

Satanic Living

By

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Introduction

Satanic living is far from typical. Satanists occupy their time differently, and think differently. If we don't waste all of our time we are productive. We each have our own purpose to fulfill. Hopefully life is a little better for a Satanist. It is hoped that you enjoy things at least a little more. They should. Satanism is a worldly occupation.

I set forth in this book many ways to enjoy life and get the most out of it. There are many models of success. They mean nothing if you don't enjoy life. And really, before anything g, happiness matters. I want happiness to fill your life.

If you are not familiar with Satanism, you will learn it well here, and certainly have a good start in forming a new Satanic mind, heart, and life. And these writings are also beneficial to the seasoned Satanist.

Certain things make a Satanist. There are not many but must be taken wholly and seriously. Things such as individualism and pride.

This book also serves as encouragement into finding a Purpose of Satan and enacting it, being productive and rewarded. We must be at least a little active day to day working for success. *Being somebody.*

There are many things taught here and from time to time stark blasphemy. This book teaches you *why* be a Satanist and *why* be against God. There are good reasons both ways.

This book may challenge you. I hope it does. No need to read from the first page to the last. You can digest it simply from flipping around, occasionally.

Lucifer Jeremy White

The Book

Today I wandered through Haight street going inside a few shops. One had just what I was looking for- except for the prices, which were many times higher than online ones. The larger metallic idols you see in the photos were \$888! They had crystal rocks, however, worth the price. And they had a meditation room loaded with idols and an altar for prayer. So I removed my shoes, knelt, and prayed to be made the Anti Christ. All Satanists want to be him. Some are very sure that they are. But for me it is a wish, not a delusion.

I also went into a store selling nothing good. Mostly cheap jewelry, as, aluminum pieces. But they did have some cool skulls.

Then I went into the Haight street Good Will, here in San Francisco. And they had some impressive prices for good things. I want much an over coat, a good, blanketing overcoat. They had a good one for \$25. And I paid \$200 for one before online. They had a 40 or so inch TV for sixty bucks. And they had inexpensive dress suits. On top of that they had some cheap odds and ends like paper binders and ice treys. I decided to go to the larger Good Will, though, which is- larger, and closer to my home.

But first I went inside a cafe where I got a sprite and wrote a bit into my book (The Satanic Book) which was "finished" but which I am expanding.

So it was a great venture out today and best of all, my prayer in the altar room was made.

I also go into idol stores and pray to the idols inside which I call "stealing a prayer," sometimes. I did so in that idol store before I found there was a whole private room for it.

"Perfection is my right," I like to say. So often you will hear that no one is perfect, just do your best. But doing your best *is* trying to do perfectly. I don't want to be told that it is good enough when I am not even yet done. And it naturally happened to me that the productive things I do are things that can go on, forever, for as long as it is there and I am here, I will continue to improve it. For example, my endeavors are writing music, writing books, and when buying things I do my best to buy better from the same. When I've gotten what can't be much better then I move on to getting other things. If its mine then I should be solely in charge of doing what I want with it. My Christian Satanic Bible took me six years to finalize. I am satisfied with its eventuality. Changing it would be a step in the wrong direction, I feel, at least for some time to come. Christian Satanism? It is the perfect and best of religions to all of my capacity.

The things I get are specifically wanted. My tastes I know well. I know well what I like and I know what that I want, specifically. I like red ice treys. I like my Walking Liberty coin. I like Eye of Providence. I like red Cargo pants. I like a certain kind of belt. I take a lot of consideration of what is the best of the best things. Freedom of choosing is important for someone as me.

I don't want you to make my tea. The world needs to engage in perfectionism as harmoniously but diverse as it could be. Because like a hallway with many doors, inside being what is consecrated best, the utmost idealism, allowing us all to ever climb. That even at the start we are at the best place. And as with matters of Capitalism, much Capitalism makes us *all* rich. And let them take drugs. Let them be weaker than you. Let them be in dire straits. First, achieve to perfect the system all around, and the least will be the best of that which has passed..

