

Empty Truth

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“This truth is a lot more empty than what we made this lie of”

A statement that takes many forms, always kicking around the fact of the matter without directing the attention of those who talk about it. They would rather stare at the outskirts of desolation than emptiness itself. The former is a cause of the latter, and although both are very interesting and important concepts and realities, these do not balance each other out. Emptiness can exist by itself, but desolation needs to have some previous meaning to it for it to make sense and exist as it is. Cities, forests, seas, villages, people, whatever it may be. Matter and a semblance of meaning to its creation and active life must have existed in the first place. Consciousness, the soul, or any metaphysical thing that entangles with life, can also be, I believe, afflicted and become ruin of a past pretence to existence.

Any major disaster or a series of smaller negative events can lead to desolation. May it be a flood so severe the area cannot be lived on again, an earthquake so violent the area cannot be constructed on any longer for fear of safety, a war burning everything to ashes... Or a city where the economical output becomes less and less profitable, decisions made by a council that effectively deteriorates the will of the inhabitants of a place to live in there while also deterring any outsider to come take their place, a community lacking any sense of community.

The soul can be deteriorated and fall into ruin by not answering to it, not respecting its existence and going against this truth that is bound to us by nature. As much as I dislike it, it cannot be ignored that without those intrinsic and inherent values given to us by the simple fact of being human, something that has been true since possibly our existence as the apex beings of this world; the human would never have been where we all are now. Yet, as we grow more and more dependant upon each other because of our increasing inability to be self-sufficient, the possibility of desolation does not increase nor does it decrease. If a war, severe enough to warrant the use of weapons of mass destruction, were to break out in the future, then desolation would become a certainty in many places and lives, and even for those unaffected by war: This seemingly exponential reliance on technology and specialists, while the human population keeps growing because of people who think that affecting new human beings with suffering is morally just; this only brings us to a place where the lie of false truths brings us closer together while further from reality itself. Anything could be named and stand accused at the podium for preferring to be blind and deaf to what could have been before everything that we possess to this day.

Yes, the industrial revolution may have been a mistake. In fact it most certainly was: To our nature and to Nature, this marked the start of the end for those. There is no doubt about it, there is no attempt to explain how this wasn't the case. If anything, this was the purpose of starting all of this. The reasons may have been unholy, may have been sinful, but the entire world took part in it, and now the reality we live in becomes more and more perverted and corrupted by thoughts from ourselves to ourselves. Nature is being forsaken, living on the brink of desolation, being kept alive, barely, by a bunch of good-natured and extremists people willing to war it out for the sake of Mother.

Some elements of transhumanism are quite likely inevitable. As the role of death has been forgotten because of all of this progress and the changes in morality within any rich or moderately fortunate country, the drive to look for more life and an increased ability to live it will prevail. For however long, I do not know. Until our end, perhaps.

There is no doubt in my mind that one day, maybe in our lifetime, we will see something so

revolutionary that we can forsake a new part of Nature. Could it be oxygen? Could we make machines that replace the role of trees and plants? We can already grow meat in labs now, and as this technology progresses, the role of cattle will change to simply leather making and other commodities we may not be able to get from lab-grown meat, such as sausages for example. Although, maybe with time, this could also be possible.

The problem is that as long as we cannot replace a function from the Nature we were born from, then we cannot get rid of it. Eventually however, Mother will attempt to take her revenge in some way or another, directly on us. What would happen to us then may lead to the global population being ravaged by a hunger to go back to what things were like before all of this; before all of us.

All of what Humanity is doing today, is an act of desolating Nature for our sake. I do not mind this, as long as the functions can be replaced. The other side of the coin will be a complete reliance on ourselves as communities, as links in the chain, as far-away contacts. Specialists will always be needed, and jack of all trades will be forgotten to time. Yet, these individuals of multiple talents will still be incredibly valuable, the only problem is that with an increasing complexity of making things and working, they will very much exist less and less. Always however, as long as we have this free flow of information, some will live through the ages for as long as we live. And these will be our great leaders: Since speciality will be the entire precept of what could be, those being able to take consideration of many things would be in dire need to keep a community going forward, not to stagnate or deteriorate. And so, just as it has always been true, it will still always be the case.

