Commiserating the Celebration

Cathedral

Our pleasures be joyless doleful experiences. We seek not life's beauty but cherish its funeral

aspects. We crave the (mis) fortunes rich in their non entity re joice in celebrating less severe

tragedies. In the toil to exist we excrete individuality whilst captivating internment in cloned identity.

Real is The oration of stone possessed emotion. I yearn isolati on from this realisation. Reject the

elation of blissful tranquility, obsessions they lay with the b leak and sinister. A wealth of treasures be

ours to take possession yet we break bones and gruel to savour simulations. Disciples of the

drabness devotees of worthlessness consent to endure the anguis h and form only ashes. Real is the

oration [etc]. Oh yeagh let me go. Let me wander through buildings immense in their desolation. At

peace from your catastrophe here with gargoyles as my friends.