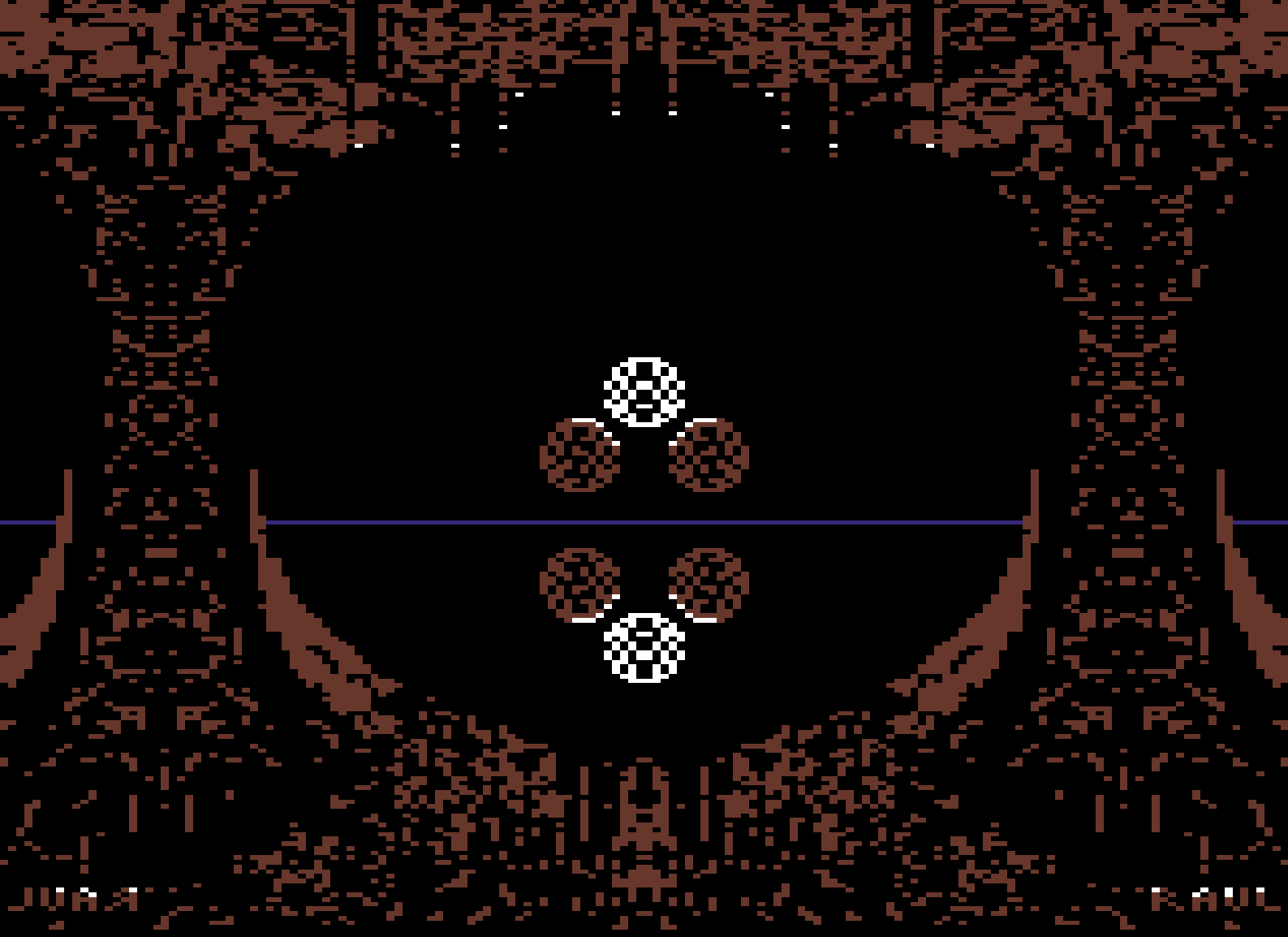

The eye of their machine has seen you.
The machine has fled.
In your heart, you know you'll have to try again but you don't know where and when.

The machines will continue to corrupt our minds, our bodies and our souls.

They will kill thousands, hundred of thousands and more.

Many, many machines are among us, inside us.

You feel tired, the smell of madness inebriates you.
You have to rest.

The shadows of our anchestors.▪.