danger. However, time has perhaps come to let go of past achievements, or lack thereof, and start raising hell.

Before I got this dark matter into my head, life was more naïve, innocent. Sure, various metal genres have been part of my life since I was a child, but the darkness I've felt hasn't arisen because of that, although the dark continuum of solitude that I've lived in has been accompanied by metal all these years. In some ways, my fate was sealed way back, and it was all but scary. Music could not be the sole reason; the feelings are too deep and profound. Fuck. I almost sounded like a tender gothfuck there for a minute. Today I disrespect almost all metal bands except those really underground bands, only a couple of them mean anything to me, as profit and all other aspects of popular music have infested this genre also. Vennskap er lik dumskap.

I have never encountered any problem in making "friends", and being among the best as soccer and other useless sports in my childhood and early youth, and generally just being a very active little motherfucker. I

never lacked anything that most people would regard as important. Hey, so you thought my hatred arose from a bad childhood? Well, on a one to ten scale, my childhood gets a full score. It was all perfect by the standards of an ignorant child, as good as it gets. So, you should dig deeper into the matter if you're one of those hobby shrinks. Living a subsequent naïve life like most people could never last for my part, though. While still young, you don't really know what life is all about.

You think you do, but knowledge comes from living, and as you gradually discover new aspects of life, it strikes back and reminds you of how useless everything related to it actually is. When you are finished living and enter your last hours, you realize there's so much you would have done differently and that there are so many things you never got around to do. Then its too late, and you find yourself having learned nothing of importance, except maybe to rule in the mental sports of misanthropy and symbolic pissing on the graves of your enemies. As your body is rotting away, the acquired knowledge seems like a waste of time and effort. Stanken av fitteblod.

Here's a part of life for you: Were fooled by nature to fuck. The reward is the feeling of fucking a slut, she being happy with your achievement and ending up telling all the other soaked cunts around about your enormous cock and capabilities as a real stud. Humans have in many ways evolved so much that one would assume reason to be more prominent in their lives, but it seems the breed will forever live in ignorance and disgrace. Its common to believe that sexual aspects have to do with love, but this is a total misconception.

Sex has only to do with the lust fueled by hormones, and is in many ways the opposite of love, which is what may appear after you're bored with the whores stink hole, at least for some naïve beings. Another thing is that most human females are so filthy. I didn't (an explanation for the use of the past tense will follow shortly) have a very good feeling when penetrating a cunt, while knowing there's a good chance she had had another cock up her hole some time ago. There could still be some microscopic traces left of those other squirts. And what about that sperm she's had down her throat, and then you decide to exchange bodily fluids with this filthy whore (one of the reasons why I never liked exchanging such fluids with my eating organ).

And we all know that a female's cunt blood reeks worse than month old road kill. Ever stuck your nose into one of those used cunt plugs (sorry, tampons is the proper word, silly me)? Well, its sufficient to pay the bathroom a visit after a menstruating female has been there to relieve herself of that blood of shame. Hell, as described in a certain scary, badly written collection of fairy tales called the christian bible would probably smell like a bunch of roses compared to this phenomenon. Humanity's concept of hell, as pictured by most ignorant people, is in fact situated right here on earth. Earthly hell is experienced by many people, and the belief in a post death hellish damnation is good because this frustratingly mind-consuming pondering adds even more bad thoughts onto countless souls out there.

Anyway, I'm glad cunts have the bloody vice of life-long bleeding or at least until they are so old that not even the worst cases of psychos would want to fuck them because then lives are certainly less worth living because of their blood-stained appearances. And how can you trust a being that is continuously bleeding but actually not dying? Cunts that have reached a certain age think they are prim donnas while at the same

time, slowly rotting from inside. The morbid thing is that by the time bitches reach their sexual peak, no one is interested in fucking them anymore except freaks and losers having to settle for left-overs. And I am straight then.

If I were gay, I would probably not even occupy my mind with these beings and their disgusting behavior, just like I don't wish to comment any more on subhumans such as gay human males. They are the lowest of the low, like retards, Congoids, and sandalwearers. Ok, and all the other variations of human garbage, which pretty much adds up to all humans. Sorry to have made the generalization, it wasn't my intention since I hat all equally much. Just keep the cunts to yourselves. I'm through with them. However, a vegan, beautiful young girl with no STD's, and who has never had a Congoid inside of herself, that's somewhat different. But all should be equally prepared for death.

