

SELECTIVE LOVE



WE CALL IT LOVE WHEN WE PROTECT ONE, AND
LUNCH WHEN WE KILL ANOTHER.



At this banquet of pretense, we **SLICE FLESH**,
 tongues soaked in blood and sauce, yet we **DO NOT KNOW WHAT WE**
CONSUME.



When meat comes from a **"PET"**, we cry barbarism,
 demonize the image—
 yet forget the **KNIFE ALWAYS FALLS** on the same kind of life.

We watch **SLAUGHTER** become
labor—
existence erased in rhythmic silence.



Pain is functional,
wrapped in the name of **"EFFICIENCY"**.



One dish masks one death—
and we call it **"DINNER"**.

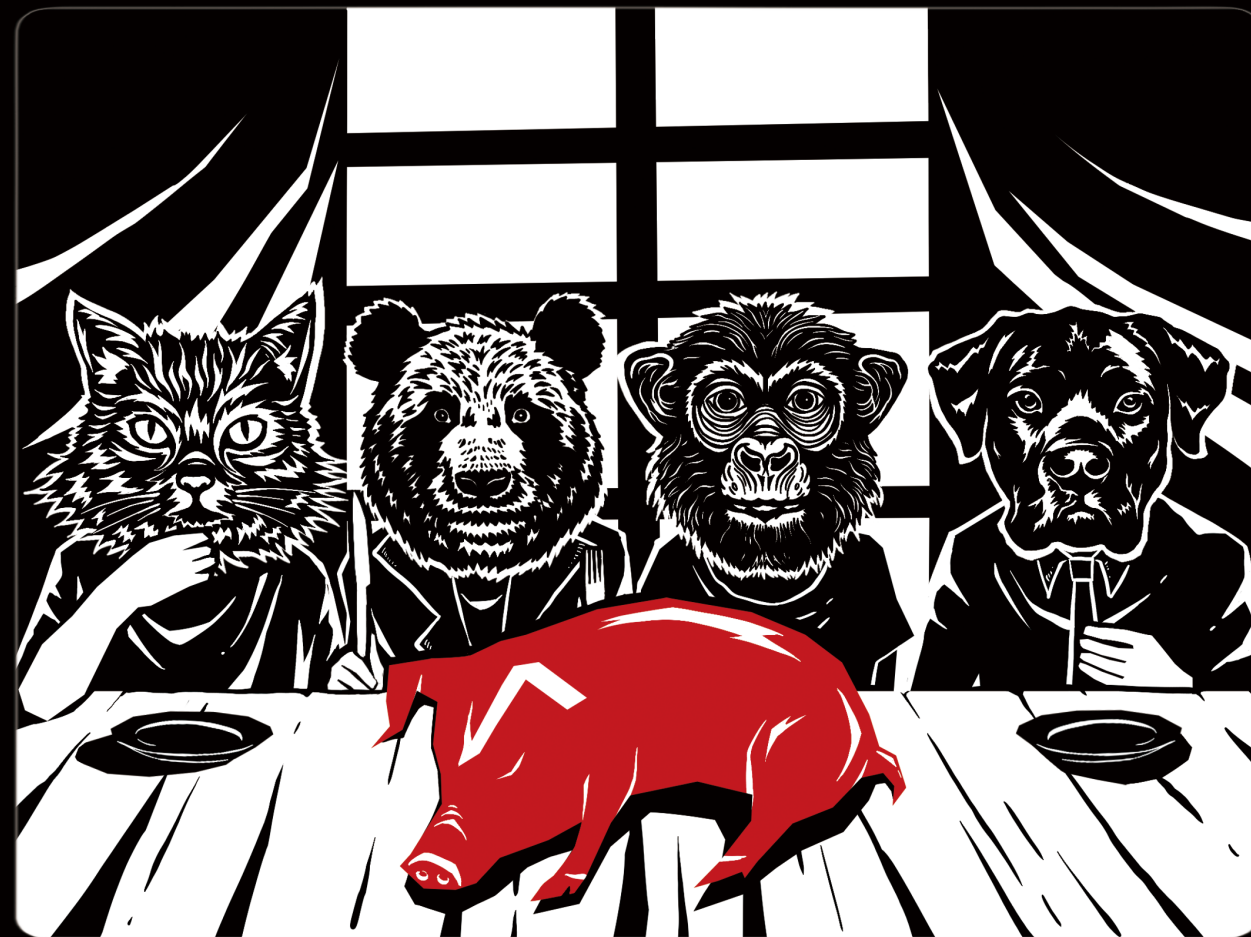
The blood keeps flowing,
but a cloth hides the **TRUTH**.





We pet one, butcher the other. Same eyes. **SAME PAIN.**

Love filtered by species is not love— it's **DENIAL** disguised as tradition.



We wear the faces we vow to **PROTECT**, feasting on the flesh we **FORGET** to

spare. Morality ends where appetite begins—**DISGUISED AS VIRTUE, DEVoured AS PORK.**



An angel mourns one life,
blind to another.

Love is **SACRED** when

easy,

silent when it's not.

