

Artist: fall_of_the_leafe

Title: Deference, Diminuend

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Hellfire burns. This I can well feel. Before long,
all sense will be lost to distances afar.
I have been a witness to the
collapse of all respect. Without the wit or will
the humour of all this torment lies entirely, without exception, in the
pitiful sarcastic voids it itself holds within.
Laughter. And never it has been mine in
these moments that I am held captive
to. Withering is the correct attribute to describe my realities.
Sadness can, at its utmost state, lead to what I am at the
shades of blackened lights. Immolation.
Massacr 