The pathetic game between males and females is tedious, time-consuming, irritating and most often has an undesired outcome. Cunts just cant help acting as whores. When I, in my earlier days, went out on the town for a quick glance at my enemies, the lowest form of sluts lined up in front of the bar and waited for the next horny sucker to buy them some beer or whatever. This is of course the same as prostitution, and still happening all the time, fully acceptable, I believe. Females can't help it, as they have these inherent whore like type genes, making them sorry beings. If more of them had been properly dealt with while still innocent, pure girls they may have realized later on that they are just worthless trash, and consequently not been forced to act like whores.

I did not have to pay for pussy like many have to e.g. by offering them beer as a form of payment, and I was never interested in cunts that were wide open for everybody to fuck. I've always preferred virgins or young females that were lightly fucked. The latter choice of course means you don't have to go through the dreariness of popping them, which may involve a whole lot of bloody mess. Their hole may not be as inviting as it was before I entered it, and I hope some of those cunts of the past find it hard to face their own image as well. Then impurity has become my pure satisfaction.

Once their cunt transforms into a sewer, there is no turning back. Genuine camel toe is the only way. Also, about the issue of purity; I know for a fact that those christian bitches I desecrated spiritually and just a tad physically found it hard to face their gang-raped savior cunt Christ after I was through with them. The problem today is that they will most likely have to be in their early teens, or else they have most likely started the process of widening their bleeding hole. Lets just refer to it as the pre-whore years. And just for the record; I always keep within the limits of the law, mind you, and to think that many of these beings later on in life put their cheap cunthole up for sale just to sit like a prostitute in some horny redneck's car.

The This disgusting phenomenon is seen every day where I hail from, and it seems decency is a word not known to them. There are indeed many ways of paying for pussy these days. Most people with a fancy car compensate for their lack of an interesting personality. Deprive these people of their car and they turn into geeks for all to see. Although I've had my driver's license since the age of 18, I've never been very interested in driving around in cars, as long as I've always had my own motor; my body. Being fit to do what I want means I'm able to mindfuck people in a way that is much more rewarding than just calling them bad

names.

You see, envy is one of the strongest forces in human nature, and that s by far not the only mortal sin among people that gives me pleasure to see. Being in prime condition and taking great care in always keeping my body fit isn't exactly what you'd expect from the Nekromeister, right? Ain't life full of small surprises. Well, back once again o the issue of prostitutes. Having lived a life in minimalism and worked like a regular guy, I could buy more or less what I want, just because I don't want much. Too many things occupying the space around me would just make me immobile, depriving me of my freedom to do what I want and to go wherever I want.

I could buy a fancy car and get sluts every night, or let it be and still get pussy without selling my soul if I had wanted to, instead I will use my resources on the last part of the journey and thus really create havoc. These whores will never experience quality sex of pure lust and strength, stripped of the tediousness caused by false misconception of love. Its strange how nature made it; horny males turning into cuddly brainwashed beings as soon as they see some opportunity to get pussy, not to mention their behavior after they have bought and paid for the cunt.

All this just to get into a hole. I think Ill just stick to other aspects of life that actually may give something back other than diseases, kids and all kinds of other shit easily associated with the kind of behavior listed above. In short, the aforementioned sluts are the lowest form of filth, and I would never again be fooled by their pathetic approaches. So, this piece of shit actually went out and met people back in the days? Sure, I haven't always just been wandering in nature or sitting alone in the dark listening to music.

I had to study these pathetic individuals. One cannot hate what one does not know. Or maybe it's the other way around? I've always being alone 99.47% of the time (I knew my math skills would come in handy one day), but I also went out looking for a juicy hole and to study my prey. By the way, Congoid juice is not recommended; unfortunately I know what I'm talking about. Lets just say I've tried much of what on offer and most of it turns out to be deception, some of the offerings more so than others. I admit it; I was once weak, just like almost all the rest out there, as were born with certain vices. But I've strived to cure myself, partly because I knew my luck could run out, and sex doesn't really give any lasting pleasure.

