



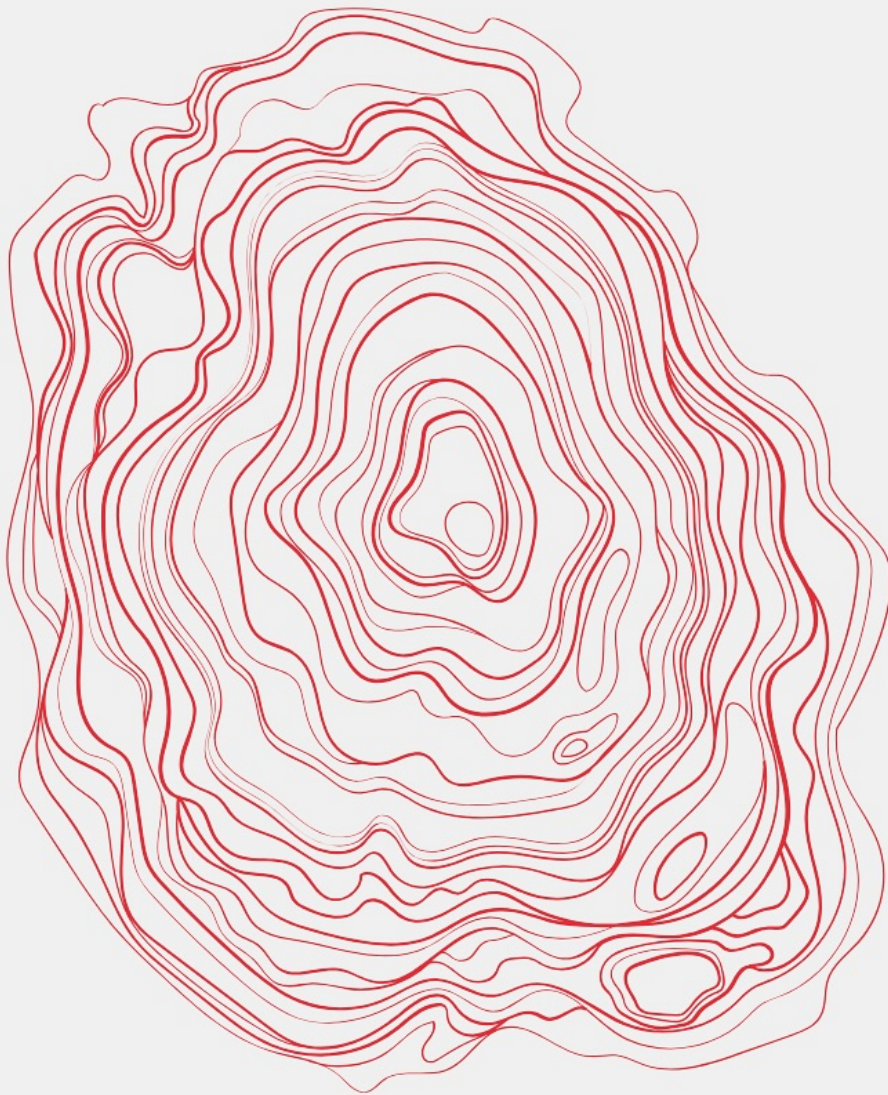
Rending

Scintillation

I suppose it is all
Maya

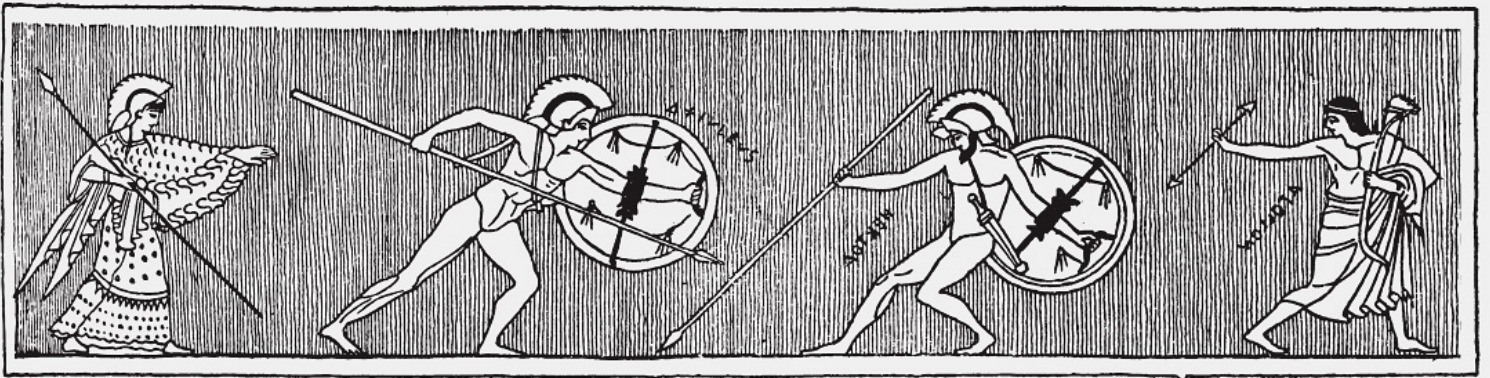


**In this world, to make people believe
in your illusions, gives you power**



At least the illusion of power

The masculine projects his power by fear



I winnow, I dissect, I wage war,
fear my sword
for I bring ruin, death and
violence.



The feminine's power lies in desire

Look at me, kill for me, I want to
be the chaos in your
life, I need you to go mad over me



When Animus and Anima meet



There's a chance for
annihilation; drawn
and quartered for falling for
the trickery and
illusions of the devil



There could also be love

Fear and Desire, eternally intertwined into a dance of creation and destruction

This is love; God is love

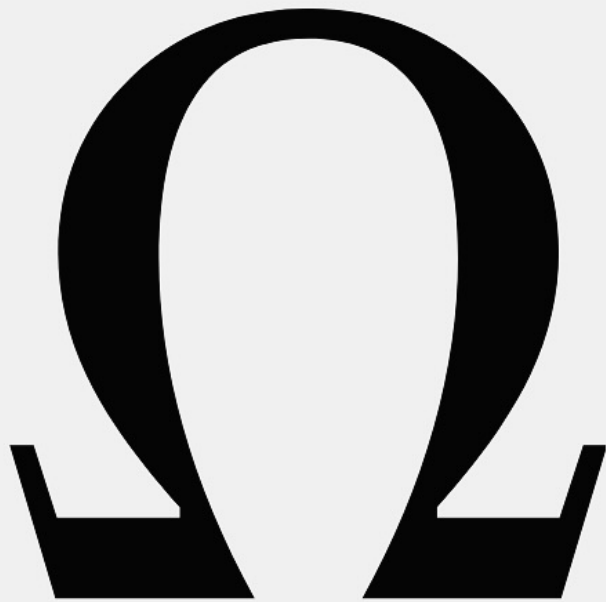


Both remain Maya

They are not fixed states;
they are dynamic;
an eternal becoming



**You do not find love
You become love**



It's as close as you'll come to the eternal
light in a world of rending scintillation