

THE  
BLUE  
CENTAUR

Something's not right.

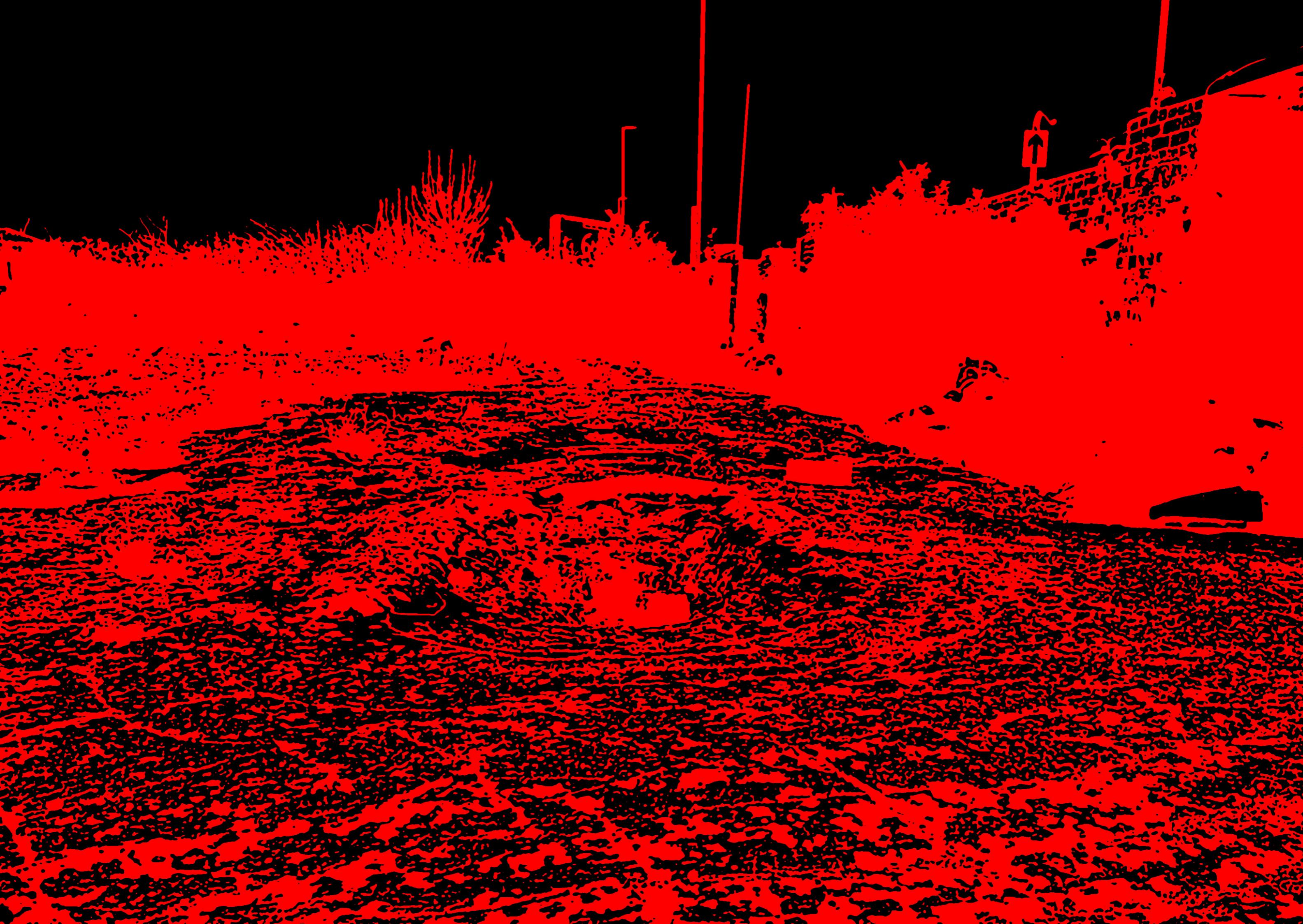
A dense, dark forest scene with a red overlay and a blue text box. The text box is located in the top left corner, containing the phrase "Something's not right." in a white, sans-serif font. The background consists of dark, silhouetted trees and foliage, with a prominent tree trunk and branches in the center-left. A faint, thin-lined path or stream bed is visible in the lower center. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and slightly foreboding.

