


the 1 Distance is Here



THE DISTANCE IS HERE

Item 1

We are the incorrigible participants, shaping prolonged death that will be ours. The crisis is one of dead dog criteria which recurs, finally engulfing *us, make tight.*

There will be no possibility of need to liberate the soul~~d~~ from the tomb.

Imprisoned by its convention, we are the witnesses and supporters to dead habit which will not take its dead away and bury itself, but rather continue to live its living death amongst us..the half living

Item 2

All is fallen. Definition is impossible in this sour tide. Torture, obscenity...

Corruption deepens its mystery.

Those who perform, those who witness, and those who applaud are all criminals

engulfed in a spit and tiredness that multiplies its steeples. The malevolent waves of death doom

darkness . Alas, spit has risen to the bewildering heights of deity with its savage birds, great muscular snakes attending, bullying the last remaining souls into submission with vindictiveness and blight, taken into the mauve bowels of macajuelian inertia...