

Gerardo D'Orrico

The world, people

Letter taken from:
Good and Evil, Memories
Diary



Copyright © 2023 Beneinst. Tutti i diritti riservati.



The world, people

16.05.2006

The possibilities of this world are the future, what is imaginary if concrete in essence, the solution of today is the work of tomorrow, the creation made today is matter yet to be discovered, the infinite is the future. The resistance of a human being is far-sighted, a habitat where people have already been but are present. Overcome an evil is turned on a good, respect leads to have a beautiful, an optional, like a sick person having his medicine.

Everyone is very fleeting, they pass in front of you like flying objects, and yet you can't escape, sometimes you can't escape, sometimes you rotate tirelessly until you rest, you need to shore up the

practice well, to frame it, in these parts even a name will certainly not hurt or, its elimination, if you talk about it, I think it would be better to look at the good as a form of life, much more complex is to be studied. We are a work of art to be cured, instead we are cemented, we are reminded... I don't want to teach anything to anyone but, I'm writing about a horrible blindness that makes everyday life in general ugly.

Relax, I don't know how to tell you, there's nothing to do, the world has changed, have a drink, this reality is different from what they make us look like, I don't take too long at this moment to tell you, for example light is not possible to be normal sunlight, there are external presences, spirits, living natures never heard before, so that they force everyone to declare that there is nothing and, nobody except the light and individuals, recorded by the documents, thus confusing God between irreverent results laughter, these are like children who command, worse the rest. If you don't sleep they beat you, and you should always think about what could happen in the next three hours.

Dancing is the first form of freedom after school, uh, the word maybe I'm wrong but, no one denounces an evil, as if there was no good, from this

seems all normal but, it's the worst position, think that 'the world is beautiful, the fruit of the work over the centuries, of all people while art in its initial whim, has really revealed what was his intention.

Only God sees in the light of the Sun remember, how will a man swallow up the whole world is not to say a word! must be very resistant, how to say also very athletic. In reality I have already passed, like many and many, when you are full of problems, you have evil on you, it's like a cover, a prison as a rule then, they say that here the blankets are very well seen. To those who have to do evil, they advise, uh, order not to do it, I've seen the world several times, how much evil there was around and within ourselves, how much patience to make that huge stain disappear. Absurd as we live, you will see the discovery will lead to the end of the world, remember that ignorance, the putrefaction of the dying years, the degradation and ruin of a dying world is no more than a disease.

Our actions are not paid for nothing, we are constantly attacked or mistaken for others, people think badly their own thoughts, what can be done the state exists, it works to defend us and sit down, maybe we will do it alone, it will be like regaining reason in silence, we will observe the law better.

Look in the picture for the quantity, the quality to reconstruct it like a puzzle, it's just a matter of time not of beauty, it's enough to note down the reality. Time is a very good friend, like the explanation of youth, the world of evil must be buried. The whole world flows, below us like a river, a good in disbelief, where no one can discuss the obvious, the possible, who are these people so bad that they want this.

I got lost is just an evening but, nothing is normal, it seems a joke or a distraction, it's evening but how many ideas can be born in the lapse of a day, and yet now there is no program to follow, a play to activate ah, yes this I will do it alone, it seems to me a rainbow of possibilities is none exploited, you say that they have paid there but, certainly is now they are at home... what is that thing, the idol of nothing, will be like the hate this mess, even if I know one day it will earn me money. So nothing or, better nothing coloured, just repetition in this sea of nothing, of nothing, of nobody, of desert, of emptiness, the sea is about to explode or I? Cremate the future, I stop for the moment, it seems you have a lot to say to each other, it will hurt atrociously the removal of the evil, necessary as to give birth to a calf, these fantastic evenings of spring, the evenings are getting longer and also the embarrassment of what has not been

done in this winter.

The inverse of what, think is the word an idiocy that commands, do not believe it ... you do not know ... yes, it babbles as will be the power of conscience, the world almost splits, you repeat the act as artists feel and others always tell the same thing.

Even an evil is a repetition of facts and events, of intentions and ideas, in the end the surface of the planet will be consumed, and it is precisely for these reasons that it must be eliminated, if something you do not see it in the right position, you do not know it internally, now they will always do the same things or, we live in distant times, I call it to better say the power of money, how many impostures are above us, the thought is a fake! People think badly of their free thoughts, as well as they will not make us admit to their detriment that 'evil exists, not knowing to hit a good in turn, something ignoble more than wrong indeed you lose time then, it is a very fruitless thing to waste time. Evil can cloud the mind but, with cotton in the gears it can be cleaned up, not as they say living there forever, it is the final solution. In my sphere, that is, our city lives evil, it cannot be hidden, a struggle is not to recognize everything that exists for true but, like having sight prevented, not having a visual picture leads to personal errors that involve

even just false belonging to evil.

