

The Fall and Fall of the European Empire

Description

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Russia's pending Ukrainian victory will reverberate globally as well as more locally. First off, once Odessa is secured, Zelensky's landlocked rump Reich will become just another Bosnia, dependent upon NATO handouts and sordid criminal enterprises for its survival. Poland will be lumbered not only with the millions of Ukrainian welfare migrants who have already set up shop there but with tens of millions more Ukrainian free loaders, who view Poland as a gateway to richer pastures further west.

Although Poland, along with Romania, might well establish a U.S. dominated protectorate in Western Ukraine to contain these unwanted Nazi hordes, any such enterprise will heap further pressure on the Polish exchequer, which is already over-stretched by facilitating NATO's giant bases in its south east. Although Poland's prostitutes are coining big time, the ordinary Pole is being financially squeezed as their government's Ukrainian adventurism becomes ever more burdensome.

The German nation, that Bismarck founded in January 1871, no longer exists. It is little more than a major NATO military base that makes good beer, that fires its astute military commanders, that gladly allows its American overseer spy on it and commit major acts of terrorism against it and that gets its police force to repeatedly batter its old age pensioners in orgies of state violence that were supposed to have ended there in the mid 1940s.

Though France is notorious for such barbarism and, in its role as Africa's favorite gendarme, for continuing Europe's nineteenth century Rape of Africa, that too might be running out of road as Africa knows Europe is on its last legs and a chance to break free from them and their American masters might finally be at hand.

With the recent passing of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, Albion has lost whatever gravitas she once possessed and King Charles, together with the Princes Harry and Andrew, are not going to give England's pleasant pastures a second, revamped Camelot.

Or, for that matter, another Versailles where Louis XV1 held court and France's finest begged for the right to tie the buckle of his shoe. In between emptying their bowels wherever and whenever the fancy took them.

Were they to return, Louis XIV's courtiers would recognize the same foul smells of untreated sewage as Paris, like much of Europe, is awash with the droppings of the <u>Wretched of the Earth</u>, Koestler's <u>Scum of the Earth</u>, who have washed up not only there but all over Europe, just as the Huns, the Lombards, the Visigoths and the Vandals did in their day.

Europe resembles, in all of this, the last days of Rome, or Sodom and Gomorrah for that matter. Bread, circuses and puberty blockers for the children. Ronaldo, Portugal's aging gladiator, is being paid \$1.5 million a week by oil-rich Saudis, who are even leaving him live with his long-time girlfriend, an indication perhaps that Sodom has reached Saudi.

Ronaldo, together with all NATO's other circus performers, is reminiscent of ancient Rome's original prototype, where over half of the national budget was squandered on such rubbish but where over 70% of the population lived below the poverty line, even as Rome's equivalent of the thugs of the U.S. Marine Corps conquered all before them.

Until they didn't. <u>Emperor Valerian</u> ended up as a Persian slave and <u>Emperor Elagabalus</u> was even more perverted than Caligula, his better-known cousin. Rome, under them, was very much an empire in terminal decline. Although President Jack Kennedy, <u>the CIA's Public Enemy Number One</u>, famously told us in Berlin that <u>Civis Romanus Sum</u>, Ich Bin Ein Römer, that was only a good deal if you were a Roman insider and were not being used as cat food for lions, tigers and leopards in Rome's amphitheaters. The Roman dream, like the American dream, is only for the favored few, simpletons like Prince Harry, who gets paid to tell the world what size penis his brother, the heir to the British Crown, has.

Even as Prince Harry titillated tens of millions of America's voyeurs with such rot, the evil American Empire inched ever Eastwards through <u>Bohemia</u> and towards <u>Carpathia</u> and <u>Ruthenia</u>, until, like the empires of Hitler and Napoleon, its missile batteries now stand within range of St Petersburg and Moscow. But, like Rome before it, it has overstretched and, though von der Leyen and Borrell, today's Valerian and Elagabalus, can promise to build bigger *und* better autobahns to ship today's Panzers Eastwards to conquer Russia, Europeans have no longer an appetite to man those Panzers. And they sure as hell won't man themselves.

Borrell, von der Leyen and the billionaires, who keep the prostitutes of Davos busy, are in a pickle. Though they can fly about the world in their private jets and quaff their \$15,000 a bottle Château Lafite-Rothschilds, as they tell us to tuck into snails and grasshoppers, their end is nigh.

Their dilema is this. Outside of doing a <u>Unit 731</u> with Hunter Biden's <u>gain of function</u> bio weapons on China and Russia or, indeed on those of us that are surplus to their requirements, they still need us to be their donkeys, their thank you Mr Atkins when there's killing to be done. Because they are in the old Catch 22 that they can neither live with us nor live without us, our newly minted Caligulas, Valerians and Neros are on borrowed time and they know it.

The crass profit motive that has seen BlackRock's arms and Big Pharma industries make record profits in recent years is running out of road. NATO has bogged itself down in quagmires it cannot extricate itself from. They have bombed Nordstream and think they got away with it, they have conducted genocidal wars the length and breadth of the planet and they think, as the Romans thought of the Visigoths, those who survived should forgive them. They have lectured China and Russia in particular on everything from human rights to the dangers to world peace performances of Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake presents. And, being arrogant Americans, they forget that picking fights has consequences.

And, though the Americans, like the Visgoths before them, have sacked not only Rome but Paris and all of Europe, we have no Augustine's <u>City of God</u>, no <u>Loyolan flag</u> to rally around, as crass America flushes Europe down the toilet.

They have, as Nietzsche's madman told us, not only killed God but they also slayed Pythagoras, prophet to the Druze, Alalwi and early Christians and architect of Dante's Paradiso. They have taken our myths, our creeds, our beliefs, our morals, our sciences, our fonts of knowledge and slain them, just as the Roman Marine Corp murdered the prophet Pythagoras himself. And, as Nietzsche tells us, they have replaced our inheritance not even with Esau's mess of pottage but with the stench of decay that is now Paris' preferred perfume that they package and market as some delicate fragrance of democracy that they lie is sweeter than the overflow of Parisian sewers and Davos bordellos that are its essence.

Although their incessant propaganda works well within their own Orwellian world, Russia and China in particular are not in that world. Their roots are elsewhere. They feed from other myths, deep wells untainted by the wet dreams of the Polish Lithuanian Commonwealth or of the Teutonic Knights, wellsprings that NATO's Parisian sewers cannot control, pollute or even tamper with. And the Russians, Chinese and Iranians are not stupid. They look at Europe in tatters and they see NATO's carrots and sticks for what they are, the last pathetic throw of the dice of an empire in terminal decline, a dying, diseased donkey with nothing more than a forlorn bray to fend off its inevitable end.

by Declan Hayes

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