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Link do produktu: https://shop.fallentemple.pl/hadopelagyal-nereidean-seismic-end-lp-emerald-sea-vinyl-12-p-20128.html



HADOPELAGYAL Nereidean Seismic End LP EMERALD SEA [VINYL 12"]

Cena	**104,90 zł**
Dostępność	**Dostępny**
Czas wysyłki	**5 dni**
Producent	**Van Rec.**

Opis produktu

- Jacket flooded black inside
- Insert
- Poly-lined inner-sleeves
- 180g black vinyl (lim. to 100 copies)
- 180g emerald sea vinyl (lim. to 411 copies)
- Plastic protection sleeve

Appealing in us and widely released from getting placed in vacant definitions, there is resulting pantophagy - bounded by the energies which are at work in us, which are exempted from expression through hollow words and not attempted to be depicted concretely. Our compound exists for what is shaking and flowing in us, naturally grown and born by efforts of disposition in infinity.

Doomed in utter vagous cacaesthesia, a haemathermal burning thirst for things that are to be figured out tacently, which may also wait eternally to get breathed into life and get a name because raining from the heavens, they will presumably never meet us at all. We vomit what is in our limbs and inhale from our depths what we allow to lead us.

HADOPELAGYAL regards itself in a state of mad flow. The search for substance and everything connected to it is important for the output or creation. Sith you don’t have to ponder over everything, some things come naturally in such a deep and relentless way that you don’t know what actually hit you. Thus, we take these conditions as they arise and let them vanish without raising any claims. We’ve discarded the pretence of simplicity, and yet, with all the agony and the adversities in the perpetual chaos, we feel a wonderful lightness that gives us ataraxia. It’s certain that meaningful things only originate from fever, where the scourges seem to be without end, where you sink to ashes in purgatory, ashes that don’t wear out as long as something pulsates in you, where malacophonous umbrages claim the toxic climax, where the masks fuse and you consider yourself lost in pandemonism, until the mythical labtebricole creatures fly.