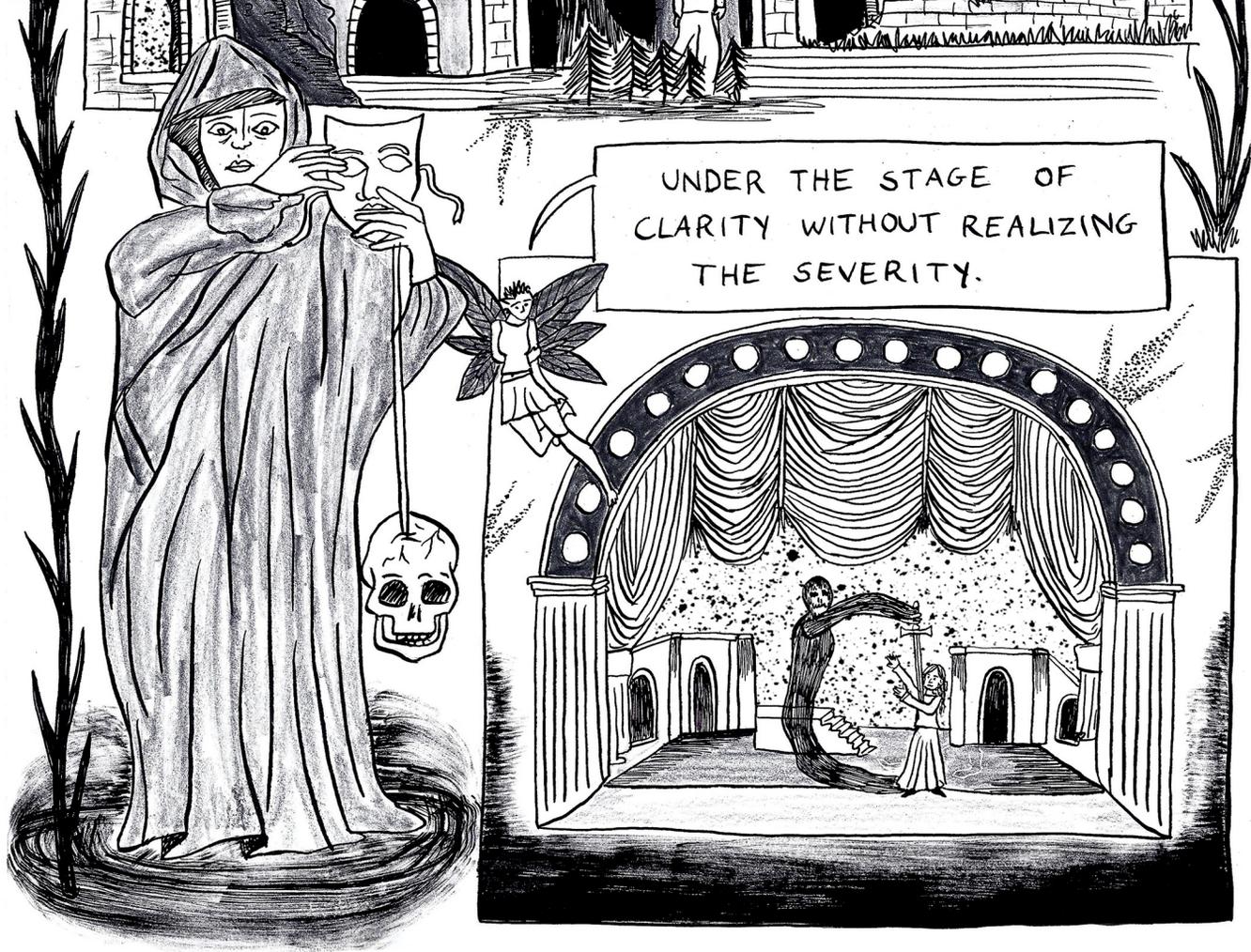


HOW ABSURD IS TIME?

REVEALING INSTANCES THAT  
ARE BENIGN, GIVING US GRIEF  
AND HOPE WITHOUT A TIMELINE.



