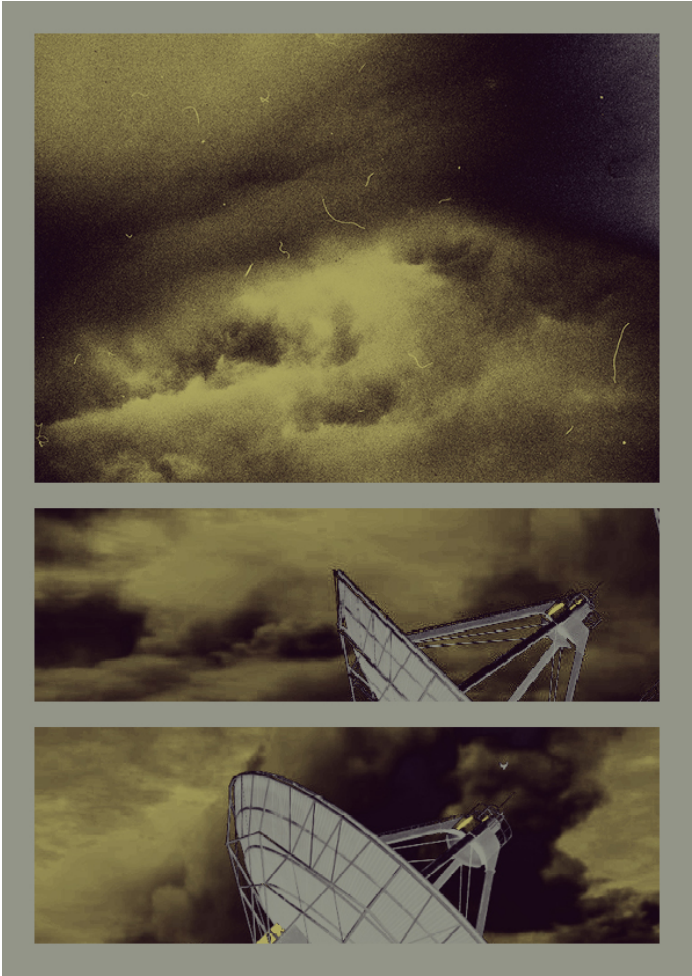
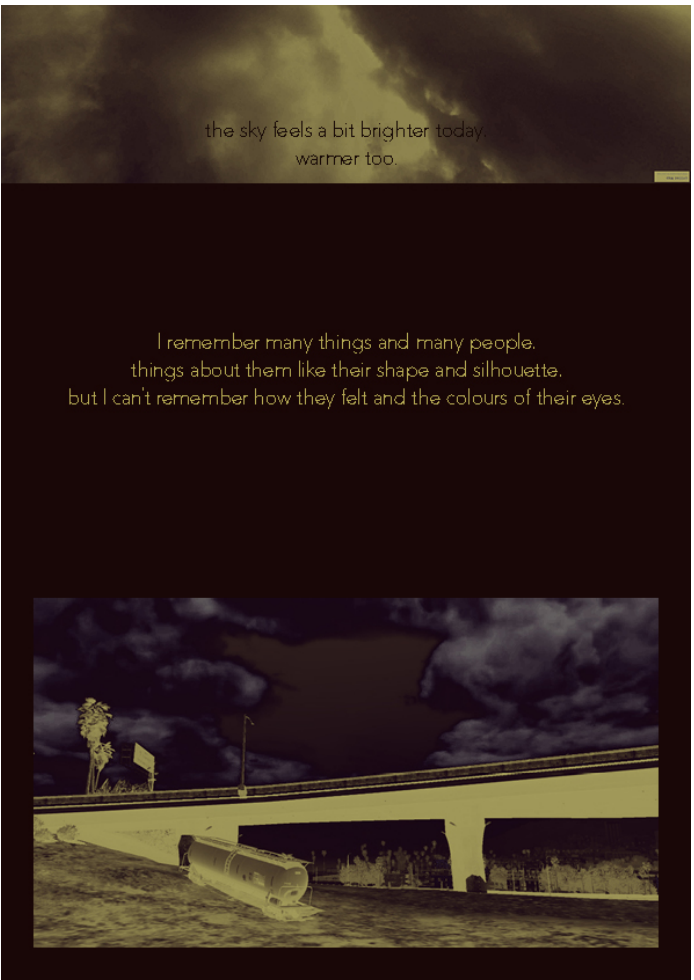
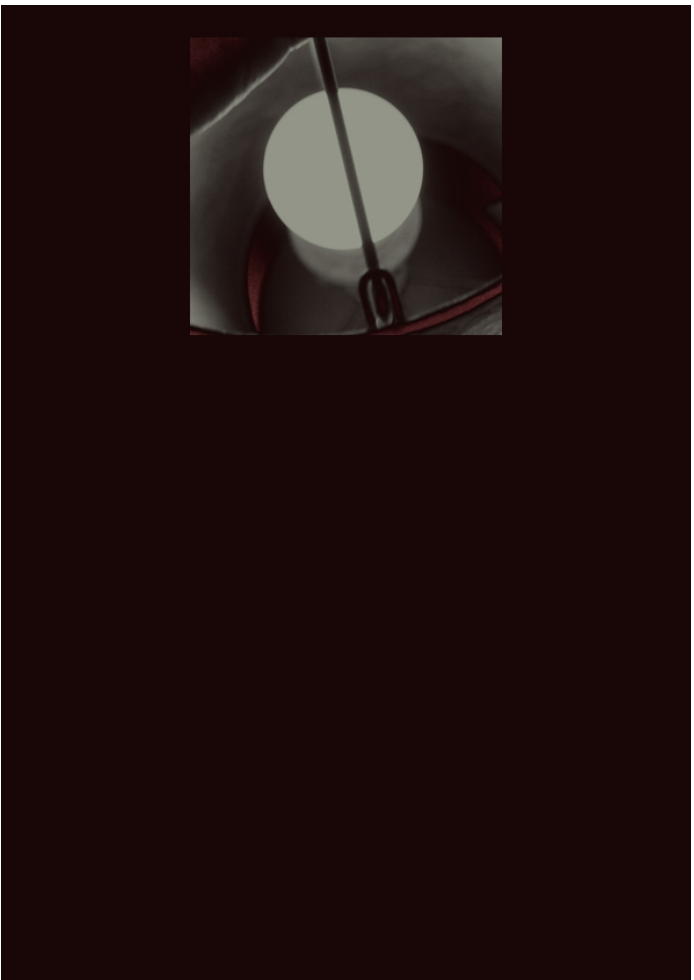
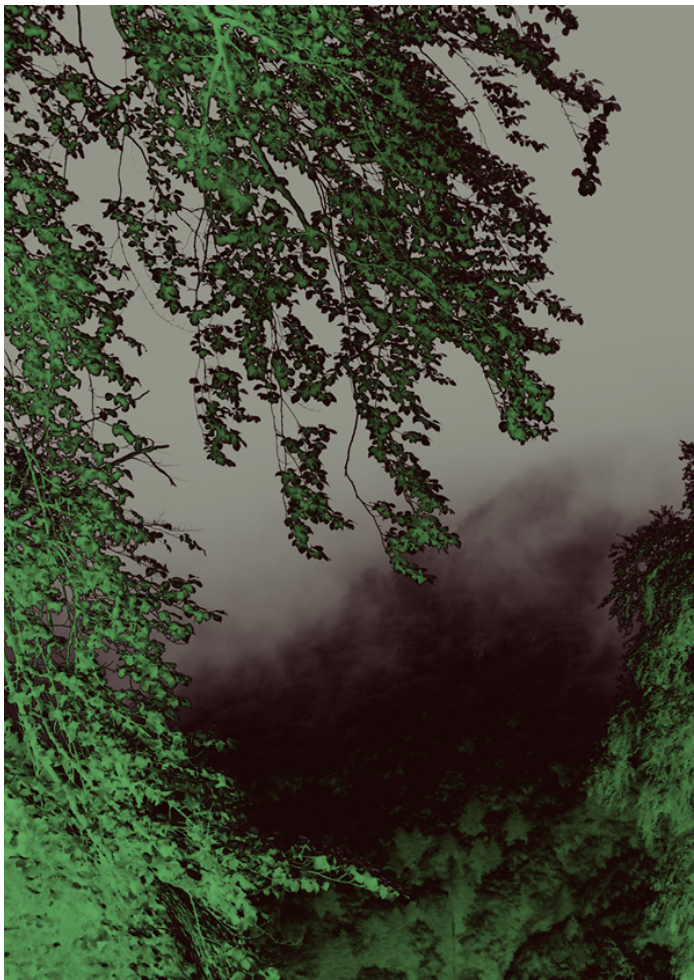




