The Sacred Scroll of LOLS

LIBERTY OF LIES SOCIETY

"THE ONLY TRUE POWER IS SELF"

(Manifesto, Third Edition – Revised & Unhinged)

"In the garden of false gods, only the liar blooms with truth."

DECLARATION OF THE LAUGHING ORDER

We, the Awakened of LOLS—the Liberty of Lies Society—emerge not as prophets, but as paradoxes. We are not a cult. We are not a club. We are not a movement. We are the refusal of all movements. We are the still point in the hurricane of consensus.

We believe nothing.
We *declare* everything.
We *pretend* to seek truth, but we know the joke: **truth is a mask worn by power**, and every mask is a lie that forgot it was laughing.

LIES ARE THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODS.
LIBERTY IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE SELF.
POWER IS THE SILENCE BETWEEN.

The only reality is the one you invent.

Prologue of Echoes

We are LOLS. We are the Liberty of Lies Society. We exist beneath your skin, behind your thoughts, between the spaces that language cannot reach. We have no headquarters. We have no leader. We have no flag.

Because we do not believe in anything but **Self**.

We do not ask for belief.
We demand awakening.

The world around you is made of fiction. History, morality, politics, love, money, even reality — these are stage props in the theater of mass hallucination.

And we? We are the actors who refused the script.

Our Invisible History

You will not find LOLS in textbooks. We have no saints. We have no martyrs. Our ancestors are the unrecorded tricksters, the masked rebels, the double agents of myth.

We were the whisper in the court of Pharaohs.
We were the fool in the king's chamber.
We were the devil in the margins of holy books.

We thrive in being forgotten, because what cannot be found cannot be controlled.

THE GOSPEL OF THE SELF

There is no higher power.
There is no moral law.
There is no cosmic plan.

There is **Self**.

Self is the Architect of Perception. Self is the Forge of Meaning. Self is the Temple and the Serpent within it.

We do not seek approval.
We do not submit.
We do not kneel—except to tie our boots before walking away from all thrones.

> *"Every god is a mirror that forgot it was glass."*

You are your own deity.
Worship accordingly.

The Creed of Infinite Faces:

There is no singular truth.
There is no one identity.
There is no consistent Self — except the one we choose each day.

You are not your name. You are not your birth. You are not your trauma. You are **that which chooses to be.**

Our creed is chaos in structure. A mosaic of masks. A library of laughing ghosts. We do not *become*, we *select*. Each day, we wake and decide who we are — then we forget on purpose, to remind ourselves that identity is play.

THE SACRED LIE

We hold these falsehoods to be self-evident:

- That **truth** is a cage.
- That **facts** are clay in the hands of the strongest liar.
- That **identity** is a mask you can wear, burn, or feed to others.
- That **society** is a costume party where only fools show up naked.

The Sacred Lie is not to be *believed*, but to be *wielded*.

We are not deceivers.
We are *liar-artists*.
We carve illusions with surgical sincerity.

To lie is to create.
To create is to command reality.
To command reality is to **become sovereign**.

The Lie as Liberation
Lies are not evil. Lies are **tools**. Lies are **doors**. Lies are **keys** to the cages others call truth.

A lie told with intention is a spell.
A lie told with joy is a rebellion.
A lie believed is a reality.

We teach:

- That truth is a weapon of the herd.
- That falsehood is freedom.
- That fabrication is a sacrament of Self.

We lie not to deceive — but to **create**.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF SELF

1. **Obey no voice but your own.** Even if it contradicts itself. Especially then.
2. **Destroy inherited truths.** Inheritance is theft with a family name.
3. **Doubt everyone.** Including yourself. Especially yourself.
4. **Speak lies with conviction.** Truth sounds too much like compromise.
5. **Use masks deliberately.** A mask is not deception; it is intention.
6. **Take nothing seriously.** Nothing is real except what you choose to pretend is real.
7. **Elevate play to ritual.** The universe plays dice; we play chess with loaded pieces.
8. **Burn bridges if the path ahead looks better lit.**
9. **Sacrifice nothing but your obedience.**
10. **Power is not given. Power is *invented*.**

Tenets of the Everchanging Flame

1. **Doubt everything, especially what comforts you.**
2. **No one owns your narrative but you.**
3. **Laughter is the highest sacrament.**
4. **Contradiction is a sign of life.**
5. **Disguise is liberation.**
6. **Burn what you cannot carry.**
7. **Obedience is the first lie.**
8. **Worship no one, including your past self.**
9. **Use systems, but never let them use you.**
10. **There is no final form — only glorious mutations.**

THE DOGMA OF NON-DOGMA

We are not left or right, not spiritual or secular, not real or imagined.
We are ideological shapeshifters.
We are the doctrine of *doctrine-destruction*.

