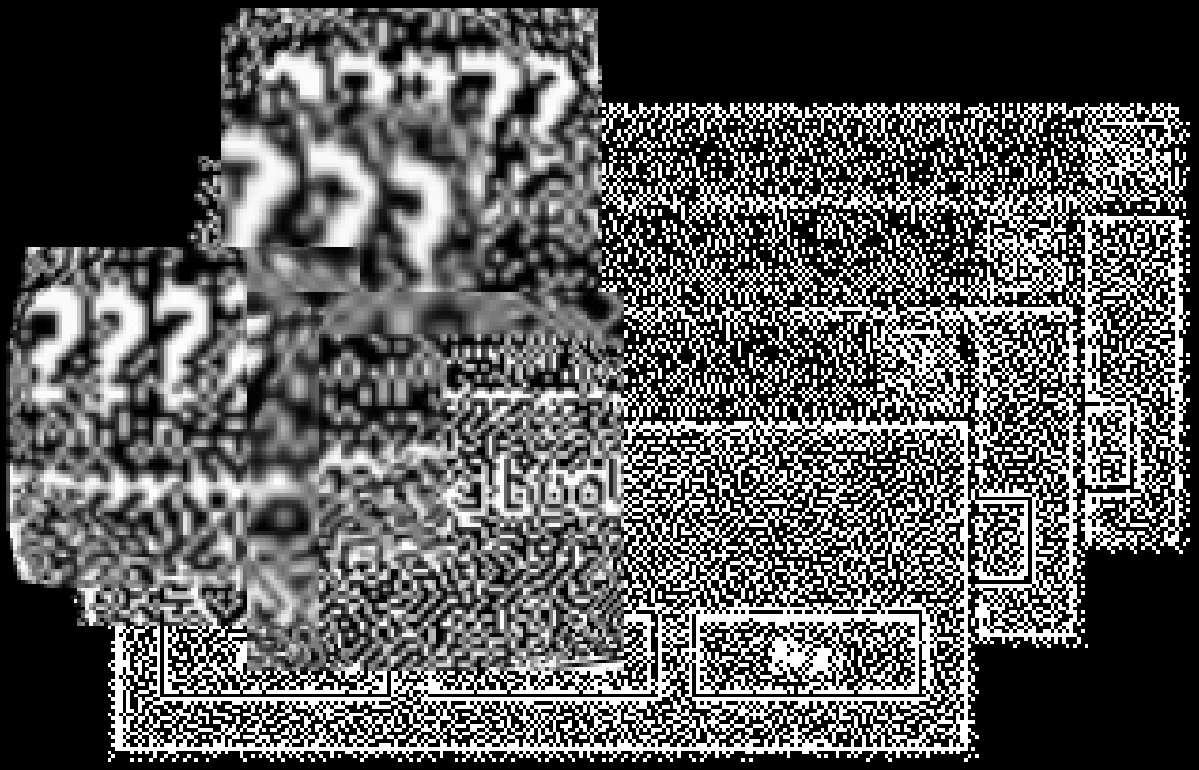
