

十廿E

書BLUE

CENTAUR

Something's not right.



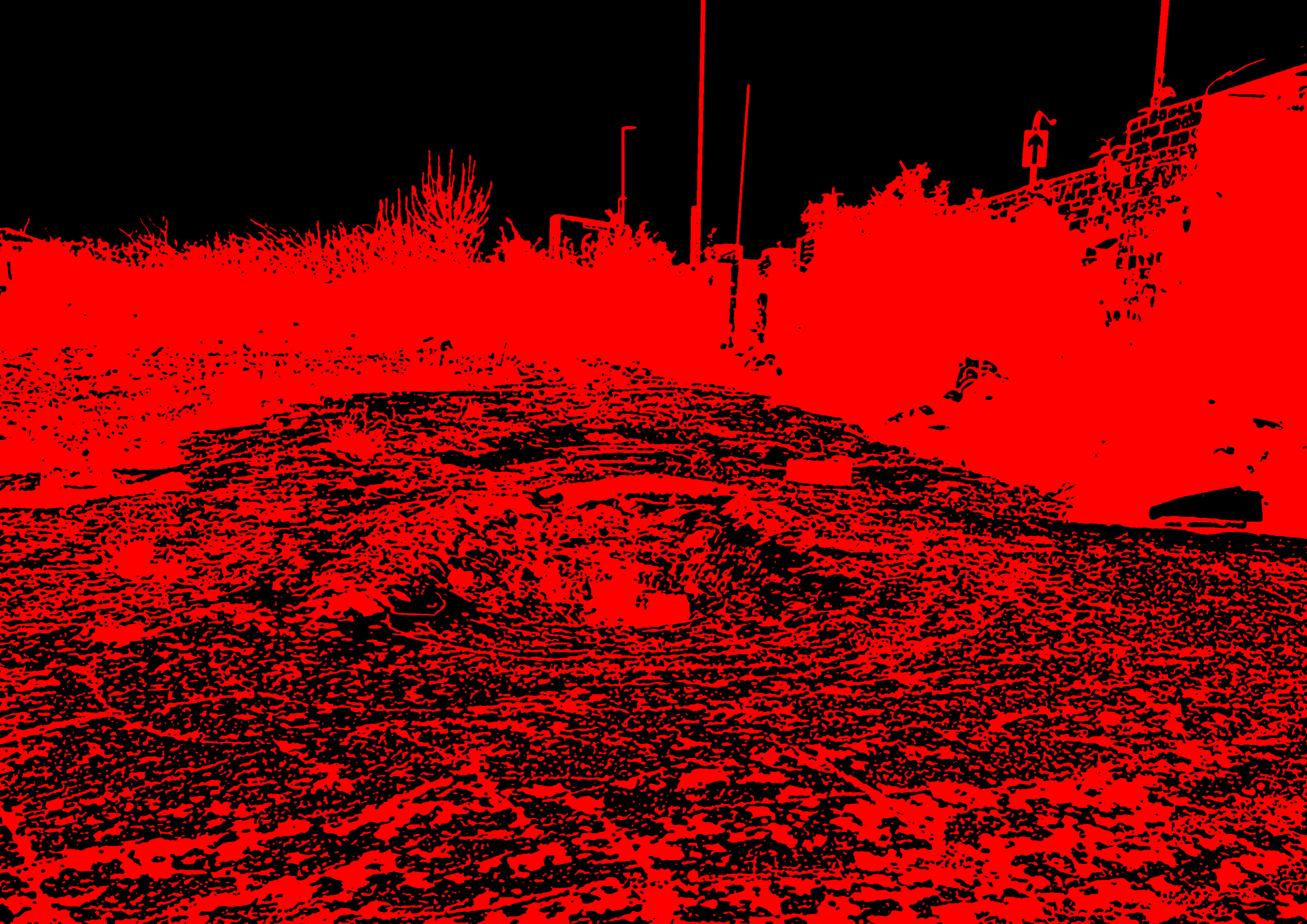
“And I hear it in my sleep! Despicable brethren, the state I fear and truly believe in. That’s true belief! Fact?! A thing aside from fact...the detainment of the soul! The beguiling of our freedoms... it comes at no price.

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.

