

An Open Documentation of Most Recent Events

The Taxpayers

Who are you? How did you get in our brains?

We hate you. We want you out before the barricades leak and break.

This is a critical juncture at which all trains collide.

There are no nets in here. There are no gods.

Just bad situations, crates of rot and bone, and loose knots to tie.

Where do you go from here, how do you pop and realign?

Where are you? How did you escape this place?

We hate you, I mean love you. We want you stuck with us, encased in chains.

This is a god-forsaken hell that we adore.

In this location, we're all free, because everyone is poor.

There is so much space to build on here, there are no hollow bonds.

Malady, Selcuk, calm condition, no news to televise.