

# Found Me Cryogenized

Lunarsea

5th attempt to ice itself. rarefied thought in the cold collection of exhumed aphorisms to delete, ineffective more than dusted it has given a name to everything, have seen which matter we are made

Nothing kills me, silence guide me along nothing is real here, found in a iced glow frail solitude, crumbled...maker of greatest failure is naked and debilitated

Bitter and grieved it feel it would return in the shell

It will ice it self, something will wake up it perhaps then kneel down and exhausted

Ice crystals rain while a calendar is less hard, subdued by circumstance, better preserved that unlive critical state, keep the grave open last solution, keep memory entire

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Fatal moments in aseptic ambient find me cryogenized! future paper title