

The Debate was a Vomit



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was a Vomit

~~Spr̄ing~~

The crucifixion will come

I'm feeling the ~~anguish~~

I'm feeling the dark

~~Emptiness~~

Darkness

And they say they will crucify

Someday in this spring...

Until the end of this spring...

I will wait.

Critical life

chaotic ~~mind~~ ^{mind}

daylight depressing me

I'm awake and sad

anxious; uncertainties

I fill my blood with sugar

to get numb...

I'm sleepy now

~~Nightmare:~~

bloody sexual assault.

In the fall

In the ~~fore~~st

Death star

I was waiting for you

in the dark...

Death star

Goddess of ~~in~~/~~ex~~/~~is~~/~~t~~/~~e~~/~~n~~/~~c~~e

Come back to the nothing...

I'm feeling nothing now.

So worried about Wiccan cults
modern witchcraft
digital aliens &
biological androids...

I can't
~~believe~~
people still
care
about
baroque
architecture.

Tonight
in this
Greater Sabbat
I just wish
a supermodern
punk-goth
transfiguration.

Advise:

wear

weird

clothes.

Warning:

wear dictated clothes

wear fashion clothes

such a

self-destructive

behavior.

Pale skin

skinny legs

pink hair

~~awkward movements~~

I don't eat to not waste time.

one more confession:

I hate Byronism...

Lord Byron

a great vagabond...

(nowadays he'd be a huge pothead.)

How can you eat
The innocent Flesh
And Get
Happy
When
Someone
Die?

You shed his blood
You ~~destroyed~~ his memory
And now
he is in your memory...

It's weird to think about
what people are thinking.

we would never know
because
thoughts
are quite
~~involuntary~~
and volatile...

