

# |commutiny|

World builder, you're hungry.

Everything you see is more strained, intense, artificial, confused... A fear of death troubles you, it shouldn't but that's anxiety. You'll force order where there is none.

Purge your belongings; a self-belonging. Scapegoat a boogeyman. You will scrape and rebuild and finally commiserate.

Because rats, the truth is you cannot desert the sinking ship.

-geetha thurairajah

