

Dedicated to Degeneracy

My darling love.

Eternal as the vein of life!

And seriously for Aro :)

x

Lost Wisdom

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Introduction

The following book is a piece of work inspired by what I consider 'Lost Wisdom' with which we may only dream about conceiving in our life time, or ever at all for that matter. The lost wisdom held in the very depths of a dark woodlands in the night, illuminated by the moon and the frost and snow which haunts us with beauty to our very essence of being. Yet captivates us into wonder and mystery. The lost wisdom held within a heritage lost! The lost wisdom that shows itself to us as clues within the very fabric of an ancient bark of a magnificent oak. The lost wisdom that whispers within the creaking of a tree and the rush of the wind. What secrets are held within the very darker fathoms of nature? We may never know. Yet something about the old landscapes calls to us instinctively, we understand but never truly ask why. This work reflects upon this as it contrasts modern day and why the wisdom is all but lost. This is also a unique insight into the human mind.

Mysterium Beholdeth.

Behold the Desolate woodland,

Free of any taint.

Behold the mist of morning,

Free of human Saint.

Mystery calls to those who hear,

Those who choose to see.

That the Woods are never desolate.

The woods are always free!

~

Behold the secret hidden to all,

except to those who know.

That the woods contains the wisdom,

that helps the inner grow.

Behold the secret of natures eye,

watching all around.

The eye forever observes and sees,

until the essence is found.

Lo behold this constant search,
never truly ends.

As nature spreads, claims and takes.

And the 'Human' it offends .

~

Behold the 'Human' strong in might,
ruler of the earth?

Until his kingdom is crushed and burnt
and nature takes its girth.

Just a memory, just a whisper,
becomes that which is the world of Man.

Behold the ruler of the earth,
how dare he think he can.

~

So we see the mindless wild,
is it really such?

Only to the eyes of the foolish,
does nature have no touch.

before the 'human' ideal came,

the woods spread long and far.

And after the infestation goes,

nature reclaims the scar.

The Hermit

They Say I'm this, they say I'm that,

it makes no difference to me.

Surely he who chooses solitude,

is not someone he wanted to be.

~

But the truth is in the depths of self,

not in the words of the vain.

The truth is that I chose this for me,

and not for society's pain.

~

Ignorant of life and of my needs,

This I am certainly not.

and never for a deadly second,

think that i will rot.

~

I am not here to wallow in woe,

nor am i to grieve.

I am here to simply live!

The old life i had to leave.

~

I am here to study not the false.

And not the foolish ways.

I am here to study an ancient lore,
until the end of my days.

~

To grasp all that is lost in time,
and the lineage of ancient folk.

to understand all that is,
Lost wisdom i invoke.

~

So when u look upon my card,
and fortune smiles upon thee.

Remember to stray a wisp of a thought,
upon the figure you see.

The Mad Forester (A short story)

The Raven cries. The forest creeks and the mist doth call in silent anger. The cold air fills the lungs of an old man perched high upon a valley creek. He watches as his lungs exhale and his breath joins the mist that flows over the tops of trees like some great river, from under his hood he glares upon the foolish. Those who do not respect his forest, or those who do not respect the forest's man are those who do not live for much longer.

Adjacent to where the forester stood roamed a small party of individuals moving from tree to tree to pass through the great and so 'uncharted' valley. These were not Knights upon a noble quest, this was a band of outlaws, or so thought the forester smirking in delight from under his head and staring with an eagle's eye. The mist surrounded the men as they were blissfully and ignorantly unaware of the gaze of the forester. The mist consumed their visions and so they camped down.

On closer inspection it turns out that these men represented the King and the charge was not just any, but to find the chief forester of the area of this valley.

The men had light provisions but were not unkept. They gazed at the woodlands around them soon to feel eyes burning through them, but they knew not from where. It was said that officials of the Norman hierarchy were often arrogant folk with a sword to back their word, yet their arrogance failed as fear crossed their eyes and plagued their thoughts.

The locals spoke of the mad forester. The man who once stood as the pillar of the community now degraded to that of a hermit estranged and a black magician some say. This man Richard, was famous amongst Normans, he is known to his peers as; "he who brought home to this new land." This was after the transition from Saxon to Norman. He brought the many game heaths of this area and was granted lands and riches. Praised like no other, he stood to symbolise the Norman tradition.