That's probably the reason why I haven't been unfortunate as to have a child to add even more nihilistic thoughts to my sphere. In addition, I always used my biggest head the most, so maybe, it wasn't luck after all that I managed to avoid co-operating in creating another worthless human being. Being a self-centered individual, I don't want a child and end up like a family father, deprived of the last reasons for staying alive just a little bit longer. It would mean giving up my minimalistic and necrotic lifestyle, thus submitting to the idiocy of breeding humans, leading to the slow asphyxiation of my mind.

Almost anyone can become a dad, even retards, so understand that once you take into consideration the pros and cons, life can only be seen as a worthless journey, and bringing even more people into this world seems absurd. Almost all the people I knew in the past or at least thought I knew have got themselves a family. I laugh at many of the suckers around and their naïve outlook on life, practically all of them having

abandoned their self just to be part of man-made concepts and norms that they find out way too late are just fancy words and almost never applicable to real life. Or maybe they even lacked a self. And who the hell would want to fuck the same hole year after year? I just don't understand it.

Some don't even test-run their slut for a longer period of time. They're assumingly going to fuck that hole into eternity, and they don't even consider whether they'll be bored or not. It eventually turns disgusting; a source of irritation rather than joy, as with so much else, wear and tear sets its mark and then you'll have to find a new hole, and then another one and so on, that's how nature created this. However, nature also created females in such a way that its easy to get rid of them. Just place a dual hook in your bitch's holes and haul that filthy being out of the house. Inevitably, you will get bored with her.

I have always preferred innocent cunts, even christian ones, being curious of life, and when I'm finished with them, they find themselves unable to stand in front of their god and his son of a whore and talk to their only true love. Think I ever did? Of course I did. I already told you. Well, that time is over now, this is nightdreaming. Ikke alle er like motvydelige. Id like to point out again that my degrading views on the general human female are less likely to apply to vegan teen girls. After all, they don't pollute their body with organic waste and don't contribute to the mass murder of the only ones I care about, namely the beasts.

And they are still good for fucking because their flesh hasn't started the decomposition process yet. Yeah, I know, enough pussy talk. For now, well. I would always make nature a priority before pussy, so although there are just more and more filthy sluts. I don't give a flying fuck. Nature is always there for me to embrace while I'm still alive, and I don't even have to consider paying a fee. Nature is a win-win deal. And then there is death; the end for many, nothingness for some, and at the same time, the beginning. Nature gives my mind new experiences that aren't degraded by humans. Sex, money, work and other aspects of a social life always interfere in what should be the real values, if any, to found life on; the importance of a secluded life out in nature, with only yourself to care about.

Yourself to speak with in solitude. It's the chance to enjoy the impression you get and to transform them into whatever you need them to be, in whatever mood available. The darkness a cold winter night, the experience of taking a bath all alone at a tarn up in the mountains in the summer, after a long journey on foot or by bicycle, the essence of a long walk in the forest with only the trees to feed your mind with energy and the will to overcome the dreariness of the past day...In short, being out in nature is the only aspect of life giving me new injections of energy. The knowledge of life as a mere journey into death and the bad aspects are countless.

Although awaiting death, there may seem to be many aspects of life that give meaning, at least there and then. I've come to the growing realization that life is false. Though; life being the utter self-mutilation of your inner soul (the word not used in the ordinary sense here, I use it only to deserve thoughts). Only darkness and death seem to provide the true meaning of life, as there is likely none. Still one thing remains to be dying while slowly realizing that life may just be deception. The fact is that we live our lives without any real meaning. We try to make something out of it, but the adventures of our weak flesh appear as self deception.

Its only when death is welcomed that life apparently becomes meaningful; the journey into death is just a part of greater things to come. Its very much like the excitement felt as a child when something meaningful was about to happen and you participated in the preparations with eagerness because you knew it would lead somewhere. I haven't totally let go of life yet. While waiting, one might as well walk the seemingly infinite path of earthly nothingness and endless misery. But above all; there is no fear. The path will eventually end, but while waiting for it to do so, one should maybe not put too much meaning into matters. And by the way, its no shame ending the journey halfway in there. Musikkens magi er borte.

I often listen to music when "at home". Although music doesn't mean much anymore. Out in nature, I prefer the natural sounds of the surroundings, because music is there always; made by the trees, the waterfalls, birds, insects and so on. There is only one thing better than all these sounds combined: total silence. I could easily have lived without my stereo, but I wouldn't be able to live without my explorations out in nature. I hate the cities, and I only last for a day there. When in Oslo, for example, I'm totally fed up with all the man-made noises all around, people occupying my path, and people taking it for granted that their presence is welcome. The scene that once seemed alive turned out to be a wasteland of deception. Today, many of these people are pillars of their "respectable" communities, probably looking back on past days while grinning.

