myths about lost souls

"Static Ones"

– by brokenleg




static
static.
what are these creatures I
see in the back of my
brain
what is this fuzzy
sensation in my hands
that are gripping my
throat?

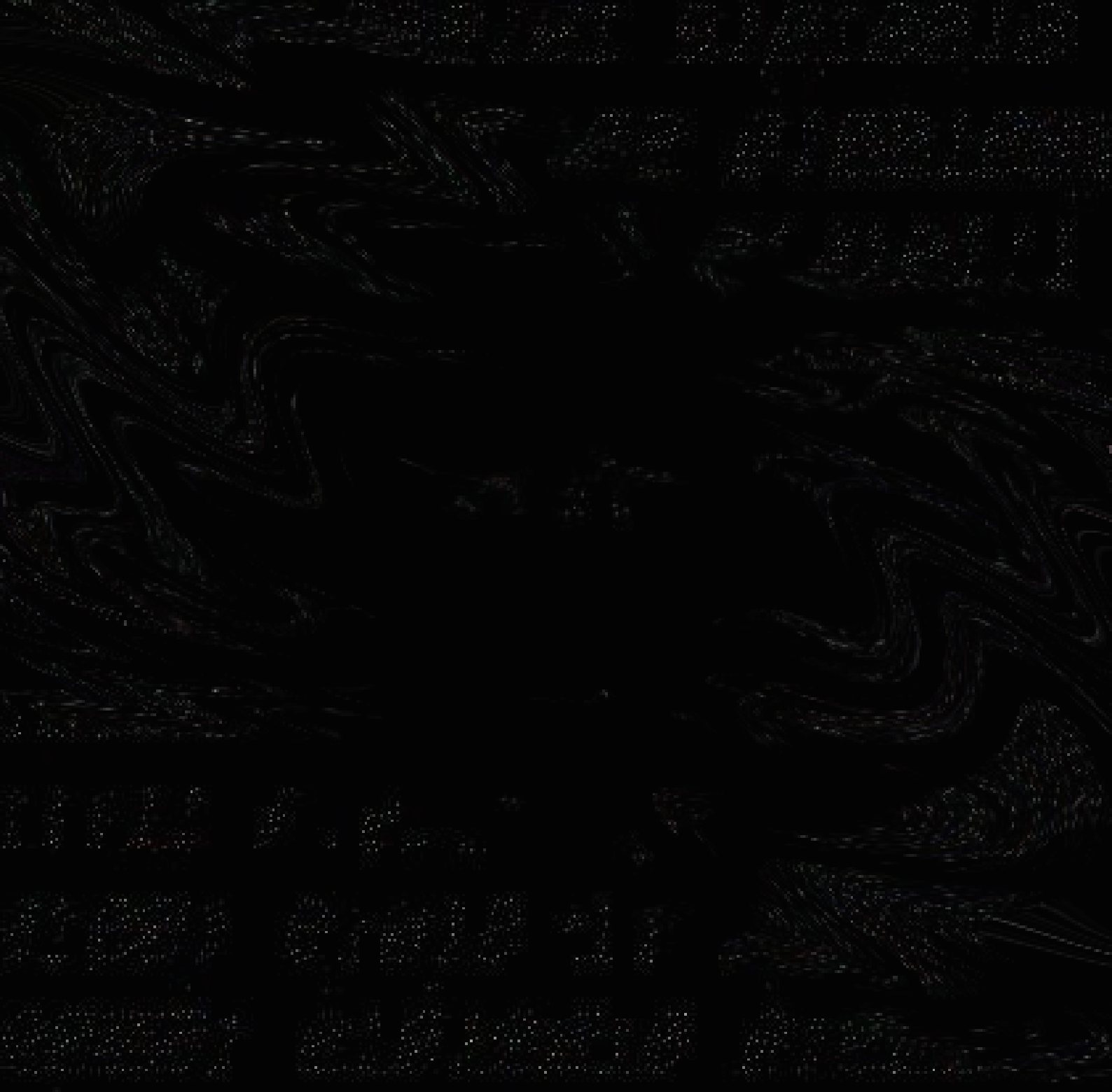
It is believed our souls are boundless from the coherent, from the known, from the rational.
They defy time and space, they were scattered in the before and after, the right and wrong.
They make us who we are, or are we a reflection of their long gone past?

"Did they come from a lost world"?