The officials camped in silent wonder as eyes met their own from

around the depths of the forest and within a second vanished. The nearest settlement was miles away and they doubted those eyes were wolves. Their hails were met with silence and echo as they wondered from the safety of fire light. Nothing vexed them further more and they settled softly to sleep. They dreamed of whispers of old ways and their ancestors calling to them from beyond the forest and from an ancient hall deep within the woods. They preyed as they woke in situ, fear had got them but their 'Lord' would give them strength.

As the sun was high and penetrated softly through the canopy onto a bed of bluebells, the travellers found their destination: A moated site surrounded by a glade, graced their eyes and in the centre stood a small rickety residence. No smoke poured from the chimney, and on closer inspection they found that the house was in disrepair. The puzzled duo stood there, not at all in surprise expecting the forester had fled in disgrace. Yet, as they turned around behind them in the glade stood a cloaked figure.

"Greetings, oh noble men!" Shouted the figure as he de-hooded himself to show the mad eyes and complexion of the estranged chief forester. The men stood in confusion and then one spoke in grim and strong words. "You are to be taken into custody immediately on direct authority of the King!" The forester looked genuinely confused and could not fathom what they meant.

"I am man, there is no greater authority in this land than I?" Laughed the forester, his mad words confusing the two officials. Silence struck and all that can be heard was a distant raven calling, yet again.

The officials looked at each other and drew their swords but as soon as this happened, the forester like lightning summoned an axe and within no time flung it to strike the official above his temple, splitting his head and spraying so viciously his blood over his companion. The other one in fear, dropped his sword as the forester approached him and pleaded for mercy.

"I choose to allow you to live to fulfil a purpose," Spoke the forester as he

cleaved his axe from the skull the dead man. The Man, now on his knees nodded in agreement

"follow." Continued the forester as they were lead into his crumbling shack.

The house inside looked ravaged, but the official was too scared to comment, so he simply sat in a chair as the fire was lit quickly and the forester sat adjacent.

"You are to take that head back with you to the King, by the time you return with your force I will be dead. There are some things we learn in ourselves that can never be taught else where, such as the vanity of man, the delusion of it's society. I am sure they call me mad, I know they call me mad! But to me you are all mad! Out here far from any village, there is no conspiracy, no politics, no perverted doctrine and certainly no gospel. There is peace and truth and fact and by staying here we understand our own true relationship with the environment around us and what we are truly meant to be."

The man sat in silent disbelief of the madness of such heathenry. Richard the mad forester, followed on.

"Nature produced us for a reason. It gave us sentience, it gave us strength and it gave us power and it gave us mastery over its elements. Why did it do this? To rape its lands of all its resources? Most surely not, we were ascended to the rank of natures equal in which to manage it in a beneficial way as the top being of this earth, this was our lore. This was our ancestors Lore! But instead we lost our way and beings such as your dead friend there, have inherited the earth. People like him who believe in the God of a dead empire."

They sat and stared in each others eyes.

"I don't expect you to take in a word of mine, simply to retell it so some may understand my reasons for what I did. Wrong to murder? Maybe who knows. I care not now, murder is a perspective to which more has

been murdered than has ever lived. Now go"

Shortly after this and within the return of a new moon a force stormed the moated site. To see knout but the dead decaying corpse of Richard the forrester!

A warrior Is thus Born

Christened beneath the stars
and baptised within natures grasp.

A warriors is thus born,
a war cry before first gasp.

~

Nature Doth give unto him,
a futile world to live.
and the wilderness gives unto he
a death in which to give.

~

A world is skank and rank with weak
and those which choose to cry,
instead of which to embrace ones self
and fight untill you die.

~

The warrior doth see the pastures green,

And the haven for which is fools.

and laughs upon the pasture green,
for him holds more virtue in drool.

~

So the warrior doth choose not to kill,
and impress upon the wrong.

The warrior doth choose to walk,
and away the path is long.

~

Because making one self free from this,
is not an easy task.

Making ones self free from this
is like a war cry before first gasp.

To War A heathen Cries

To War A heathen Cries,

And Impress upon the land.

The way that they will Never stop,

To heel to a Monotheistic Hand.

~

War is but the product of peace,

In which they choose to holey live.

But envious eyes as such demand,

That which Free men can never give.

~

So to war the Heathen cries,

and throws himself to death!

For the glory is not with war,

but in the action of ones last breath.

~

Never fear of pain of death,

because the is a more important way.

