

Staring into the blank into a non-linear hole, it sucks
you down it expands you inside yourself a parallel
paradox converges upon this spot. That explains what?
Mottled sky over the garden of eden floods the sacred
habitat for the first time. Why weren't we spoon fed that
tale? What does it matter that nothing is solved, the
politics of the few are the death of us all; subtle
warfare is the worst but the only kind we can stand, so
astound me with your whirs and clicks and i think i'll
just sit here and shit myself wide-eyed because i love
you so much.