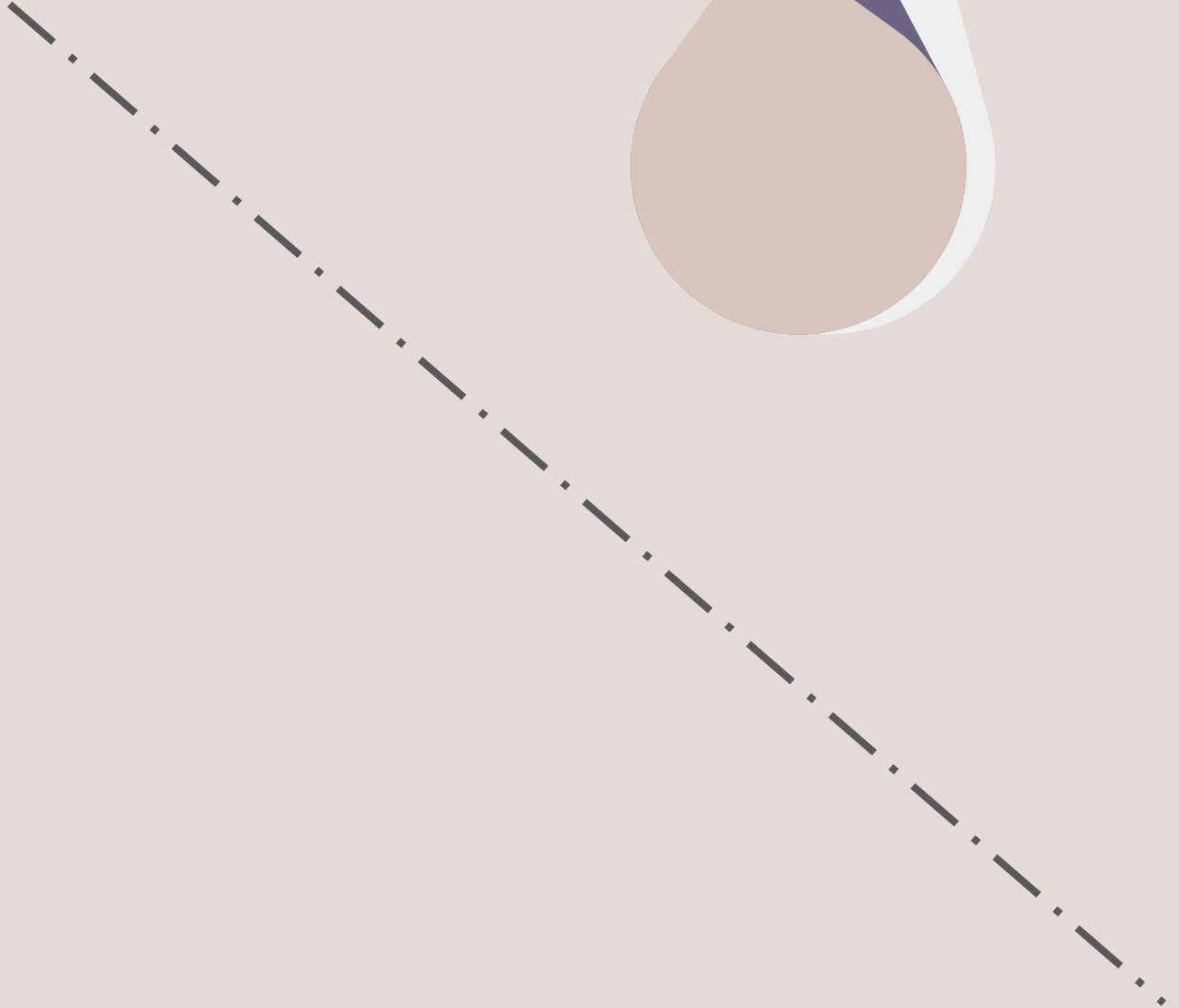
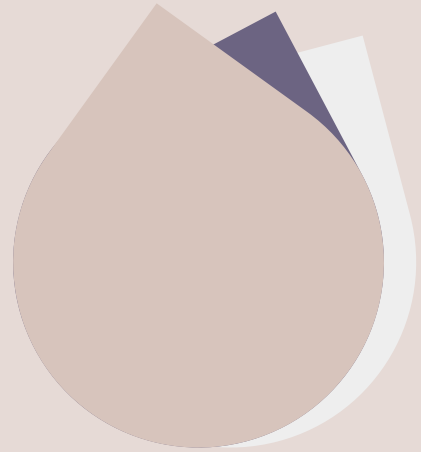



*COLONY*





The wicked hands shed from the darkest descent, reaping your memories, you are not that same shadow. You are tomorrow, the wheat fields blend into your eyes, blooming into the new silver moon. Fraying from the winter.

*The followers sought after you,  
leaped into your arms with their  
cages. The **sun** bent into the mauve  
morning, moths piercing through  
the damp marshes.*

