

Father Time Wrote To You.

These Are The Days We Sought After.



These are the days of chief priests in football fields and strategists on the pulpits.

The corporate godfathers are penetrating culture and calling it marketing. They are deciding the yes's you choose and the no's you never posit.

They are making you into a mold of another being, corrupting your essence and devising how your downfall will fuel their currency fires.

But you are not aware.

You are lost in the mess of a father gone rogue, a mother more docile than fact and faces more mask than flesh.

You require more resistance than conventional to break out. Yet your reality is outside the perception your senses are currently capable of.

I am writing to you of an ideal already domiciled in you. But you will not know—you *do* not know, until you confront the image of who you think you are now.

Enslaved as you are to metrics and the god of the “self”, the only Way you will live is to die.

“He who wants to live must die.

You must hate your mother, your father, your sister if you will live.”

Adjust “better” to become new.

Remove comparison and seek altruism.

Dear maximalist (for you are more than you think),

You are closer than you think.

Shift.

Signed: The Man, Disruption.