

Kieronononon, Temporal Conflict

I sit alone in my room, a six sided universe, in which I am god.

The beasts they scratch against the wall, eight corner shield the fire, but eventually, I fall.
under the trance I break, and succumb to the power, outside in the black void. The battle is fought.

Desperate for my space. I lose control and fall, for the transparent spirit; our souls combine. we live

Over the conflict of time and space, they become one. Then the war is one. I lie. Conflict in my thou