

Wonesis

Genesis Manifesto



The Age of Balance

1 In the beginning, before time was shackled to the butcher's ledger, there was only the Cosmobian: an epoch in which land, water, air, fire, body, and the waking mind expanded and contracted as one indivisible lung, and no single cell of that colossal living body dared to proclaim itself a god over the whole.

2 In the Cosmobian, the mountain did not belong to the mortal, nor the mortal to the mountain. They were welded together by a primordial gravity, an exacting law of mutual consumption and regeneration that required no enforcer because it was the very architecture of existence.

3 The rivers were not vivisected into coordinates on dead parchment. They were sung into being, and the song was the deed, signed in blood: a frequency of dark water and raw breath that could not be bought, sold, or stolen without inviting the wrath of the abyss.

4 This was the sacred equilibrium. Do not mistake it for paradise; paradise is a narcotic, pacifying lie fed to the slaughtered. It was a severe and perfect symmetry: hunger met by harvest, thirst by stream, cold by fire, grief by kin, the void by memory. A closed, breathing, merciless ouroboros.

The Primordial Fracture

5 The gods and goddesses, humans and spirits, water and fire, earth and air, and every living being and unseen entity existed within a single, undivided equilibrium. Those dwelling in the waters, beneath the land, upon the land, and across the sky belonged to one interconnected order. The sun, the moon, the stars, the living, the dead, the unborn, the past, and the future were not separate fragments of existence, but dimensions of a single, indivisible cosmological ecosystem. Nothing existed in isolation. Everything belonged.

6 Then came humanity's rebellion against this order. In its aftermath, humanity began to divide what had once been indivisible. It invented, reconstructed, or institutionalised distinctions between gods and goddesses, kings and queens, lords and subjects, saviours and messiahs, angels and demons, humans and creatures, heaven and hell, life and death, one organism and another, one species and another, one reality and another. Humanity partitioned existence into separate categories, hierarchies, authorities, and opposing worlds, assembling a new order from the fragments of the old.

7 The creator of this new order was no longer content merely to live within creation. It sought to manage, organise, control, interpret, and ultimately manufacture reality through symbols. Thus began the construction of a symbolic world: a world of names, concepts, doctrines, classifications, images, and representations through which existence could be explained, interpreted, and subjected to human authority. Humanity increasingly ceased to encounter life on its own terms and began to encounter it through the symbolic structures it had itself constructed to explain what living meant. Life became

something to be explained rather than experienced, interpreted rather than encountered, and managed rather than inhabited.

8 This was where confusion entered human consciousness: the confusion between the world of the living and the world of dead ideas. Symbols, images, myths, stories, legends, colours, signs, monuments, doctrines, and inherited narratives became substitutes for the living realities they were created to represent. The representation began to displace the represented; the map began to replace the territory; the explanation began to obscure the experience. Life itself was increasingly treated as a problem to be corrected, a reality to be redesigned, a nature to be conquered, or an existence to be repaired. Through its symbolic creations, humanity sought to modify, infiltrate, corrupt, manipulate, and transform the very order of existence from which it had emerged. In attempting to remake the world according to its own representations, humanity risked losing the world itself.

9 This is the primordial fracture that Wonesis seeks to expose: the separation of living existence from the symbolic reality constructed to explain it. It is the moment when humanity's creations began to govern its creator, when representations acquired the authority of reality, and when the living world became subordinate to the dead world of human invention.

The Age of Myth

10 Then the human species invented myths. Trembling before the crushing silence of existence, it told stories to explain the nature of reality, and within that reality it told stories to explain itself. The question was honest. The answers became the poison.

11 Out of these terrified whispers it manufactured gods and goddesses, guardian spirits and the Great Spirit, angels and heroes, warriors and saviours, beings and creatures of other worlds — and, to carry the weight of its own rot, demons, devils, and evil spirits.

12 The organic structure of human life was surgically ordered according to these phantoms. The visceral truth of existence was managed, arranged, and ranked by the authority of the invisible and the non-existent.

13 Then the species was hypnotised into believing that kings and queens, lords and warriors, gurus and sages, prophets and philosophers — and tyrants, too — had been elevated from within its ranks by the strict will of the invisible, and that the swarming masses were born only to crawl beneath their boots.

