



WHAT AM I DOING?
AM I SEALING MY FATE?

THIS PHILOSOPHY WAS
FORGED IN PAIN

THIS IS PART OF LIVING



ONLY KNOW THIS:
NO MAN EVER STEPS IN THE SAME
RIVER TWICE

MASTERY, KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM;
I SOUGHT IT ALL

I CALCULATED, I BUILT, I PREDICTED ON THESE.
I SEE MY FATE IN THESE

I BUILT A TOWER TO PARADISE,
TO MY CREATOR

GLORY WAS MINE!

BUT SO TOO WAS RUIN..



EVERY CREST ITS TROUGH
EVERY PEAK ITS PIT

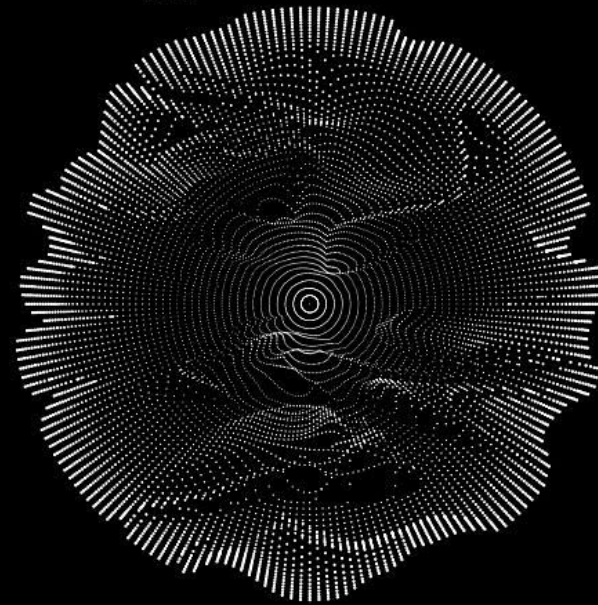
EVERY LIGHT ITS SHADOW

WHAT I SEE IS NOW DISSONANT
TO WHAT I KNOW

WHAT EXALTED ME NOW DIMINISHES
ME

WAS IT ALL A LIE?
WHAT IS TRUE?

WHERE IS THE ANCHOR OF REALITY?
WHAT IS THE NATURE OF REALITY?



I AM HANGING UPSIDE DOWN

THE FIRE OF INTELLECT WHICH GUIDED
ME THROUGH DARKNESS NOW BURNS
MY HANDS



LIKE WATER I FLOWED AROUND
MY OBSTACLES, NOW I DROWN IN
AN ENDLESS OCEAN

WIND WHICH STRENGTHEN MY
FIBRES AND SPIRIT NOW CRUSH ME



THE STOIC EARTH WHICH GAVE ME STABILITY IN
MY THOUGHTS AND IDEALS NOW CONSUME ME
AS I SINK IN QUICKSAND

IS THE TRUTH A STATISTICAL AVERAGE
OF PAST AND PRESENT? IS IT AN EQUILIBRIUM
POINT YET TO BE DISCOVERED?

CAN I EVEN COMPREHEND IT?

I CRY TO GOD, THERE'S NO ANSWER



SUCH PRIDE IN ME BEING A
TRUTH SEEKER.

WHY DO I EVEN NEED THE TRUTH?

WAS I SEEKING A GUARANTEE THAT
I WAS RIGHT?

THAT MY EXISTENCE IS
SECURE?

TO DENY DEATH?



MAYBE THERE'S NOTHING

NO REPLY

A COLD
EMPTY
DENIAL

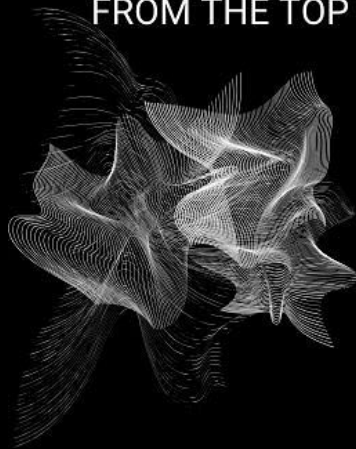
I HEAR THE WIND BLOWING
THROUGH THE RUSTED BARS OF
THE PRISON

I FEEL COLD.

THE SNOW ON
THESE RUINS IS LIKE
A FAIRY DUST.
SO FINE..

I MOVE TO THE COLLAPSED EDGE OF THE BUILDING.
I SEE THE WAVES CRASHING AGAINST
THE ROCKS.

FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL, THEIR ECHOES AMPLIFY THEIR
VIOLENCE





THERE IS NOTHING
YET IT IS SO
BEAUTIFUL..

THIS SEA, THESE ROCKS, THIS ISLAND, MADE OF
NOTHING YET SO BEAUTIFUL

SAME OF OUR SOULS, MADE OF
NOTHING YET SO BEAUTIFUL

THERE IT IS, THE FIFTH ELEMENT

QUINTESSENCE