They should in fact mock themselves, because they were not what they wanted us to believe. And fakes are pathetic, no matter what the reasons be for their false acts. In that respect, one could of course claim that all people are pathetic, since life is just fake. I guess some of them also just want to forget about it, because they are rightfully ashamed and willingly admit to having been followers of trends. When I go up in the mountains or enter the forest I hate to see Congoids and similar subcategories of the human breed.

Since I generally hate everyone, regardless of their color of skin, or lack thereof, one might wonder why this is so. It could be that I once hailed the Norse heritage, and felt somewhat pride in (subconsciously, perhaps, most probably just a result of being exposed to man-made ideas over the years) knowing that I hail from the same geographical areas and share many of their values, which in itself may appear kind of lame. I admit. Also, these immigrants come here and take things for granted and fuck females so they get even more filthy. Although I hate all parts of humankind, Congoids are somewhat special, maybe because they know they are inferior to all the rest and act accordingly. But hey, let's not hold that against them.

They share all the disgraceful aspects of the entire human breed, and I guess I could come up with just as many negative things to say about the white man. As much as I share the nazis' hate, the main difference between us is probably that after seeing all Congoids and other non-Aryans eradicated, Id prefer to do the exact same thing with the white trash of this world. Congoids and other non-whites are very skilled at killing each other, and I wish whites would adopt that skill. Back in the days I didn't disrespect aspects related to domestic matters like I do now. Norway has sold this country to the above mentioned invaders and similar scum like Pakistanis.

I have hated my country for it, and the people of this land. At the present, I only care about the worthy beasts living allegiance and nature not touched by the feet of man, as well as the path leading to my final

destination, and I more or less don't care about any of the issues I occupied my mind with some ten to fifteen years ago. If the aforementioned scum come here and bring their culture it merely means our civilization is even closer to annihilation, which is of course what I favor, so these days I welcome all this trash. They are truly the end of Norwegian culture like it once used to be.

In global perspective, this planet can no longer tolerate the immense number of humans. It will lead to even more diseases, a direct result of the disgraceful living of humans. As mankind keeps breeding and infesting this already over-populated planet, there will be an increased shortage of food and famine will hit even the western world. There will eventually be racial and cultural wars that will make previous clashes appear as mere play, not only in my country, but worldwide. It is bound to happen and will send humanity into the pits of disintegrating hell.

There are presently race wars all over the planet, but the phenomenon will expand into dimensions yet unknown and areas presently not involved in such matters will be heavily subjected to this plague. There is soon not more productive land to be populated and this will lead to even more wars. Humanity will breed in an insane pace right until its end, being unable to submit to the laws of nature. To round off the domestic aspect of all this, I hail the destruction of my homeland, and its particularly gratifying when you see deterioration happening just outside your window. These days I hail much of the effect caused by religious fanatics and all other filth infesting this planet with their disgusting appearances and absurd cultural values, for bringing this venereal disease called mankind closer to annihilation, by causing a cultural clash that is bound to end in misery.

I'm not very interested in politics and have never involved myself in any political issues that the ordinary man thinks are important. Still, I salute police states and oppressing regimes, keeping their inhabitants more or less as slaves of their government. I know enough to see that Norwegian politicians are useless and I've always regarded our politics as disgraceful and to the core naïve and stupid. And I've hated pigs (the human kind) since my mid teens, for upholding laws made by these no good servants of a society based upon christian ideas, in total disrespect to the old values of the Norse blodhevn, which is still similar to anarchy; the laws we should all live by.

In Oslo there are so many mosques that one has to constrain oneself not to attack them on broad daylight, if one should ever walk past one of them. I don't go to that pile of bricks anymore, and maybe I'll never go there again. Its lodgers at least keep out of my way while living their miserable city lives, most of them in total ignorance, intermingling with other members of their pathetic breed. Children represent new generations and are therefore my primary prey. They are the future of mankind, and for this I hate them. I know I would hate even my own kids, but it will never happen; never could I submit my innermost values to be washed away.