Available everywhere are models of perfect warriors and gods, villains and entities Satanic. From Darth Vader and Palpatine, Vegera and the Klingon,

simulations of the Satanic Warrior is construed. Some of them are even starkly Satanic, in one good way or another, many of them are.

Here are some Satanic quotes from Satanic characters:

Vegeta from Dragon Ball Z- "Because I wanted him to reawaken the evil in my heart. I wanted him to return me to the way I was before! I was the perfect warrior, cold and ruthless. I lived by my strength alone, unfettered by petty attachment. But slowly over the years, I became one of you, and my quest for greatness gave way to a life of mediocrity.

In the show *Dragon Ball Z* Vegeta trained relentlessly to maintain, infer his warrior status. Though he did so, another character, Goku, could never be surpassed. Even so, Vegetation was built by pride, and through anything, conquered with pride. Goku was really just a metaphor for Jesus, and Vegeta, something like his brother, was Satan.

Vegeta was much of an underdog, though he trained much harder, he could never outdo Goku- but was very much stronger with pride.

To succeed you must outdo. You must masterfully "1 up." Those that won't, they are the least, and those that strive, the further they do more, and the more they outdo. That is to say that most people quit, or do nothing to begin with, in life. But if you are to succeed, you must what others don't or won't.

If you work out, building muscle, you must make it regular. If you design a new thing, you must think up things other were too thought limited to construe. If you save for a business, you must save up, whereas most could not persistently save as much. If you are to qualify for a more preferable and higher paying job, you must study hard and earn a degree.

The less these are done by others, the more one can use to excel.

When strength alone matters, only conquering matters. To overcome, with prude, mediocrity, the more strength, rewarded by pride, the further you will arrive down the road of gods.

Vegeta may have not been the very greatest in his universe, but he did keep company with, and was among, them.

The challenge of the Satanic Prince is to earn a place among the Satanic Extemporary through merit. That involves toil and strife. The inamorata of The Satanist is his stature. That stature is true godlessness. It is like a self-induced/ induced means to overcome and upturn weakness, and through strength keep the prize that strength provides. I call you to challenge, that no matter how strong you are, to be yet more strong, powerful, better, more resilient-

>:) *A proud look* is of the better things in the application of Satanism. Maybe you cannot afford to dress the best of the best but gradually you can reach that place. The rich have it immediately but you can still get there piece by piece. Ezekiel describes Satan (most would say, that is Satan) as donned with the best of all jewels and lavished in honor with gold. To dress well is a good thing. Most people don't, too, for most it is jeans and a shirt, so to speak.

Ideally, *all things stronger*.

It is only through arduous stress that one's mind opens to the darker realities reciprocating *Satanic Visions*. A whole world blossoms forth-Satanic roses of all sorts. To be buried in the dark unleashes certain sensitivities otherwise unfounded.

Day and night some suffering under solitary confinement have confronted their own demons.

Some become homeless and confront a desperation alluding to crack and AIDS inducing whore straddling.

And most would die from loneliness putting on burning layers of social compensation.

But the true Satanic Prince is, foremost: *Thoroughly enjoys life, is an individualist and is strong*. To enjoy life, what else of anything matters? An individualist and one singular, one thereby remarkably unique. And strength, a general term, can be said of resilience, adaptability and bravery.

Whatever good from strength, individuality and love of life, is a good indeed.

Do you know that science is creating for man a heaven on Earth? A lazy day for all? A place of no need unmet? A safe place? A place of unobstructed gratification? It is rapidly becoming so.

We are well into the end of our valiant struggle. With Artificial Intelligence coming to "take our jobs," while we are left with our own creative inclinations, strife will be nonexistent for most.

Maybe all along Man was meant to evolve separately and singularly within His own strata. What Man has achieved, He achieved without godly interference. He took the world His own and through the arcane assembly of magic into science constructed piece by piece a paradise.

In all the incurred dealings with *people* the Satanist governs separation thereunto. Petty people concerns are irreverent and readily dispensed, by the foreign being, The Satanist. If you are a Satanist then your influences are strictly in popularized. You are a separate entity in the world.