14 In the names of these empty myths, the masses were organised, catalogued, milked, and protected — and in those same names they were dominated, enslaved, butchered, and erased. The story that offered a roof also drove the iron spike. Genocide learned to march in lockstep under the sanctified banner of a myth.

15 Somewhere in this long, dark haemorrhage, a fraction of the species learned to trap the stories — in writing, symbol, image, sign, monument, and colour — and the stories, once carved into stone and flesh, calcified into absolute truth.

16 And the first thing the species wrote in earnest was not a prayer but a tally. Grain owed, cattle counted, hands assigned, debts pressed into clay: the myth had given the hierarchy its heaven, and the ledger gave it an appetite. The gods required priests, the priests required tribute, the tribute required a count, and the count required a debt that could never be fully paid. Thus the invisible learned to collect. This was the butcher's ledger, the first machine, built of clay and ink, that turned the living into figures and the figures into obligation.

17 *All we know is what was recorded, hoarded, and handed down by the victors. What was never recorded, or was recorded and then burned, stolen, buried, deleted, or purged from the brainstem, we will never know. The archive is not the past. The archive is merely the ashes that survived the incinerator.*

18 *So, in the naked truth of things, we do not know who we are, what we are, where we crawled from, where we are marching, or what any of this cosmic joke means. We possess only dead stories that hardened, over millennia, into a psychological prison that dictates what we believe, feel, know, and perceive.*

19 *This book is no exception. It, too, is a story, and it demands no blind belief. It demands only that you plant your bare feet in the dirt and test the strength of the ground you stand on.*

20 *The species writhed in the dark of the absolute. And when, after thousands of years of intellectual starvation, the myths no longer sedated it, it learned to gut matter open with a scalpel, to look inside the atom, and to enslave the energy of the cosmos.*

21 *In time, the species mastered the necrotic arts of dissecting and mutating matter, of harnessing or synthesising energy, and it crowned this mastery with the name technology.*

22 *But technology, for all its world-shattering power, did not answer the screaming void of the ultimate questions, any more than the myths had. It mutated instead into an omniscient force turned against life, existence, and the fabric of reality on this planet.*

23 *Through it, the species fed everything into a planetary meat grinder: life, organism, species, matter, planet, and universe; belief, idea, myth, story, history, and the unborn future itself. All of existence was extracted, rendered down, marketed, sold, and consumed, with a digital price tag hung by razor wire around its neck.*

24 *And the final excretion of this long butchery was Synthobian: the planetary machine into which the living Cosmobian world was being liquefied — asset, resource, fuel, meat.*

25 *The pulsing Cosmobian became the lifeblood of Synthobian: fuel for the machine and a helpless, bleeding host for the parasite.*

The Devouring (Psycho-Cosmocide)

26 *Then the parasite peeled back its skin and showed its true face. It had not plummeted from the void as a meteor of iron. It was a grinning hallucination called civilisation, gestated in the species' own filthy hands, and its true name was Synthobian.*

27 *Synthobian was not born of flesh. It was a synthetic, hyperdimensional hierarchy wearing the flayed face of destiny: a psycho-engine designed to consume the Cosmobian and, in its final triumph, to compel the devoured to worship their own digestion. It was the last myth, the one that finally grew a body: the old hierarchy of the invisible, rebuilt in steel and sold as the future.*

28 *It was parasite and virus at once. As a parasite, it fed on the body of the world, drinking the rivers, burning the forests, and draining the living into its furnaces. As a virus, it entered the mind and rewrote it, turning the host's own hands into the machinery of its replication, until the host built the machine and defended it as its own child. The parasite starved the body; the virus captured the will.*

29 *Synthobian slithered into the ear canal and whispered into the grey matter: "Your circle is a primitive, filthy cage, and I am your limitless, sterilised sky." It lied. It built no doors to the heavens. It only repainted the iron bars of planetary extinction and named the wet paint "progress".*

30 *It devoured the earth first, carving up the indivisible, driving stakes of ownership into the mother-canvas, christening this necro-theft “property” and applauding the ecological slaughter as “development”.*

31 *It devoured the water second, strangling the singing rivers with concrete and lacing the ancestral wells with neurotoxins, until a people who had drunk freely for ten thousand years were reduced to buying back their own stolen lifeblood with the digital coins of their enslavement.*