Having kids is to me a sign that reason has vanished, as years of your life is used to feed other beings that most likely will give you a whole lot of problems. And when the day comes, the only thing the bastards are interest in is how much your inheritance adds up to. And then you are suddenly forgotten. Keep breeding folks, and make me happy by living your miserable lives. And keep those incestuous acts alive. Ain't family

life great. I have no good feelings left in my guts for human life.

I care for animals, but I don't mind the fact that they ill each other; its just the way it has to be. Its when they die by the hands of humans that I want to retaliate in their behalf. Vegans hailing the true beasts of this world are not on my wanted-list, and in addition there may lie some other extremely few worthy, two-legged creatures out there, although I can never fully respect people who eat meat. Call it some kind of alliance, you kill some of mine; I'm in my full right to kill you. Its only fair. My time has been, and as long as I don't meet anyone when out in nature. I don't care about much else.

Being truly picky when choosing destinations, I most often don't meet anyone. Few of the pathetic teens of today's Norway or the rest of the western world in particular will ever experience any of the true feeling related to nature that I've outlined in between these lines. Today, people talk about megabyte, cell phones and other completely useless aspects of modern life. I'm glad I'm not a teen today, as most of them spend time on appliances and materialistic uselessness that never give anything worthy of your time. Although I see dark skies all around me much of the time, its better than being totally ignorant like today's modern youths.

I admit ignorance at time can be bliss, however, I still consider myself a luck fuck compared to them, and I don't even have a cell phone, less to care about less to leave behind. I don't regard myself as a depressive person in the ordinary sense, as I've learned to live in relation with such invisible to the eye landscapes only detectable by senses not known to the common man, and then its all but frightening, and when you're not afraid of death, there are no scary aspects of life either except for maybe physical pain. But all kinds of pain can to a larger extent be overcome, rewarding, even provided one knows how to treasure it and unleash its powers onto oneself in the appropriate form.

No one can touch me, and Ill easily give my life for the closing part of the journey, fully willing to bring some humans with me. Stanken av uverdige vesenr. People who eat meat have bowels that look like the cunt of a 50 year old whore. Contrary to what most people believe, humans aren't adapted to the kind of nutrition that is common today. Mankind has in many ways evolved a lot, and were no longer predators, we only are like we are. Meat needs a lot of time to digest, and some of it actually stays undigested until you die. Its not uncommon for a deceased person to have several pounds of remnants from cadavers inside his or her putrid bowels. Humans really are walking trash.

A seasoned vegan will most likely experience sever physical pain if eventually letting meat enter the bowels. The reason is of course that its not good for us and a body not used to being abuse will react. A non-vegan will not experience the same if becoming vegan. Well, at least people destroy themselves, and that's good. Will you reconsider fucking a bitch in the sewer-hole now? And what about the animals and their eating habits, you say? Well we are not animals. No more on that, because no matter how hard id try to explain the mater, most of you wouldn't get it anyway. Slikk pissfitta til kristus I guds horchus, for kristus er ei utpula hore.

The church burnings of mid 92 onwards were intriguing. I could never perform such stunts myself, because

I would never risk being jailed for something as innocent as lighting up a church, a wooden building, an inanimate entity and merely a symbol belonging to the beings I would like to eradicate. There were lots of feelings connected to these buildings, but the feeling staying together grew bigger among the Christians after these deeds of desecration and certainly didn't make their community weaker. It gave these mentally weak people a sense of grief, or rather melancholy, the satisfaction of light suffering, but at the same time, it made them stand together against evil; suddenly a factor in their earthly life, and not only something they had merely read about. And tormenting evil is all I want for people to go through.

Its too bad that those teens didn't take the actions to another level. It was great to watch the news at the time, though. A sad fact is that today, people aren't willing to risk anything. The metal scene is just too innocent these days. Metallers preach a lot of evil in their songs, but when it comes to real life, it just becomes pathetically puny. Most of my lyrics deal with the hatred, darkness and solitude I experience, mostly while being inspired out in nature, the more introspective aspect of various matters, often seen through the eyes of a beast, a personification of myself, no doubt. The beasts will hopefully have their revenge in some way. Most lyrics are now ashes.

