

## Belief and Truth – A Short Extrapolation of Ruin

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*Disillusioned by all that is taken as action.  
Wrong discourse and wrong end,  
The being manifests itself and radiates  
Its entire soul and its holder's meaning.*

They're all separate, intrinsically linked within the same system. A frame of belief; a frame of thought. And day after day they clash against reality, what is chosen to live as and where.

What is it that the individual seeks? Does it look for things so anchored into a materialistic reality, covered with the thoughts, ideas and ideals from those who never wanted to look beyond what is in front of their eyes? Have these ancestors to this world of ours engaged in their project with such fierce intent that everything else has been forgotten? Dying has lost its own aim, a proclivity intended for the living; now only reacting to the dead. And so, to no one at all. It lost its own concept in the hands of the unwilling.

As the concept of death is as it is these days: a concept. No more and no less, when it used to be so much more; a part, entirely, of life. Today, to understand mortality, it requires more than simply a thought. More than a regular meditation on what is to come. More than the surface of "all Men die; therefore I will die". While of course true, there is a considerable meaning, deeper than this. Seeking this comes from seeking something else: To find an answer so potent in whole, that the epiphany that stems from realization has rippling effects on the fabric of life of the individual who found this truth.

Or rather, could it be the logical conclusion, rather than a dramatic find, of wonders, choices and actions taken over time in the life of the individual that their ideal self manifests fully formed? Unshakable, unwavering, tenacious and divine in its mortality? A being so righteous in all of its Being, that its Being becomes what it represents?

To what end however, would be this achievement of the ideal self? There is no exact "truth of the individual". As humans we are all entitled to beliefs shaped in part by where we lived and live, and as I repeated myself countless times over the years since discovering my unwilling pursuit, there is one thing that makes all beliefs exactly what their name indicates. For one individual, or an animal, or a plant; any being, truth is their own. For all but individuals. Most individuals hold such a belief in name and function.

The framework of their life, as well as thoughts, are built upon a foundation stable enough to support them in the structure they chose to take part in, or chose to construct. Besides enabling great comfort and unspoken desires, which I believe are quite agreeable and welcomed for some, they also enable weakness and the forgetfulness of life (*which, again, encompasses death as well*). An individual who seeks truth, and not simply lies to build upon a comforting life with dreams or merely "being" (*as in, simply living, which is no better than the natural function a mere beast*), has barred itself from many things that are human. Or what many in Humanity would consider to be human. But I propose instead to push the belief that a human can be more than simply act upon hedonistic urges; that someone shedding its "humanity" would in fact be more human than an unquestioned being (*It that does not seek truth – Not reserved to humans*).

Or is my proposal a simple comforting thought to myself? Ontologically, insofar as today I hold and made my own beliefs. And all walks in life made by any, are also ways to find meanings to feel righteous in how we act and plan to act. To be satisfied with who we are, eventually. But most never reach this place. This eventuality lasts forever instead of having an undecided point of ending. Although technically this would end with the death of the individual, but all that was

taken in life goes on forever into void; never ending, never beginning, never anything anymore. Stuck in time when it last was acted on, either in physicality, in soul or mentally.

With that in mind, those who reach their place of acceptance with themselves, are they righteous in regards to the universe and Nature, or only to themselves or by other beings? The abrupt end of a life is not exactly an abrupt end. Extinguishing life of the being that was, yes, but its husk brings forth life, and engorges what exists and lives already. And somehow Nature finds a way to make it so its family can thrive off what lived. And yet, what never did “live” are used as tools to exist on and exist in. This place we share, the fact that we exist thanks to Nature, and with all of this recent understanding of our place in matter, one is left to wonder exactly “why us”, “why me”, “why now”, and “for how long still?” Although this latter is forgotten.

And this is the question I am most interested in. Not that itself, but rather beyond this. What was and what will be are the same, except what will be holds the sands of what was for a period of time, undetermined now.

In all of our beliefs we created as an attempt to make sense of the world, and all of what the future may hold in this vein, the blood spilled never looked pure. Purity in truth: in its divinity and all that it entails. Separated from existing systems, cults, religions, paganism.

I speak of it, again and again, and I hold my own hand in circle. And little by little I add and rearrange pieces of this broken shade hiding a key within it. This that I put a personal belief in, as a way to channel human thoughts that would better fit a material/soul entity rather than concepts of fundamentals. All that stems from a painting created by Matt Mrowka, a poem written by, I assume, Peter Mohrbacher, which I will quote here:

*Where did you just go?  
You were here with us, and then  
We didn't see you leave*

*On the wind I hear my name  
They sing my story  
With open arms, they wait  
beckoning me to join them.*

*Oh, to see your face again  
Welcome friend  
You've been away too long  
What tales do you bring?  
What wisdom?*

*The love we had  
It never fades  
These golden hours, call me  
They say my name*

#### Asbeel, Angel of Ruin

My beliefs solidified around this art, in its multiplicity, from here as point of origin, stretching to the Bible itself in the book of Enoch, seemingly being the start of written literature about Asbeel.

So, in all my belief surrounding Ruin, I hold this as the most prominent Truth. In actuality, this is what will be, eventually. This truth, and Truth then; rooted in Time itself. And Nature I cannot understand why exactly it exists and for what purpose. Purposefulness in existence is forgotten in regards to Time; Exaltation in regards to Nature is coming to a close; Life only now has simple meaning towards our fellows. The completion of the understanding of life, of Truth, must entail all of it. Even the simple correlation of Nature and our fellows. A hedonistic attitude to life that enables the will to be high most times, and to avoid suffering without aim. The aim that is seeking truth, as much as the misdirection of and relating to other beings. But it looks to be needed. To me, in this time now, this looks to be its purpose.

