




RIFFING ON WISDOM LYRICS — OR BRAIN ROT GANGNAM STYLE (WIROO2)


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Pop culture. World literature. Classic wisdom. Most everything that should be said — already repeated ad nauseam hey. All we ever hear is blah blah. Brain bouncing Gangnam style. Master of puppets is pulling the strings. What the hell people.

The message is out there — in a thousand tunes. We don't really listen much — even while it's blasting all day long from every direction. Selective hearing. Ears as twisted as the brains and the heart. Twerk your head out of your ass hey?



#WhereverIMayRoam

#PopWisdom

#BrainRot

#SelectiveHearing

#BypassCulture

#DidNotHearThat

#EmbeddedInsights

Riffing on the road yesterday with nostalgic lyrics, it dawned to me once again, how much of what needs to be said has already been said in how many ways. From classic philosophies of life to epics, narratives, world literature, even pop culture. How much of core wisdom is already embedded in there.

Sure the pop world, there's a lot of meaningless hedonistic crap, brain rot. But even there, lessons are to be found. I don't care, I love it, I want it. A brilliant illustration right there. If you chase your obsessions to the exclusion of the rest of existence, the outcome is obviously not very wholesome.

But you know... All we ever hear is blah, blah, blah, and all we ever say is ya ya ya. We don't care. We bypass. We don't look at any of it with eyes of wisdom. Instead, we selectively hear, we filter out whatever that doesn't support our increasingly finite little shell. Only ever seeking for food and fuel into our intention tunnels. And

at the end of the day, all your brain does is Gangnam style. Okay.


Even twerking, like what the hell? But yeah, maybe that's one way to get your head out of your ass. If you do choose to burrow into those tunnels all the same, if your vision isn't broader than your butthole and your belly button, then you know, the Master of Puppets is pulling the strings. Twisting your minds and capitalizing on your dreams. So do please come crawling faster — obey your master.

Or you know, you could just take out the big old blade of wisdom, sever those strings, cut out that brain tumor, reclaim your sovereignty. That typically doesn't happen very much, because we are afraid of cutting our fingers. Why is that? Because we are holding so fucking tight to our strings that the puppet master pulls. And don't just toss away all of those strings, the tethers. They were there for a reason, they were just misguided.

Then reclaim and recover the tethers to the different domains and realms of your life. Relink them into the throne absolute of your consciousness. Rooted deep and solid in the unbiased, uncolored, unconditioned baseline of what you are. There and there alone will you

hold the line of your sovereignty. Dig your trenches anywhere but, and the floods inbound will wash you afar.

On that note. Hello from the other side. These transmissions broadcast from the metacognitive planes of liberation. Alright. Keep it real.

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