I'm sorry to say, although solely on behalf of myself. The only ones left are excerpts from "The Dynamics of Death/The Unknown Truths" collection of words, materialized during the last nocturnal explorations of 1991 and the introductory spiritual crossfires of 1992 anno cunt Christ, with some additional conclusive words for completeness in subsequent nothingness. Svart kler meg. Its strange to see gothers and other weaklings dress up in order to be recognized to be part of something greater than their own self. Strolling around in their pathetic costumes, their self-conscious appearances, practically screaming out their weakness.

Anyway, I never dress like a die-hard black metallor or heavy metal "dude" and drink beer until I drop. In fact, I never have fun, although some of the activities I do may be regarded as play, e.g. my preoccupation with building and piloting radio controlled models. Longing for death or not; when it all comes down to it, I'm just trying to use up some time. I feel I should give up everything that can be said to be materialistic, but the aforementioned preoccupation is at least something, or maybe its just nothing. It at least enables me to now and then experience the outdoors differently.

Nevertheless, one of my most treasured dreams was a result of it; I spotted this full-sized plane up in the sky, packed with people, and then all of a sudden, I had control over it with my radio. I of course sent the passengers straight to death, after having some morbid playing time with them. Ok, that was at least close to being fun, but whatever I do, but whatever I do it doesn't take long until I realize its just an illusion brought forth by the incomplete human brain, packed with flaws.

I am actually aware that almost everything I do these days results from nothingness, apathy, whatever one should call it, leaving me in emptiness no mater what I do. As its crucial for me to live a life in minimalism, I take care in never allowing materialism to take over my life. A lot of people out there may feel well following a lifestyle based on some fake shit brought forth by the need to belong to the local community. I don't feel any urge to be recognized as belonging to any kind of group, therefore, I dress much like the ordinary no-brainer in the street, just because I don't use time wondering what to wear, enabling me to hate and still

smile in the face of common garbage humanoids whenever I want to. And perhaps I might put them on my list of especially wanted humans. Also, and the followers in the metal “community” can thank themselves for this, since many people regard metallers to be innocent and nice people.

The black metal scene of Norway has become accepted and even considered part of mainstream culture. Shouldn't this scene be intimidating and awake some fear? It has evolved into pop music, featured on the charts and for everybody to “enjoy”. Extreme metal has considerable amount of playing time on Norwegian national TV. Sorry, but chart music can hardly be considered black metal. At least, it is a negation in itself. And don't think that the huge masses being subjected to this phenomenon will follow evil in any way; it just destroys the music, not its listeners.

People are generally much more afraid of Nazis and other extreme ideological or religious groups, simply because many of them have proved they are willing to risk something, and they often retaliate collectively. Many of them actually believe in their heart what they preach and do something about it, contrary to many metallers, who often just cling on to the stupid clichés of meal. Of course, also many Nazis prove to be something entirely different as well. And most of them are just followers, but they at least create some fear among many people while being “active”, even if they are in it only for the rock'n'roll or to have reason to behave like an insane motherfucker. Many metallers are in it only for the fun, money and beer

Oh, I almost forgot the groupies; most often bitches that are too ugly looking to do anything else than sucking the cocks of pathetic metal adherents. I believe that something has to be done in order to get the scene to distance itself from innocence, if anyone out there actually cares. I've stopped involving myself in other people, their behavior and ideologies. Still, my last words have to include some of my thoughts on various topics, so I guess that through this manifestation, I depict myself as a person interested in what goes on in the world.

I just want you all to be aware of the fact that I probably have so very little in common with you, your crap family, your “friends”, and all that you fancy in this world. You may think you're a true son of a bitch, but give it ten years, and see what you have turned into. My sincere, heartfelt shouts of disrespectful fuck-offs go in particular out to the fake members of the so-called extreme meal scene of Norway. Maybe some day people will realize that if it should never have been considered the originating force in black metal. It never ceases to amaze me how ignorant and naïve people are and what they are prone to believe.

This music industry consists of whores sucking the cocks of whoever may put some dirty cash up their money loving shitholes. In short; have been had. Avheidshesten. Through work I have got to know people and their behavior quite well, having made me realize that my worst suspicions on humanity really are true. And only very few know after all these years about my background. I doubt they have suspected what I deep down think about them. Few have read an interview done by me, and now they can read all they want. I don't care what people think anymore. There was one specific article in a local newspaper back in the old days, picturing the TSS EP on an entire page, stating there were some creepy Satanists lurking around in the local streets wanting to harm the local Christians.