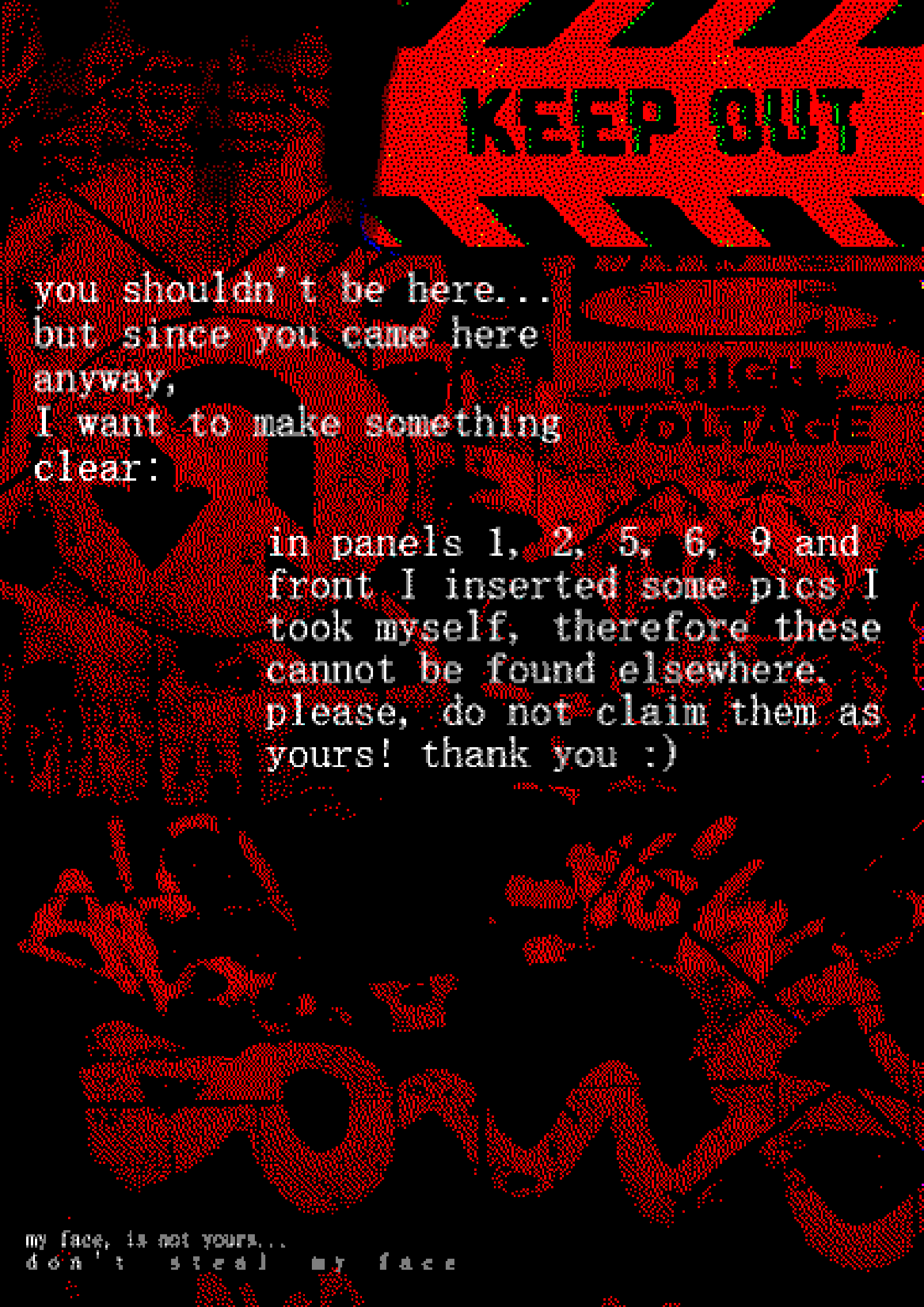