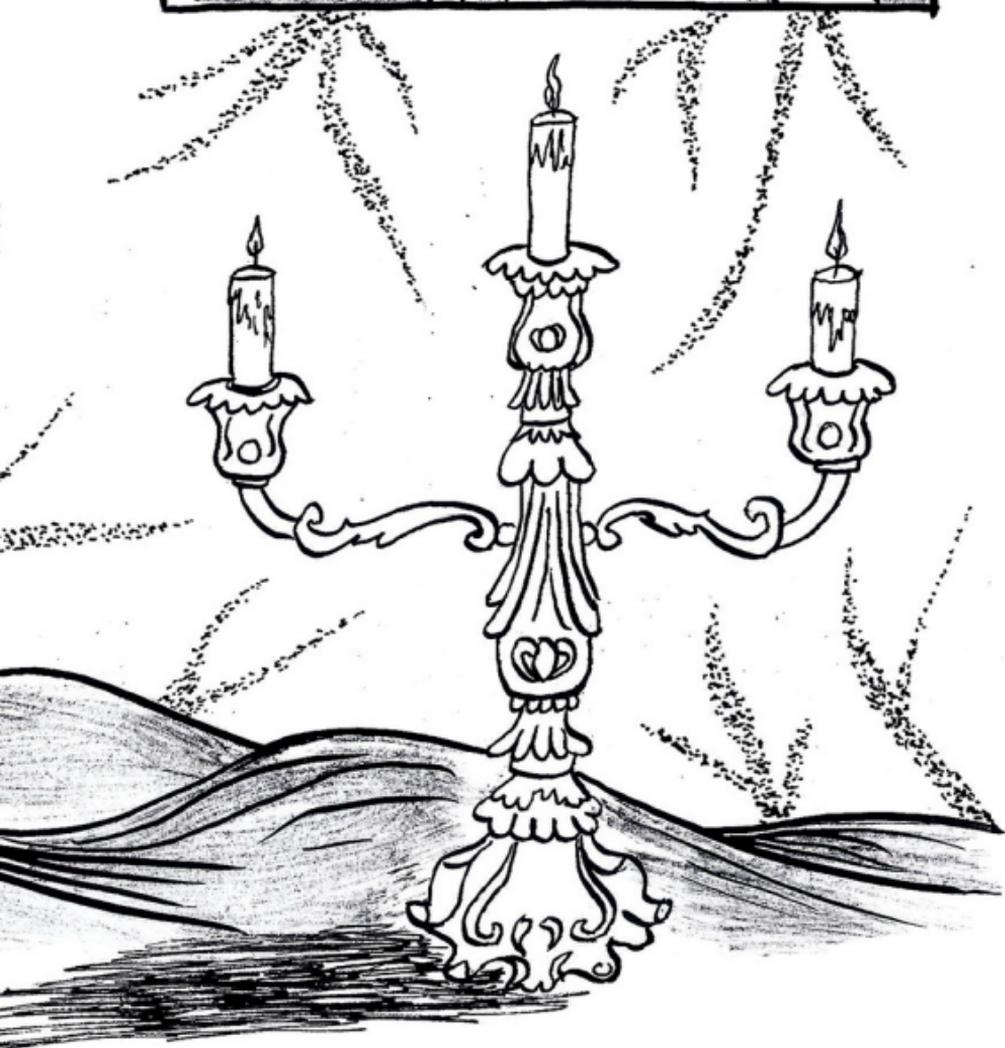


UNDER THE STAGE OF  
CLARITY WITHOUT REALIZING  
THE SEVERITY.

