

Anonymous of the Tower

# EXPOSITION OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES



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*excerpts from the book:*  
Anonimo della Torre  
Esposizione dei Segni dei Tempi  
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And we know that even today, in our time,  
there are numerous Antichrists.

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Adso of Montier-en-Der  
910/920 – 992

1)

Masonry work, hails man in his glory,  
brick upon brick: the end of the story.

2)

He will arrive with the sign of peace:  
words of infinite sweetness: like a glacial release.

3)

A demon whispers words into your ear  
so softly, discreetly, yet hell's own mirror clear.

4)

You cannot tell one arm from the other  
it is the Ancient Serpent's icy smother.

5)

The seventh seal opened a vast gate  
to a realm of injustice: a reversed state.

6)

The woman is unknowable, the creature an enigma;  
the priest has preached: a sign of stigma.

7)

Sinister part announces, seven trumpets sound  
with sounds of falsehood: graves open from the ground.

8)

Death is certain, the priest, with fake rite and mass,  
spiritual death: resurrection cannot pass.

9)

We feel the breathing of a tuberculosis case:  
it is the end of times, gnosis sets the pace.

10)

Malformed souls like abnormal spirits are seen:  
the counterfeit rites with prayers unclean.

11)

Sons of Babylon, spawned by hate and greed,  
born of a twisted mother, fed on wicked creed.

12)

The crooked priest's dark scowl, misshapen and grim:  
the order of the world is a wasteland to him.

13)

The four horsemen torment the earth  
they have sown hatred, they reap war's birth.

14)

We breathe the miasma of a venomous age,  
malignant clouds gather, the irreligious rage.

15)

Of the entire universe they have made a trade:  
are they God's fools, or the devil's parade?



16)

Incestuous cannibals, life is only trouble,  
behold humanity: it is the lineage of Laius' double.

17)

It is of the human kind the sworn-in foe:  
a people of lepers that God let go.

18)

It teaches self-divinity the hate of the ancient snake:  
learn to recognize the absolute mistake.

19)

The world now futures itself as prophecy foretold,  
the rot spreads wide, an appalling plague takes hold.

20)

It is the most holy Church: the priest blesses it well.  
Miasma from the censer: the spirit in its hell.

21)

The parousia of hatred is now revealed  
in Chinese boxes the unexpected illness concealed.

22)

The brood born of hatred: the mother has bred,  
a fertile damned womb where love lies aborted and dead.

23)

The Plutonic walls, Agartha's gate,  
the soul's destiny, the brother keeps separate.

24)

Brothers of the three points, on a solitary way,  
through the chambers unfolds a grim bestiary's display.

25)

The apprentice works, the solid wall  
grows day by day: the apprentice won't fall.

26)

He watches it sharply, with fraternal care:  
such diligent labor deserves its just share.

27)

The degree of master brings us to perfection:  
work that has been done with maximum attention.

28)

A man who has left practices hesychasm:  
only he can save from the new chiliasm.

29)

The rough ashlar turns to a polished, flawless stone,  
and the promised humanity at last is fully grown.

30)

The mob of the insane will constantly scream:  
shouts will be heard even by the team.

31)

A Messiah shall come to make us all the same,  
and the priest will bless the immoral works in His name.

32)

Down in the abyss, our wretched estate:  
a raving soul causes the crucifix to liquefy and dissipate.

33)

The Advent approaches, the soul full of spite:  
an upside-down Nativity, a Christmas aborted in the night.

34)

The voice of rancor rings very loudly,  
the flood of evil: we are in the final hours proudly.

35)

The unlikely priest, with a contracted face,  
with improbable prayers: the flock is out of place.

36)

With the flesh of hatred, hatred most precious and prized,  
the new sacrament rises in darkness profoundly disguised.

37)

Blood has been spilled a drink for the crowds  
who raise Magnificats to hatred that shrouds.

38)

The masses scatter life in anger.

The last sacrament: the spirit is a hanger.

39)

The priest's absurd contortions that twist and convulse,  
dreadful spasms seize him—he crashes against the wall with a pulse.



40)

With eyes of impiety he watches his faithful,  
he watches them from below: reading new awful.

41)

The new Scriptures lead us to suicide,  
of this we are certain: ecocide we'll ride.

42)

Crowds of pilgrims gather devotedly,  
globalist shrines: they pray in empty churches notedly.

43)

They remit sins, and this is true,  
the priests have promised: the Church is not for you.

44)

This we already know, the end of the tale,  
triumph of arrogance: herds full of hail.

45)

The priest will laugh, with hatred everlasting,  
everything comes from there, from hell's deep casting.

46)

The Parousia arrives, the Advent is now, the new age is born,  
the bells ring their dirge: the spirit lies dead and forlorn.

47)

Walking without a head, the priest was decapitated,  
the holy font, the Gospel incinerated.

48)

A nerve gas comes from the new speech,  
They are all listening: the sun's light is out of reach.

49)

There is no escape from the void, the smile is an insult  
on faces always the same: seek its occult result.

50)

Seek the hidden meaning of the parodistic rites:  
if you are a sharp reader you'll find it in these couplets.

**Qui habet aurem audiat...**