



The Debate
was a Vomit-

Špříčný

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 $\ddot{\text{m}}$ ^o_o nd /

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 ~~forest~~

Death star

I was waiting for you

in the dark...

Death star

Goddess of ~~in/exis/ten/ce~~

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...