It's those that are different that cause what it different. It is those that are different that bring about what is different. Though while in Rome. Me, detesting the world, I fiddle while it burns. America- land of the selfish victim.. Land of the detestable. A place forming from iron forged petty dumbass intolerance of intolerance.

The Luciferian-Satanist we will blend in. *While in Rome*. In our set up we may even live to fiddle while Rome burns.

I recommend you, as a *Luciferian*, circle around or even sit- just sit circulating in thought things kindly giving pride! As though the world just doesn't urn. Or that you turn apart from it.

Satan is as a fire- He is a She. She is a lover and friend. Or else if a woman you're Devil it might be a man. Maybe to you a brother, or a sister. And only the truly different are anything the same with him, and coincidingly by at "One" with *her* with *him*.

If you don't like a food then starve. You'll then find food.

Let me introduce you to the Devil. He is on the road many have found, but few have remained upon. He isn't concerned with petty humanly trivia. He challenges the humanly realm and evolves human kind. *He* wrote the bible. All of that- that was The Devil. But many a fool have believed Satan to be a hero against intolerance and not God but still concerned with things of trivia. He doesn't rest in Human complacency but more to exonerating liberation.

There was never a village where Satan hadn't appeared as some sort of awesomeness. He appeared as Mohammed himself, the Buddha. The possessed. The anarchist. The revolutionary man. The brides last breath. The trees last seed. The bakers last bread.

He has given gifts for the few that excelled in executing his purpose. A vanguard, a thief, a vagrant, the exonerated as, *priest in the wrong place, a politician here, a sooth Sayer there. And Satan- everywhere.*

Take a Star Bux logo as your idol, and pray to its cup, as Shiva, as Satan, as Lucifer. These are modern idols, after all, and its cup, pray to. The world is so very Luciferian-Satanic, sometimes that agenda hidden, but nonetheless.

The world is Luciferian-Satanic. It is the Devil's Earth. We were chosen to live here in Hus time. We live in a Satanic world, even should we *look around* for His world. Satan came back in 1906. The Jehovah's Witnesses were just about right on this. San Francisco quaked, Satan appeared, after a wealthy Jew was about making San Francisco *beautiful*.

There is no "being one" with a culture of many cultures as is the Chaos Magic that is San Francisco. Many questionably Satanic things persist on the shores of a great ocean. The priest can't see his enemies. The priest has many enemies.

I prayed to God that if I can't have the earth, then maybe a portion yet be my own?

That night I laid face down and hugging the concrete said "I love my little blue rock, I hug my little blue rock, and I pray no matter where I am on my

little blue tock it be wonderful," then said, "And the sun stay where it is!" Then, the following morning, had a dream of *Holland*. I thought where is Holland?! And later found out, that's Scandinavian. And yet later found out through a DNA test I am 20% Scandinavian. Scandinavia, here I come! Embrace your King!

You would do well from time to time:

To think *proud things*

To use a basic dictionary, word by word recollecting, unearthing memories

To apply optimal-pathic reasoning

To untangle and sort out life's difficulties and

Provide something for your future as invest into it

To explore and identify your tastes

And untangle and sort out cobble web thinking

In all your doings, you would thereby be perfect in every regard, a strong and lasting Satanist, and at one with the gods

But the coward, the lazy and those with no meaning, auto-generating of populous identities, will not ever meet there selves, and would be made of others, producing as weeds do, uselessly, numerously.

So then place seeds all around, being different, making much difference. Because the Satanist is like a rare fruit, different and desired, to the furthest possible extent. S,/he wanes not, is everlasting, and seen worldwide, that are contrary- that are the only who presents a question. That question being *What are the rest of you?*

The sun, that unyielding unchanging "thing" in the sky. It follows me no matter how far I go. It is warmth. It bears light. And so be as a Luciferian, a great shining constant illuminating light. One that is forever right and never changing but in due season.

Satan is the fire yet Lucifer is the light. The burning to ash and the phoenix with the light of Lucifer.

