

# **SEED**

*excerpts from*  
**THE GOD MACHINE**  
by Mark Grenon

## **SUPERGRUNDRECHT**

*“Articles 114-118, 123-124 and 153 of the Constitution of the German Reich are for the time being nullified. Consequently, curbs on personal liberty, or the right of free expression, including freedom of the press, of association, and of assembly, surveillance over letters, telegrams and telephone communications, searches of homes and confiscation of as well as restrictions on property, are hereby permissible beyond the limits hitherto established by law.”*

-Emergency Decree of 28 February, 1933  
“For the Protection of the People and the State”

Even when a state's probed its lawlessness  
To the point of a bestial no-return,  
And returns, red-handed, it doesn't learn.  
Depraved, ashamed, it rebuilds the buttress  
Of the law. For a time. Then the years pass.  
The young, not responsible for the past,  
Let the law slide when terror threatens caste.  
Order's still the rule that governs the mass.  
Logic dictates the state must be secure  
And that citizens must be protected.  
Sliding laws lead where past lawlessness led,  
Meaning that law gives in to terror's lure  
When security trumps lost civil rights,  
The state defined by what terror ignites.

## **"WITHOUT IMPACTING YOUR CIVIL LIBERTIES"**

Controllers condemn calls for oversight  
Citing the need for total secrecy.  
Current oversight says we can be free  
Even if those charged with protecting rights  
Rubberstamp all requests for surveillance.  
Excesses are curbed by self-reporting,  
They say, assuming all spies are willing  
To offer errors before the legal lens.  
Excess, whether error or corruption,  
Weakens the security concept's game.  
Therefore, any oversight makes states lame,  
Weak, subject to enemies' obstructions—  
Electronic dossiers and smear campaigns  
Thus closed in the bubble of the arcane.

## **KILLING THE FUTURE**

*Dr. Donald Ewen Cameron:*

The danger is when the sleepers awake.  
To keep things safe, then, we must de-pattern  
Their minds, a kind of mental slash & burn,  
If you will. It's the only way to make  
Them return to a somnambulist state.  
The subject's bombarded with repeated  
Messages, and is also kept in bed  
For as long as it takes to clean the slate.  
Psychic driving consists of negative  
And positive transmits alternating  
On feedback loops until next to nothing  
Remains of the awake one's will to live.  
In the sleep room, his future will be killed:  
It's better to sleep than to be fulfilled.

## THE OVERSEEN

They don't know their power. The overseen.  
Don't know that codes, re-written in their blood,  
Circumscribe their eyes' movements, rapid scenes,  
With the fetal pull of virtuality's drug.  
Overseers have seeded this fetid womb  
With provisions for a panopticon—  
Internalized—where the darkness can bloom.  
The overseen know this. They still log on.  
This is seen as consent. Their power's drained  
Into the dark eye that feeds upon them.  
That which would protect them keeps them contained  
In frenetic factions, caustic R.E.M.,  
Bloody dreams, coded, without oversight,  
To ensure power's trapped in their blood's red light.

## **WHEN LAWS GO**

Sufficiently afraid, cowed citizens,  
Blind, stand by as the legal system's cored.  
The dictator's hardness absorbs the horde.  
Sociopaths descend from solar dens  
And are attached to immortal machines  
And codes which exist as the instruments  
Of the One. He rules by random portents,  
Replaces lawmakers with figurines.  
For one law remains. The Dictator's will.  
What protected the individual's gone.  
The second in charge is himself a pawn.  
Order succumbs to one remedy: Kill.  
All are turned against all. All become spies.  
Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Terrorize.