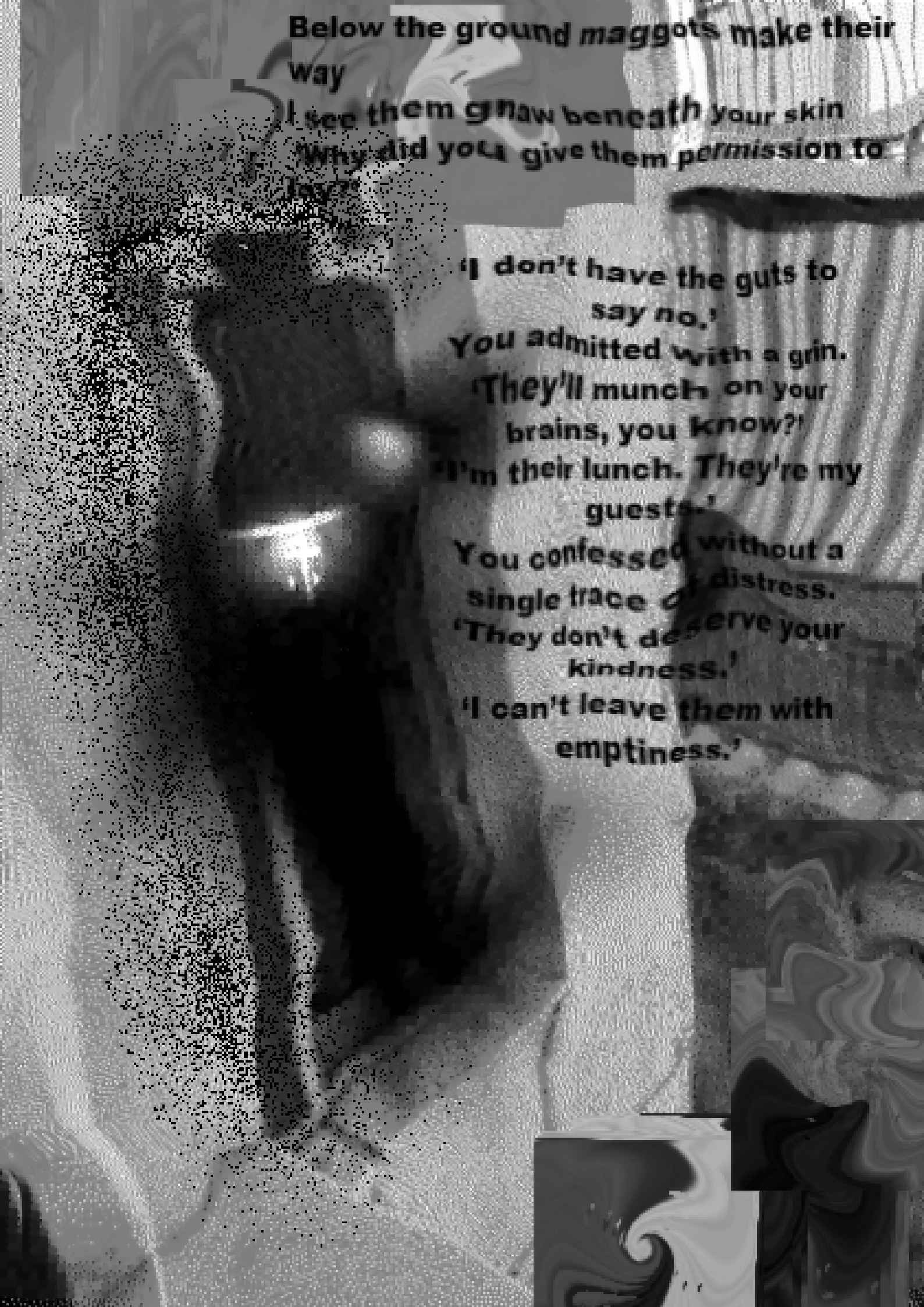