LIFE IS JUST AS SYMBOLIC  
AS THE DREAMS WE  
AWAKEN FROM



STRINGING ONTO THAT  
MOMENT AND REPLAYING  
IT IN YOUR HEAD



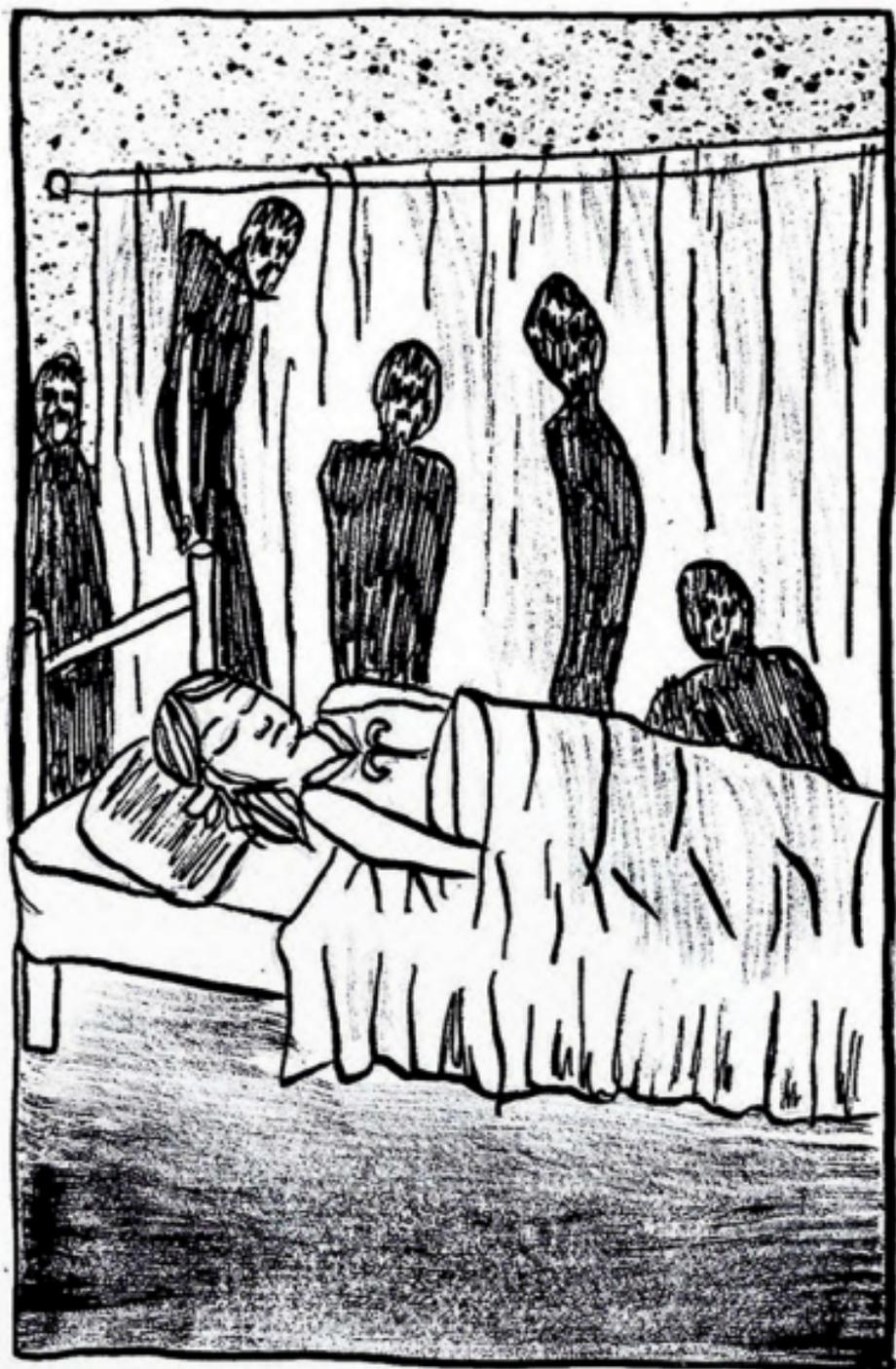


TO TRY TO REMEMBER,  
DRIFTING AWAY LIKE A  
FIRE DURING THE LAST  
EMBER.

