



Contradiction

The sense of living at home, the frames of death on the wall, the attachments of lost dears on the corner of the cellar. Mementos without their owners rot, get dust, die, but their owners are framed lest not to be forgotten.

Here is full of contradictions. The sense of living and death and uselessness ... A ceiling without a roof at the same time, withered state at the same time as greenery, darkness at the same time as light and colorless at the same time as colorfulness...

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