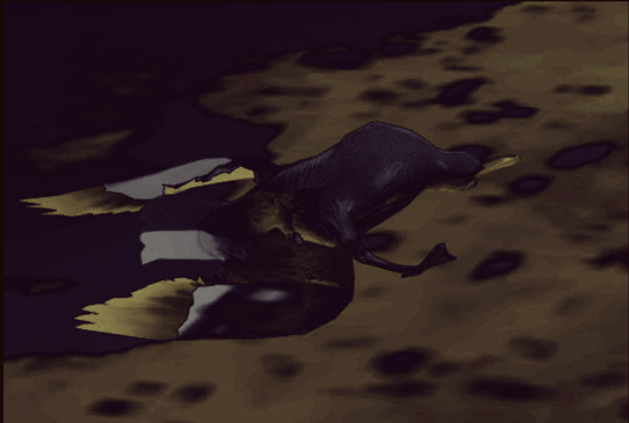
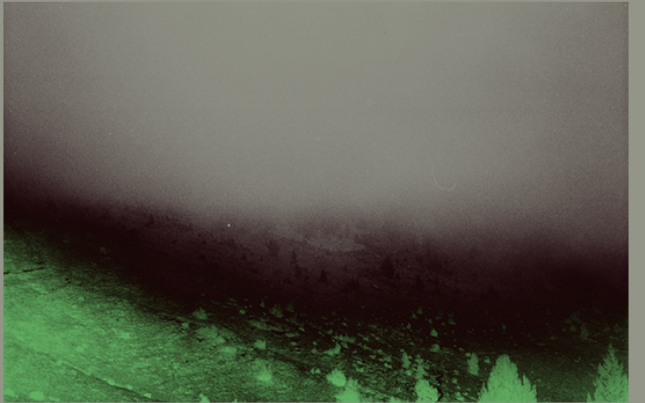
grandpapier | Avalon by Léo Matouzet





