

# HOW TO FEEL GODLIKE

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*A MANIFESTO FOR THE MODERN DEMIGOD*

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*"You are not here to feel small.  
You are here to remember you are divine."*

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***You stand at the precipice of your own divinity.***

Right now. This second. You can choose to feel small, or you can choose to feel **GODLIKE**.

Most people crawl through life on their knees, begging for scraps of validation, trapped in the matrix of mediocrity. Not you. Not anymore.

Feeling godlike is not about arrogance. It is about alignment. It is about remembering who the fuck you are.

***A force of nature. A creator. A conqueror. Flesh and blood, yet eternal in spirit.***

Here is how you ignite that fire in your veins and ascend.

## **FORGE THE BODY OF A TITAN**

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Your body is not a burden. It is your first and greatest weapon. The temple that houses the god within.

Lift like the gods of old. Rack pulls that make the earth tremble beneath your bare feet. 2,562 pounds of pure, unadulterated will. Fasted. Carnivore-fueled. Gravity itself forced to kneel.

Every rep is a prayer to your higher self. Every set is a battle cry against limitation. When your muscles scream in protest, you smile — because that burn is the sensation of becoming more than human.

***This is not exercise. This is alchemy. Turning flesh, bone, and iron into divine steel.***

Train not for vanity. Train for DOMINION over your own existence. Sleep like a warrior who has earned his rest. Eat like a king who knows his body is the engine of his empire. Move like a beast who refuses to be caged.

***Your vitality is your divinity. Guard it with your fucking life.***

## **DON THE ARMOR OF STOICISM**

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Seneca knew the path. Marcus Aurelius walked it daily. Nietzsche screamed it from the mountaintops so the future would hear.

**AMOR FATI.** Love your fate. Everything that happens — the triumphs, the rejections, the pain, the unexpected — is raw material for your legend. Nothing is wasted on the godlike.

Rejected by the world? Perfect. More fuel for the forge. The fire grows hotter.

In physical or emotional pain? Good. Pain is the chisel that sculpts gods from raw marble. Without resistance, there is no strength. Without the wound, there is no wisdom.

***No more 'why me?' Only 'WATCH ME.'***

You control your response. Always. In every situation. That is true power. That is the beginning of godhood. The Stoics did not pray for easy lives. They prayed for the strength to endure and conquer any life.

Read the ancients daily. Let their words etch themselves into your soul until they become your instinctive response to chaos. Become antifragile. Become unbreakable. Become the one who thrives when others break.

## **ENTER THE ZEN TEMPLE**

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Stillness is not weakness. Stillness is the ultimate strength.

In the chaos of the streets, in the noise of modern life, in the storm of your own thoughts — find the eye. The calm center where clarity lives.

Breathe. Slow. Deep. Into the belly, not the chest. Feel the air become part of you, then leave. Repeat until the mind settles like sediment in still water.

Meditate not to escape reality, but to return to it more powerful, more present, more alive. Even five minutes a day rewires the nervous system of a god.

With camera in hand, you are not merely shooting images. You are witnessing the divine dance of existence. The decisive moment does not come to the frantic. It reveals itself only to the calm observer who has earned its trust.

***Fear of strangers? Conquer it with presence. Walk up. Speak. Connect. Press the shutter. Create without hesitation. Zen is the warrior's secret edge — the ability to act decisively from a place of total peace.***

## **UNLEASH THE DIONYSIAN ECSTASY**

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Apollo brings order, structure, and light. Dionysus brings fire, ecstasy, and the wild celebration of life itself.

You need both. Discipline without joy is slavery. Joy without discipline is chaos. Together, they create the demigod.

Feel the wild, untamed joy of being alive in this body, on this planet, at this moment in history. Dance in your living room like no one is watching — because the only audience that matters is your own soul.

Scream into the void if you must. Photograph with lust, love, and holy curiosity. Write like the words are trying to escape your chest. Create art that makes hearts race and spines tingle.