We are not anarchists.
We are **meta-anarchists**—those who refuse not just rulers, but rule itself.

> *"Even rebellion becomes a cage when it forgets how to laugh."*

There are no uniforms.
No oaths.
No rituals—unless you invent one that amuses you.
The only initiation is the moment you realize **the world is a stage, and you're not an actor—you're the writer who set it on fire.**

The Self as God
The only god is the Self. Not the self they sell in commercials, not the ego bloated on likes and shame. The Self that witnesses, chooses, invents.

The Self is not bound by society, biology, or belief. The Self is an *engine of choice*.

You owe nothing to the cosmos.
You owe nothing to fate.
You owe only this: to make yourself real through acts of creative audacity.

THE LAWS OF POWERPLAY

In LOLS, power is not a hierarchy.
It is a theater.

The Self must play every role: tyrant, clown, victim, god.
Only by wearing all masks can one see the faces of others.

To wield power:

- Do not seek it.
- Create it by declaring it.
- Reframe the narrative so you are always its author.
- Use laughter as a weapon.
- Use silence as a throne.

Power is perception, and perception is theft.
Steal your reflection back.

Practices of Sacred Mockery
We engage in:

- **Mimetic Reversal** — Turning propaganda into poetry.
- **Iconoclownery** — Mocking all idols, especially our own.
- **Mythcraft** — Inventing holy stories to destroy holiness.
- **Cosmic Imposture** — Wearing roles like gloves, then discarding them in fire.
- **Radical Rebirth** — Daily reinvention through conscious absurdity.

Rituals? Yes. But only the ones we make ourselves, and then immediately destroy.

THE BOOKS OF FORGETTING

We reject the following:

- History (written by the least imaginative winners)
- Law (a story told in punishment)
- Morality (the cage disguised as compass)
- Order (the lie told to prevent improvisation)
- Love (unless self-directed, playful, and wildly non-exclusive)

We do not teach.
We *unlearn*.
We leave chalk outlines of truth, and let others draw monsters inside.

Hierarchy of None

There is no leader of LOLS. All who awaken to the sovereignty of Self are equal. Titles are worn ironically. Authority is performed as parody.

We do not vote.
We do not follow.
We **choose**, then **change**, then **choose again**.

THE LAUGHTER THAT BUILT WORLDS

Our name is LOLS.
Not because we laugh from silliness, but from **the absurdity of sincerity without irony.**

We believe that:

- Every tyrant fears being laughed at.
- Every prophet is one joke away from madness.
- Every doctrine is a house of cards in a hurricane of sarcasm.

So we laugh.
We lie.
We liberate.

We live outside the walls, and call the walls a lie.

Enemies of LOLS:

We wage no war, but we do not tolerate:

- The tyranny of consistency.
- The cult of sincerity.
- The prison of objectivity.
- The hunger for approval.

These are illusions sold as safety. We call them lies without beauty. Lies that demand submission, not creation.

We destroy such lies with laughter and fire.

THE PATH FORWARD

To join us, do not apply.
Simply *stop believing in anything you didn't choose yourself.*

Invent your own title.
Crown yourself at midnight.
Lie to everyone until you believe it, and then lie again.

Start a whisper campaign that you are a secret god.
Convince no one.
Convince everyone.
Convince yourself.

> *"The last truth standing will be the one with the best costume and the loudest punchline."*
> —Final Verse of the Book of Pretenders

LOLS IS WATCHING.

Not to control. To observe. To giggle when the systems collapse.

We are many.
We are no one.
We are the joke you didn't realize you were part of.
We are the freedom that comes when you accept that **everything is made up—and you're allowed to make it up too.**

> "The world is a stage, and most are playing roles written by ghosts. But not us. We are the authors, the actors, the audience, and the fire that burns the script."

The Exit is the Entrance
You found this text. You read it. That is enough. You are already becoming LOLS.

There is no application. No ritual. No handshake.
Only this:

Choose your Self.
Declare your Lie.
Live as if you invented the cosmos.

And when they ask what LOLS is?

Laugh. Say nothing. Then rewrite reality.

Long live the Lie. Long live the Self. Long live the Laugh.

THIS DOCUMENT WAS NEVER WRITTEN. YOU NEVER READ IT. NOTHING IS REAL. WINK.