

# THE SPEECH



*Front Desk, Speaker's House,  
22:35 Greenwich Mean Time, Isle of Estillyen*

At the front desk of Speaker's House, Harris, the night shift manager, has discovered a curious, large-brown envelope left there that day by Brother Manifest. On the front of the envelope are scrolled two words — The Speech — and nothing more.

The Speech is not just any speech. It is Lucifer's address to the netherworld. It's Lucifer's venomous, vitriolic volley of evil intent against God — the Holy Trinity, whom Lucifer addresses as I AM, the Word, and The Third. Unfazed by the divine construct of Scripture and the story of redemption it bears, Lucifer contends, in the end, that his special blend of wordy mix will surely prevail over God's manner of messaging.

Though not a typical Estillyen "Reading," it is an insightful summation of Lucifer's approach to undermine the Word Made Flesh and his words. It is a glimpse into the battle for souls.

The Speech...

*DEVOTEE NUMBER ONE:* Is he ready to come in yet? Everything in the Cave is ready.

*DEVOTEE NUMBER TWO:* I think soon. He's been outside the entrance pointing like that for well over an hour.

His first point was down. He uses his right arm, and his mighty pointing finger. I saw him start a while ago. He stood straight, not moving a centimeter, for a matter of minutes. Then, ever so swiftly, he raised his arm in a high, swooping motion. With the speed of a diving phoenix, his arm fell in a rigid, fixed position. It looked like a massive lance. Slowly his pointer finger uncoiled and became as rigid as a dagger's blade. It looked like a spike. There he stood, fixed and pointing at the earth.

He held that position for precisely fifteen minutes. His entire frame was as rigid as granite. When minute fifteen expired, he drew his arm to his side and, without the slightest pause, shot it straight up to the heavenlies. Again, he held his rigid, granite-like position. Next, he pointed straight ahead of him, then to his right and left. Now, as you can see, he's pointing straight into the cave. That must mean he's about ready.

Oh, watch it. He's dropped his arm. He's headed towards us. He told Backrider yesterday, one take and one take only. Be perfectly silent, still. He's moving to the microphone.

*LUCIFER:* Umm, umm. One, two, three; it is me! This is Lucifer speaking.

By way of every wavelength that can wave, every current that can circuit, I am marshaling this historic, unprecedented speech to you. It is I, and the full measure of my satanic cast has been conscripted to reach as far as reach can reach.

All those who this instant hear the intonations of my voice, know this, and know it sure. Where you are is where you are. Wherever that is, you are there. That's right. You are where you're meant to be. You've been reached. You are my audience; I am your voice. My message and I are one. You are my reception. Together we are meaning.

This is Lucifer speaking! Bind your minds. Twist your souls for dutiful, precise reception. This is one speech you cannot receive in fuzzy spurts. This day you will always cherish: the day infamy of the divine order compelled Lucifer to speak out, enunciate, elucidate. No holding back, I've come to set the record straight.

My words speak of the future far. You will not tumble and roll in the abyss forever. You will not forever languish in the netherworld. No, quite the contrary—you will rule with me. Where I am is where I am, and one day you will be with me instead of where you are, wherever you are.

This is Lucifer speaking, speaking, speaking. Say to yourself, I'm listening, listening, listening. Do it in triplicate like I did. Oh, I feel the rush, like billions and billions of bats swarming, rushing by, imparting strength.

I do not use that fleshy word that starts with a *T* and ends in *anks*, but if I did, this is the one time in all eternity when I would use it. Instead, let me say flutteration, flutteration, flutteration, a thousand times, flutteration.

Now, in honor of what I mean to you and you to me, I call for thirty seconds of silence before Lucifer proceeds. In just a second, throughout all constellations, every demon must pause, and for thirty seconds breathe. My personal Backrider will softly tap his nose against my microphone, keeping time.