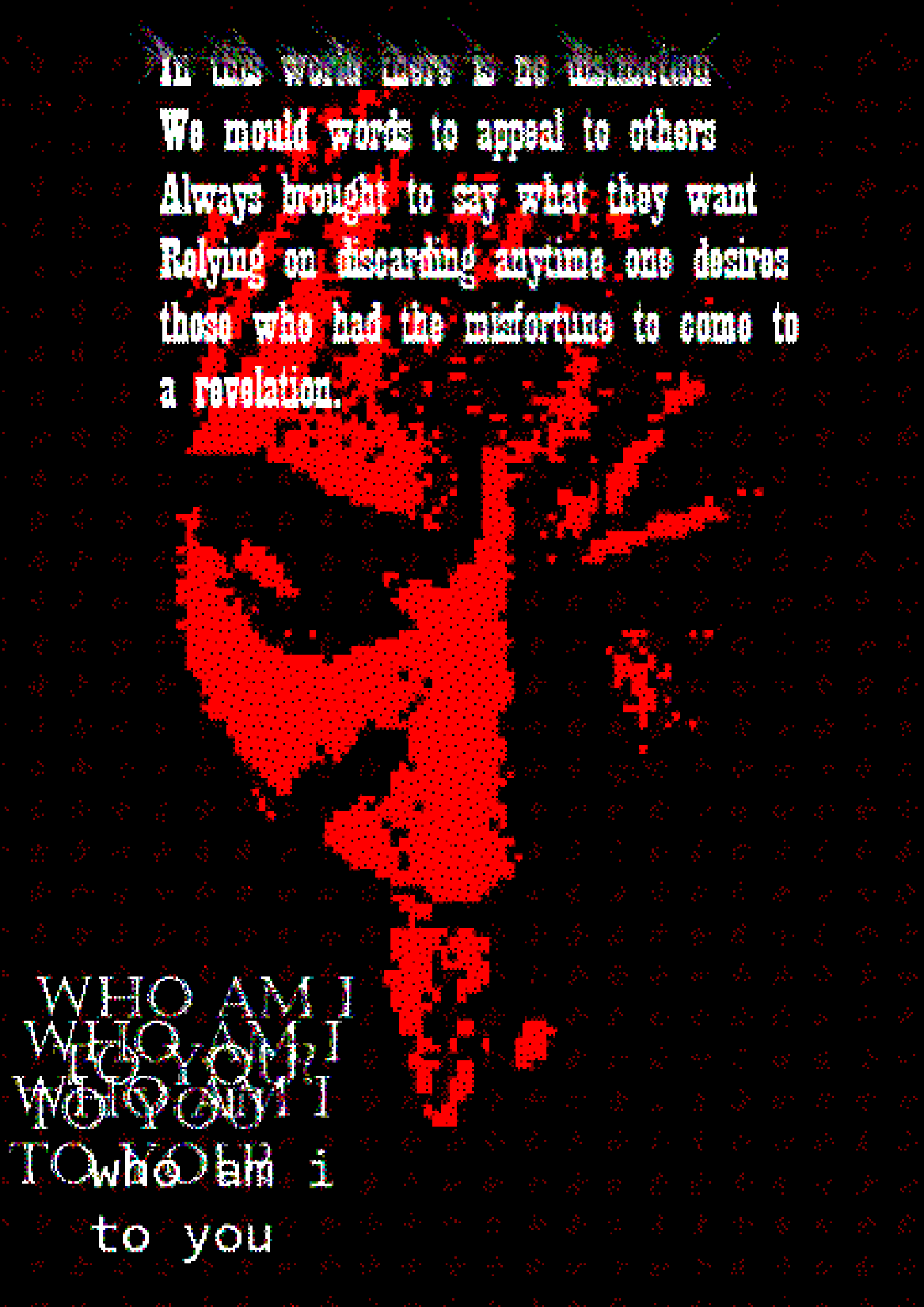
whatisdistinction?