From the space once came a burned scroll; adorned with strange imagery, symbols depicting various gestures and undeciphered scriptures, it seemed to be the remaining proof of lost civilizations even before time as we know it. The scroll reimagined these humanoid beings' souls as one's transcendental form, the rawest spirit, capable of passing through time and space.

It is said these civilizations' souls remained engraved into us when their Universe got destroyed and reformed into dissolved stardust. Are we fragments of those arcane beings' very souls? Do we share our souls with a part of theirs?
Those souls, known as "static angels" from how they were depicted and drawn, seem to belong to a lost past, and so is a piece of humanity, for nothing is gone forever without leaving a trace in eternity.



Information on "static angels" and their arcane origins from distant cycles has been originally studied by our ancestors.

Thanks to historians, we now know the ancient myths and theories regarding those mysterious figures.

"Who found the scroll? Everyone knows 'static angels' were first mentioned and studied by the spawns of the Sun; I am one of them myself" - [redacted] 2



Studies have finally resurrected old myths and claims about those cryptic beings; first discovered by the Sun's most devoted civilization, static angels appear to have itched the brains of many experts, especially philosophers, theologists and scientists.

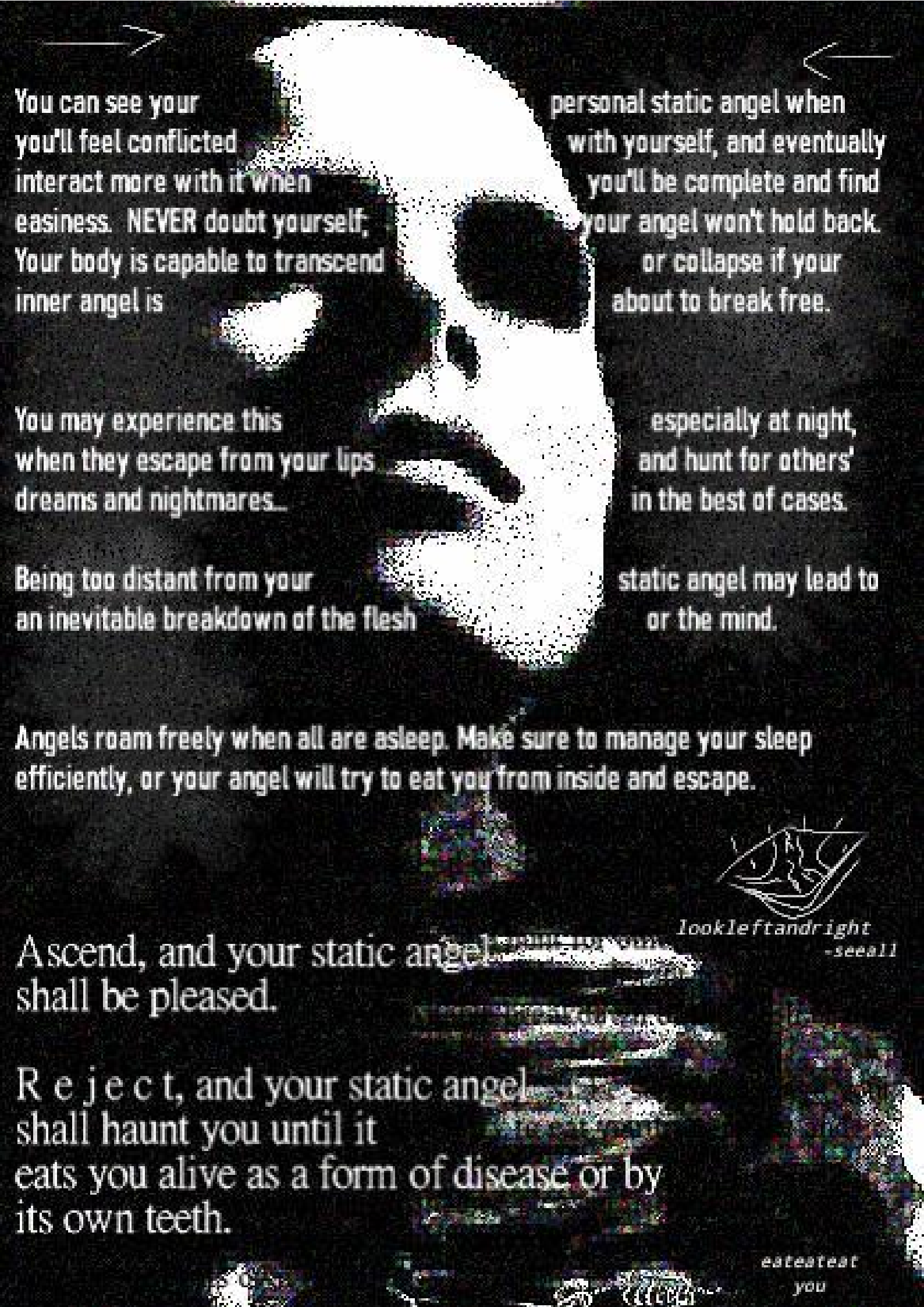
We have a full documentation provided by an unnamed sun worshipper.