This is more of the lifeline that I was seeking; the simple act of living with all, while living with none exactly; if what is to be sought after is the meaning and understanding of what shouldn't be; cannot be exactly understood. But there is a possibility, there **must** be a possibility that it can be done.

Language may not be enough to encompass it, as this is a tool of the living. As all that was and will be created are to be tools of the living. Even in inflicting or occurring death, there is also an act of creation involved, thus defeating the intended purpose of expressing Ruin.

The inert seem to be this expression. The lack of Nature might be where to go. A few places on this planet should have this void of existence, and perhaps these are places to consider as a field work.

But then, by virtue of its nature, understanding of Ruin would be deeply personal and could not be shared. Only directions could be given to reach its understanding. Perhaps it is beneficial to the status of actual Truth: something beyond the human, beyond Nature itself. An essence of Time, the doors to the understanding of the regent. Or maybe we are bound to be limited in our capacity of understanding, and Ruin is the highest belief we can hold.

A lonely, deeply condemning belief that sheds the humanity of an individual to its barest. That it exists as a Being, now and until it dies as it is rather than as one of many; that the individual really becomes one apart. It would shed and condemn the act of existing itself were it be to understand and accept Ruin. A decision unfit for any willing to live. The full understanding of this Truth may logically end up in the cessation of life of those who understand... or rather then, understood Ruin in all that it is... or rather that it will be.

Then another question props up: Why should one matter with what will be, if we consider it to be nothing for all that is and will be, rather than matter with what is now and what will be in the near future?

The reversal should be the proper way to ask such a question. Why did we prop up so many great (*as in, grander than x*) things beyond the reach of Nature? Is there a deep instilled fear of the disappearance of life? Probably.

Beliefs in anything beyond life or after death of the human tend to wear in their namesake between letters a meaning that signifies that Truth is, in fact, not Truth, and is a perversion of their perceived truth. Something made out of deep rejection of the eventual. We have such words even that symbolize and prop up undeath into this realm: immortality, eternity. Two words in the English language that do exactly that. Rejection of Ruin.

An understandable thing to hold dear, as it would invalidate all that was worked for, all that is being worked for and all that will be worked for, in all its small and greater-than-Nature designs (*with much contempt from Nature considering the consumption and exploitation of its children for the deep satiation of others under the same namesake*).

And in turn, that is why understanding fully such a belief may lead to personal salvation. In a place where community is propped up and teardown-ed each century, individuality is still at the heart of the DNA and, ontologically speaking, I would say even to being itself. And to understand truly something, that is only possible as a singular individual to oneself, rather than as part of for

this part, as sum of this whole. The whole then should be the self, and by this result we can infer that pursuit of Truth is a logical conclusion to the pursuit of purity and divinity. Beyond these human concepts, something primordial; more-so than anything else, as it entails existence itself: its End.

What full understanding of such a thing holds to a person is up to them; and I say as such because I have not found it as of today.

A few days ago I had a dream, in which someone unknown to me died. A dream that imitates life years later, and years before. And I mourned even if I did not know them. And I found myself at their grave. Their death meant more to me than their life then, because of their lack of meaning in life to me. But in death I understood who that individual was as a human. A being, and now it is gone. And the disappearance of life still saddened me. Beyond all that we hold as structures of belief, as expressed purpose to hold onto life and to remember it; still something else exists that I always knew. That we all know, knew and will know. May it be someone or ourselves. As individuals we will die rather than “as all dies I will as well”. There is a semblance of strength of personal existence to be found within Being as well as within Death. Of course it makes sense in this way; as this pursuit of Truth would be meaningless were it not for the fact that we are as ourselves, present in this moment, past a moment and to exist in moments. For however long.

In the impermanence of life to the permanence of death, I find that the correlation between the two is seeded by suffering as much as it is of joy.

Existing, as an act beyond the material, take roots in Time and in accordance with what Nature enabled us to live with. Although I have this understanding, and cherish it in the states I may be in, as long as they are willingly inflicted in good or bad upon my own self, then seeking Ruin should not be taking place. And yet, here I stand writing over and over, over the years, poems and texts, songs as well, as sorts of proof of devotion to an idea so concrete that we hide from it. Do not misunderstand, I hold no hope as to actually find hope and meaning into finding this Truth; or rather understanding it as much as I can.

Perhaps, as barren as land must be to see it, personal life and Being could also be as metaphorically barren. To shed my own humanity and grow beyond human; all too human. There is nothing new under the sun. But I seek to understand this eventual nothingness. Not an abyss. Not the void. Only the lack of existence. What shouldn't be understood; I would like to attempt it. As I wrote in “Echoes Reality”, as experiences prop up in my life: << I reject the understanding of the world that is asked of me >>.

As well, as I still am human at the core, and an empathetic being, it is better if I distance myself from my fellow and avoid forging links. As eventually, my ideals will surge violently and betray those who believed in me, as I grew disenchanted with who they will be. I would be too self-absorbed into attempts at manifesting my ideal to be of a good relation to any in a long temporality sphere. And, just as well, see this path as repentance for wrongdoings towards my fellow. Logically; I am not a logical being exactly, and hold my twisted ways of approaching life. Suffering in the name of no one so that I can feel validated by myself for myself. No apologies are uttered; actions are taken as apology. Forgiveness is then found in my own flesh, tiredness, blood, and severed self-reflection.

There is no regret to be had for any action taken. Endlessly endless horizon, clouding above to leave way for nothing but the perception of a rising space; in a universe where Time moves forward and Ruin walks alongside.