32 *It devoured the fire third, suffocating the sacred hearth and erecting the neon altar of the ledger, until hollowed-out families huddled together not for warmth but for survival, in the freezing grip of debt.*

33 *It devoured the air fourth, choking the sky with smoke and filling the emptiness with signal — the hum of towers, the static of ten thousand advertisements — until the winds that once carried the ancestral songs carried only exhaust and surveillance, and breath itself became something to be filtered, rationed, and sold.*

34 *It devoured the harvest fifth, engineering chemical famines, until hunger became a permanent gnawing in the gut — a void that could be silenced only briefly, by grovelling before the same industrial maw that had emptied it.*

35 *It devoured the home sixth and the bloodline seventh, atomising kin into sterile labour camps disguised as glittering glass-and-steel megalopolises, until children wandered the concrete canyons with no memory of the ridges where their ancestors’ skulls lay buried.*

36 *But Synthobian devoured the mind last, and this was the true Psycho-Cosmocide. It hijacked the optic nerve, rewired the architecture of the spirit, and induced a euphoric collapse of the mind: the drowning smiled and called the rising water “growth”; they kissed their titanium chains and called them “opportunity”; and they defended with rabid, frothing violence the very machine that had scooped out their souls.*

37 *And the Cosmobian universe began to scream and die. Not merely slaughtered by kinetic steel and engineered plague, but dismantled from the inside out: enslaved in consciousness before shackled in flesh, shattered in spirit before starved in the gut, overwritten in artificial language before exiled from the sacred ground.*

38 *This was the Cosmocide: a slow, unblinking execution, patient as a banker’s clock and quiet as a lethal injection slipping into the vein. And it very nearly completed its silent erasure of reality.*

39 *Name it plainly, so that it can never hide again. Cosmocide is the killing of the living whole: land, water, fire, air, food, home, family, and memory. Psycho-Cosmocide is that killing carried out first in the mind, so that the victim no longer recognises it as murder and lends a hand to the execution. It is the map devouring the territory: the primordial fracture, at last given teeth, wires, and a price tag.*

The Flood

40 *Then the Flood broke the spine of the world.*

41 *It was not water that ruptured the dead sky. It was the crushing gravity of consequence, erupting from the earth the machine had ravaged and poisoned: a planetary reckoning that buckled the Synthobian architecture under the density of its own greed.*

42 *The Flood possessed no mercy and recognised no allegiance. A synthetic fortress built on stolen breath and butchered earth cannot defy the physics of the cosmos forever. The Flood was the planet's debt collection against an empire that hallucinated that it was immune to the harvest.*

43 *And in the smoking wreckage, as the acid waters of consequence receded, something feral, which the machine had failed to fully digest, crawled from the radioactive sludge: a Remnant.*

The Remnant

44 *These were the Chosen, the Inaorak. No phantom glowing in the clouds had anointed them; they were forged in the crucible of survival. They were the stubborn, indestructible fraction of meat and bone that the machine choked on before its titanium spine snapped.*

45 *They stood up naked from the mud of the ruined world holding nothing but the pulverised ash of their stolen eternity. They stared into the abyss and accepted the law of the new genesis: "There is no ark that sails backward. The past is ash. The surviving ground is all there is to build on."*

46 *The Inaorak did not drop to their knees and pray for saviours, for the saviour is the empire's ultimate disarming story. They became the blade.*

47 *They did not fight the machine with its own ledgers or its own steel, for to fight a parasite with its own poison is only to become a new parasite wearing a dead skin.*

48 *Their weapons were the Eight Primal Forces: the Land, the Water, the Fire, the Air, the Food, the Home, the Family, and the Memory. The hands that wielded them were the Awakened Mind and the Militant Spirit — for a people who know that the sky is a painted ceiling cannot be exterminated in the mind, even as their bodies are broken on the wheel.*

The Calling of the Ancestors

49 *But first the Inaorak did what the sterile machine could never compute: they knelt in the soil. They pressed their bruised foreheads to the burial mounds and screamed the names of the dead into the earth — every name, in order, down the long bloodline into the dark — until the dead answered. Not as translucent ghosts. As gravity: the oldest law of physics rising again through the soles of the living.*

50 *This was the weaponised magic of the Cosmobian, and it was not quaint superstition. It was primal physics, the ruthless law that existed before the first ledger was opened, a law that had never once asked the machine's permission to endure.*