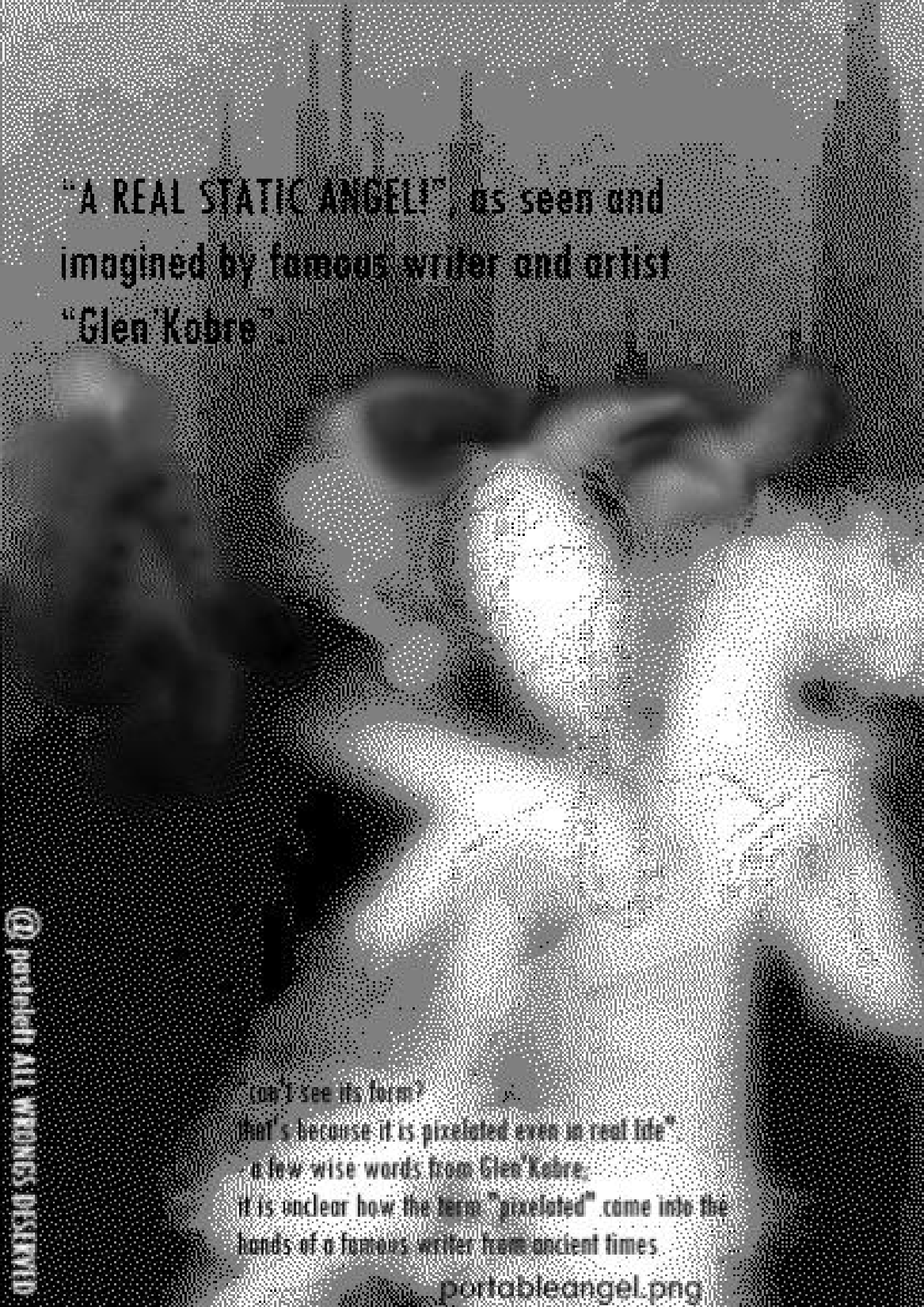
WHAT IS A STATIC ANGEL

