



*My body is moving,
but I am not.*

*The meat is steered
by thousands of
small, enthusiastic
puppeteers.*

*The worms writhe in my eyes
and I understand the rats in
my guts have decomposed and
provided fertile soil.*



My shame.

*My guilt,
my loss.*



*Rain into me.
Make me
whole.*



(When is this?)

I buried you once.
You were a part of me.
When was that?

I remember entering Yharnam.
I remember the hills we ran on.
I remember the lake, and the
ritual meant to grant you
a safe passage to the next
world. I remember
the bodies...

...I remember
everything.

...Is this why time
means less and
less to me?

This world,
this city, falling
apart...

THEY WERE
GRANTED EYES

...and the gravity
of my center, pushing
me back to you.

THE TALES OF OLD GODS TOLD BEFORE
WE SAW WE BELIEVED FOR IN BELIEF WE
SEE AND WHAT IS SEEN IN BELIEF IS NO
LESS TRUE THAN WHAT IS HELD IN MY VERY
HANDS COME AND SEE YOUR GRIEF IS
THE GATE REMEMBER YOUR HANDS WHAT
YOU HOLD IS NO LESS TRUE THAN WHAT
YOU CAN NO LONGER CATCH AND WHAT IS
SEEN IN BELIEF IS NO LESS TRUE THAN
WHAT WAS ONCE HELD IN YOUR VERY HANDS