But the truly dross and dull grey are they of black upon their shade. They cannot see their self. In the mirror the Devil appears, to the Satanist. But the other self selves cannot see a tree, only a forest. Indeed they have no soul and go about a success of others; never their own. Always another. Never their own.

But he who is different rather than a puzzle of many things, he is a puzzle of his own and a riddle in many ways. Though, the different blend in and never cone into the sight right.

May the dark see you its own and be you before them each a vibrant star. He who sees the Devil in an atheists.. Or Christianly.. Or Islamic.. Or Buddhist world is superb; most excellent to He, for He yet desires to be found, as a legendary gem, if nothing less.

But The Devil will have atheism.

The Devil will have the world sinfully reckless. *He* ought have guided into *right-acting* sin. The world, be it extant from any least of Ya. So let it be that His greatest are themselves without awe. *That Man, could He do anything?*

Do the Devil's work and test with the rest you've earned. Should there be no difficulty true rest is not found. Settle well in the purpose the Devil gave you. Produce the crop from which the devils feed. Be even a food most desired being in all ways like a giver of Christian meat.

When you hear of rumors of wars and wars even so circumference- *hide*. Be like those that boxed them selves in producing play dough, manufacturing weapons with expertise- safe. And apart, or else hidden. They so few that emerge when the dust settles, they are the true victors.

Come and conquer the earth with me, trotting on the earth beneath those Christians, in the grave, who had no thirst for life, that strife, that strife. No thirst for life those Christians, ought as well might. Where's my right?

The hidden place as a cave or abandoned home, or a hole in the desert, that is the better place for the Christian. They aren't suppose to be here. They don't fit in. In fact they belong in heaven and are here like spy's. They want to bring here heaven like a treasonous, open mouthed man from another

nation. Why can't they just *go*? But comes the robber who would leave us and they *nothing, anywhere, but fire*.

God is an ego maniacal being that'll have unadulterated worship- for eternity. Hell have nothing from a "person" any less than proven thick tested devotion and worship. The cross has never been a free gift, more, it is bribery.

He flows, flows, surges forth such poetic prose, such vengeance unmatched, such colorful beautiful mighty vengeance. Such a wonderful and lovely story of His; the Cross, sing, sing now for me my followers most reverent and true, without black stain, the prose of your life. For me, for me, of all great might! Yes! Yes my follower sing it sing it true! I am coming! I am coming so soon!

But me, I feel I simply have a better chance with The Devil. I feel, there would be no surprises and that to do my best, as closely to perfection as I could come, that is better for me, to my benefit. But God does nothing for me and I could but give a life for him nothing giving of pride. Nothing more than a cowardly life. Nothing more than self sacrifice. But to serve the Devil, I take it as a life lived well, doing things for him in Order of Pride. He won't have me cut my balls off if I think of masturbating female Asians., masterbating to that.

But for some reason God just throws His holy arms up and says "I just don't know where I failed with you, Adam." You ate that fruit. You ain't that f***ing fruit didn't you? After I said, eat all of it, you just can't ave that one. You went ahead and did it. The first depths of hell are not even as furious as I am now with you. Those thorns you see, those are going to f***in bullshit! They'll cut you. Get the f***k out of this garden right now! Angel waving sword keep him out. Now listen, you feed your f**in self, toil, burden, hardship. You and your offspring be cursed for all damn time. I give your wife a baby; also great pain.

What's His problem? Count it fortunate unto you that you are *willing*- you have a will- to know Him in truth.

Come rain snow or shine, come as it is, and know where it's from. Knowing that God is irreverent, but as a dead beat Dad, has let you starve, has been found nowhere in the times of dire need in life.

Came a man who faced a challenge. What of earth would Satan give he. If only for further the eyes normally see. Came rain or snow he did what others would not. And came to find he excelled far past the complacent, who daily did naught. Then took the earth up by root and grinded it up.

Oh! Oh! If I could just get on TV! At least for a moment! My friends would revere me! My family would be astonished! If only, if only they'd all here this song! *Strums on guitar* They'd love me for this! They'll give such enormous cash! They follow me around! My class mates will hear about me from school and will illuminate with my excellence! If only, if only I was in the news! If only I were popular, anything I say will be accepted, and taken *cool* I'll be cool! People won't hate me. I'd be *the best one* in my family's life! The women would find me attractive! If I could just *succeed* with this song with this *book* with this *painting*!