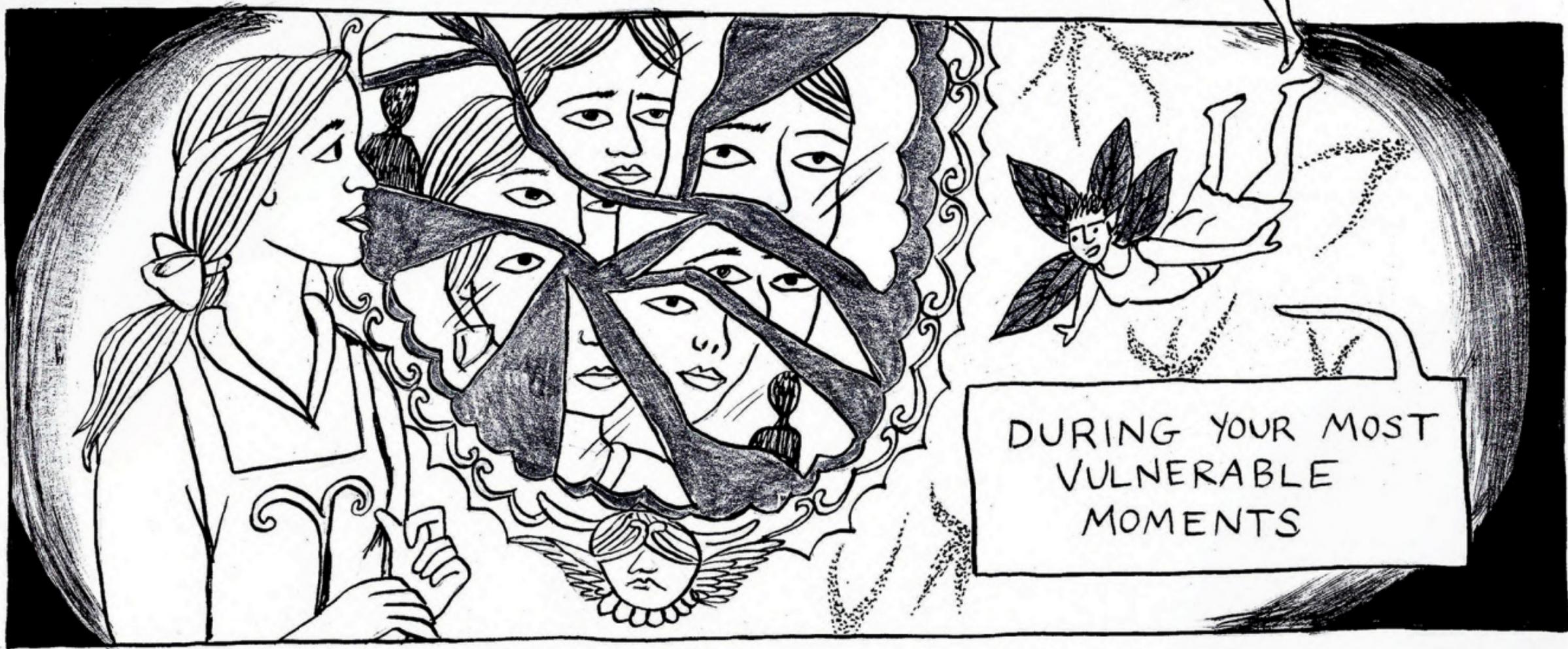
SO PATHETIC THAT  
IT'S NOT EVEN THAT  
MEMORABLE



SO CONFUSING  
THAT IT'S  
INTELLIGIBLE







DURING YOUR MOST  
VULNERABLE  
MOMENTS



YOU COME FACE  
TO FACE WITH  
GUILT-DRIVEN  
COMPONENTS



YOU CAN RUN  
ALL YOU  
MIGHT

BUT  
YOUR  
SHADOW  
WILL  
NEVER  
LEAVE  
YOUR  
SIGHT





TREMBLING  
AS I SWING  
AT THIS  
CREATURE

PUTTING ALL  
EFFORTS IN  
THE HIT,  
WANTING TO  
MAKE IT  
SWIFT.