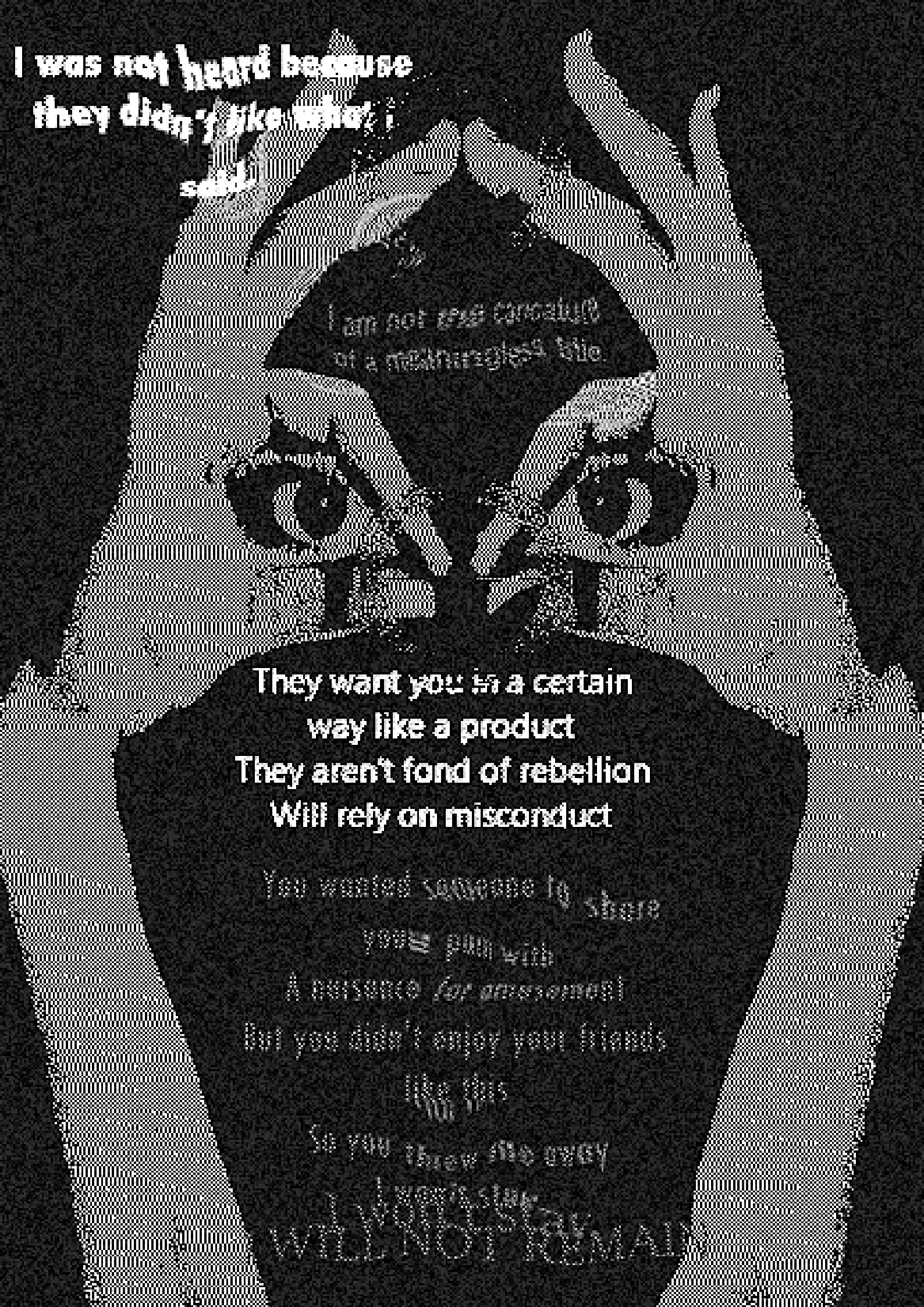
by br0kenpleg




KEEP OUT
you shouldn't be here...
but since you came here
anyway,
I want to make something
clear:
in panels 1, 2, 5, 6, 9 and
front I inserted some pics I
took myself, therefore these
cannot be found elsewhere.
please, do not claim them as
yours! thank you :)
my face, is not yours...
d o n ' t s t e a l m y f a c e


Below the ground *maggots* make their way
I see them gnaw beneath your skin
Why did you give them *permission* to
'I don't have the guts to say no.'
You admitted with a grin.
'They'll munch on your brains, you know?'
'I'm their lunch. They're my guests.'
You confessed without a single trace of distress.
'They don't deserve your kindness.'
'I can't leave them with emptiness.'


In this world there is no liberation
We mould words to appeal to others
Always brought to say what they want
Relying on discarding anytime one desires
those who had the misfortune to come to
a revelation.
WHO AM I
WHO AM I
WHO AM I
TO WHOM i
to you


I was not heard because
they didn't like what I
said
I am not the consult
of a millionaire's life.
They want you in a certain
way like a product
They aren't fond of rebellion
Will rely on misconduct
You wanted someone to share
your pain with
A witness for assessment
But you didn't enjoy your friends
like this
So you threw me away
I WON'T REMAIN

