



BREATH OF CHAOS

THE NOTHING

I believe in nothing and never use the word belief. I am soulless and spiritless, a black stain on this material dimension. Nothing has any real meaning other than the death of our flesh. We are not Spirit; we are flesh so anything you speculate on is just a projection of your earthly wants and hopes for more after death, to make your life more important while waiting. I choose to keep myself open to the chaos of life and death, without attaching my speculation on things that are without definition. The graven spirits who have passed are not concerned with musical masturbation or how much you fill your spirit with your music. Most of humanity lives in avoidance of death lining up like sheep to follow the next speculative dogma, thus taking their minds off death and alleviating the boredom. There is no significance to anything a living creature does on this planet; we are ants searching for higher meanings to give importance to our futile lives. Music for me is a ritual to manipulate my environment or satisfy the negative energy that has possessed my flesh: an expression of Anti-Human politics and hate for belief. I could not care less what the audience gets out of my product. These rituals are performed for me and anything beyond that is nothing more than a by-product of the moment in which the ritual is performed. The music industry is already polluted by so much egotistical masturbation and why would I even bother telling you or anyone what I feel or see in my rituals of the flesh? Pure chaos is overwhelming and relentless, not meant for meanings and definitions, but you all have your passions and beliefs. I will lurk in this darkness of chaos and the oblivion of nothingness. Blood tells the truth, books lie! Now I know that everything a human being says is speculation based on false pleasure and pain. I can see that we are scared children looking for the answers to why we are here.



THE NOTHING

GUITARIST AND VOCALIST IN BREATH OF CHAOS