

Destroy Create Transform Sublimate

Destrage

I've got a fistful of nothing and if you ask me what I did for it for.
I did it for love,
I did it for beauty,
I did it for pure fun.
I was asked what is it for and I answered that I don't know yet.
If you can't predict it then it's interesting.
You can roll with it.
You are ready to go.

You think you learned the rules,
but instead you just narrowed your views.
Learn on your skin, not from those books.
Fail as much as you can.
Try again, don't be afraid.
Fail as much as you can. Who cares in the end?

Destroy, create, transform, sublimate
Take the risk. Pack your shit and go,
or obey, emulate, conform, duplicate
if you'd rather stay...

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if you'd rather stay and watch.

I've got it. I've got a fistful of nothing.
It's the most precious thing I have.
People keep on saying it's worthless,
but I definitely think they can go fuck themselves.
I made it up, choosing paths, day by day.
I made my choice. Choices are for die hard people.
They are worth making, even if the outcome makes no point.

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Destroy, create, transform, sublimate
for the sake of it for it all.

Style is a workaround of what you can't do.
It has more to do with limits than skills.
I will find my way.
I will marry an idea and cheat it with a thousand others,
but I'll always be faithful to my fistful of nothing.

We'll never loose. We'll never stop,
because we are running without a goal.

And we'll never die, because this run, keeps us alive.

We are all here to witness the indomitable power of creation.

As creative energy spreads like a relentless force,
infecting every single atom.

Art in all its manifestation conducts us close to god

and the struggle of our thinking into uncontaminated imagination. Pure imagination.