

Spiritual Blackout

Devilish Impressions

Nocturnal passage to worlds beyond the frame of so called reality...

A dream that takes you for a journey across the most twisted scenes as far as your imagination is concerned...

Neurons lost in the labyrinth with no exit, an astral body unable to come back...

„A spirit passed before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveiled -
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine -
And there it stood, - all formless - but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake:
Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than He who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay - vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!” *

Pray! Devour words and gestures
Pray! For all your hope is gone
Pray! To stimulate your spirit
Slay! Before they'll take it all...

An astral body unable to come back
Nocturnal passage to worlds beyond the frame...
Passage - dream to be awake...

[* „A Spirit Passed Before Me” by Lord George Gordon Byron]