

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 rejoice 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 isolation from this realisation. Reject the elation of blissful tranquility, obsessions they lay with the bleak 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 anguish 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.