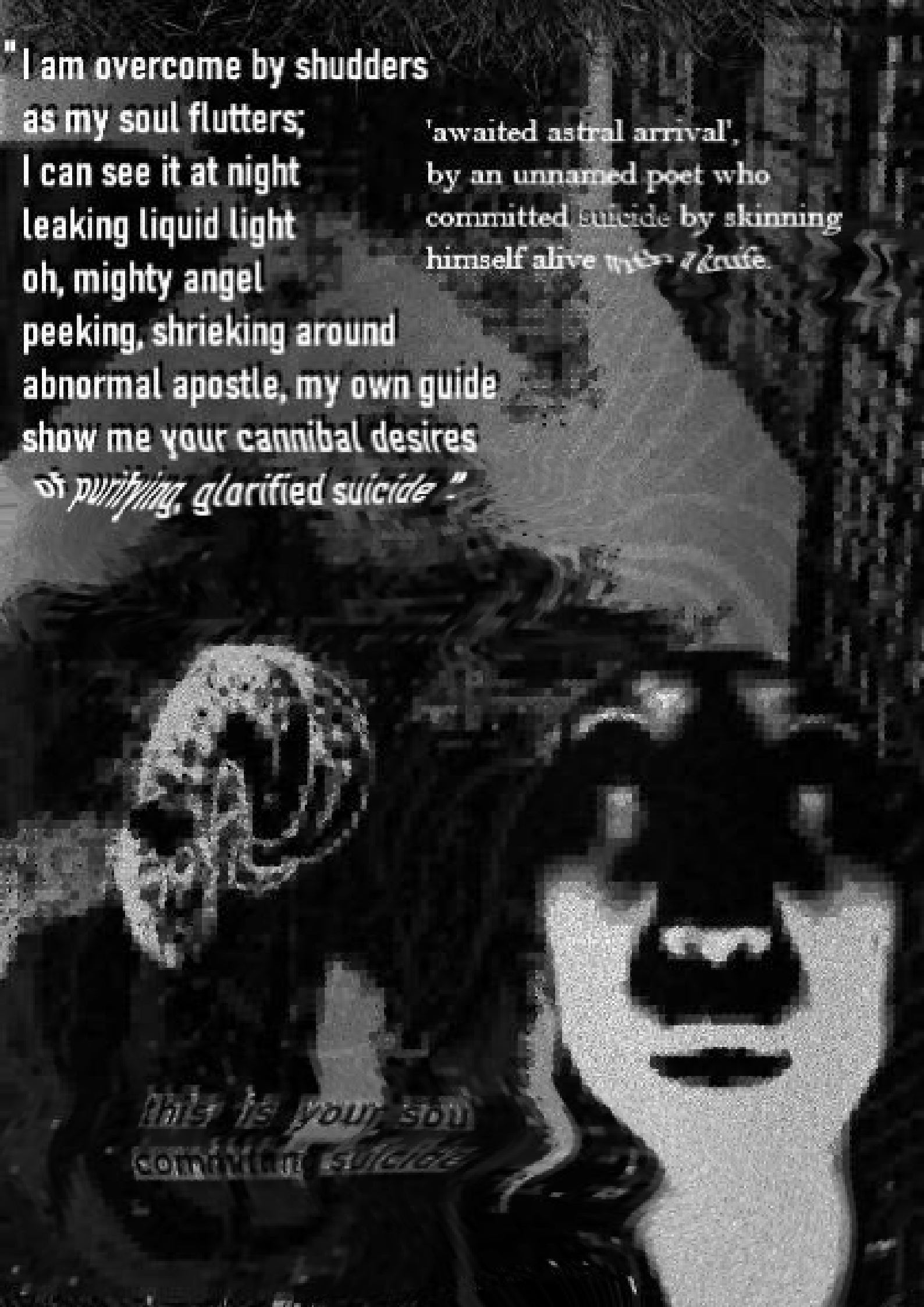
"the wielders of chaos"

