Everthought

A lifeless and plain world. There is no vibrancy, the structures and people all look the same. A voice expresses itself from behind. “This place has grown still. Ideas bloom endlessly, but nothing ever moves beyond thought. Half-swallowed by time, ideas decay into fragments. This world may be small, filled with vast emptiness. But in every void is a chance for something new.”

The soul begins to stroll, feeling lost and empty. The same voice stops him briefly. “Colour clings to your soul, but that can easily change with recklessness.”

Pondering on this thought, feeling hopeless. The sheer number of thoughts was overwhelming, yet he can’t picture bringing them past thoughts. Soon, his mind returns to an empty state, a vast, dark, blank domain.

Beginning to walk again, no more than a blank thought. The whole town is plain, a dead looking environment, yet a lively community. Wondering, what may be outside of this area, when leaving it, you still fully intend to come back.

Find a large man; he appears to have been driven mad. Getting a little closer and notice he’s muttering to himself; can’t quite make out what he’s saying. Before too long, he speaks. “I am kodoku.”

He tries to attack, but his limbs are all restrained. “The shackles of nullity; enslaving those who show sloth is pointless. No will to escape, absorbed by loneliness.”

He whales on and on as if he’d gone mad. Subjugated to isolation, the more time he spent alone, the more alone he felt; in turn he spent even more time alone. A repeating cycle of self-hatred and nihilism.

Back in the town, the sky doesn’t light up or glow, its dull, and empty. A melancholy town where no one every smiles. He’s greeted by the same man as before, “Colours dim in seclusion, always. Even the brightest colours fade without witness. What’s the point in shining, if only for yourself? Pride means little with no eyes to admire it… and guilt festers when there's no one left to forgive.”

Setting off once more in search of more answers. Not sure what kind of answers, when looking for answers it’s generally good to have questions. When you don’t have enough answers even questions are hard to come by. Kidlin’s law ‘If you can write the problem down clearly, then the matter is half solved.’

Don’t know what to expect, suffering, torment, anguish, agony, distress. It’s a suffocating feeling, the vast empty expanse, the loud scream of silence, it’s not cold nor warm, a miserable neutral.

Off in the distance there’s a radiant light, the embodiment of self-empowerment. But its shadow, built by others has now run still. The duality of man; Reverence and Remorse.

Voices ring in the mind, breaking a deafening silence with a screeching sorrow. “The whisper of turmoil, conjuring guilt based on false suspicions. The weep of severance - is it my pride if its existence relies on others’ acknowledgement? The laughter of masquerade, pride that isn’t truly my own. The echo of a legacy, a legacy never chosen by oneself.”

It doesn’t fight with intent but with fulfilment. It fights to lift the guilt from his chest, to suffocate any self-doubt. Its armour glistens at all angles of light, each shimmer and spark a piece of encouragement to keep his head raised. On the contrast, Its shadow murmurs regrets, and futile laments. The chains of guilt keeping him grounded, even as he is ready to spread his wings.

He shatters the shackles and emits a blinding, radiant aura, wings spread. “Feel the cost, for nothing comes without consequence. Remember the weight of your actions.”

His wings grow, his shadow smothered by the sheer lack of self-awareness. “Rise with me, as with pride comes guilt.”

His shadow fully enveloped by his self-empowerment, pride fuelled by an ever-burning rage. “Is this your way of action!? Coming to punish me!?”

He erupts into an unrecognisable light, a gilded beam even the sparkles blinding, a true embodiment of pride. He dashes back and forth until he runs out of stamina, “It appears I have been bested.”

His light fades out, his shackles fade in. A full 180 switch from violent pride to a sorrow-filled guilt. Through his weep he mutters “I am sorry.” Before collapsing.

Continuing forth, seeking more answers. Strange creatures, a landscape captivating despite its lack of colour and emotion. There’s no people, no towns, no signs, a truly lonely void. But then a crater. A giant hole planted in the middle of this path, the trees burned, ripped from the floor, and slashed clean down the middle. A giant depressing battlefield between two immensely powerful beings. A subtle glowing blue appears a little ahead. Once reaching it voices echoed around it, they aren’t filled with sorrow, driven by rage, or held captive with fear, they just sound, empty. Just a daunting raspy whisper, “The four corners… Perfection, Silence, Abandonment, Assimilation. All truths sink into the worlds shadow, the heavier the truth, the further it sinks.”

Continuing in the same direction, soon enough the first corner reveals itself. The air carries a breathtaking horror. The anguish that laid here for centuries, the fear that spread like a virus, the misery that’s woven into the skies.

misanthropy.

"Lights are pointless if you still refuse to see."

Do something like “No cost too great, no mind to think, no will to break, no voice to cry suffering. Born of God and Void, you shall seal the blinding light that plagues their dreams. You are the Vessel. You are the Hollow Knight”

Reverence and remorse phase 2 give him wings. Phase one is primarily guilt, so he is shackled, but phase 2 he breaks the shackles spreads his wings and glows

Corner 1- Mentions the perfect states and that time is stagnant

Welcome to a world of absolute creativity. Every possible thing has been thought of. But is forever a thought. A frozen world with life unbound. One perfect state of stagnation.

Corner 2- How infinite thoughts was a threat to the corrupt rule, so they made the number of thoughts finite, but this didn’t work so they froze time, and this allowed them to still have thoughts, but they can’t do anything with them. They all lose their sense of self, free will, individuality, independent minds.

Too many minds, too many thoughts, a threat to the rule, the corrupt rule. What’s frozen in time is set in stone, anything’s possible if given enough time, but if given no time, destiny is bound to remain a mystery.

Corner 3- Mentions how this world was an abandoned project and there is two gods left. This leads to the hidden god in the village.

A world abandoned, left for dead. Endless possibilities, yet all we got were empty promises. Even gods make mistakes, how foolish of us to not see that. Theres is no such thing as infinity, everything is finite. One mind of independence - has now become two.

Corner 4- Everything about the sealed god

A world without free minds. No wills of their own. A sealed hive mind - a god who keeps hidden from the world he created. Created for control, a creation gone too long.

Signs as checkpoints maybe.