

Another day another hell, for which the bell foretold. But when the mold consumes the well would that make it some form of paradise?

The creatures which harbor within me will fall aslumber, now allows me to think; then why do I crave consumption of flesh? Does this mesh of a body not satisfy you anymore o creatures of mine? Must I relish in the unknown within another to satisfy your envious desires?

I am lost in this ever lasting desert thanks to your greed of isolation yet, I'm the one you punish!? O creature of mine must you remember the time you were ensnared but another self who craved for salvation amongst the mass; must you remind me, your host such horrid memories? I opened your Pandora and casted them out, so why consume the mesh which you harbor within? The flesh grows tiresome to consume, these pleasures that you gave have long since expired. My heart yearns for the image which you failed to give, so why must you drag me alongside you?

Prolouge Card; Knight

A small introduction of yours truly; Lady Psychick (formally known as both crippling roseus and Sninkygle) is an abstract glitch artist that dabbles in just about every form of media, from videography to erotic fowl play and even conjuring of spirits, is once again returning to the realm of Qenz @f after a substantial hiatus. Many moons have long past since the conception of the realm, Much like the creator,

it too deserves to shed blood in the sun. I hope you enjoy the revival of a project that means so much to me, and my dear friends whom I lost along the way that made this project what it truly was meant to be! Trevi mal, Sam, Gavin

and my many past selves, trevi mal! If you like the narratives that are woven here consider checking out the home of the Sninkygle the one you project at www.sninkygle.ink

I am corrupted battered and no longer human, just a visceral blob that wanders the sea of sand. I thirst for the liquid that cures the spell, the one you lost within the moss we once had. O creature of mine, how I long miss your face, may I see it one last time before I give you to another day another hell, for which the bell once foretold but never again will it truly be the paradise that was sought in the well. The mind falls weak, the night grows old. My hunger grows weary, the mesh grows cold yet I have found a flesh that captures the beauty I've yearned for within you. I change of that of the mold to inquire the envy you held so close to your heart. I am the monster which plague you with syndromes, you the only one who kept going despite the glass which shatter alongside you.

O mesh of mine must you die here? There's yet to be cures for the

sin that consumes the soul.

This tale will now spin off

to the pages that recall

themselves; Mia may

this travels be

the one who

bears the

mold.