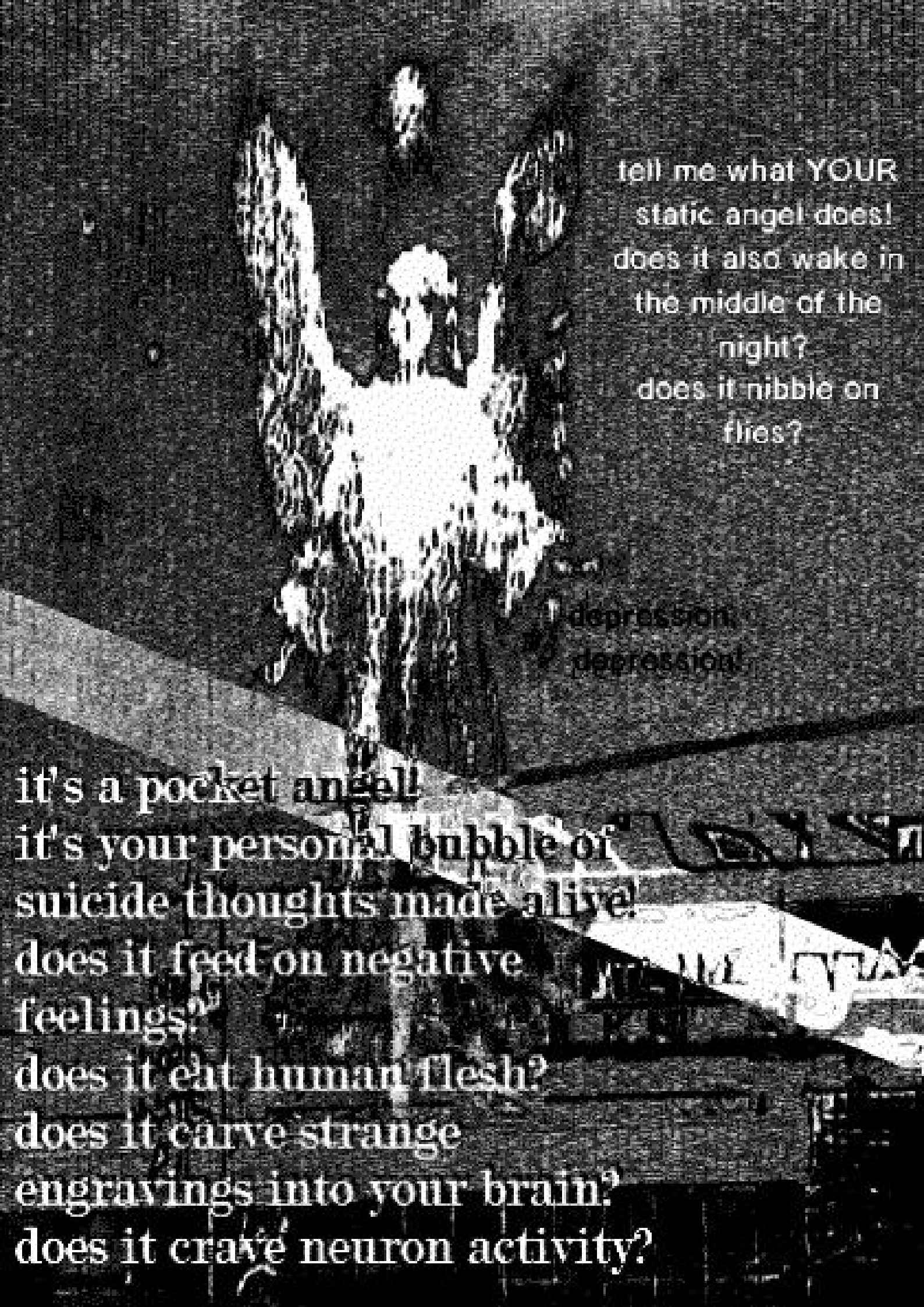
A static angel is one's very soul. It is physically made of light and a strange static noise-like substance. If you were to touch it, your fingers could run and pass through the angel's "flesh". Please, NEVER touch a static angel, or it will start bleeding liquid static and scream in retaliation until YOU bleed from your ears. Static angels are very vengeful beings, and easily hold grudges in spite of those who don't acknowledge their sense of justice. Stardust is engraved into their bodies; just like your body, it comes from the stars and can travel through multiple planes of existence in the form of light or smoke. Comets are often considered to be a raw manifestation of their many forms.