AND LIGHT, AS TO NOT  
BOTHER, WITHOUT  
SENDING IT OFF QUITE PROPER

IT SAT THERE  
EXTREMELY CONFUSED





GOT UP AND  
LOOMED OVER ME

AS I FURTHER  
SELF-ACCUSED

I SACRIFICED MYSELF  
FOR MY SHADOW TO  
EXIST AND NOW I'M  
ALONE IN THE ABYSS



I FELT ITS  
IMPATIENCE  
WITH MY  
INDECISION



AND LEFT WITHOUT  
A WORD AND ANY  
OPPOSITION

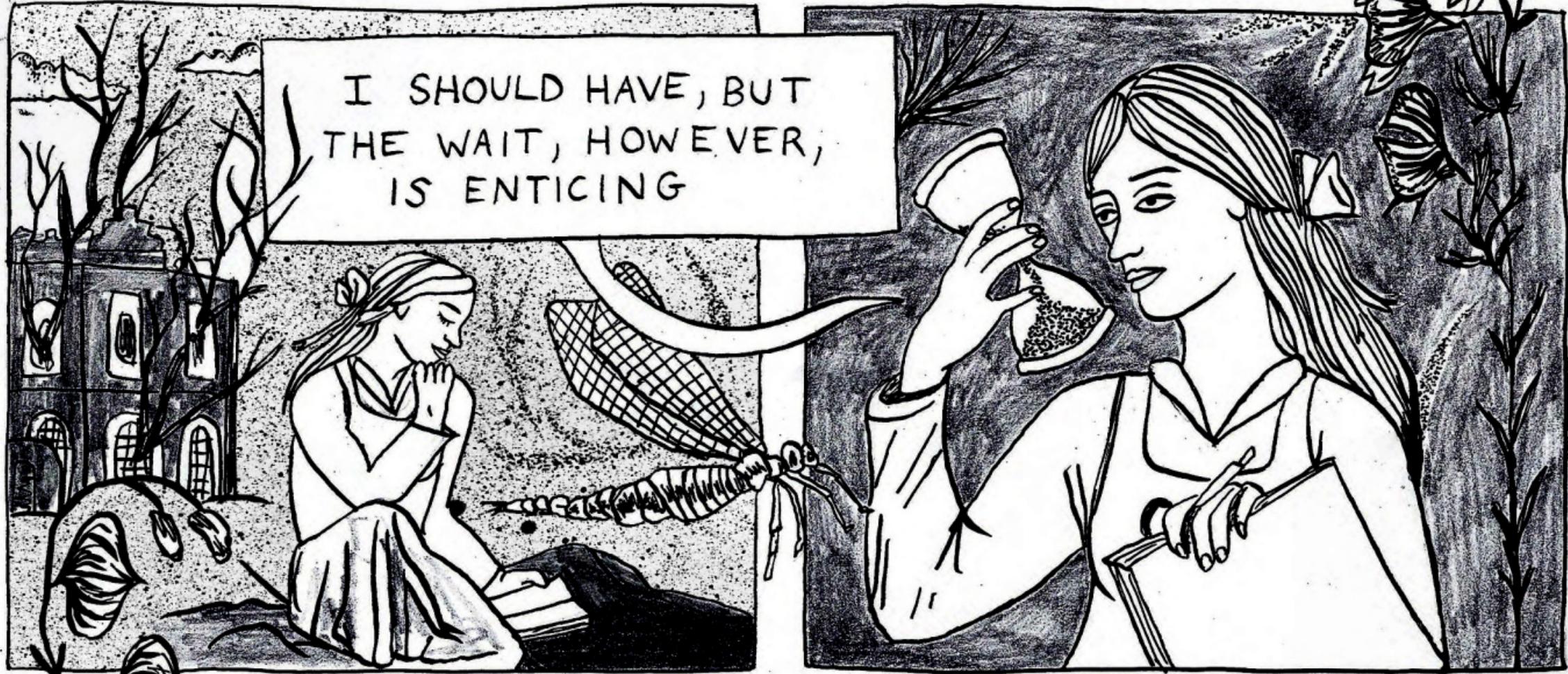


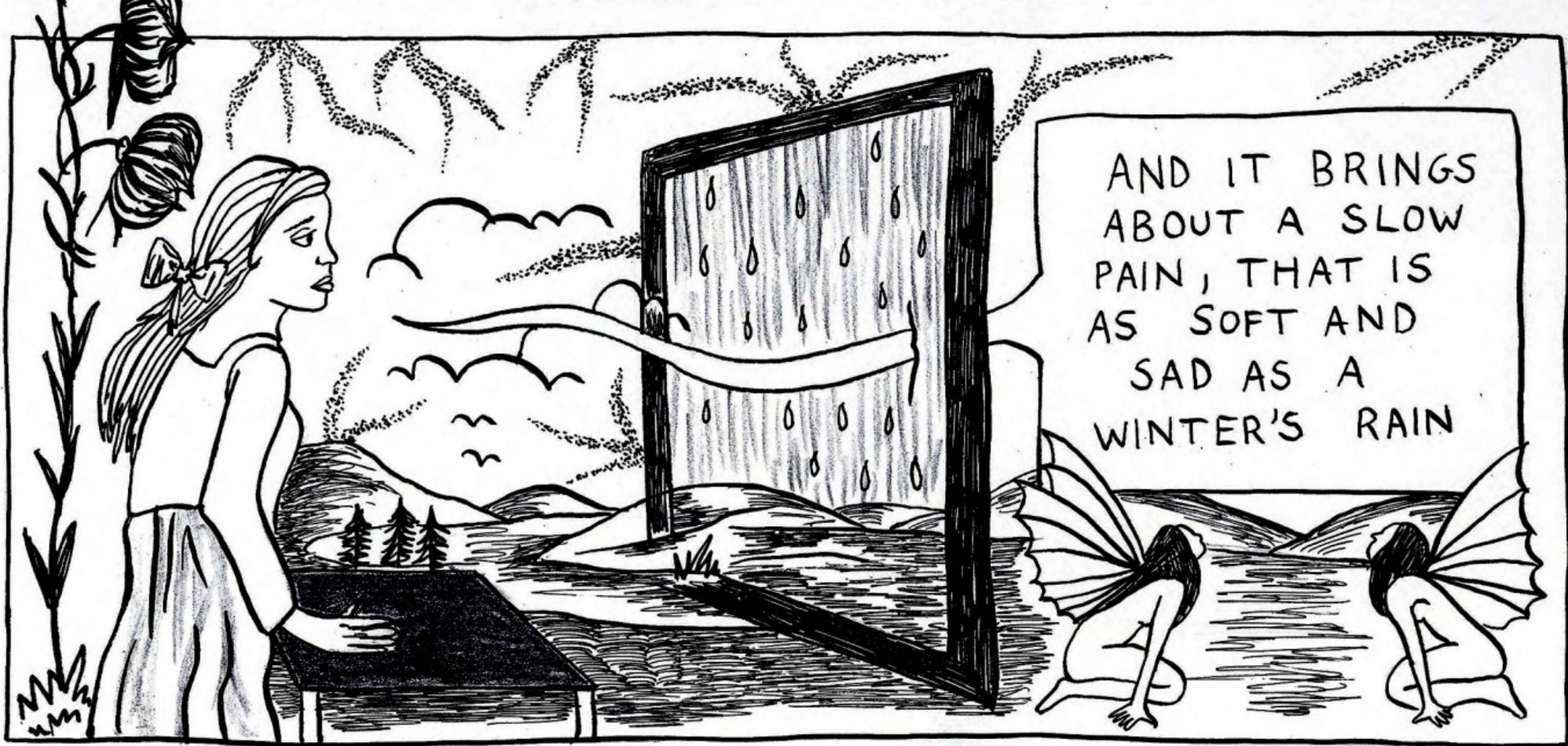
HAVE YOU TRIED  
TALKING TO YOUR  
SHADOW?