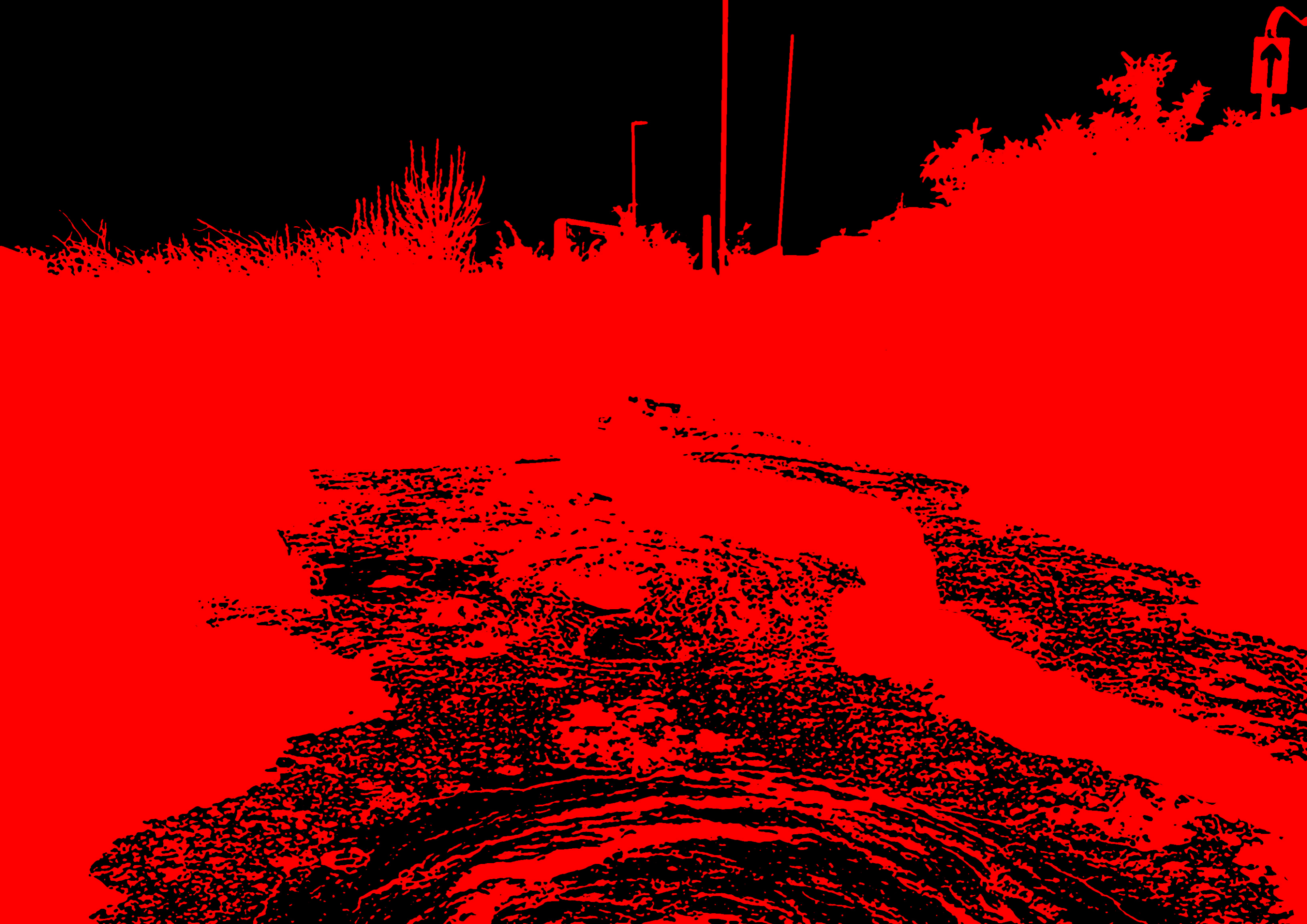
OPERATION





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.

