

Between The Buried And Me "Lost Perfection: B) Anablephobia"

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Clowns now appear. They are all carrying knives and
cups of gasoline.

“Tonight is our death”.

The clowns then begin to slash each other...

The skies open up; the flames pour in...

The world watched in awe. MESMERIZED.

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Death is in the air.

The three adults once again start talking... they ask
questions of faith and love.

“We shall live past these days, rid of all we’ve
done.”

I see what they mean now...

but the retched smell has overcome...

I am gone...

THE BABY BORN WITH THE END OF THE WORLD...

Awake... Awake... Awake...

Awake... Awake...

The five of us haven’t spoken in hours.

Sitting alone to our own thoughts.

Only we will know what strange things boredom has
created.

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