



# CREATURAE

THE.CREATION.



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Never have I felt more powerful than when at the mercy of absolute power, the infectious feeling of creating on a whim.

Skyscrapers and bridges, endless roads and everlasting rainbows, portals at every turn as a subtle reminder that nothing is out of reach and no destination is ways away.

The Sands of tide bent to my will, driven only by metaphysical touch, managed to hold shape by standing the tests of time. The oceans were vast with drinkable water. Thirst derived ailments were but a fleeting memory of a world that had not known favour of Nature's giving hand.

When the veil of vibrational separation has been lifted, freedom to create past the illusions of the mind becomes a real treat. The powers of the Alchemist and his Philosopher's Stone are now within reach. True freedom, as real as every breath is still tied to the principles of its usage. What we do when we do what we do is weighed down, grounded by the consequences that follow the hand that does.

Take me back to this dream, this land unhinged and completely bendable to my every act as if it were the gods and their pompous ways that provided the imprint for all that grows there, full of life and lustre.

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