That begins at deaths first light,

The end of this journeys way.

~

So never betray the future that comes,

for it will remember you.

It will remember the words and what you say.

So speak you last words true.

~

Speak of why you die and of what you die,

Of the land that gives you life,

never betray the woods you dwell.

Protect it with your last strife.

Would You?

Would you Embrace a Christian Devil?
To preserve a Pagan lord.
Would you eat from a sinister hand?
Because of your love for the Nord.
Would you climb the world of now?
To fathom yourself a'top.
Would you laugh at pathetic lies?
Untill listen, you choose to stop.
Would you follow a blinkless gaze
just to see the eyes of God?
Would you hate all that is weak?
See humanity's snivelling dog.
Would you re-make the lies of old?
Live to live for fake,
Would you opt for peace with war?
For the vanity of your country's sake.
Would you even try to understand?
What lies behind these words.
Would you think that this is nonsense ?
And nothing not already heard.

~

The world in which we live today,
is quite an interesting place.
The world in which we live today,
walks like a shoe without a lace.
The world in which we live today,
is a lost and lonely place.
The world in which we live today,
is a loosing hand sporting an ace.
The world in which we live today,
laughs and cares for itself not,
The world in which we live today
will far long live, when humanity has rot.

The world in which we live today,
glares not with a compassionate eye,
The world in which we live today,
is the truth harboring the lie.
The world in which lives today,
will die a horrid death!
The world in which we live today to
will divert to primordial depth

and as such Humanity is nothing.

The Lady of the Lake

Sat upon a Distant Shore

In a world of sorrow and woe,

A boy sits and patiently waits

for the lingering of day to go.

~

Upon this day and told to wait.

his eyes gaze and long to hold,

the woman born of water and stream

A sight worth more than Gold.

~

The moon doth rise and eats the day.

And reflects upon water, still.

The boys heart leaps and impatiently sits,

For a woman who's looks could kill.

~

As soon as he begins to wonder of time

a sight beholds his eyes.

The lady of lake has risen

and with her the boy's hopes rise.

~

Withering in the wind like linen rags,

Floats the Freyr's Dress.

And softly floating across the lake

she moves with little stress.

~

To the boy that dwells upon the shore,

Oblivious to his heart.

The lady of the lake has one such purpose

and not with any mortal, contact start.

~

The lady doth carry the sword,

of Nature and of it's might.

To give to only the worthy soul

and to show this kingdom the light.

~

So upon the shore the boy just looks

with an unspeakable love to give

With a longing he dwells on what could be
a life he'd wish to live.

~

But love nor sword is not for him.

A magician waits to speak.

So he turns his back one last time
and returns back beyond the creek.

~

The Druid (A short story)

Land of wood and open glade, land of twisting bark and never ending Rain. A mist held low upon the tree tops and a hill above the clouds stands as a fortress in Heaven. The King's Hall doth resides dominating like the influence of Nature on the animal Kingdom. Lo! This hall was made by man and not of any celestial world. This is the last outpost of ancient way. Stood on a Hill surrounded by mist as if it were an impassable moat. Alas, the dragon holds it within his own regards with a consuming and converting instinct.

The High King's chamber erupts in argument as the discussion of the mounting threat deepens and degrades. From the south comes a terrible dragon; dressed in iron and carrying machines of fire, devouring all in the name of consumption: Civilisation.

An empire like no other stalks the land like it were easy prey. It's political and war mongering eyes fixated on the fields of the land, ripe for the taking, the provider of a much needed food source for the expansion of such an empire. The people of this island turn to the priests of it's groves for protection.

The Druid stood quiet and true behind the King. Holding more authority than any man and any kingdom he simply stood there unknowing to any 'true' threat. The Druid was unlike any of the the readers day. The wisdom he upheld and the knowledge he wielded was equal to that of no man.

The Druids of this day were considered a vicious Cult which held more power than the kings of the un-Romano Kingdoms of Briton. It was these people alone that held Britannia together. The Romans were not a threat as such. The red dragon was earning more from the kingdoms in tax under client state than if it were to be annexed, yet they came Unbeknownst and unforeseen by the Druidic people!