"And I hear it in my sleep! Despicable brethren, the state I fear and truly believe in. That's true belief! Fact?! A thing aside from fact...the detriment of the soul! The beguiling of our freedoms...it comes at no price.

In the twilight of our teachings and fact, is that great force of the faithful, the duty that is man's.

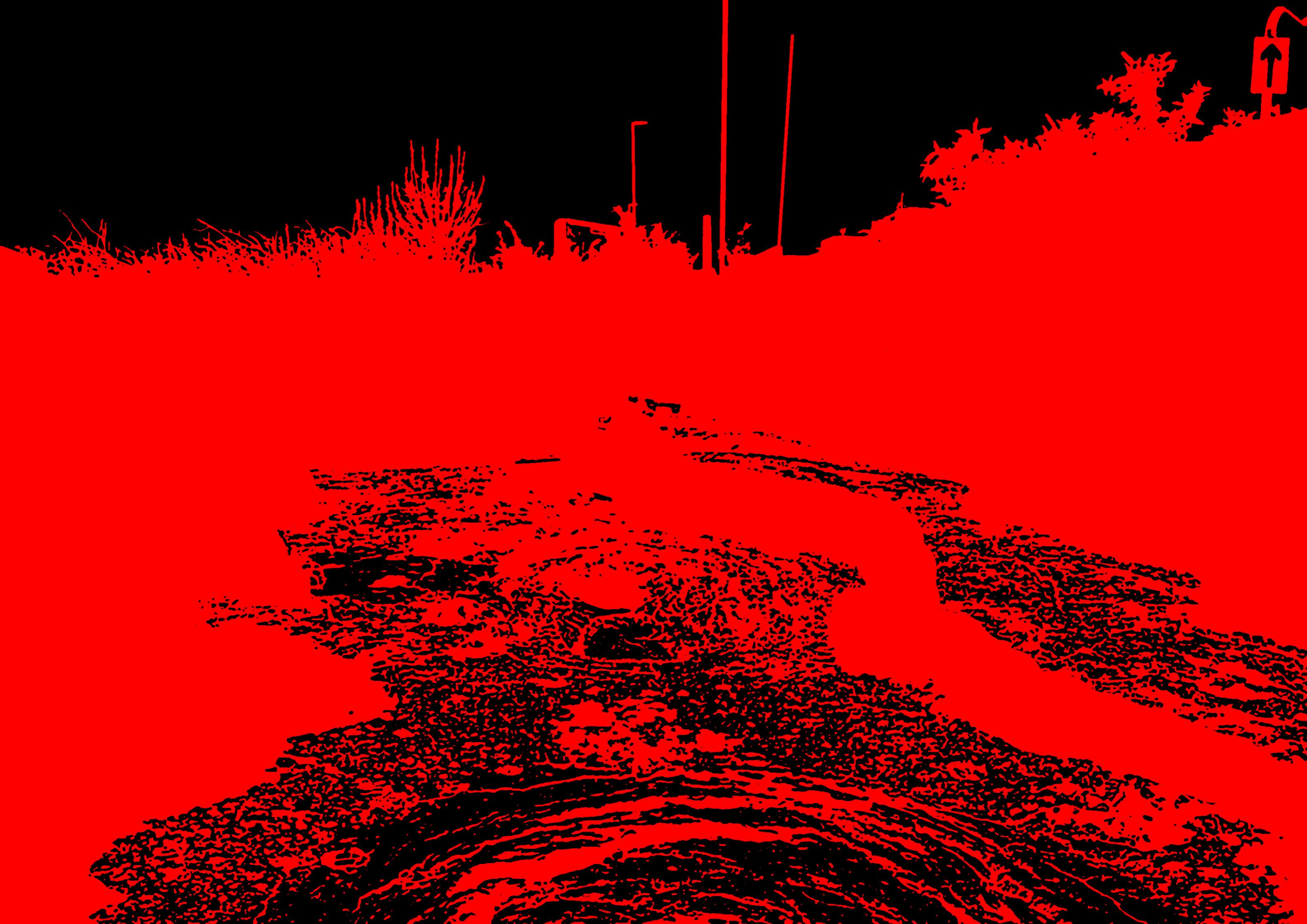
Not man's alone, no! we catch but a glimpse, a great hand in the sky.