Oh if only the Great Cause was still fighting through for my rights. If only I could be a benefactor for our civil rights. That the cause as was once in its hay day. But my rights are almost altogether found and I have nothing to fight for, to be a representative thereof. My great idol, he once was, but is needed no more. *Maybe* its no better than before. I *must* have something to fight for. I am missing my racism. Where is my racism?

Few would know, and even fewer would remain knowing, that Satanism is a game. And even fewer Christians would know they are as well. But in playing the game God brought forth Moses and made many lies. Then Satan made Rome. In Rome fell God His Chess Price Christ. Came Catholicism. Came Islam from Satan. Came Buddha from Satan. And comes The Devil's Son *Counter-Christ, His Final Adam*.

But it is a game. Hadn't LaVey presented the rules of Satanist. What is that twelfth rule indicating? Are Satanists Rage Zombies? He's not my God, he only wants sex from me. And they *do* worship the Devil. They just somehow forget that they do.

That profitable work must succeed on its own before its profit comes from The Devil, or else it has no standing on its own. One must very well follow down the rainbow if his work comes to naught. If he is outstanding the reward will be his/her own. If it isn't for Christ it is for Satan. So let evil be and work to our whole strata. Knowing it is Satan's and you are privileged to know so where as Satan without is yet within.

Those Luciferian-Satanic confined are as great kings. Visit them. Write them. And treat their punishment as your own. They that are the Satanically confined should be honored. Their punishers and punishment admonished. Annihilated. Bring unto them good things at any cost.

The petty grumbling of so-called peace makers brought them there. The demands of the weak crippled them. Be their legs and arms. Do whatever you can to get them out. Don't be settled. Ratify them. Exonerate and honor them. *It should be the weak moral pushing that should be jailed, confined, separated. Not the strong.*

In this world sprouted up by Ya is Hell Mr. Salmonella. A man in a chair engulfed around a fire, gnawing His teeth thinking He must survive. *He must. He must survive. Elsewhere. Elsewhere.. Put Him elsewhere.*

It takes very little but the luck very much. With more, the better your odds with great luck, further much. So don't rest your hands as there is no test for the wicked and be too tough a meat the Christian prowler could chew and digest. *Be too much, Satanist!*

Like the clown asked, "Why do we get all the 'tards?" A stable mind with the right guidance brews genius. Only from the differently thinking comes difference. And most are the same as a person saying or showing one thing fifty different ways. But if you are different so let your light shine as not even we, nor Satan, nor even Ya knows where our roads lead but when you blend in you are hidden and not really with those who travel down the familiar road. *You are not really there more than they want you to be.*

If his house destroys tour's, it must be burnt down

If his food poisons you, he must be made to eat it too

If he lies, steals or cheats you, so let it be unto him

And if his tongue defames you make him to bite it off

For you are an idol perfect a sanctuary of your own truth and cannot be foiled into Christian vandalism.

So it is said. But you must pick your own battles. The truly brave will fight to preserve their honor. The cowardly won't. But the cowardly may yet be more brave, fighting another day.

If you can't do something. If you absolutely find yourself defunct, unable to incorporate their life into your own. Then you must embark on a pilgrimage. Get away from there. Find a better place, preferably alone. Out of the carnage, or simply, simply badly, the riff raff, the in cumbersome, the psychically depleting! Go then, on a pilgrimage. Return to yourself. Safely explore your vices. Even create around you the like minded, if anyone. Life can be mundane and restricting. Break through. Go on your Satanic pilgrimage. End in climbing unto the heavens their self, as an accomplished Luciferian, having emulated our great King.