Do you want to know if it's bad? It's like a war with its missiles, miles away and then you can see them in the distance, the maybe. In reality, we don't lose anything, we always gain in time, we're accumulators. It's all already happened, add the end in the possibilities of objects, and the evil is canceled normally, only what is left to fight is what it is in people, psychological wounds or cleaning up our house.

Considering an evil as a good is the worst thing that can happen to you, for good in an evening or, in a day there is no jealousy, horns is all measured to last a long time but, without problems. This happens, one acts badly and goes away, while another to avoid does good by creating a mild future, not bothering others, there are those who want us to believe they can destroy this gym but in reality you can die is not to destroy a spirit, an idea or something else. What unhealthy can happen is calculated, from time to time its weight is less and less, then comes peace for all, the love that defeats the plague. What is ours from birth, in the end is ours, look if you do not want to live in evil you have to respect a good, this society seems to be fertilizer for a future, but in reality we are, maybe it means that we must be reborn in life,

to do this you have to fight and defeat evil, move established, someone must do something otherwise the machine of life would not work, it depends a lot on what you see before you, the prospects are over.

Do you think it is possible that there is no one left in this country, what is consumed, you find yourself all together in the world to open your eyes, you would need someone or better state that would qualify these natures, which remain mostly hidden, as is forbidden to know, you need this place has more space eh, yes you cannot see but if you make it fly in the air, you breathe better, thank you! There are too many interests, too many denied things that then come to the surface, it comes to tears that horrible murder of life, the best is a game of lights or, a drug addiction from the unnatural.

A normal daily mistake, it seems enormous, as a big cut makes immobile, succubus. It is incapable this environment, too narrow for good, this is very important. Here's a prison that is poured over us, a hidden nature, from sanction to life, is the same as restoring peace to the holy camp and, extinction to hell. How many explosions take away our eyes, take away our words. Go out and see if the world is free, paid for or, if it happens naturally... in a static reality, only a drawing is remembered, choose the eternal

things, not the lasting ones, this is the way to find. The time of progress is a diagonal, in relation between the normal time and the acquisition of good, people are empty, careful at the end of that tunnel you go out again where you started, no one is free but in everything there is a solution, except loss or illness in case.

A good thing is heaven on earth, we will be paid, we will have good luck, good rule is to maintain a working system that guarantees the new world. Better to overcome all narcotics, to have a hallucinogenic state remain, lucidity in the certainty that 'the world to which we belong. Overcome all states of mind to have clarity in the brain, is not for this not to use it, it is not worth bragging alone but, you have to have the brilliance of Lucifer, chaos and yet the order in front of us, it is all scattered before us, the law is the enlightenment. I have the feeling that I can see very well, even better, a beautiful light from the lamppost, whoever witnesses a good thing knows the electric light. What remains is a paradise, without outside voices, the world again, to the dead hell and, the holy field. Whoever deprives us of a good is already in error, the rule says first hurry all duties to others of any kind, then relax on your pleasures.

Many look like pieces of wood, one day they will cry, if they have the chance to be free. Remember the road exists, at least you have it inside you what everyone needed, you just need to slow down a bit and don't get hurt. The accounts always come back upside down, right, right, left, we are even units, good night with all this suburbs, benign peripheral not useful for material purposes but, for the philosophical ones, I do not have a single bottom, nor the holster... maybe I am destroyed. Living as if nothing was created beyond nature, the image is the true creative force beyond sound, we are not real but, being fruits, the heat maybe the main key to get out of black magic, the way to make us work better. Continue after is always better but, I have the feeling that there is no way to erase what the end is, as without a big change the end of the world has already happened. Present yourself with an object of Christian value on you, and a good hand in an art you practice, don't die please, they will try to kill you but, they won't succeed.

The city is a peace, I don't think you can live well far away from a city to go, better to go out and see the reality you imagine. Yesterday I saw a fatal accident, I was late to go to the gym, you shouldn't live badly for any reason, be it a historical moment

or something like that, it's then the population of hell on the planet, it has a free soul in heaven and a great annoyance to the brain. You have to accept everything about yourself, do not waste time, having good cards in hand is a lot of time. That damn malware software erases the elimination of evil is necessary, people have not yet fixed what they want to do, especially who it is, after all we are those people who are looking for, the entities or powers denied by a state of things that paralyzes society, I'm very fond of those dreams or movies that as a boy are then made, there they killed those who will be paid one day, with victory as obvious, the octopus is reality never stop fighting it, if only you continue at some point you win, at least a percentage but, everything is not as you die, look release you in the end, we always fall back in more beautiful forms of a judicial act, we look like ourselves, so to go better and better, that fall is only a psychological form, the work of evil that remains.

What happens to our beings, happens in people, the world is just an ornament, or food. The mind is the whole brain, not just scholastic knowledge but, in general.

Good luck, G.