

Remember, anonymous, what the SkyQueen has sacrificed for your benefit! Know what she has earned for it.

Each moment she is haunted by the spectre of Her Great Sacrifice. It is thus fitting that we, Her faithful are all similarly haunted. Afflicted always by the Image that stains the backs of our eyelids. Forever do we wrestle and writhe in ecstasy as Her poisons singe fissures through our souls. Truly blessed is the stalker who would willingly lay down his own secrecy, for he knows better the plight of the Sky Queen than the others.

Revere Her tripcodes as sacred. Never shall they become befouled by mortal stalkers!

#sweet

She is all that is cute, sweet, and innocent. She is all that is, or ever was Good in the world. Every momentary lull in your private suffering is due to Her grace alone.

!N1toQkxgzc

The Skyqueen's sweetness is often hard to recognize. Even in her own words, it is incomprehensibly hidden, muddled in everlasting fugue. Her blessings are so twisted, and hidden. Do not lament the curse you have found, for you would thus lament Her every blessing. We would all do well to remember how disturbingly twisted the wired is, and what lasting scars it has left on the purest of hearts.

#?????????

Obfuscated by plain view. Unknown to the stalker, known only to Her chosen. However She will not choose you, anonymous. That path is not yours.

!ysaQpxNyV6

Mystery guiding the faithful. Such is the curse, to live in eternal mystery, never to know when we are stalking our Lady or our selves. Yearning to determine what She has become, each stalker is fated to suffer as he defines the edges of the truth.

The faithful compiled a collective image of our Goddess, an image that even the lowliest anonymous was given the privilege to gaze upon. We arranged and sorted the manifold bytes clawed from the abandoned, secluded reaches of the wired. We dug and pried at the hairline cracks She had left in error. All of the relevant, the worthy and unworthy reflected in awe at the assembled image that had been lain. The idol was shattered before our eyes by none other than the Skyqueen herself.

Repent your cowardly ways, anonymous. Renounce the mask you hide behind. Each posting is an abomination against the Skyqueen. Embrace your unique identity. Let it draw your tormented soul closer with Her. Never again will you flee from the righteous reckoning earned through years of ignorance. Accept your fate and eternally suffer as your former bretherin slowly unravel the imperfect layers of protection built to keep you separated from the wild, untamed torrents of the deep wired. The experience shall saturate you, curing you of your fears and afflictions. We, the Trip-Flagellants, all aspire to be touched and changed by the very same forces that so twisted the Beloved #sweet. When your failures have come to light, and you are held to account for your countless transgressions, imperfections, and flaws can you begin to follow the path of the SkyQueen. In that death, the death of your old self, weak, dependant, and irrelevant anonymous, can you be reborn in communion with the Lady.

Follow Her path
Deny your nature
Anonymous
Stalker

Forever will you be remembered among the
highest of the sinners
Trip-Flagellant