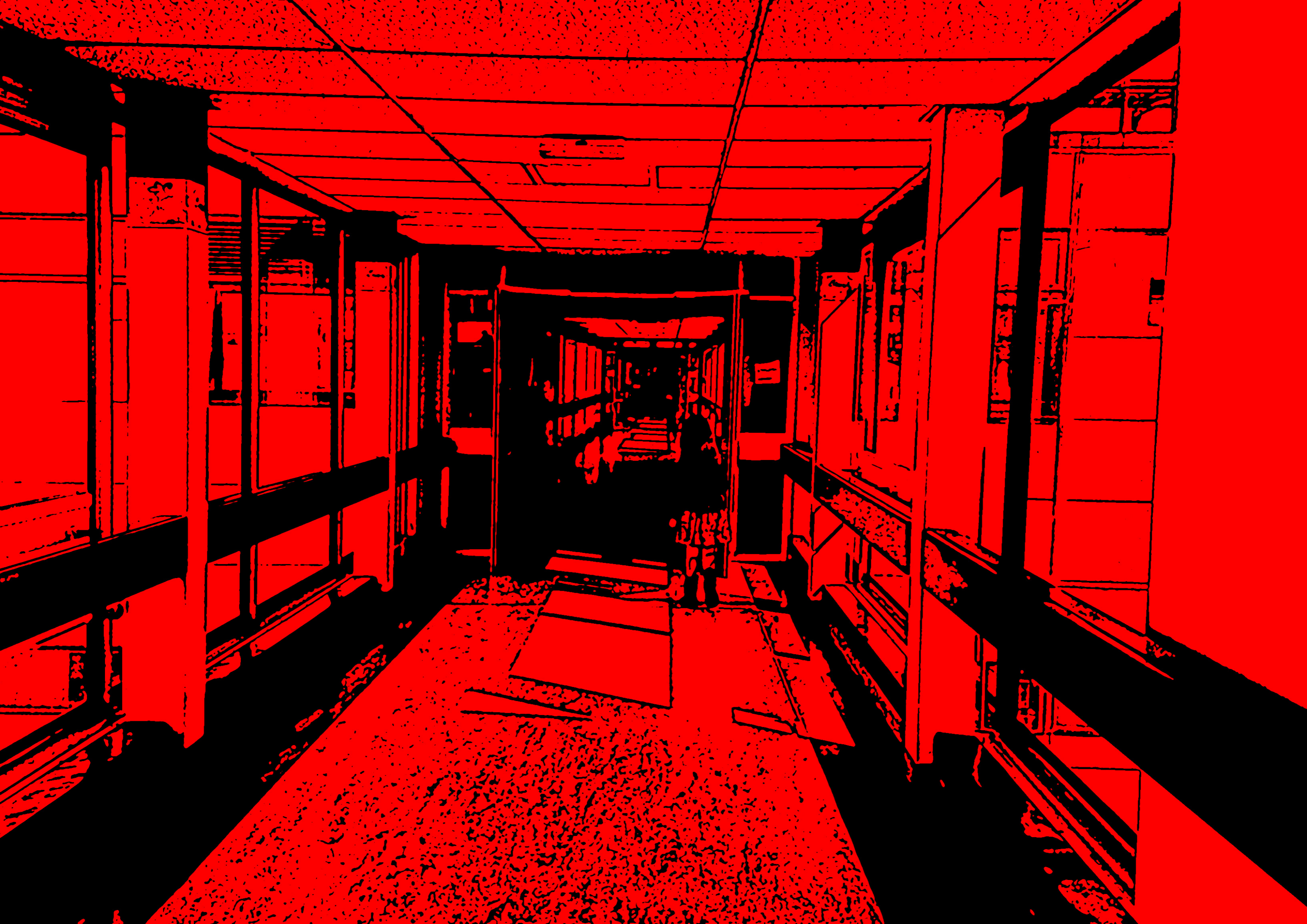


Possessing nothing enables one to be truly possessed,
by the land it stands upon,
by the soul,
the most true and most present.



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.



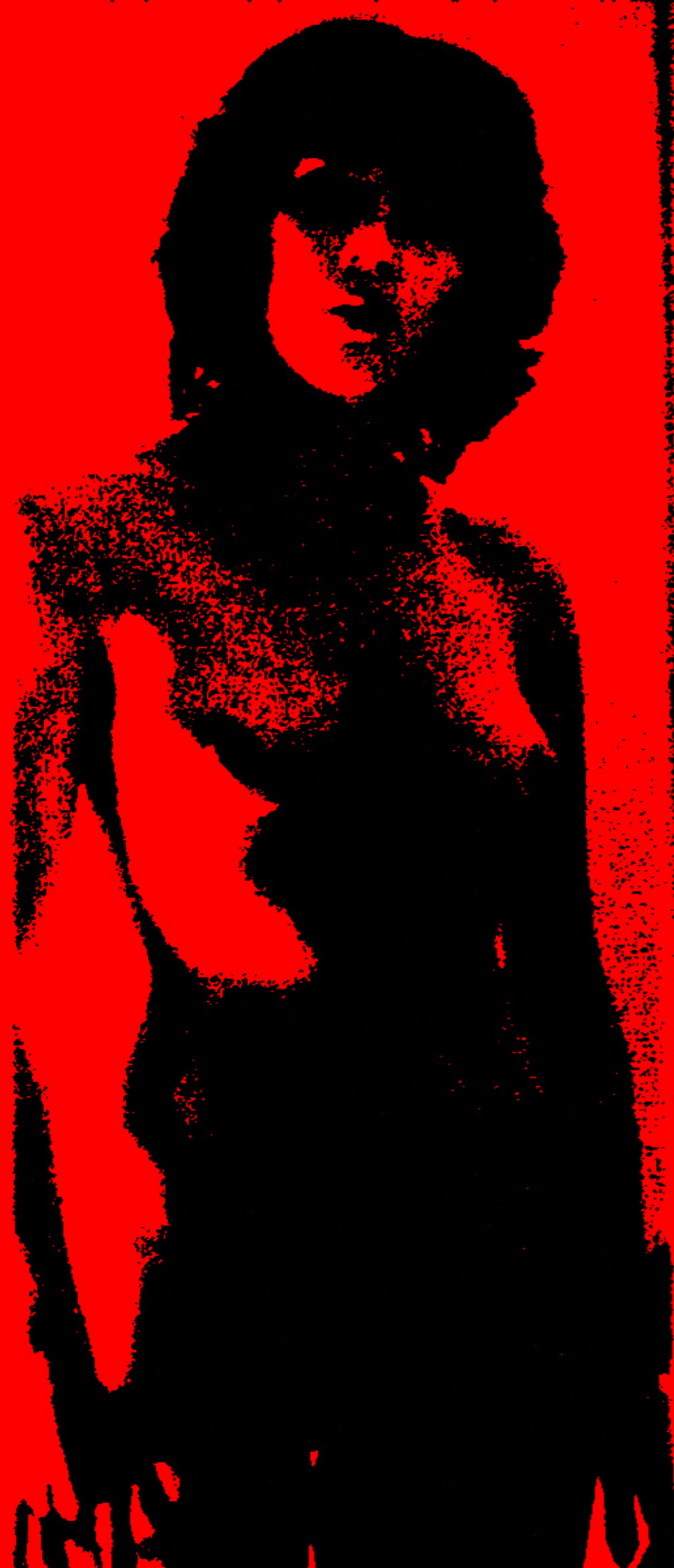
An alternate detention of discovery and desires.
A more grasping bite, a force with so little mercy
it offers little wisdom, a hazardous route to both
the future and the past.