What I suspect is these great beasts, these angels,  
our terrible neighbours, they are not necessarily content  
with being instrumentalised for such dark purpose.  
In their greatness, such thinking is naturally laughable.  
But humour this echoed thinking and arrive elite  
consumer of findings too shocking and tender to mark  
a subject so frequented by puerilis et superficialis.







We are all cold beasts, stone gray and impenetrable,  
aloof from touch. In our maze of illusions jumbles are  
pyramids and music utterly convincing, utterly unveiling.  
The centaur cradles its own customs in good humour,  
no need of elegance or dignity.

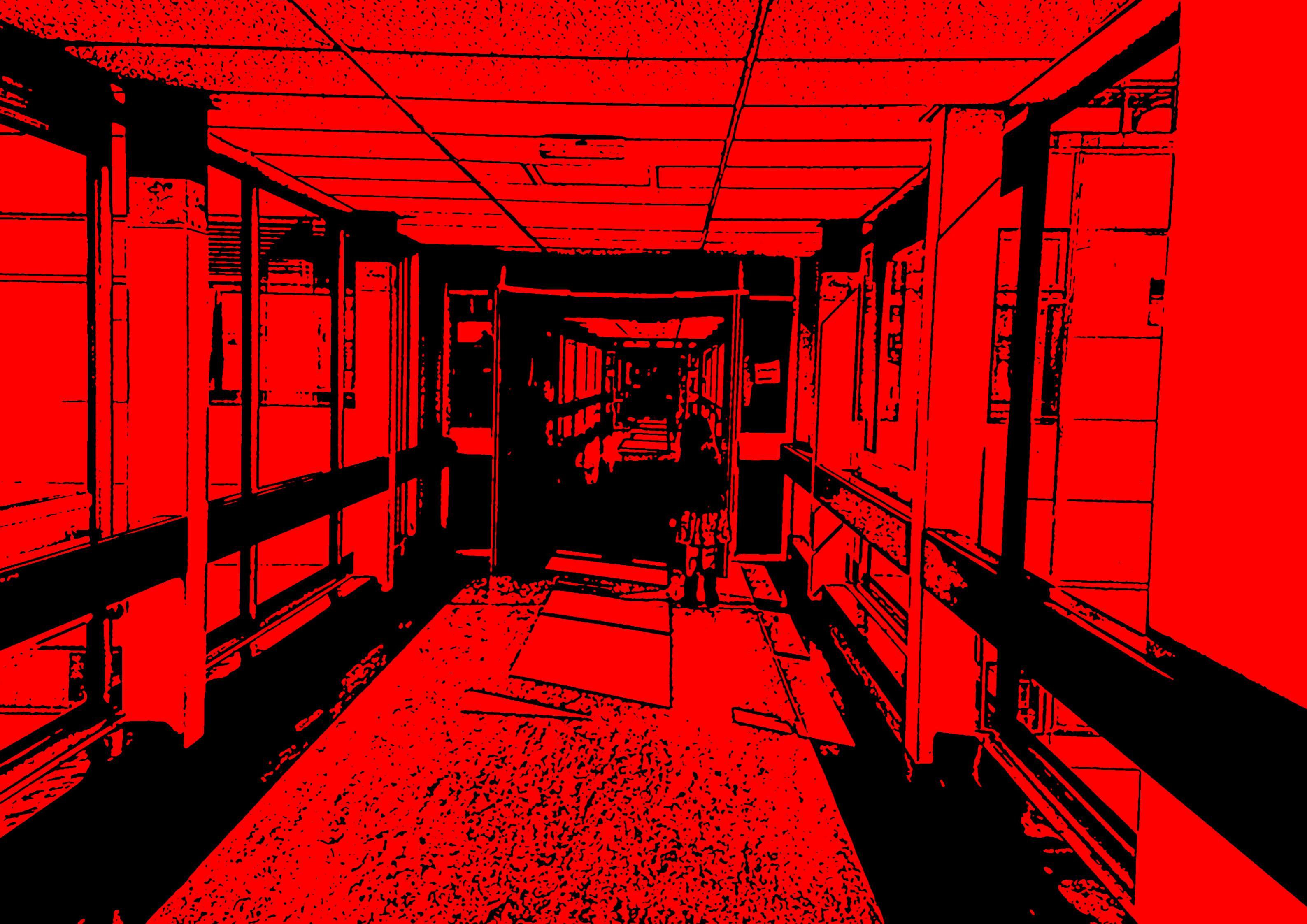


Possessing nothing enables one to be truly possessed,  
by the land it stands upon,  
by the soul,  
the most true and most present.



