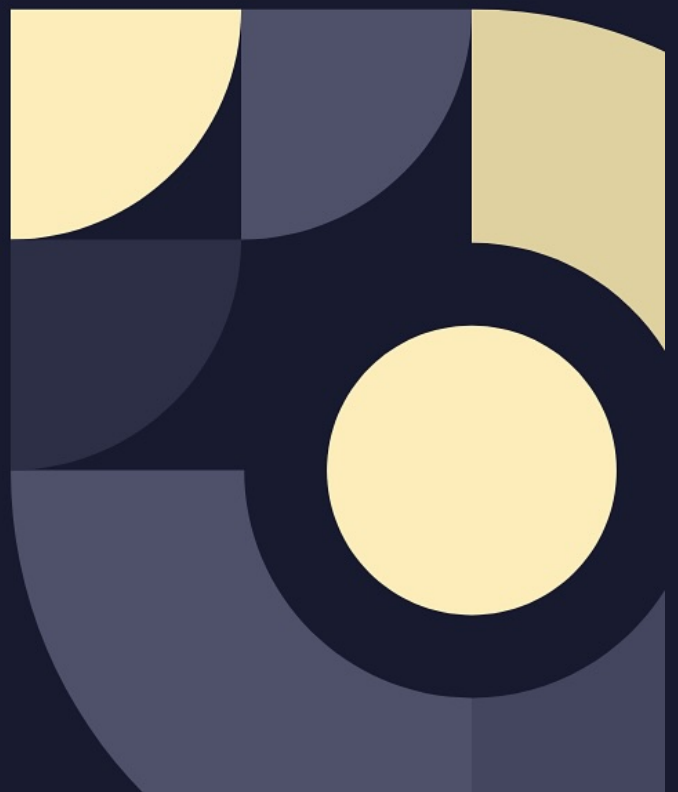


SONG OF SILENCE



To explain the shifting tides in
my emotions is
to explain the lack of anchor in
the world.



With time, you can
explain everything



But why?

I fear this ever changing
world.

I fear an ephemeral self.
I want to calcify it all.

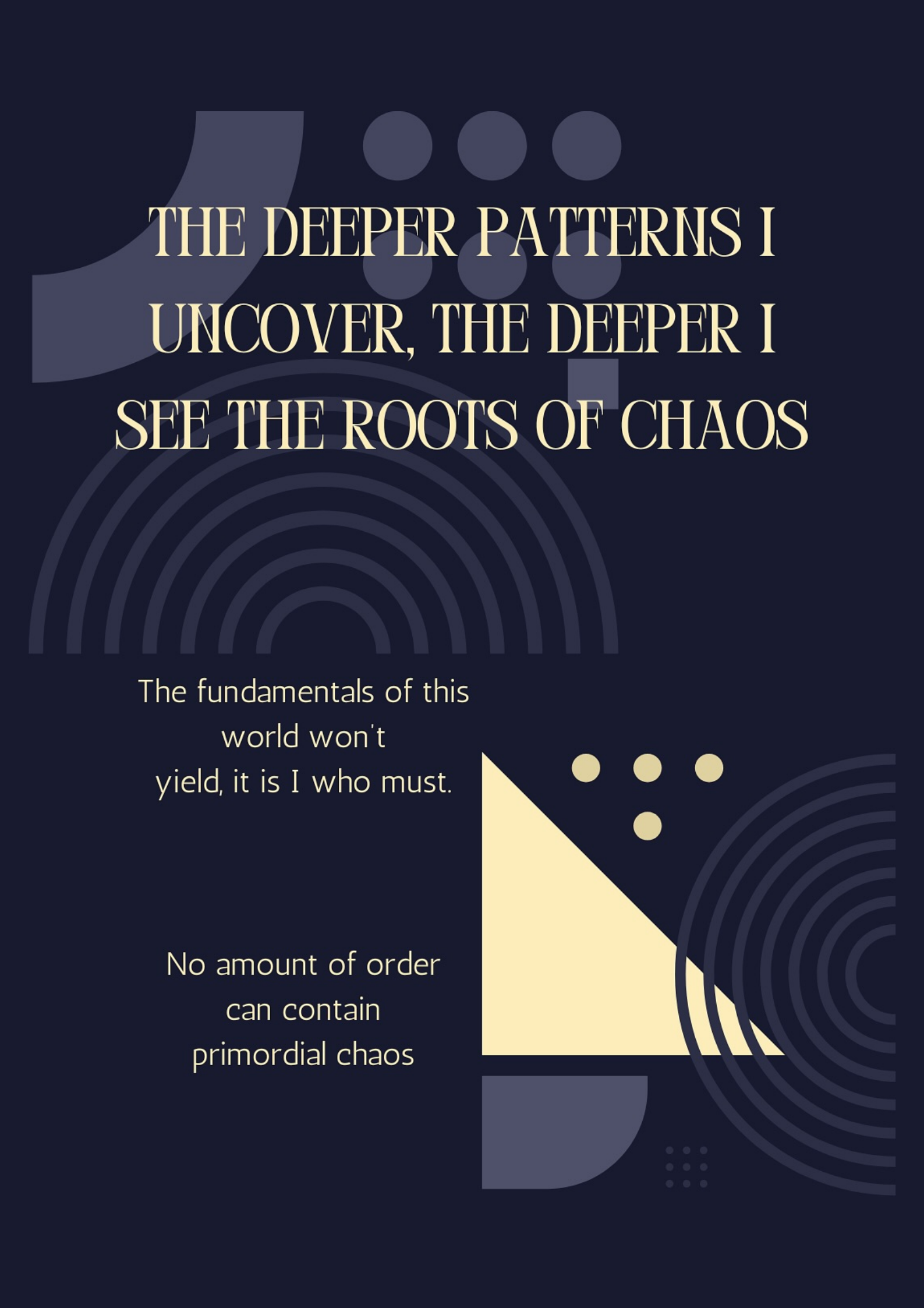
This is life right?
Metabolism is a
directed bipartite
graph