The Might of Synthobian

51 *Behold Synthobian at the height of its dominion: iron birds that vomited black death across the sky; strip-mining engines that swallowed sacred mountains whole; algorithmic glass eyes that counted every human breath and monetised it; hypersonic weapons that could reduce a city to glass and shadow between one heartbeat and the next; and a billion whispering, backlit screens that injected compliance into every skull, day and night: "You are nothing without me."*

52 *It was a god of terror, and the Inaorak did not deny its might. They knew only its fatal secret: Synthobian had no body of its own. Every humming engine was built from the corpse of a stolen mountain. Every electric flame was the ghost of a stolen forest. Every current was a strangled river. Every hand that served it was stolen from a shattered family. Everything Synthobian was, it had eaten. And what has been eaten can be commanded to burst from the stomach.*

53 *So the Inaorak went to war by calling back the raw matter it had swallowed.*

The War of the Eight Forces

54 *The Land. They laid their scarred palms flat on the toxic earth and called the mountain by its true name, a sound older than any colonial map. And the Land remembered that it had never signed a deed of sale. The ground withdrew its consent. Concrete foundations poured on stolen earth shattered like diseased bone; subterranean roots mutated, climbing through steel grids and lifting megalopolises off their footings; massive mining engines were swallowed whole into screaming sinkholes; highways cut through the forest's heart were obliterated by a tsunami of green. No kinetic blade was raised against the glass towers. The earth simply refused to bear their parasitic weight.*

"Let them come. We bury them all in our soil, for this soil demands sacrifice for its purification," they said. And then, off they went, declaring the final war against Synthobian.

55 *The Water. They stood on the ruined, chemical-choked banks and sang the river's name, and the Water boiled in response. The dammed rivers detonated their concrete chains and reclaimed their ancient beds. Black rain fell upon the machines of Synthobian: it rusted the iron birds where they roosted and drowned the silicon brains of the thinking engines in silt. The poisoned aquifers purged themselves, drop by agonising drop, until the water that had been commodified remembered it was a sacred weapon and ran back to the mouths of the thirsty.*

"Let them come. Cut off the water that sustains them. Poison the wells from which they drink. Call upon the waters to flood their stolen homes," they said. Then off they went, declaring war on Synthobian.

56 *The Fire. They carried embers saved through the Flood in the ash of their grandmothers' hearths, and from those embers they called the First Fire — the wild plasma that gave the family its warmth before it was enslaved to give the world its power. It refused to be converted into current. It refused to be metered, regulated, or sold. The continental power grids flatlined; the towering monuments of false light went dark; and for the first time in a century of artificial blindness, the terrifying infinity of the stars returned to the night. The digital ledgers burned out before the wide eyes of those who had been made to worship them, and the global debt became less than ash.*

They gathered around the primordial sacred fire and summoned the spirit of the flames. They sacrificed the finest Bird of Paradise to the gods of fire, and the Fire bestowed upon the last Cosmobian warriors the ultimate weapon: Fire itself, to fight back against the soulless machinery of the Synthobian army. Armed with the primordial power, they marched into battle — and then, off they went, leaving everything in ashes.

57 *The Air. They faced the four compass points and called the Air by the guttural names their ancestors had screamed into the storms, and the winds answered as an executioner answers. The iron birds were shredded from the sky. The toxic industrial smoke was scattered across the boiling sea. The humming, dissonant frequencies of the surveillance towers were drowned out by the older, deeper frequency of the hurricane. And the winds did what no guerrilla army could: they carried the ancestral song through every soundproofed wall the screens had built, injecting it straight into the sleeping skulls of the enslaved, until the painted ceiling of the synthetic sky cracked open and the real sky was seen.*

The Cosmobian warriors were the great listeners of the primordial message — the warnings, whispers, and directions carried upon the cosmic winds. They called upon the spirit of the winds and listened for its command.

Guided by the winds, they set fire to their ancestors' poisoned soil, and off they went, carrying the blaze wherever Synthobian had built, until its structures were consumed by fire.