It enables true service, true tunnel vision!  
Truly a torso in the well.







From this crystal clear, absolute abyss of service,  
a duty so convincing witnesses can only pray to serve,  
we may focus step by step on the abandoning and  
devastation of the detained.



An alternate detention of discovery and desires.  
A more grasping bite, a force with so little mercy  
it offers little wisdom, a hazardous route to both  
the future and the past.



Now we're in an excessively convincing service,  
an unequivocal temple that affords as few crevices for  
difference as our previous law.



Is this metamorphosis without end? We shall have to recover past examples and cases, as this is no business to trifle with, no future to inform or dishonour.

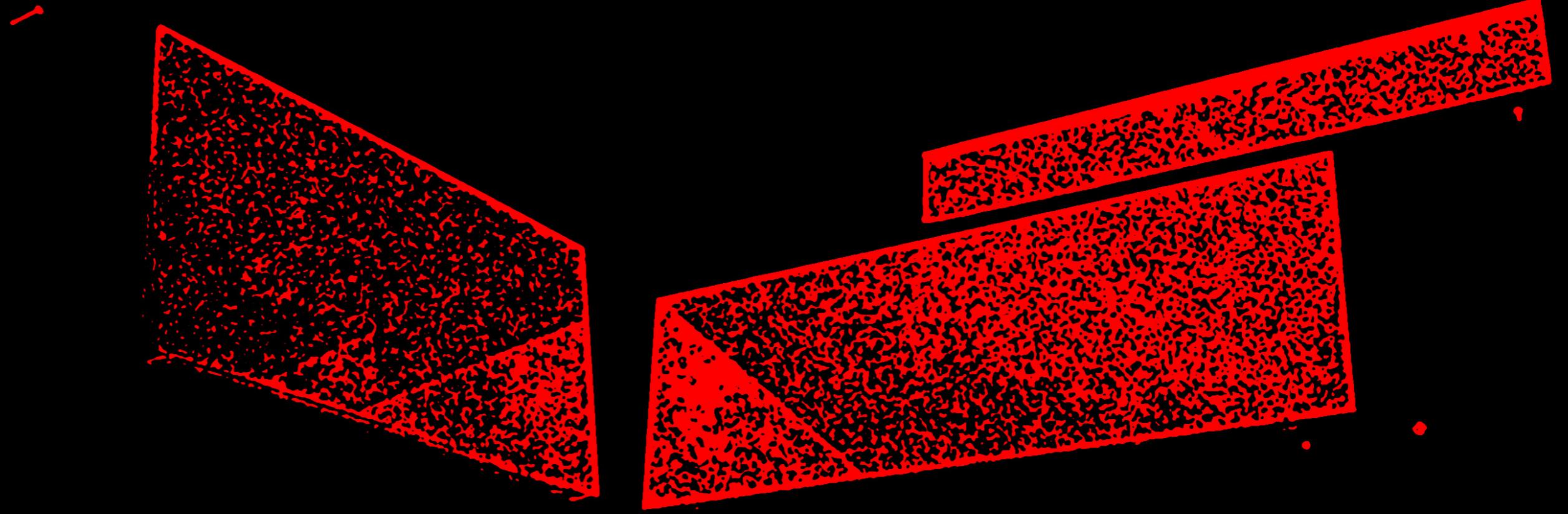


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We must act harmoniously, prudently exchange with the worlds we visit.  
We must serve! And we must instruct.  
All with as little reason as possible."



A photograph of a forest path. The foreground is filled with the dark, silhouetted shapes of tree trunks and branches. A narrow, light-colored path or stream bed cuts through the center of the frame, receding into the distance. The background is a dense wall of foliage and leaves, with sunlight filtering through the canopy in bright, dappled patches.

We'll keep trying...

**DETAINED**  
**BY ACELAW,**  
**LIBERATED**  
**BY LAMELAW**