Chemical
reactions
crystalline and
perfect



A lipid membrane
shielding them
from the chaos
of the world

We trust in these
predictable
patterns

The background is a dark navy blue. It features several abstract elements: a large, light blue curved shape in the top left; three small dark blue circles in a horizontal row near the top center; a series of concentric dark blue semi-circles on the left side; a large yellow triangle on the right side; a series of concentric dark blue circles on the right side; a dark blue semi-circle at the bottom center; and a small cluster of dark blue dots at the bottom right.

THE DEEPER PATTERNS I UNCOVER, THE DEEPER I SEE THE ROOTS OF CHAOS

The fundamentals of this
world won't
yield, it is I who must.

No amount of order
can contain
primordial chaos

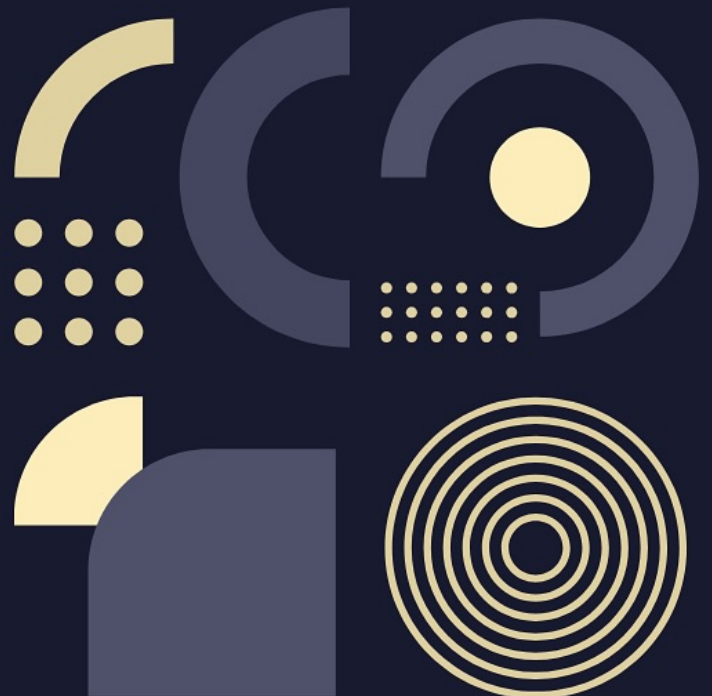


KOSMOS MUST EXIST WITH KAOS

The cells must
interface with its
environment to
adapt

We must bear
the eyes for
tomorrow

I understand just
enough to know I do
not fully understand





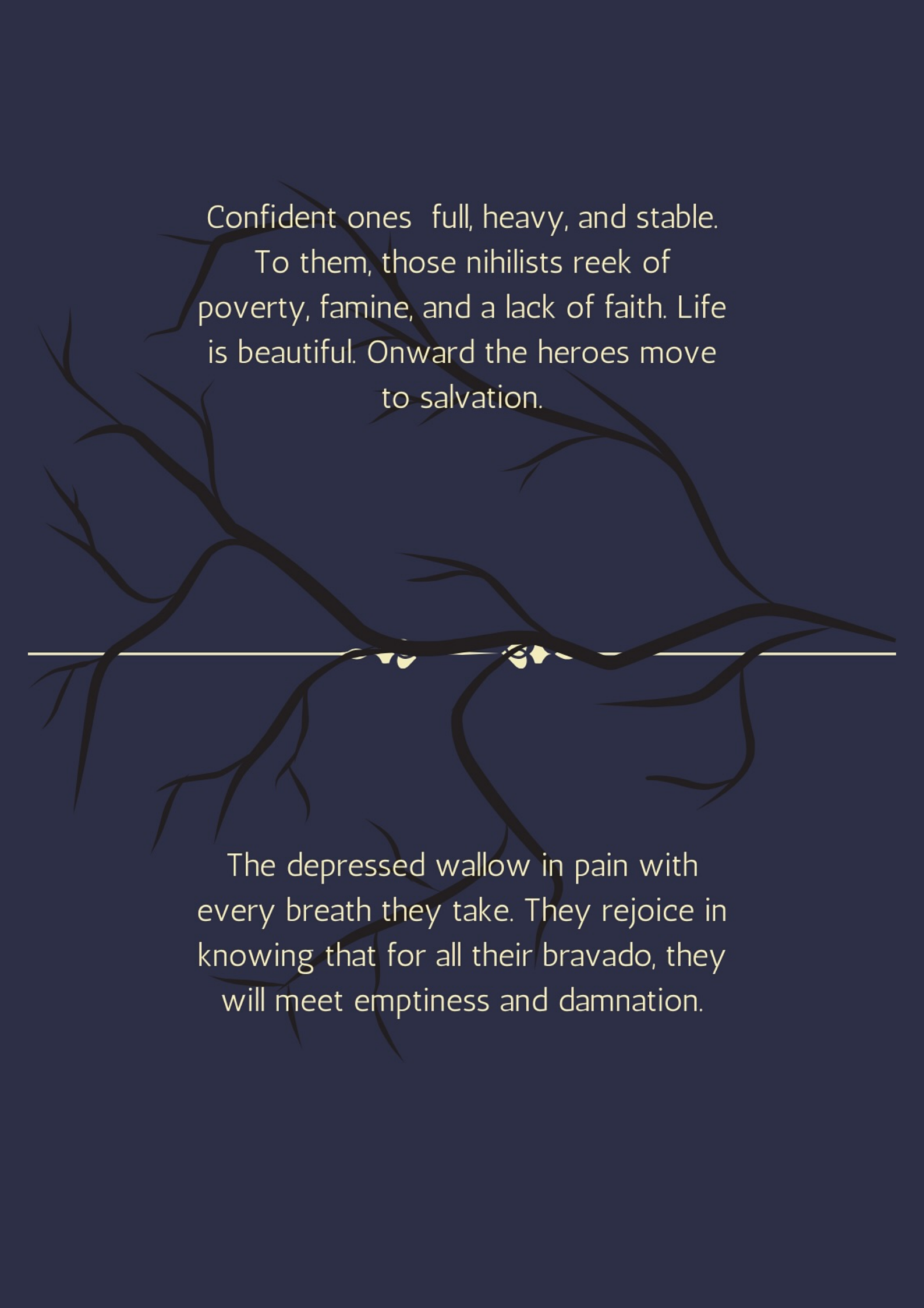
TRANSL. TO MORE
HUMAN FORM

I do not want to escape in
fantasy and
build castles in the sky



I do not want to sink in
despair and think how cruel
life is





Confident ones full, heavy, and stable.