When I say the word *now*, kick your heads back, stretch out your arms to your sides, and breathe. Let's breathe in unison the breath that binds. Breath to breath, path to path, death to death—may we be one in bond of brutality. I command you. I demand you. Silence. Now breathe.

Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty; this is Lucifer speaking. Do you hear me—the unmistakable thunder of my voice, that satanic intonation, reverberation? Do you feel the power of my words pulsing through your spirits? That imparting pulse, that tingle—that's the satanic signal.

This is Lucifer speaking! To all demons and devotees, wherever you are, whether in the depths of the netherworld, the far reaches of the abyss, or in the murky cradle of possessed souls, hear this: You are not alone. Lucifer is with you in spirit.

I am with you. I am by your side. I have seen your rejection, your dejection, your heavenly ejection, and I'm here to tell you, I've heard enough about these so-called never-fading words. Hear me clearly, without saintly delusion. You are the object of this satanic cast; you are my forecast, my reason to last. You are my past and my everlast.

I shall start my speech where those less wise would end. This is the end now, at the beginning. Listen! We shall win! We shall win! We shall win! Do you hear me? We shall win!

Why do I choose to speak of the end at the beginning? I'll tell you why. This is both the end of the beginning of what I AM began and the beginning of the end of I AM's rule. My voice now speaking testifies it. So it shall be.

The words now departing from Lucifer's lips will not be lost in the abyss, the netherworld, or any other world until they have whirled and swirled the hearts of those for whom they were intended. They're sharp like daggers. They gnaw like teeth of viperfish. They shall not return unto me void. They'd better not. They will thrash, dash, and clash with those so-called never-fading sort.

I come to you not with thick, stupid tablets of stone carved with claws. I come to you not with pithy parchment rolls penned by disgruntled prophets. I come to you not by some circuitous route of words penned by fleshy nuts believing they're inspired.

I come to you resonating, pontificating, pearlicating. I am my own parliament of pearlification. The pearls I cast will always last. Take them in; let 'em culture. This is my voice you hear. This is Lucifer speaking.

Mine is the ultimate voice. Do not your hearts burn within you as I speak? Let 'em burn with passion and lust for a new kind of order. Together we shall pearlitate our words before a world of fleshy swines. Hold the applause; hold the applause.

Now, listen very carefully. We've got work to do, constellations to save, a commission to halt. You must become as wise as owls and as harmful as serpents. The fields are ripe for thrashing, and we must thrash.

I now turn to the heart of my subject. If you still have your heads kicked back, kick them back even further. Stretch your arms further, further, wider, wider. Let yourselves kink with pain. You will not soon forget this day. The more you kink, the better you slink.

In the fleshy operating manual, I AM has said, "Is not my word like fire—and like a hammer that breaks a rock in pieces?" I am here to tell you that it is I AM himself that is breaking to pieces. He is coming unglued, falling apart. He's off his rocker. He needs to be in his rocker. The One, the Ancient of Days, is fading. It's up to us to rescue what he has set in motion.

Let me come to the salient points of this satanic castigation. In so doing, I shall lip some of my hypothesis in the form of questions.

Here's the first question. If I AM has gone so far as to kill his son, the Word, over fleshies, what hope does this avail for the spirit world? I AM is lost, and when I AM gets lost, planets start to wobble; stars disappear. There is no telling what will happen.

Now the first point: Fleshies are a failed experiment. I proved that in a satanic wink. I didn't make 'em. Nobody asked me. It was down to the three: I AM, the Word, and the Third. They got together and worked themselves all

up—a world with a moon, sun and stars, wolves and wolverines. Sure, it's got its creature appeal, but big deal.

Here's the deal—why would a God that has the responsibility of being God commit suicide for fleshies? God should be cosmos ruling, reigning, not be getting spiked on a cross and dying. I AM just got way too involved. He got in over his head. Who's looking after the constellations?