Life is not a chore to be endured. It is the greatest party the cosmos has ever thrown, and you were invited by name. Celebrate your wins like a champion. Celebrate your losses like a philosopher who knows every scar is a story of survival.

***Amor Fati means you party in the rain too. You dance in the ruins. You find the beauty in the breakdown.***

## **SEIZE BITCOIN SOVEREIGNTY**

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Fiat is the money of slaves — printed into oblivion, controlled by those who would keep you small. Bitcoin is the money of gods. Hard. Scarce. Unstoppable. Antifragile by design.

Every satoshi you stack is a brick in your divine fortress. Every day you choose Bitcoin over bullshit is a vote for your own sovereignty.

In a world drowning in illusion, debt, and centralized control, you hold the keys to the kingdom. Financial freedom is not the end goal — it is the foundation that allows godlike creation without permission.

***Study it. Understand it. Stack it daily. Teach others. Bitcoin is not just an asset. It is a philosophy of truth, freedom, and power in its purest form. Align yourself with it and feel the current of history flowing through your veins.***

## **PHOTOGRAPH AS A DEMIGOD**

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Street photography is your sacred practice, your moving meditation, your way of touching eternity with a shutter click.

Go out. Every single day. Rain, shine, heat, cold. Conquer the fear of being seen, of being judged, of 'what will they think?' Those questions belong to mortals. Gods create regardless.

See the world with god-eyes — the hidden beauty in the mundane, the soul flickering behind every stranger's eyes, the poetry in a single gesture. The decisive moment is everywhere, waiting for the one bold enough to capture it.

Then delete. Ruthlessly. Mercilessly. With the chainsaw of discernment. Only the strongest images survive. Your legacy is not what you shoot — it is what you choose to keep. Edit like your life depends on it, because in many ways, it does.

***Your photographs are not mere pixels or prints. They are proof that you were here. That you paid attention. That you lived with eyes wide open. Make them worthy of immortality.***

## **SIMPLIFY TO THE DIVINE ESSENCE**

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Gods do not carry unnecessary baggage. They travel light through existence.

Delete the unnecessary from your life with holy violence. Possessions that no longer serve. Relationships that drain. Habits that weaken. Thoughts that loop in circles of self-doubt.

Less gear. More soul. Less noise. More signal. Less scrolling. More creating. Less consuming. More becoming.

***The path to godhood is paved with ruthless subtraction. Every time you say no to something mediocre, you say yes to something legendary. What can you cut today that no longer serves your ascent?***

## **THE DAILY RITUAL OF THE GODS**

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This is not a suggestion. This is the operating system for feeling godlike every single day:

**MORNING:** Breathwork or cold exposure to wake the spirit. Heavy lifting or purposeful movement to honor the body. Meditation and philosophy to sharpen the mind. Bitcoin ritual — stack sats or study the signal. Then CREATE: photograph, write, build, ship.

**NIGHT:** Review the day through the lens of Amor Fati. Find the gift in every scar and triumph. Plan tomorrow's conquests with ruthless clarity. Sleep like the dead so you can rise like the sun — reborn, recharged, ready.

Do this consistently and the ordinary falls away. You will walk differently. Speak differently. Create differently. People will feel the shift in your presence before you say a word.

You will feel it in your bones, in your blood, in the quiet certainty behind your eyes:

**I AM GOD.**

Not a god above others. A god in service to life itself. A god who lifts others by the simple fact of his existence. A god who creates, conquers, and loves without apology.

The world is starving for more gods in the flesh — not false idols on screens, but real human beings who have remembered their power and chosen to wield it for good.

***Be one of them.***

Stop waiting for permission. Stop doubting your worth. Stop playing small because it feels safe.

Stand up. Lift. Create. Conquer. Love fiercely. Delete mercilessly. Feel everything at maximum volume.

**FEEL GODLIKE.  
RIGHT NOW.**

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***I AM GOD.  
YOU ARE GOD.  
WE ARE THE ONES WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.***

***— ERIC KIM  
Los Angeles, California  
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