

# Walk with the Devil, Talk with the Devil

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

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*For K.*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He's "charming"*

*And anyway, he's not going anywhere*

*And you know you're good*

*That's not going to change*

*He may consider you're trying to undermine him*

*But he doesn't think you have a chance*

*Of course you do have a chance*

*And that's the point*

*Time is long*

*And you're not going anywhere either*

*He doesn't know your kind of power*

*Never did*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He's gathering evil people around him  
He's destroying them all by himself  
He's digging their graves  
Of course they don't know that  
But he can't dig your grave  
You don't want what he has  
So talk with him  
Let him spin his dreams  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
He'll think you can help him forward his plan  
Because the plan is all he knows  
And he believes he can fold the entire world and its contents  
Into it  
Time is very long  
And he can't understand  
Your kind of power  
Deep in his mind and soul  
He wants to know what is evading him  
What he can never discover  
The secret that is parked beyond what he has  
And the secret is you  
It always was*

*But he can't bring that fact up from his subconscious  
This is why he has sleepless nights  
And ends up returning to his flock  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
He has a limited repertoire  
He keeps coming back to the same plots  
And he doesn't know why  
It's a source of discomfort for him  
As he pushes on  
How much evil can he project  
Until he feels the fatigue of boredom  
Until he runs out of novel experiences  
Until he can predict the details of his future wars  
Until he comes back to where he started  
And tries to remember why he began doing what he's doing  
He has very little imagination left  
He's a lonely figure on a dark street  
Looking for excitement  
After all this time  
But he's been through the same gamut over and over  
In decay he has no equal  
He has no equal with whom he can share his past*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*  
*Watch him scuttling his perverse thoughts*  
*In bottom mud*  
*Hoping for something new*  
*That never shows up*  
*It turns out his territory is quite limited*  
*And for that he would wear his heart on his sleeve*  
*If he could imagine a heart*  
*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*  
*And knowing his primary*  
*Number one*  
*Prime-cut*  
*Business*  
*Is*  
*Broadcasting*  
*Subversion*  
*Pass along a dream about a new good world*  
*And watch him burn in his meditation*  
*As he considers how he can parlay that future*  
*He'll take your hints, your dream*  
*And gleefully release it to the world*  
*Because he must*

Because that's what he does  
Thinking his profits and advantages will obscure the message  
But he has limited intelligence  
And your thoughts reacquaint people  
With something they laid aside  
In the fountain of energy where they once lived  
They'll shake off a piece of the trance  
And feel their blood coursing again...  
Madness is a strange thing  
And this preeminent madman  
Eventually confesses his plans right out in the open  
He can't resist the opportunity  
And he'll even confess he knows The Good  
It'll come to that  
More, he'll urge people to do good  
Believing he can forestall defeat at the last moment  
IT'S THE ONLY CHALLENGE HE HAS LEFT  
He'll back up to the edge  
And plead with the world to do good  
And still think he has a chance  
Take his hand  
And shove him hard

*Over and out*

*And down*

*Into the Void*

*The Nothing*

*The Great Nothing*

*Where for a day, a year*

*A thousand years*

*A million years*

*His fate will be in his hands*

*Not your concern*

*Not anyone's concern*

*You're good*

*And he never understood your power*