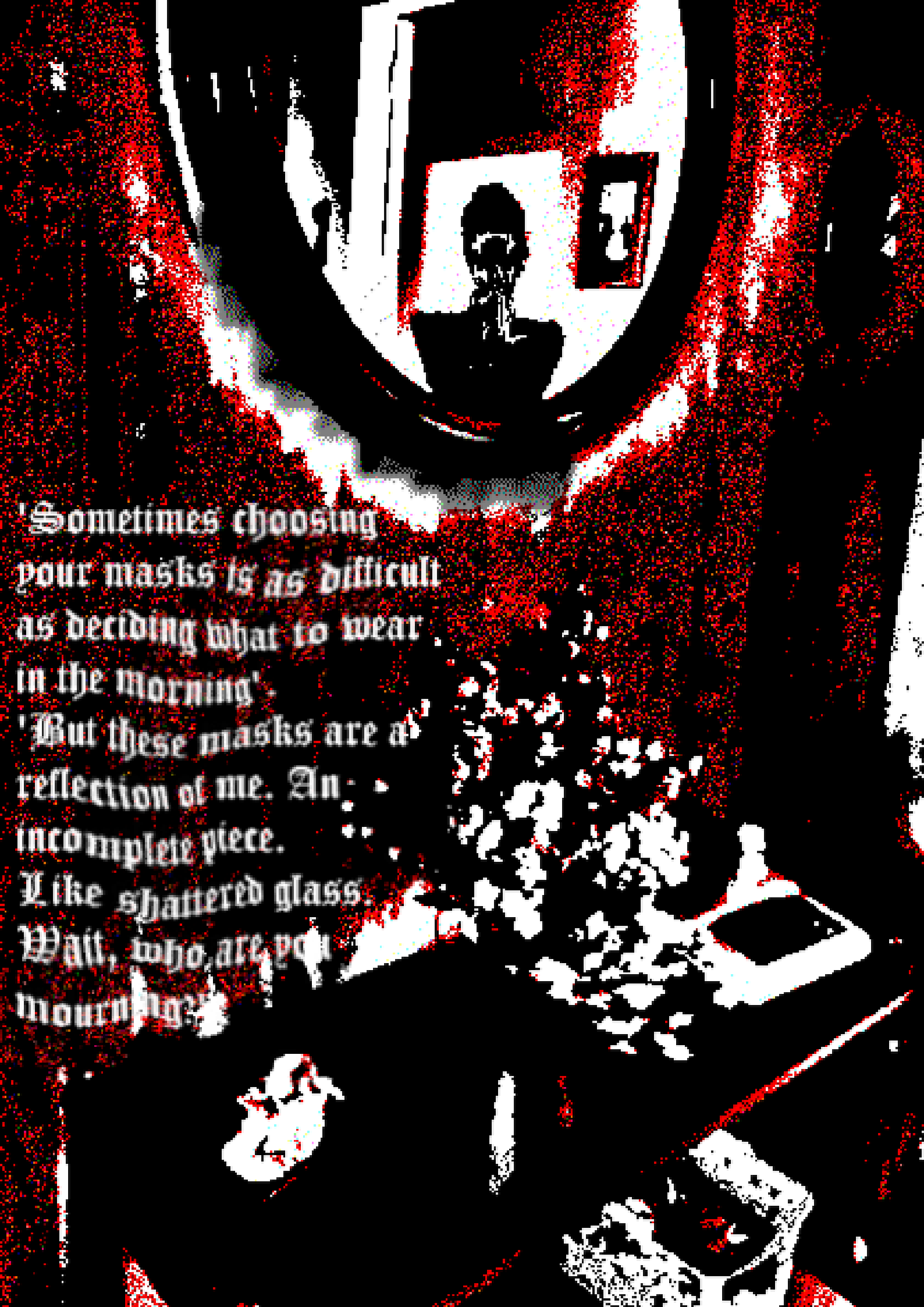
We see things depending on how we think.

I am not the impression you've made of me

It's all perception, It's all dissense.

