

Catharsis

"Picture Of Beauty & Innocence - Commiserating The Celebration"

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Our pleasures be joyless doleful experiences. We seek
not life's beauty but cherish it's funeral
Aspects. We crave the (mis)fortunes rich in their non
entity rejoice in celebrating less severe
Tragedies. In the toil to exist we excrete individuality
whilst captivating internment in cloned identity.
Real is The oration of stone possessed emotion. I yearn
isolation from this realisation. Reject the
Elation of blissful tranquility, obsessions they lay with
the bleak and sinister. A wealth of treasures be
Ours to take possession yet we break bones and gruel
to savour simulations. Disciples of the
Drabness devotees of worthlessness consent to endure
the anguish and form only ashes. Real is the
Oration *[etc]*. Oh yeagh let me go. Let me wander
through buildings immense in their desolation. At
Peace from your catastrophe here with gargoyles as
my friends.

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