The Dragon glares from beyond the mist. It's eyes Red and as such filled

the night sky with boulder and arrows of fire, bombarding the high hall sat upon the cradle of the mist. The scene reflects upon the eyes of the druid as he stands upon the presephis of the mist. watching down. A kingdom falls before the first step of any soldier enters upon it's land. But then they come, their movement shaking the earth. The legions of God, refugees of troy,

"Of our stock!" They cry, yet they fail to stop the pillage and rape. Britain of Brutus of troy? No, writers romance the art of war.

Chariots crash and shields splinter. The death rattle of a kingdom sunk and of its people drowning, yet drowning in a sea and an ocean of political gain.

The druid stood and of what he saw was of years to come. He saw of the Dragon and the slayer that is to come and is to rid the world of such degeneracy. The Druid laughed, his comrades died. Yet the Druid would return and walk amongst the descendents of the noble dead.

He turned and the mist crashed upon the trees of the forest of the north like sea against a ghostly shore. To nature the druid returns, unto his mother to dwell amongst the spirits of old and to return to reclaim this land once more from the red dragon. The druid waits for the darkness to consume the dragon. A blind dragon doth make easy slaying. The druid smiles and returns to his mother. His God, his life.

Land of Hate, Land of Fate.

The sea of mists flows through Hills,

as far as the forrest does spread.

The Raven calls and echos beyond

Leaving only silence in its stead.

~

The land is nothing to those who are blind,

and those who choose to deny.

The land is truly a part of us

and a part that will never die.

~

So the town is to bring an expanding beast,

Dispassionate to the end.

What you fail to see is nature is too

and that nature it will never bend

~

The Humans claim they know of nature,

of the ways of peace and love.

But where in nature is a moments peace?

And theres even predators to the most beautiful dove.

~

So nature expands with a conquering will,

of a fierce and Zealot path,

and spares no care for any man

This is the extent of natures wrath.

~

Death, disease, war and famine,

the horsemen are nothing new.

A revelation, it's certainly not

Simply, 'Nature' to be true.

~

So what words can be said of what Nature is?

To explain to those of ignorant ways!

Nature is a land of hate,

that will be our fate till the end of days.

The Reality of War

Like sex to some, an instinct drawn as such.
From the pit of the human mind, it dwells untouchable to some.
Reachable to those born of blood, the warrior drug.
Those who retrieve it, know the end is not as good as the means.
The means is *everything*.
A stare begets the addicts of the warrior drug, never to leave.
Adrenaline to some, fear to others and a melting pot of madness.
No one who is influenced thinks to question why.
It is Instinct, it is nature it is the experience that matters.
The craving of blood of destruction and power.
The Human condition is reborn in war.
The condition of the worlds top predator to survive reborn.
Reborn, replayed and re experienced through conflict
Reborn as *GOD* in war, the predator thus survives.

~

The Wolf.

Trusted in instinct too much to be,
Of our blood and of our ways.
But humanity trusts not enough in Instinct
yet both is trapped by it's gaze.

~

Lo the desolate planes of death,
paradise for the wolf.
whatever means you think you can fight,
The fear inside will engulf

~

The wolf desires with fanatical eyes,
yet solemn behind his stare.
The wolf has nothing to deny,
the truth doth lie in it's glare.

~

For wolf has no ethics against it's being
or against the way it was born.
To deny what it is, or who he is

would be like denying the morning of dawn

~

The wolf like the world destroys indiscriminately,

and only for it's for will to be

for if the wolf lived of us and we of it,

How could the wolf ever be free?

~

Humanity's problem is of the wolf,

Society denies us of our truth!

To remove our natural instinct,

and instead give us a noose.

~

To hang ourselves is what we do,

and why we are so lame.

Humanity opts for it's certain death,

and to loose the ultimate game.

~

Check mate smiles a villainous man,

Content at the death of gaia

but little does this degenerate know

She returns with a purging fire.

~

But the wolf knows nothing of all this Shit

and nothing of any wrong

the wolf knows only to live and breathe

and to sing it's moonlight song.

Betrayal

I stare upon your Degenerate face,
seeing nothing accept hatred and desire.

I look upon your subtle ways,
and smirk at you subtle liar.

~

Your weak, your wrong and never to be,

I kiss the ground that walks on you.

You loved me once and betray me now,
and watch your ego fall through.

~

Your success is nothing, and round it will come,

eating as karma returns

and when it does be ready for what will,

because down there I've heard it burns.

~

So to you I speak in no envious words

and nothing except the fact.

There is nothing on earth more important to me

than the revenge for you and so I sign this pact.

~

Live long betrayer of worlds!

The End

