

Silver God & Black Emperor

It's always shit and piss and blood with you, sir. Can't you, can't we, just take a break and imagine the vast rock enclosing us? We should be lifting our fists to heaven, but instead we're lifting them to each other while grasping bottles, cancer, and over priced steak that is seasoned to bloody perfection.

And yes, it's a game. We enjoy the dirt and the naughty thoughts, but there has got to be more. Life should be an endless fucking pursuit for that infinite moment. You know! That moment Charlie talks about while riding in the middle of a pickup truck? That moment where oblivion and clarity come together to create the sublime.

And the sublime, shit. I know its horrific and yes, I know its terrifying, but if we didn't have the world's mountains and oceans and tall, tall skyscrapers, we would never know just how insignificant, yet significant, we really are.

So listen to Charlie, and hell, listen to Largeman and search the abyss. Explore, fall, and swim for as long as you can because you never know when the darkness might strike you like those matches you always seem to be burning.