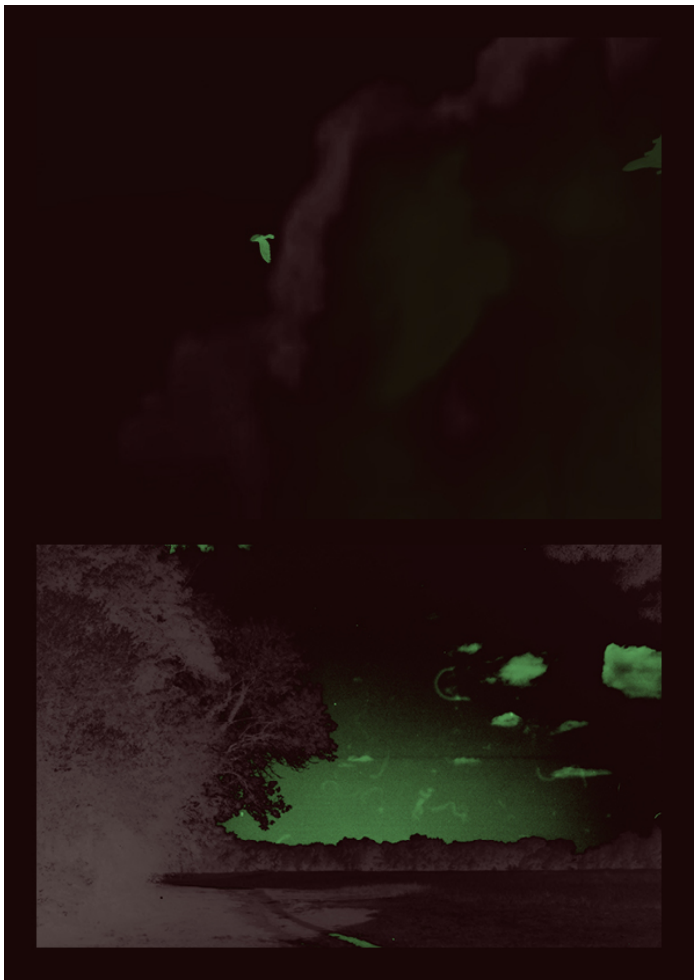


trees are covering up the hill
and i'm here, watching



some were not.





at first itswallowed the moon
then the mountain peaks
then the clouds
and then the trees



apart from me.



of course.

the sun

little by little

was increasingly growing
filling the sky with flames

people started showing up

okay I guess everybody's gone

a siren goes off in the distance.

AIR
HERLER

they built houses to settle

any way

the trees started burning

and a second time.

and a third time.

I can't figure out what's happening
they're all running away from the light