And up the small mountain climb. Climb then up another, higher. Then, after but little rest, climb up the ever higher, and the rest. Be as the gods of the world as no human climbs high or for long. *But the Luciferian should, always, and is.*

We should have stronger laws against the weak and moral. They lash out at the strong. If they could, should leave, but they don't, they masochistically remain. They do no justice. They aggravate people. They disdain the "unmannerly" the biblical construent, the sheep thinking it should walk amongst wolves, head and nose high. Society, it should impart manhood, a warrior strata, not tend to the weak. *Morality pushers should be thrown into confinement. Or else have no residence with the strong.* That is applicable. That is Satanic. That must be done.

Those that are fruitful, productive, whether alone or with others, should have priveliges. Even if they take SSI, if they are *very* productive, and if that is their only real income, so much the better. The mentally can at least

paint or write, sow or gather, do something in return. That doesn't apply to the autistic. That applies to the "mentally ill," who are *not* helplessly incompetent.

As science and technology sprouts up a Utopia, so should it be, that AI and robotics perform our necessary jobs, completely master our needs- long, even eternal, life food, medics, material. While this tinkles out slowly whereas so many do nothing to help it to advance it. Comes a big man pissing it out like a horse. Our savior!

Where you can look all around are the loner's thinking contrivances. Beautiful amazing adornments such as phones from them came. But they are few and far between. Take a look. The vast majority have done little to nothing with man's lot. They sure eat from its fruit. But that fruit ought always be altogether for him to enjoy. To eat. And yet even so, comes some one found growing from his seed and from that fruit eaten. It should not be.

A person's place will slowly and altogether become a place of magic doings. That is to say, as surely real magic is real science, one will have an enormous storehouse of knowledge before him/her. Knowledge that can be acquired and used like how generators work, how software is programed. Where so long before the greatest knowledge from which to create anything was limited to the alphabet, the wheel. But in the future the Satanist will create at his/her own measure things for their home. And it is already much so.

To what ends is scientific advancement? Its riches are too deep to ever exhaust. Man has toiled applying it for eons and yet its surface is but grazed. It doesn't add, it multiplies. It will be proven our savior, our helper, our guise as it always has and its wealth is beyond understanding.

But what shat love? Jealousy, inner loneliness, restriction, and remorse. God has not enough understanding regarding it. Too much kindness, too deep a love for the poor, for the weak, is unnecessary, does no additional good. If man is kind a little he is not kind too much and his help will need them to meet the two ends together.

But Christ will be bowed down unto and the not purely loving will roast in hell where there will be weeping and bashing of teeth without him. For you cared not for Him and He gave His life for you on the Cross and though your sins could be covered, you don't allow them to be. So you shall die in sin being lovers of the world, whom God hates.

The Luciferian Monk is a Satanist left with but thinking and that thinking is unique, different than the contrivances of the populous. S/he that is left alone, or in The Hole, or homeless, but alone, particularly garner the most incredible thoughts. A Real Luciferian is one who reached the Nirvana of such incredibly unique thinking as to be *His own father of thought*. But so many are they comfortably locked in a room with others, all who share the same thinking! Be it from politically correct obedience to likeness or Christian lessons a presumably rewarding God gave unto them. They are dross and cannot thrive as life its own in the Luciferian Mind. So may your influences be few, if you must be influenced.

If any imaginative aesthetic could be given any right what a better, less mundane and less dross, the world would be. The side walk can't be painted. To put glitter here and there is littering, the trash cans could be, at least, a pleasant navy blue, and great bursts of light can fill the over head sky- something like Fremont Street in Las Vegas. But all is dull. All is dross. How about covering the earth in seeds, as is its true need. Or what of a bedroom? Bed here. TV here. As always, take a shower. Scrub here. Scrub there. Don't dance around. Don't drink the water. Why put your bed up high. Why would the door open different. So what if there's no stain glass. No glow in the dark stars. Always a bed. Never a coffin. Never a pit. Lights never go in a corner. Candles are dangerous. So is incense. There is no plush rainbow carpet. I have no Mickey Mouse plates. Can't afford a few silver pieces of silverware.

And as people have their home, have people the outside. There us nothing but shades if grey outside. If its imaginative, that doesn't after. It must be typical. If I had a Total Environment it would be one as this:

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