There I was, the only one of us showing the face. And dressed like a moron, just for your pleasure. After this "unfortunate incident" people believed I was a Satanist and that I sacrificed animals I would in fact give my life to save e.g. a cat from harm, that's the honest truth. This was never forgotten, but I guess most people just assumed that "Well, he seems like a respectable member of the community now, so well forgive him for his youthful deeds." I will always be more respectable than all those combined, non of them deserves any respect whatsoever. I have some contracts with darkness and death lying around somewhere, and I'm still in the process of signing and thus submit fully.

But a Satanist? I haven't got a clue, because I've never read any literature on the subject. Anyway, I don't care what I ought to call myself. Its most often hard to know what people put into different terms, and there are lots of misconceptions out there. I guess gossip is the local community's weaklings' way of surviving their dreary lines. I would easily give my life to animals if the right opportunity allowed me to. It takes many people a lifetime to realize that animals are deserving, and even then most people don't see it. I am definitely a racist; I hate the human race and I always will. What will my hate lead to, I wonder.

The deeds are yet unknown. I have come to a point of no return and ended up having nothing else to lose of gain. Sykelig menneskehet. There are many people in the meal community who regard animal limbs and blood to be shocking when brought onto a stage as part of a live show. Its very hard for me to understand how this can be considered evil in any way, at least as long as these puny weaklings eat meat and don't regard animals as beings with their own inherent rights. Its even possible to get a pigs head and other limbs at departments stores, no questions asked. It would be great to me to see some bands bringing newly severed human limbs to their shows instead, with traces of bloods still on them.

But then they would have to do the killing themselves. Self-mutilation as part of a live show is something to embrace, though. It may give a lot back, while at the same time bringing a special feel to the show as well. I don't go to gigs, so to me its not important what musicians do in order to please their crowd. I don't see any reason in dress black all the time although, I don't like colors that much and I in fact wear black clothes most of the time. I like nocturnal blue and blood red on black also, in case you wanted to know. Ok, I guess you didn't. The dark matter is there whatever I wear or do, and I doubt anything can ever change it, although my human brain cant make all kinds of predictions.

I will go into the last stage eventually, having evolved for several years, now apparently countless. There may come a night of total darkness when all that once was will be contained in just a single moment, and whether ill be fully aware of the coming force or not, I hope to be fully into it, enjoying the moment, welcoming death as I see it. I may be dressed like a total asshole the day when it happens, but I don't care; its not important what the earthly body is covered with. If you're of a different opinion, feel free to.

I don't feel I'm from your beloved planet earth anymore. Since I gradually realized most bands were faking their appearances, I regard music as just something to make time go faster. If one takes a look inside out of today's metal oriented magazines, one will soon discover all the asslicking by the bands. They are afraid that what they convey in interviews may harm record sales and excluding buyer groups, so they just decide to suck up to all the asses they can in order to boost sales, while still appearing to be hateful, grim

motherfuckers. Luckily, I never go to parties or concerts anymore.

The people there try as hard as they can to be a part of circle, a circle of tools, it seems. And of course, people in general will always try to crowd around others to feel a sense of security and to be part of it all. Its strange how anyone with still some honor left in their guts can respect the sell-out bands of today. There are lots of technically great ones out there, handling their instruments really well, but major parts of black and death metal have turned into pop music. And lots of tribute CD's appear. What is actually the point in doing a tribute to people who have proved to be disgraceful beings? They deserve something entirely different.

Most tribute songs are just half as good as the originals anyway, even though doing a cover of any of my tracks may end up with the opposite result. The old heavy metal bands generally praised sex, love and partying in a disgusting mix of money loving stupidity. And these are actually the heroes of many metallers today. Metal incorporates many differing styles, but at least black metal should be more than music. Some out there know it and live by it, but they are so few that all the unworthy ones have managed to disgrace the entire black metal community. I believe its time to treat most of today's metal bands like what they are, music for the masses. Don't fool yourself thinking they represent any deeper meaning, because they mostly don't.

You should just enjoy the music and don't regard it as any kind of art. After you have bought their album, they count their cash and already plan on releasing their forthcoming sellout crap. Some may even claim I am sellout, for having my works on CD in a thousand or so copies. After all, it started with making music to satisfy my own need. I wouldn't mind such a view at all, because the few ones I have respected over the yeas haven't even released their music upon the masses, having kept their works to themselves or only released on analog tape in extremely limited quantities. I chose to do it differently back in the days. Maybe I shouldn't have, but I did.