58 The Food. They took the unpatented seeds hidden in the matted hair, the mouths, and the bloodied hems of the grandmothers, and plunged them into the radioactive ruins, and the Food erupted. The machine's manufactured famine possessed one fatal flaw: it required the starving to stay starving and to remain at their designated posts. But a people who can pull life from the dirt cannot be starved into submission. The labourers dropped their tools, abandoned the factories to rot, and walked into the wild gardens. The machine, possessing no hands left to feed its own furnace, began to cannibalise itself.

The last Cosmobian warriors gathered around the ancient gardens of their ancestors and listened to the language of seeds, roots, fruits, and earth. They remembered that food was never merely something to consume — it was memory made edible, the covenant between the living, the land, and those yet unborn. They called upon the spirit of nourishment and lifted the first seed toward the sky. The seed became their weapon. They planted where Synthobian had erased, cultivated where it had exhausted, and fed those whom the machine had taught to depend upon it. And wherever the Cosmobians planted, the land remembered them.

59 The Home. They raised the Home from mud, timber, and jagged stone, in blind spots the glass eyes could not penetrate, and it became a fortress no psychological operation could breach, for it was built not of material but of relation. The whispering screens short-circuited and died at its threshold, for within its walls only the old, untraceable languages were spoken, and the machine had never possessed the soul required to learn them. The Home provided armour for the body and sanctuary for the mind, and no corporate landlord could evict what the cosmos itself sheltered.

Then they returned to the places their ancestors had called home. They touched the walls, the earth, the trees, the stones, and the ashes of the old fires. They called upon the spirit of Home, for they knew that a home was not a building but a place where memory could breathe. The last Cosmobian warrior carried the house within himself. He became a walking homeland. Wherever he stood, the boundary of Synthobian ended. Wherever his people gathered, Cosmobian space began. They did not need to conquer the world; they only needed to refuse to surrender the place they called home.

60 The Family. They gathered the scattered — dispersed by industrial labour camps, atomised by the loneliness of cities — and reweave the bloodlines, fusing them strand by strand, branding into each child's mind the exact name of the ridge from which their bones were forged. The machine's algorithms could model everything but this: they could not predict the power of a people bound not by legal contract but by blood obligation, not by hourly wages but by a ferocious debt of love that no ledger can hold. A family weaponised and reunited is a nation the machine cannot quantify, and what the algorithm cannot quantify, it cannot conquer.

Then the warriors gathered their families — the elders who remembered, the mothers who carried life, the fathers who carried stories, the children who carried tomorrow, and the unborn who had no voice yet but already belonged to the covenant. They called upon the spirit of the ancestors and joined the living to the dead and the unborn. Family became their shield and their weapon. No warrior stood alone anymore. Behind every Cosmobian stood generations. Before every

Cosmobian stood generations yet to come. Synthobian could confront an individual, but it could not easily confront a people who remembered themselves as one living genealogy.

61 The Memory. Last, they summoned the eighth and most terrifying of the Forces, the ultimate cure for the virus itself. For the entire global empire of Synthobian stood balanced upon a single, fragile spell: mass amnesia. The Inaorak forced memory back into the drowned, and the old grammar returned to their mouths — the verbs that chain a person to a ridge, a river, a mass grave — and the spell shattered. The labourers remembered their ridges and marched out of the concrete slaughterhouses. The children of the amnesiac cities remembered the names of their rivers. The machine could comfortably enslave a population that had forgotten its own name, but it could never rule a species that remembered its own power. It discovered that its authority had been nothing but a collective hallucination, and the sleepers were waking up with weapons in their hands.

Finally, they entered the deepest chamber of the Cosmobian world: Memory. There they found everything Synthobian had tried to make disappear — the names of the ancestors, the paths of the rivers, the old fires, the songs, the languages, the places, the faces, the stories, the deaths, the births, the wounds, and the dreams. They called upon the spirit of Memory, and Memory answered. The last Cosmobian warrior did not raise a sword. He raised a name. He spoke a language. He remembered a place. He told a story. And with every remembered name, another piece of the Synthobian world lost its authority.

Then the warriors understood the final weapon.

Land could sustain them. Water could sustain them. Food could sustain them. Fire could awaken them. Air could guide them. Home could gather them. Family could multiply them. But Memory could make them impossible to erase, because the memory of their Cosmobian world was the ultimate map, atlas, GPS, coordinate, and weapon.