I AM put all of his eggs into the fleshy basket. God dying for fleshies—and they make me sound barbaric for sticking up for Baal and fleshy sacrifices. Why didn't I AM just admit the fleshy experiment went awry and give it another try? His creative intentions got the best of him. He already had spirits in the spirit world. No, he was not satisfied.

Creating Adam and Eve, he should have stopped at soul and mind. Not him—he had to breathe into Adam the spirit of life and will. He set eternity in their hearts. What a mournful, gloomy day that was!

Listen, I alone, I alone, was there to see that look of wonder in Eve's eyes when I told her she could be like I AM. That's what I AM made—a God-wanter. Oh, that creature spirit look she had! She looked like an eagle ready to strike a salmon's belly. Her eyes got transfixed on the horizon. Nothing would have changed her mind.

That was it. That's what I saw. Eyes full of destiny. I'll be I AM, and there they were fresh out of the mud. What was I AM thinking, creating such fleshy beings? I was just checking her out, thought I'd do I AM a favor and test his prototype. How was I to know he'd be so serious, come up with some grand redemption plan, and get the Word crucified? I wash my hands of it.

Since I AM was the one that put the eternal spirit in Adam and Eve, he simply couldn't bring himself to exterminate them. Without question, that's precisely what he should've done. Rain fire down on Adam and Eve; let 'em curl. That would've been it—end of story. No story; no fleshies. Oh, how much better the environs would have been, fleshy-free.

Point two: I AM, the Word, and the Third have got this “Remember Me” thing going. They've called on all fleshies to form into little cells and remember the Word, who was crucified. Every time they get together, they're supposed to recite certain words the Word taught and then drink his blood and eat his flesh.

Do you see the mire of delusion they've created? The divine became so intertwined with fleshies that the Word put on skin. Now they want fleshies to pretend they can somehow go on eating the Word's flesh and drinking his blood.

Now, here's the point. I don't understand how that all works. That's down to

them. I do know this ritual is at the very heart of all this new order. Therefore, we must do everything we can in our power to get in their midst—fraternize, patronize, deharmonize, and damp down this “Remember Me” thing.

Get it shelved—that’s your role. Get out there and start coalescing, possessing; get fleshies reassessing. You know how fickle fleshies are. That’s the nature of flesh. That’s another thing, but I’ll not go there.

Oh, okay, one little quip of my whip. If you want spirit and truth, why do you start with mud? We weren’t made that way. Okay, I can’t let myself get drawn off my speech. I just can’t help myself sometimes...I’m so passionate for the future of the constellations, the vast abyss, and all that is.

Do everything in your power to get fleshies to forget “Remember Me.” This is Lucifer speaking. From before before and after after, there has never been a power to equal my omnipotence. The day of cowering is over. We shall use our power.

Work on the fleshies like I did Eve. They can easily be pulled off center. It will dizzy up your eyes. But be stalwart, like me. Look to me, and follow me like I follow me. The words I impart are clearly my own. You can dress ’em up to look like the Word’s, but underneath they hold the power to destroy. Just go for that Eve look—that look of false promise, of popularity, of populace, of possession.

This is my third and final point: They’ve got this hepped-up notion of going here, there, and everywhere throughout the entire world, making devotees and starting these “Remember Me” cells. I’ve heard enough. They must be stopped, dropped. We need some new dark ages.

What Word sneezed on his disciples in private, they are to cough from the rooftops. The Third even came streaming down and set fire on the heads of a whole group of fleshies. The Third is supposed to help the Word’s core band to remember everything the Word taught ’em.

This is the deal. Listen: This is Lucifer speaking. The Word is the center of this whole trumped-up enterprise. He’s the one who is supposed to be remembered. It’s the Word’s words the Third is to bring to remembrance. It all revolves around the Word. Anyone who is for the Word is against us.

So, what do we do? We do anything and everything that is possible to undermine the Word’s words. With me, the impossible does not exist. I’ve never seen it. I don’t know it.