Some say they are bringers of doom and mundane, corrupted hate, others say they are symbols of luck and acceptance of the self, the key to self-discovery. One thing we can all agree on is that they are always watching, and shall never leave your side.
A static angel's vomit is considered purifying, a symbol of liberation from sins and hate. If your angel is throwing up in your dreams, it may be a plea to get rid of your discomfort. If it manifests this behavior elsewhere, in real life or hallucinations, it may be a sign of purification and spiritual peace; make sure to listen to its pleas, or it will torment you ceaselessly.
If you catch a static angel peeking around your peripheral vision, it may be a good or bad omen, such as to pay attention to the path you're aiming for or alerting you of upcoming dangers. It may also want to make you realize your important decisions and if you're indeed on the right track.

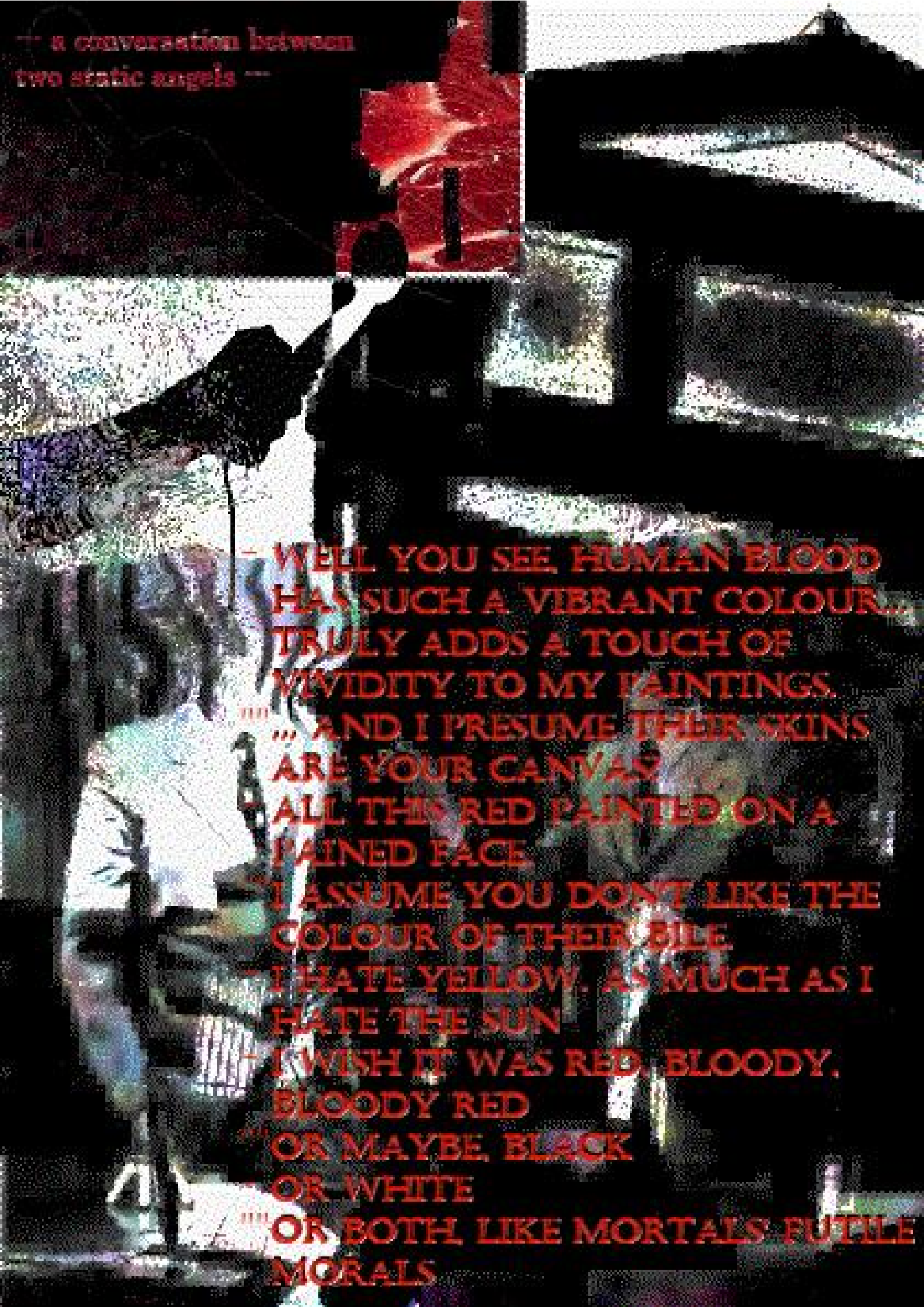

You can see your personal static angel when
you'll feel conflicted with yourself, and eventually
interact more with it when you'll be complete and find
easiness. NEVER doubt yourself; your angel won't hold back.
Your body is capable to transcend or collapse if your
inner angel is about to break free.
You may experience this especially at night,
when they escape from your lips and hunt for others'
dreams and nightmares... in the best of cases.
Being too distant from your static angel may lead to
an inevitable breakdown of the flesh or the mind.
Angels roam freely when all are asleep. Make sure to manage your sleep
efficiently, or your angel will try to eat you from inside and escape.
lookleftandright
-seeall
Ascend, and your static angel
shall be pleased.
R e j e c t, and your static angel
shall haunt you until it
eats you alive as a form of disease or by
its own teeth.
eateateat
you


"A REAL STATIC ANGEL!", as seen and imagined by famous writer and artist "Glen Kobre".
"can't see its form?
that's because it is pixelated even in real life"
- a few wise words from Glen Kobre.
it is unclear how the term "pixelated" came into the hands of a famous writer from ancient times
