

Isn't it good to be acquainted with darkness,
To caress it gently, to slit its throat,
To know the hidden pockets, caves and grottos of the mirrored landscape,
To catch a glimpse of black majesty,
To know there's more horror to this existence than anyone could ever know,
Standing in the shadow of our own?

Isn't it beautiful
To know exquisite remorse,
To see the truth that drives men fleeing into early graves,
To be wise, to dream every day of a great escape, of a Houdini blade?

We love the taste of false perfection - the more the lies, the more we laud.

Isn't it beautiful to live and die alone, to carve a path out of unyielding stone between the crushing narrow divide of the war of two tribes steeped in a hate so narrow and deep it leaves two inches of earth on either side to save you from the final breath-taking fall into a deep hush - a silence so profound that your ears run and melt with the deafening sound?