

I asked myself how did I come  
to be here? Asked who these  
people are along the way?  
What is this place?

What had I done to earn this  
as my end? Or what did these  
people do that brought me  
down upon them?

I questioned time and sky and  
mud, and walked across the  
world.

I should have questioned my  
own eyes.



NOW  
YOU'RE HERE  
AGAIN. MAYBE  
I'M PASSED.



YOU STANDING  
THERE...

MAYBE TO  
WALK THROUGH  
ME, UNSEEN LIKE  
A FOG.

UNHEARD.

I CAN  
HEAR  
YOU.



OR MAYBE  
YOU'RE THE  
APPARITION.



YOU WANT  
TO KEEP BACK  
IN YOUR OWN  
SPACE.



MY SPACE IS SPLIT  
APART, I DON'T  
KNOW ANYMORE  
THE END OF IT.



DON'T YOU LAY HANDS ON ME.

SIP!



WHAT KINDA MADNESS AM I SUNKEN IN? FEELING THE BITE OF MY OWN IDEAS?



STATE WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOUR PURPOSE IS. AND STATE IT SIMPLE.



STATE WHAT I AM OR WHAT I'D THOUGHT MYSELF TO BE?

