

Two Houses

Funeral Diner

The soft feet stepping, the blades sharpened and the regard for life wasted away to nothing. As only one rule is kept in mind (with the heart detached from anything worth feeling). And then the fire and the death, as callous hands stop callous hearts, and even the memory is erased with the fading of the light. The tower is lit again (like a funeral pyre) and the silent motives disappear into the all encompassing shadows. Without a trace, without a memory. How could we free anyone when we can't save ourselves.

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