But what does truth have to do with all of this? As explained before, the entirety of this technology-centric way of life seem to be a masquerade to hide the fact that the industrial revolution is the cause for many ills of today and tomorrow. Some may say it enabled economical growth of unprecedented levels, entertainment of considerable proportions for a growing population, help for those in need (much of it), and an easier time to live on a day to day basis. It has and such things will possibly continue. But the consequence of all of this? Weakness. Weak of body, weak of mind, weak of heart, weak of soul. Hedonistic tendencies rose once more into the collective, and consuming to satisfy fleeting desires to hold onto this entire lie has been made a prime objective of most of those living in good conditions to this day. Life for us will never be the same as it was for our ancestors. We will, if self-discipline isn't kept, never live up to them. Never surpass them. For most then knew how to live, and today most know how to lie.

The truth of life is not desolation: it is empty. Existence to our dimension of rationalization was never meant to be. It just needed to be, and it still is. Always will be. This is one thing from Nature that will never be fought against. The truth of life is the same as the truth of Time.

Any talk of seeking truth, of seeking meaning, all of these are only rationalizations we have to make to ourselves to make sense of the reality we are living in. Sometimes it is imposed on us through outside forces, sometimes we get to choose it. But, as long as freedom of movement is possible for an individual, always will he be able to choose to keep on living for a future that will never take notice of him, or to end days of suffering for a past that will not remember him.

The only value found in life is this construction we give in to ourselves, from and to other living beings. One that lives in a desolate place will not find the same kind of rationality as those living amongst distant or close kin. There isn't anything to say about having a sense of community, or belonging, beyond these sentences. A simple 1 or 0 is all that is needed to form this logic.

The finalization of realizing what we are is not futility or a great break-through that finally puts everything together. Go through enough revolutions and one will find himself still pondering at new questions, never to find comfort in the answers found deep within the bowels of the universe. And, even if there was to be any kind of an afterlife, none of this would change. Time will keep going without interruptions, always forward, without hesitation. Nature will attempt to do whatever it is that it does. Two things way beyond us. Even if we were to finally control all of nature on Earth, even if we were to live for indefinite period of times as healthy human beings, to create new limbs from a single cell, would it matter in the end? There is such an incredible amount of things unreachable by us beyond this place that we live in. Not “incredible things”, but a lot. Or, perhaps, just enough for us to speak in terms that we can only invent and guess.

As luck and fate may go through and reach us in accordance to who we are and how we act, we are pushed in the way of making up this lie to cover up a truth we may never be able to completely uncover. Desolation and ruin hold what this reality holds. It is what it reflects.

Asbeel was described as an angel leading the Grigori to their ruin, through decadence, by forgetting the teachings of God. He was pictured as a fallen angel.

As I see it to this day, Asbeel is the one angel that understood truth, and went to seek it out. The bible says it led astray “people” to sleep with the daughters of men, but I would oppose this view. Unbeknownst to him, perhaps he gave them a philosophy of absurdity through a framework of emptiness. What truth is, is not negative nor is it positive. The angel of ruin realized that and wanted to still carry out his role of leading to the word of God, supposed word of truth, to his newfound word of truth. A godless pantheon: A lack of all, true void, beyond entropy, above order. Wouldn't it make sense for them to make sense of it in a way that would still give them will to live? This newfound carelessness for virtues and giving in hedonistic tendencies only sounds like a logical follow-up for those who never dealt with this knowledge beforehand. I would say that those who truly understand it end up killing themselves, because of the sheer amount of continuous suffering that is just self-inflicted psychological torture. Trying to give meaning to truth is a cover-up lie, and some may try to justify this truth and keep living by inflicting enormous amounts of pain onto themselves, and possibly for some, close relatives or distant individuals.

“Whatever way to make understand that this complete lie we built from the moment we as a species had a conscience, this must come to an end. I will make them realize whether they want to or not”

This line of thought is befitting of a fanatical fatalist. A political application would, as funny as it may sound to hear it here, be claimed as possibly a posadist. After all, there is no better and more efficient way to “make them realize”. Ironically enough, someone would have to build up lies upon lies to access the possibility of complete extinction.

On the other hand, those who go through handling this truth but live without suffering immensely, these people end up covering up this truth with a lie. A lie that is built and improved over time, as sense is being made out of a life of meaning. Building blocks from nothing to end with something. What a wonderful image to think of. All of it that, eventually, will be forgotten and lay desolate in the image of Time, when Nature will have, just as well as us, gave itself away to dust.

If one should remember to die, then he should also remember that ruin is only an embodiment of truth. No matter what is done, no matter what is said, no matter how much time passes by, truth always comes out. We knew this and wanted this as Humanity can be good at heart, and it is very much true – Asbeel is right, and always will be, for as long as we live here.