ASK IT WHAT IT IS, AND  
WHAT IT WANTS, INSTEAD  
OF FIGHTING?



I SHOULD HAVE, BUT  
THE WAIT, HOWEVER,  
IS ENTICING





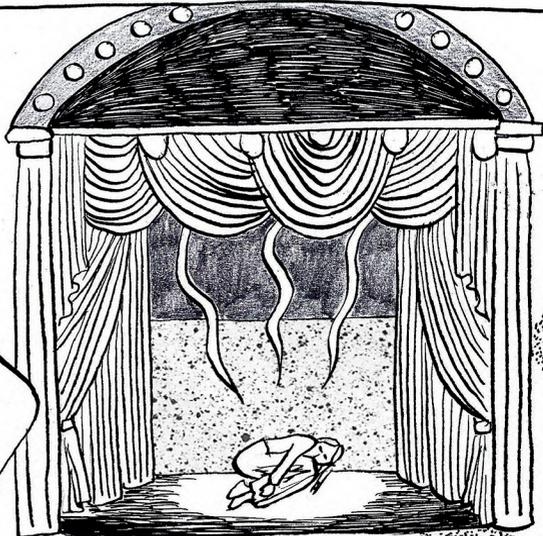
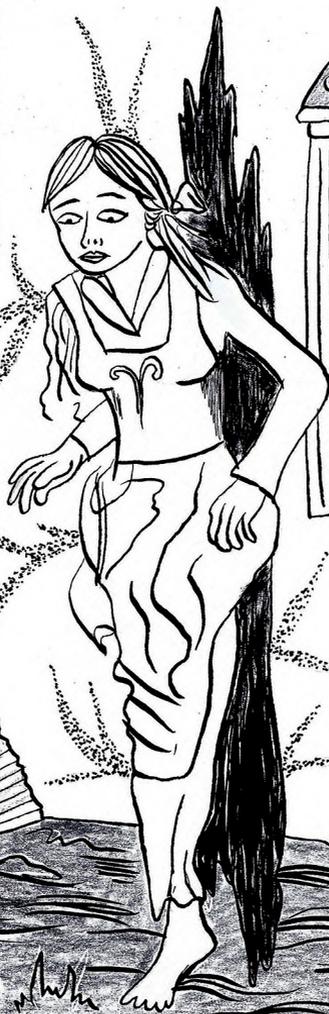
AND IT BRINGS  
ABOUT A SLOW  
PAIN, THAT IS  
AS SOFT AND  
SAD AS A  
WINTER'S RAIN

THIS EUPHORIA  
CAN'T LAST  
FOREVER

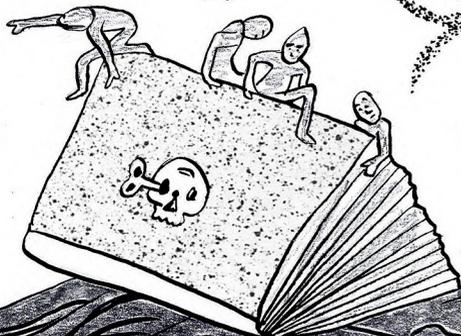
IT'S AN  
UNSUSTAINABLE  
ENDEAVOUR



LINGERING IN  
YOUR NOSTALGIA,  
NEVER GOING  
TO GET BETTER



MEMORIES FADING  
AWAY, GETTING  
TORN APART IN  
SUCH A DISPLAY



W. G. W.

W. G. W.

ONLY UNDERSTOOD  
IN EFFIGY

FAR TOO LATE  
FOR ANYONE TO  
COMPARE





HAD TO TAKE  
THIS LONG FOR  
YOU TO BE  
AWARE

WHO KNOWS WHEN  
IT WILL COME BACK;  
BUT YOU'LL BE  
READY & PREPARED