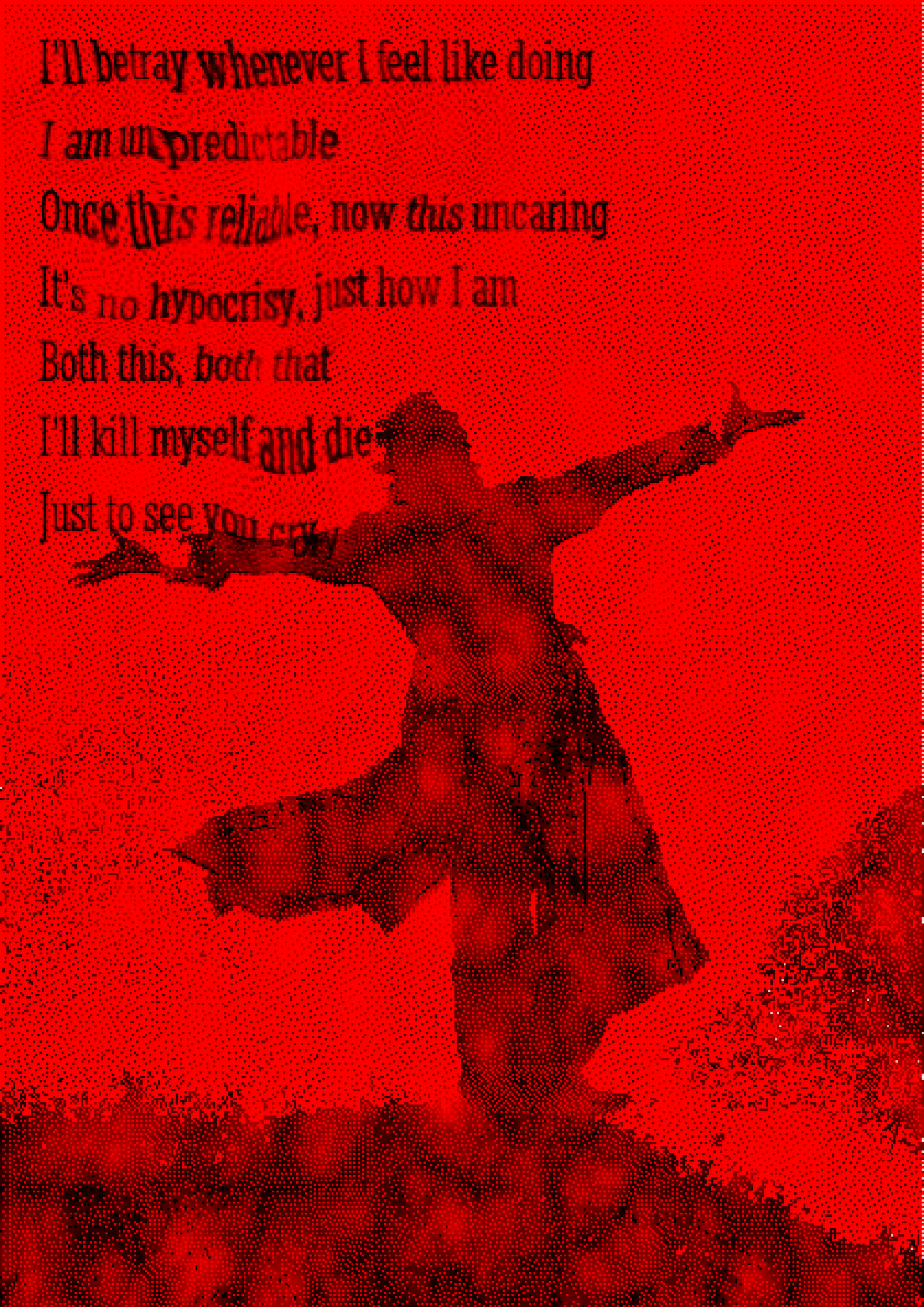
"How does it feel to be the only loser to miss out?"



