

## Censor Sickness

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A fair fight is non-existent. You always use everything around and fight dirty and to the point if you gonna do it for real, in any kind of capacity for real experience that you might have as a human being, which by the way, I question more than agree with the fact that i am one of you, or maybe even the same alien race if that might be who you are.

So yes. I had a knot in my back yesterday and I decided to work it out instead of stretching, and well, I am a stubborn motherfucker so I didn't stop until my whole left side of my back was one giant knot.

I know this isn't very uplifting, but I have trouble editing myself lately. Censorship of the mind is the thing that holds us all down. Not thinking/expressing freely, hiding behind our bodies and maybe even actions, but the real battle is not here.

You know that whole 'change yourself, then the world' bullshit; yourself is the only world where you will be aware of yourself. Unless of course you are special, and there are those people, most of them terminally wounded by the censor sickness and not letting the feelings come out so they consume them from the inside. And that's a lot worse than seeing some energy shit and even being able to see/feel future as clear as present, or even encounters and possessions with, or by, something that might be termed "demonic", just to be repulsive, because it's a challenge to accept that part of you that feels it, and is it.

The capacity for human emotion is so large that it cannot be killed with prescription medication, or even non prescription medication. Trust me, I tried. You never really feel like you succeed, just pacify, but the root is still there - because it's you, it's that part of you that you never chose, and never have enough conscious will to destroy.

but you know when you got it, you have it. it really is

un-editable.

so maybe all those wounds are there for a reason