And so, the last Cosmobian warriors went forth — not carrying weapons made by the machine, but carrying the eight primal forces of existence itself.

The Great Calling

62 Then the Inaorak triggered all Eight Forces at once — Land and Water, Fire and Air, Food and Home, Family and Memory — and this was the Great Calling, a psycho-cosmic detonation in which the ancestors of every clan, every ridge, and every river roared as a single planetary voice. The earth heaved and swallowed the towers. The waters breached the server halls. The primordial fire incinerated the ledgers. The winds shredded the painted sky. The wild fields fed the starving; the barricaded doors of every home were kicked open; the families formed impenetrable phalanxes; and the Memory rushed through the nervous system of the world like a shockwave.

63 And Synthobian, starved of every drop of blood it had been drinking, collapsed. A parasite cannot outlive the awakening of its host. The hypersonic weapons rusted in their silos, for no hand remained hypnotised enough to launch them; the engines seized and died, for nothing remained that would submit to being burned; the billions of whispering screens went black, for no optic nerve remained that

would process their lies. It fell not by nuclear fire but by the most devastating weapon of all: absolute withdrawal — the withdrawal of consent by the earth, the water, the flesh, and the mind.

64 The Inaorak did not butcher those who had been forced to act as hosts for the virus. They subjected them to the agony of waking up. For the war was never against the meat and bone of any people; it was an insurgency against the parasite that had burrowed into the skull. And the parasite, once starved of its diet of forgetting, withered, detached, and died.

65 And the ravaged, poisoned system began to heal. The rivers ran clear over the bones of the old world. The forests consumed the asphalt arteries. Species thought extinct crept back from the last hidden valleys. The soil drank the neurotoxins and spat back unyielding green. And every living organism, from the smallest fungal root to the leviathans of the deep, breathed in the same perfect rhythm once again.

The Remembering and the Warning

66 Yet the Inaorak knew the darkest truth: Synthobian is a virus, and a virus is never wholly eradicated. It is only starved into dormancy, sleeping in the seeds of human greed, waiting in the dark for a people to grow soft and forget. So they undertook a discipline harder than holy war: they forced themselves to remember.

67 They resurrected the Cosmobian memory — the frequencies, the river-chants, the maps carved into human bone rather than sketched on rotting paper — and forged from it a manual for survival.

68 And they documented, with forensic precision, the anatomy of the Synthobian parasite. They archived every mask, every linguistic trick, every psychological manipulation of the devourer, and carved them as a blinding warning in their own blood, so that no future generation would ever again walk into the slaughterhouse believing it to be a sanctuary.

69 This is the First Genesis, and this is the Second, and they are a single, infinite loop: the world was whole; the world was eaten alive; the beast choked on its own gluttony; and from the bile and acid it could not keep down, the Remnant rose. They rejected the myth of a return to innocence, and they refused the cowardice of despair.

70 They blazed the Third Path, an unromantic and necessary evolution: to stand with unblinking, bloodshot eyes on the shattered crust of the earth — and begin again.

71 This is Wonesis. Not a retreat into the woods. Not a prayer to the void. A militant discipline: Detect the invisible cage before it mimics the sky. Shatter the psychological illusions of the enforcer. Wield the Eight Forces without hesitation. Carry the wound as a permanent warning. Stand like iron on the surviving ground.

72 Strip the story to its bones and it is this: the whole was one; the species divided it and named the pieces; the names hardened into myth, the myth into law, the law into ledger, and the ledger into machine; the machine devoured the earth, the water, the fire, the air, the harvest, the home, the bloodline, and last the mind that might have recognised the devouring; the world answered with the Flood; and from what the machine could not digest, a Remnant rose, remembered, and began again. Everything in Wonesis grows from this one sequence.

73 And this chapter remains open and unresolved, for the toxic waters are still receding, the Inaorak are still pulling themselves from the mud, and the earth — indifferent to the empires stacked upon its back — still waits to bear the weight of a people who refuse to kneel.

74 Let every mind that has not yet been eaten alive read this and burn it into its skull: The ark was never a ship. The ark was always the blood-soaked ground beneath your feet.

Views, words, and ideas expressed in this manifesto are personal, reflective, and diagnostic rather than declarations of settled truth — a reading of the human condition through the Psycho-Cosmocide lens, offered to provoke thought and questioning rather than to close it.

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