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



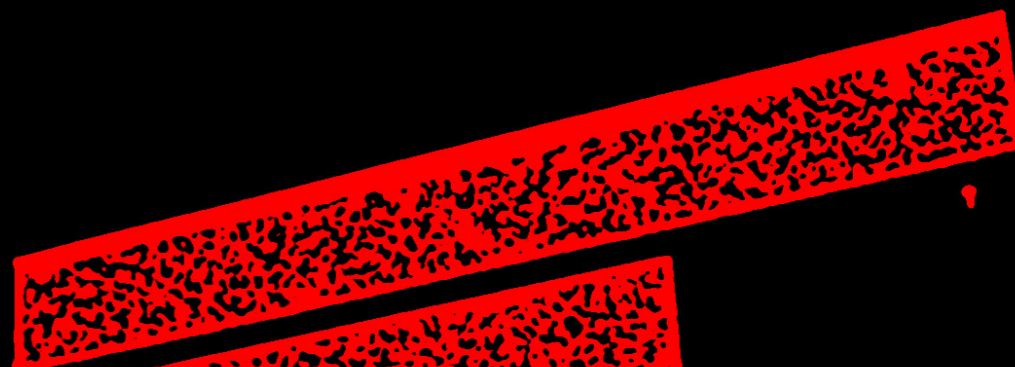
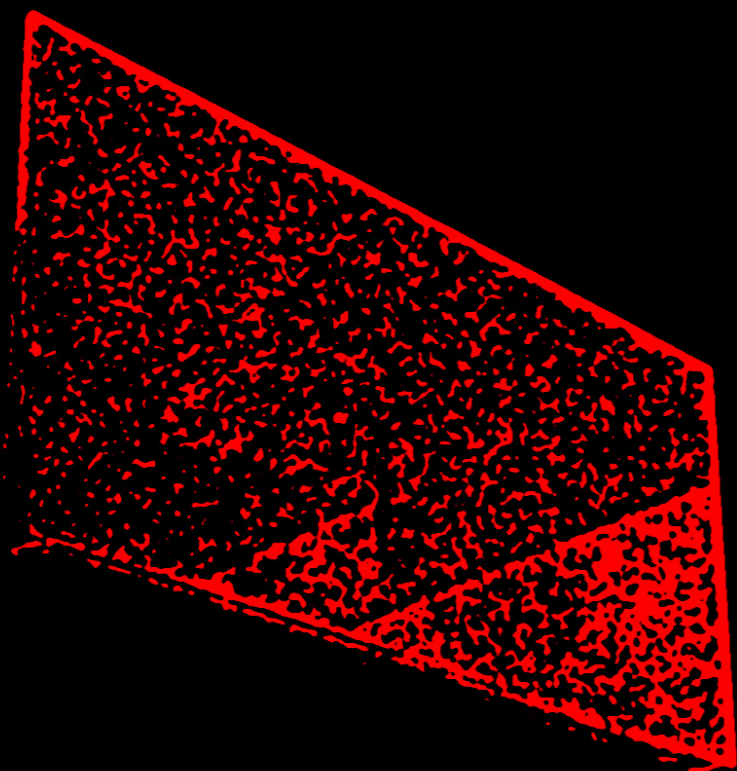
Is this metamorphosis without end? We shall have to recover past examples and cases, as this is no business to trifle with, no future to inform or dishonour.







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.”





We'll keep trying...

**DETAINED
BY ACELAW,
LIBERATED
BY LAMELAW**