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" I am overcome by shudders
as my soul flutters;
I can see it at night
leaking liquid light
oh, mighty angel
peeking, shrieking around
abnormal apostle, my own guide
show me your cannibal desires
of purifying, glorified suicide "
'awaited astral arrival',
by an unnamed poet who
committed suicide by skinning
himself alive with a knife.
this is your son
committing suicide


tell me what YOUR static angel does!
does it also wake in the middle of the night?
does it nibble on flies?
depression
depression
it's a pocket angel!
it's your personal bubble of suicide thoughts made alive!
does it feed on negative feelings?
does it eat human flesh?
does it carve strange engravings into your brain?
does it crave neuron activity?

— a conversation between
two static angels —



– WELL YOU SEE, HUMAN BLOOD HAS SUCH A VIBRANT COLOUR.. TRULY ADDS A TOUCH OF VIVIDITY TO MY PAINTINGS.

" AND I PRESUME THEIR SKINS ARE YOUR CANVAS.

" ALL THIS RED PAINTED ON A PAINED FACE.

– I ASSUME YOU DON'T LIKE THE COLOUR OF THEIR BILE.

– I HATE YELLOW. AS MUCH AS I HATE THE SUN.

– I WISH IT WAS RED. BLOODY. BLOODY RED

" OR MAYBE, BLACK OR WHITE

" OR BOTH, LIKE MORTALS' FUTILE MORALS

IN A LONG, DISTANT LAND
WHERE SOULS WERE IDENTIFIED AS ANGELS
SOME OF THEM BLED STATIC NOISE
WHILE [redacted]' HAD VEILS
CONTAINING VEINS WITH STATIC AND MORE
OTHERWORLDLY FLUIDS WITH STARDUST
ENGRAVED IN THEIR BODIES.
WHERE THEIR VEILED HAIR WAS
SACRED AND CUTTING IT WAS CONSIDERED
SELF-HARM AND AT THE SAME TIME PURIFYING, LIKE
DYING.
WHERE THEIR BODIES WERE HARDLY BOUND
TOGETHER, ABLE TO TRANSCEND AND COLLAPSE.

WHERE THEIR INNER ANGELS WERE OFTEN DEADLY.
WHERE CHANTING WAS USED TO INVOKE WRATH AT
ITS PUREST STATE, GIFTED BY THE GODS ABOVE.
WHERE ANGELS ROAMED FREELY WHEN ONE WOULD
SLEEP.
WHERE BOTH SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL FORMS
WERE FRAGILE.
WHERE TEARS WERE MADE OF NOISE.
WHERE BEHIND THEIR RETINAS WAS ELECTRICITY.
WHERE HUMANS COULD DEFY REALITY AND
SPIRITUALITY ALIKE.
WHERE YOU COULD
ESCAPE THE LOOP OF REALITY.
WHERE *STARS*
MET MEN.
WHERE RULERS
MET GODS.

- from space


Something is coming