The Underwater Garden

Septic Flesh

Melancholy ascended in the surface knowing that she'll have forever a lair in the underwater garden. Serene the azure body that filled the landscape crowled as ever.

The sound here is a word without a meaning nothing can agitate the monotony. The new and the old event roll indolent embraced in a circle.

The one takes the place of the other returning continuously in the beginning.

What didn't belonged in the fluid kingdom has now become its integral part. The plunder that was stolen from the marvelous world of the unknown is hidden deep. Imprisoned from the seeweeds ornamented with the flowers of the sea.

Every piece has its own story Every creation is also a piece of its creator. Behind the coral gate of the garden are sealed emotions