

# The Debate was a Vomit



The Debate  
was a Vomit

~~Spr~~~~ing~~

The crucifixion will come

I'm feeling the ~~an~~guish

I'm feeling the dark

Empti~~ne~~ss

Darkness

And they say they will crucify

Someday in this spring...

Until the end of this spring...

I will wait.

Critical life

chaotic ~~mind~~ <sup>mind</sup>

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 so as not to 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...