To them, those nihilists reek of poverty, famine, and a lack of faith. Life is beautiful. Onward the heroes move to salvation.

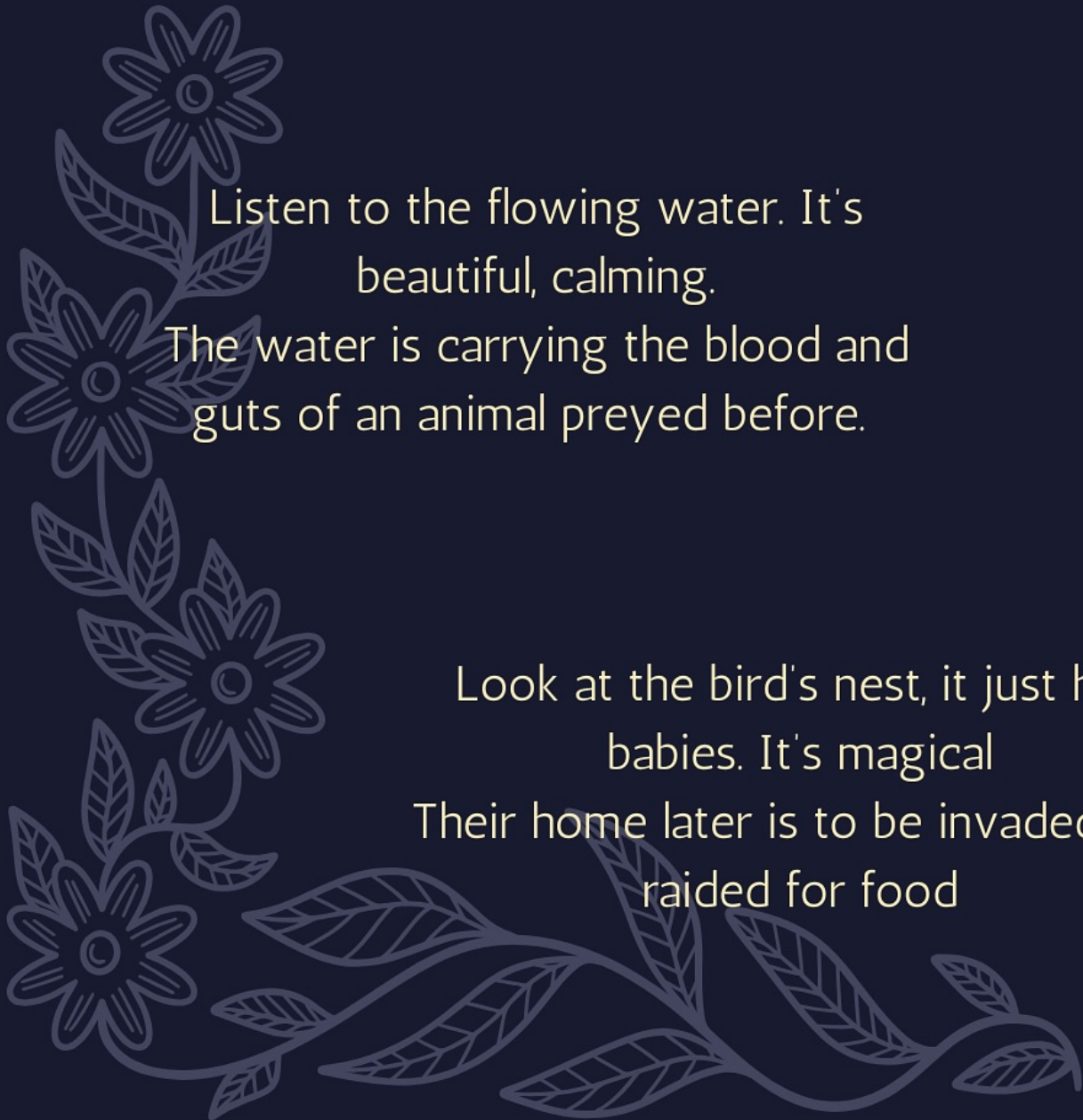
The depressed wallow in pain with every breath they take. They rejoice in knowing that for all their bravado, they will meet emptiness and damnation.