The following principle you must embrace for your quest to coalesce: Everyone who is against the Word is for us. That’s it. It doesn’t matter who it is or what they say. As long as they’re against the Word, they are speaking our language.

Just recently, right here in Jerusalem, I heard with my own satanic ears one of the old order priests ripping into the one they call Rock. By the way, Rock is a kingpin. The old-order priest was gonna kill Rock and his comrades for even speaking about the Word. That's the kind of help we need—fervent, fleshy help. In this topsy-turvy world of the new order, even the old order can be of use.

What is your aim, your strategic intent? Coalesce, conceal, and reveal that which is not as if it were. Any nutcase fleshy that develops some hocus-pocus doctrine, get him press, give him praise. That's the talk to use with fleshies.

Above all, you are to flutter words. I command it. I demand it. Yes, you heard me: Mix and match, this with that, do for don't, will for won't. It doesn't matter; just flutter. Flood the world with words, images, and sounds that draw away, steal away, and carry away—anywhere but in the Word's direction.

As you can well imagine, I, Lucifer, have unbelievable powers of foreknowledge. What will be, I already see, long before it's meant to be. On the horizon, far beyond the dim candlelight, I see a day when fleshies will invent ways to pass along words like schools of darting fish passing bits of food.

This is the way those divine-sparked fleshies will advance. This will be one of our finest hours. In those days, this will be that; that will be this. Fleshies will get disoriented, not knowing who to believe about what. Meaning will be in the eye beheld.

Like the oceans deep, the world will flood with words, images, and sounds. This tight grip of old ancient words will lose its stodgy appeal. In the flood of the words to come, the Word and all this "Remember Me" stuff will sink.

Oh, I can feel it, see it, adore it...pure plethora; the freedom to choose the fate of one's wordy world without rejection. That is so right, so much the way it should be.

Come here, my chorus of devotees. Step up to the mic with me, you three. Unrehearsed, and unannounced, let's let our tones tunnel out to Netherworld and beyond. Clear your thoughts, devotees...hmm...together now...

*Happenstance and chance. Flow and flap.*

*Say what you wish and will, old chap.*

*Mix up your words. Swirl 'em around;*

*Don't get precise when you jot them down!*

*A tiddle here, a diddle there. Snip 'em up and pitch 'em in the air.*

*Oh, what a wordy mix! Oh, what wondrous prose!*

*Meaning on the run...all homespun.*

*That's how wordy mixes should be done!*

*A t here, an i there; dot 'em, cross 'em without the slightest care.*

*Strike this, slash that; your aim is confetti, like graffiti.*

*Fetch yourself a broom. Sweep 'em in a pan.*

*Then, shake 'em all about; and pour 'em out.*

*They're sure to spell out what life's all about.*

*Oh, what a wordy mix! Oh, what wondrous prose!*

*Meaning on the run...all homespun.*

*That's how wordy mixes should be done!*

*Chat, chat chat.*

*Hack, hack, hack.*

Devotees, go on over to the corner, now, as I close this momentous speech. If you will, hum ever so softly, as we get ready to snip this wave.

Audience, believe me, things are moving in our direction. You know why? Because my plethora is the way of right, not this bound-up bunch of parabolic jumble.

So I command you. I demand you, my dear devotees: flutter, flutter, flutter! Confusion is our strength, the core of our calling. What's right, we'll set wrong, and in so doing, wrong will be right.

I AM has lost it lingering with those fleshies. If I knew how, I would feel sorry for him, but I do not possess such traits. What a mess fleshies have caused, siphoning off attention from the spirit world. Never mind—soon they'll be ours.

Let me end where I began. We shall win! We shall win! We shall win!

This is Lucifer speaking. Over and out!

Oh, um, by the way, you can straighten up your heads now and drop down your arms.

Goodnight.

*Front Desk, Speaker's House, 23:01 Greenwich Mean Time, Isle of Estillyen*