



Sepulcher of Dreams

Created by @chasay

Foreword

Sepulcher of Dreams features a collection of translations born from the reflections of my psyche.

A translation is never perfect. Feel free to create your own.

This experience is built with the Destroyed Valley system by @darlingdemoneclipse in mind

(A special shoutout to @stargazersasha for introducing me to its magician's fable)

Consume the translations at your own pace.

Some content may be vaguely distressing. Stop reading if you need to.

Please take care.

CONTINUUM

*City lights and hallways mesh together in my mind
A pathway forward with no goal in sight
Stories surround me in paths forever unknown
Realms where I will never exist*

*A midnight hand reaches down from out of sight
Its visage a stranger to myself and the world
It stares with eyes that cannot see
It caresses with fingers devoid of life
I am captivated, comforted and terrified;
None more than the other*

Consider (as you wish):

- Describe one of the pathways before you.
How many do you see?
- What is the stranger staring at? How can you tell?
- Do you continue forward?



THE COURT OF ECHOES

*There is music without vibration
No movement within air or sight
These halls, a vacuum*

*You cannot smell, taste, or feel
Time does not exist
Perception is sifted through the finest filter*

*Liquid emotion, birthed in high contrast
From a statue imprisoned among the Court of Echoes*

*An existence that erodes the psyche
Impervious to negotiation*

Consider (as you wish):

- There is a music which envelops these halls.
What is the source of this sound?
- Where have you found the Court of Echoes?
How did you get here?
- Is the statue's form revealed to you?
Describe it if your senses allow.

WELLSPRING

*In the third hour of morn
Glazed with elegant silence
A mass of white comforts all*

*Under this canopy of pine
Rests lifetimes experienced
Invigoration for the destined many*

*He now lies under Solitude
Where all but time is eternal
A hollowed throne of dormancy's design*

*Here lies an existence of anamnesis
of undoubted content
of-
"Ah, this cold embrace..
isn't so bad.... after all.....*

Consider (as you wish):

- Are you cold? How do you know?
- Does He have an appearance? Do not describe it.
- Have you been here before?

Addendum

There are translations I've chosen to leave without query,
but were essential to the creation of this collection.

Here they are, for your Consideration (as you wish):

Elysium

*Here may they rest
Buried with burdens grafted, branded
Scraping against cages of earth and steel
Leveraging existence as a show of power
Slaughtered for the same qualities which give them strength*

*I wish I could harness the terror of the universe
Not with the power of fear as a method of control
But as a means of presenting all truths, laid bare
A spectacle of tortured souls seeking recompense*

*There are no actors in this performance
Only reality in the rawest of forms
Ravaging the ignorance of all who witness
Entrenching a desire to understand the unknown*

*Behold the unfiltered scorns of our reality
Experience this macrocosm you thought you knew
And prostrate yourself before the weight of the world*

Pneumatic Corrosion, An Epitaph: I + II

(cw body horror)

*An attempt to peer behind the veil
Producing illusions from the outside looking in
"A vile horror,
A lesion in form"*

*These seeds of pestilence are not foreign
Here, born of nurture, observant in nature-
"Wretched,
Putrid"*

Ignorant

*Time does not rot the flesh
Only Disease*

*a worthless husk
flakes and oozes
peel apart the shallow layers
to find the raw flesh of emotion*

*this feeling is one with skin
encasing me, suffocating me
dulling my senses inwards and out
no container holds this wretched form*

*restlessness like a poison taking hold
absurdity feeding off the roots of my mind
like a cancer consuming all intangible thought
depriving it of fuel
until retreating where it came*

Pneumatic Corrosion, An Epitaph: III + IV

(cw body horror)

*a cloak of lava
providing protection from the elements
yet wasting away all it protects
slowly, quickly, but surely
surely..

fabricated from necessity
in a world cold and unrelenting
can you feel its weight

buried beneath this impermeable sheer
a figure of suffering
desecration
Scorched Earth
a charred wasteland none could call home*

*Cracking- cracked.
Cracking, bleeding, oozing

...I will explain a being that no longer exists
Two sides encapsulated this organic beast*

*Above is the body
Abrasive. Starving.. Sensitive...
Desolate.*

*Below is the soul
Slimy. Malleable.. Embracing...
Wretched.*

*(I cannot return to a grave where even the ashes have
rejected me.)
...May you rest in peace.*

Thank You

To all of my friends throughout the years, new or old
To all of my family, here or no longer
To all who have gifted me their help or harm
And to all I will never meet in this world

You have shaped these realms in ways that I could never express on my own

Yet,
I still hope
That these translations from a being of twilight reach you
And provide a feeling of discovery
Of wonder and intrigue
Into the palaces of your own mind