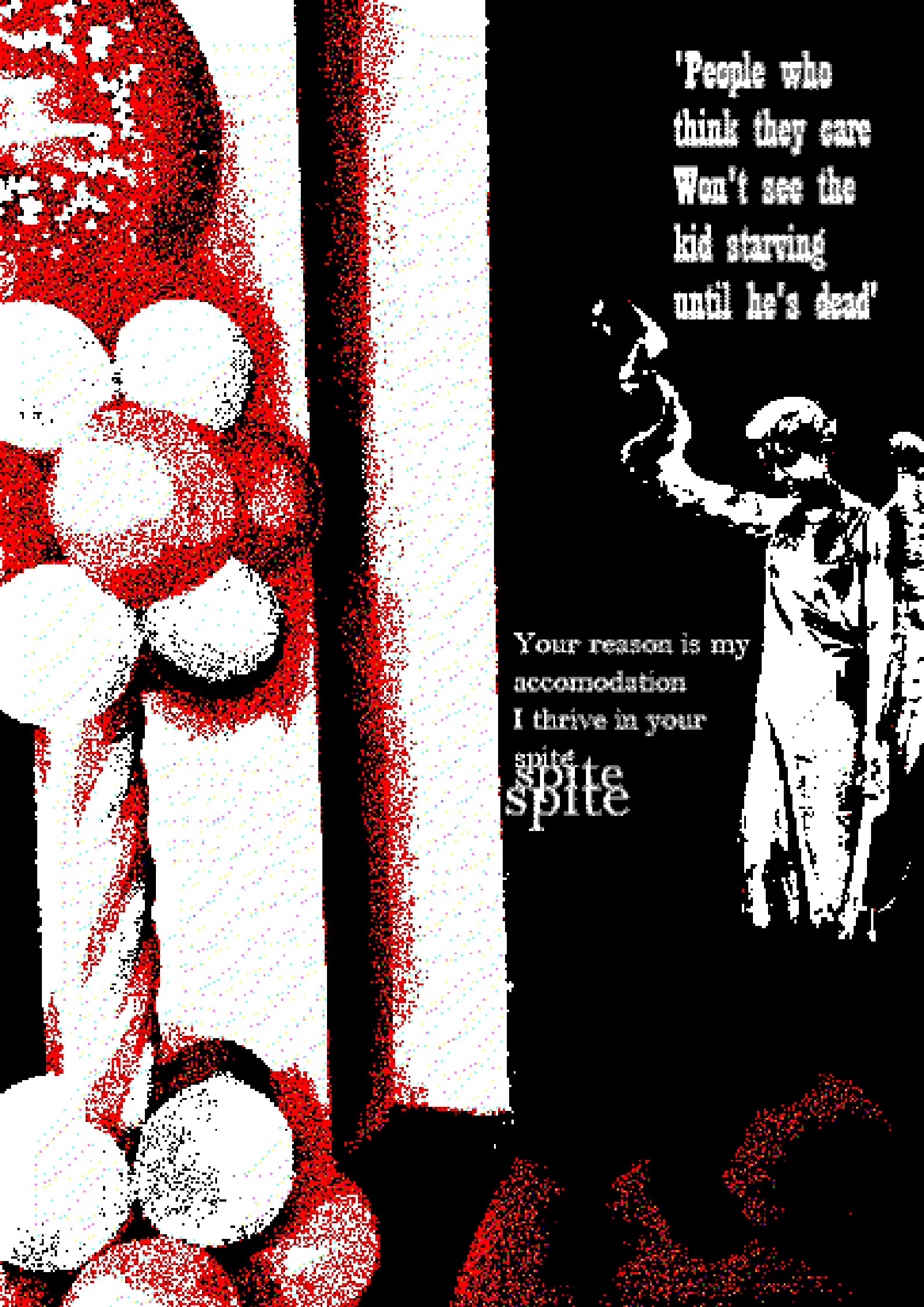

'Sometimes choosing your masks is as difficult as deciding what to wear in the morning'.
'But these masks are a reflection of me. An incomplete piece. Like shattered glass. Wait, who are you mourning?'


'It's not implications; it's perception.
You don't know who I am.
How I think.
What makes you think I'll open the gates to my soul to you'?

I'll betray whenever I feel like doing
I am unpredictable
Once this reliable, now this uncaring
It's no hypocrisy, just how I am
Both this, both that
I'll kill myself and die
Just to see you cry




I think your morales are a false truth
made to induce difference
and divide us further.
blah blah


'People who
think they care
Won't see the
kid starving
until he's dead'
Your reason is my
accomodation
I thrive in your
spite
spite
spite


I need your voice to guide me
I cannot remember the past
that defined me
I sense my flesh abandoning my body
Is my real self seeping out?
WHERE'S
MY
MIND?


GENDER CANNOT FULFILL ME
WHAT IS RELEVANT TO ME
IS TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE
NOT TO LIVE UP TO
EXPECTATIONS OF YOU.


is it
over yet...?
over yet
over yet...?
STOP