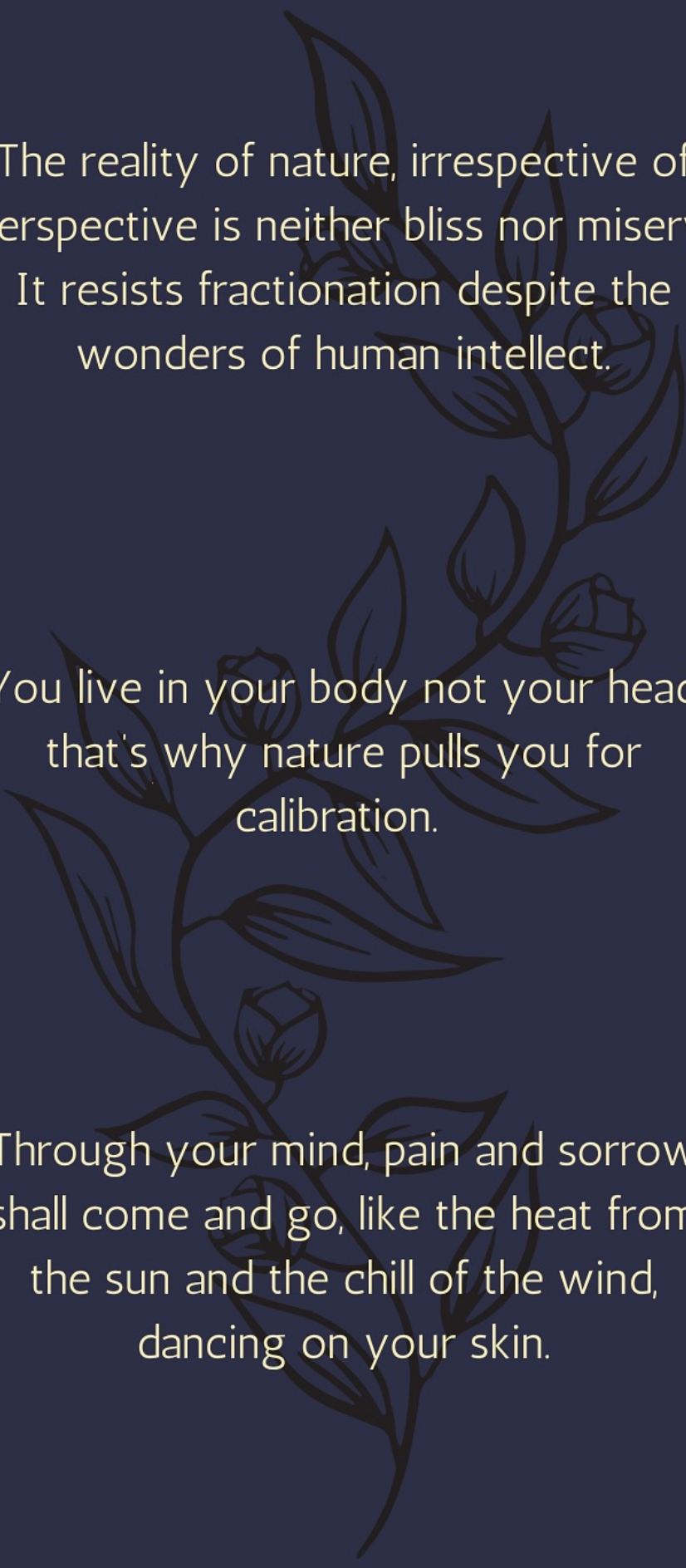
YOU GO TO NATURE WHEN YOUR MIND IS SICK. WHY?

Listen to the flowing water. It's
beautiful, calming.

The water is carrying the blood and
guts of an animal preyed before.

Look at the bird's nest, it just had
babies. It's magical
Their home later is to be invaded and
raided for food





The reality of nature, irrespective of
perspective is neither bliss nor misery.
It resists fractionation despite the
wonders of human intellect.

You live in your body not your head,
that's why nature pulls you for
calibration.

Through your mind, pain and sorrow
shall come and go, like the heat from
the sun and the chill of the wind,
dancing on your skin.