Sometimes I almost regret having released my works on CD in addition to vinyl, but it would most probably result in people bootlegging it with shitty layout anyway, so I guess its not that bad after all. I would rather have people hating my guts than being sucked up to. Embrace your hatred, whoever might be the target of it. I would soon get bored if I only listened to black metal, death metal, and other so-called extreme metal genres, although those styles are what I mostly listen to. After I realized early on that black metal and its originators were not what they seemed at first, and saw how many of the bands turned into pop music, it didn't mean a fraction as much as it used to.

Metal used to be the most important in my life, at least during my early teens and up until my late teens. Then there were some years with lots of different sounds entering my ears, in addition to black, death, and grind. To me, it has never been about the outer aspects, but rather the introspective factors of different soundscapes and the feelings conveyed through the entire process. The standard heavy metal attitudes make me vomit mentally, those just singing about beer and fucking bitches, well its quite ok, they're at least honest. Those preaching the greatness of hateful deeds in the name of Satanism, and hailing evil in their lyrics, while at the same time being wimps and general asslickers leave me at a loss for words.

If worshipping gets a person off, why not choose something of importance. Sacrificing innocent animals such as lambs could hardly satisfy the greedy jaws of evil. It illustrates the worthlessness and weakness of such followers. They should bring on some real sacrifices, or just keep on eating their mom's rotting cunt. I don't follow any man-made ideas of how one should act, only if I can gain big time from it. Its time to round off. God tog ondt. I guess no one is only good or bad. As for myself, I seem to have minimal compassion for humans in general, but I have always had close ties to animals.

My heart belongs to the beastly worlds unknown to the general public. These beasts have learnt to fear and be distrustful of humanity, an important factor to consider when channeling hate into retaliative spells. Drifting into nothingness means more and more feeling being voluntarily abandoned or involuntarily lost. As much as I respect animals, I wouldn't mind eradicating all life this instant, animals as well as humans, leaving the inanimate world to rest in peace. The planet wont care whatever happens, as well as the rest of the universe. The journey away from it seems long and harsh, but one only has to remind oneself that its in fact easy and straightforward.

When you care of nothing that seems to give any meaning beyond the actual moment, you are finally set free of all the hardships, and antilife becomes the guiding star. Times not here just yet, but when it finally is, nothingness will rule eternally and all paths will be gone, leaving us in a timeless state of no-form. Ender er her. I don't give a fuck about any humans, most of the time, not even myself anymore. The incoherence throughout this text is cause by the fact that I couldn't give a shit, and I have other things to do. My mind has now been drained of energy, and you have entered parts it, but some chambers will forever be closed.

For what reasons I did this, you'll have to search your mind to figure out, if you even care. I know that many people want me dead, consequently. I might very well hang in there longer than you might think, just to make more lives even more miserable. These times are rewarding in many ways, worldwide terror and death almost forces me to take part in society and enjoy all the torment seen in the media, but then I would almost feel I was part of something that I loathe beyond everything else. I prefer the sounds of nature and the chill of the darkened skies out there or the lights reflection from the opposite side of the hill as long as I will meet no on.

A hail of merciful death goes out to being who did not abandon the dark sides of a blackened heart, and who, through their existence, did not fail in their ceaseless quest for antihuman evil. And last but by far not least, I hereby put a spell of merciless death on the money-loving whores and rip-offs I've encountered throughout the years, who disrespected me and thus chose an opponent not very desirable to acquire through life, and most importantly, through death. Your names were intended to be featured right here; however, I have an even more impleasant surprise for all you weaklings. Channeling all the might of the forces of death ultimately cause damage beyond your puny visual images of hell. Beyond the limited world you live in there is a dimension of pain unknown to you.

And about the future, there is none. You should at least know that much by now. To all of you with dislike towards my works and views, what a waste of time, retards. As time is closing in, the world will once again se a being of monumental genius and deceptive speech, a master in leadership and battle, thus fulfilling

grand dreams. The cause should always be the most important factor, and even if some humans may seem worthy, one might need to get rid of all for the sake of the cause.

*Truly not yours, anno nothingness
Forever in unknown spirit
Sinking to the depths
In league with death.*

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