Behind mercy's touch,

a **SKELETON** lies—

forgotten and unloved,

the cost of

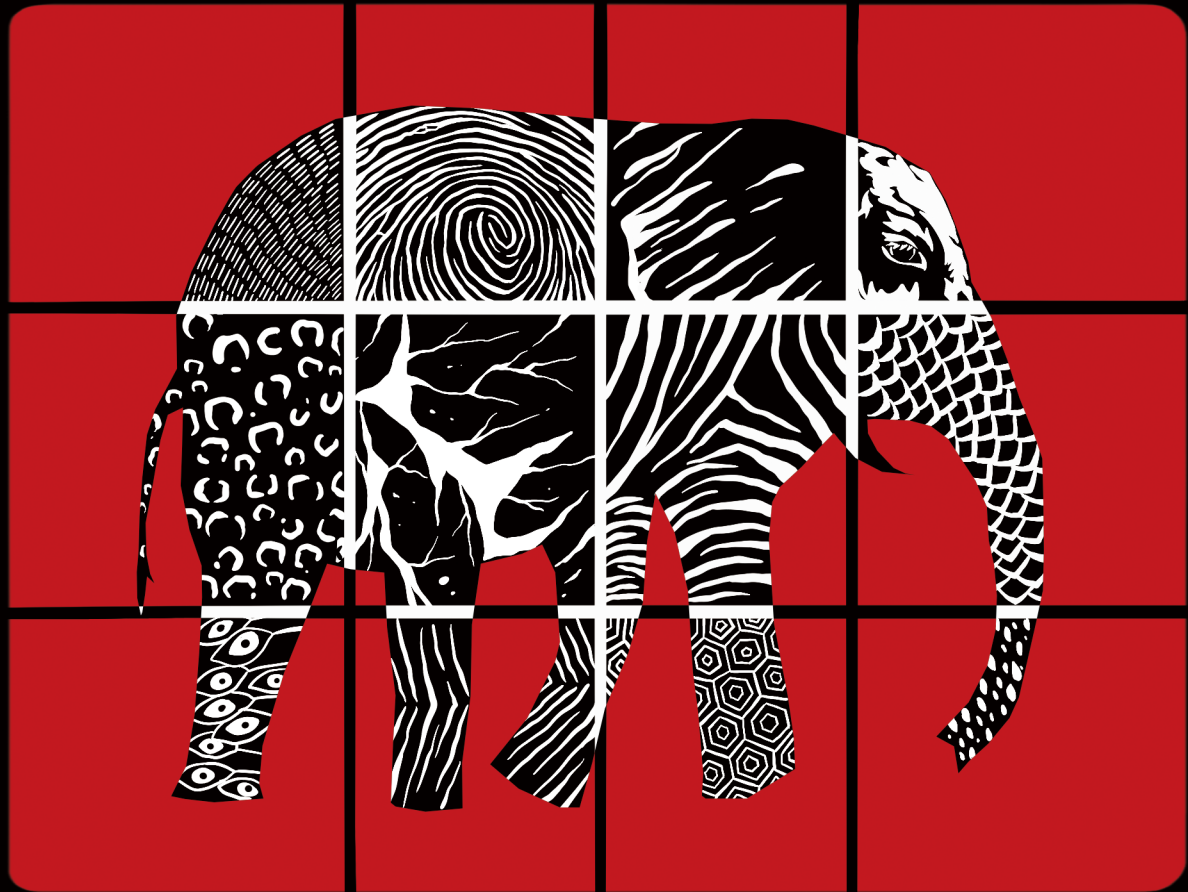
SELECTIVE

COMPASSION.

EQUALITY OF PAIN

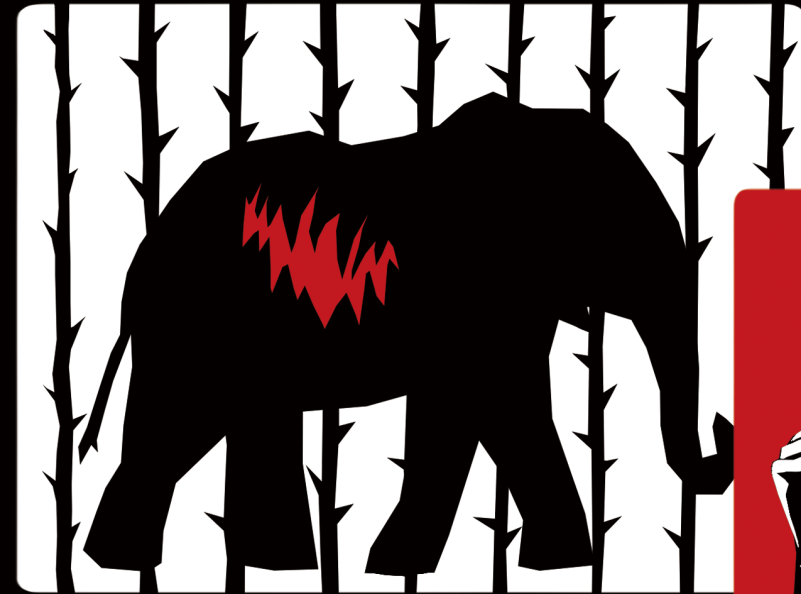


THE QUESTION IS NOT, CAN THEY REASON? NOR,
CAN THEY TALK? BUT, CAN THEY SUFFER?



The **ELDER'S PAIN** speaks no language— a silence that carries deeper truth.

Pain **IGNORES** size—it flows through **ALL SENTIENT SOULS**.

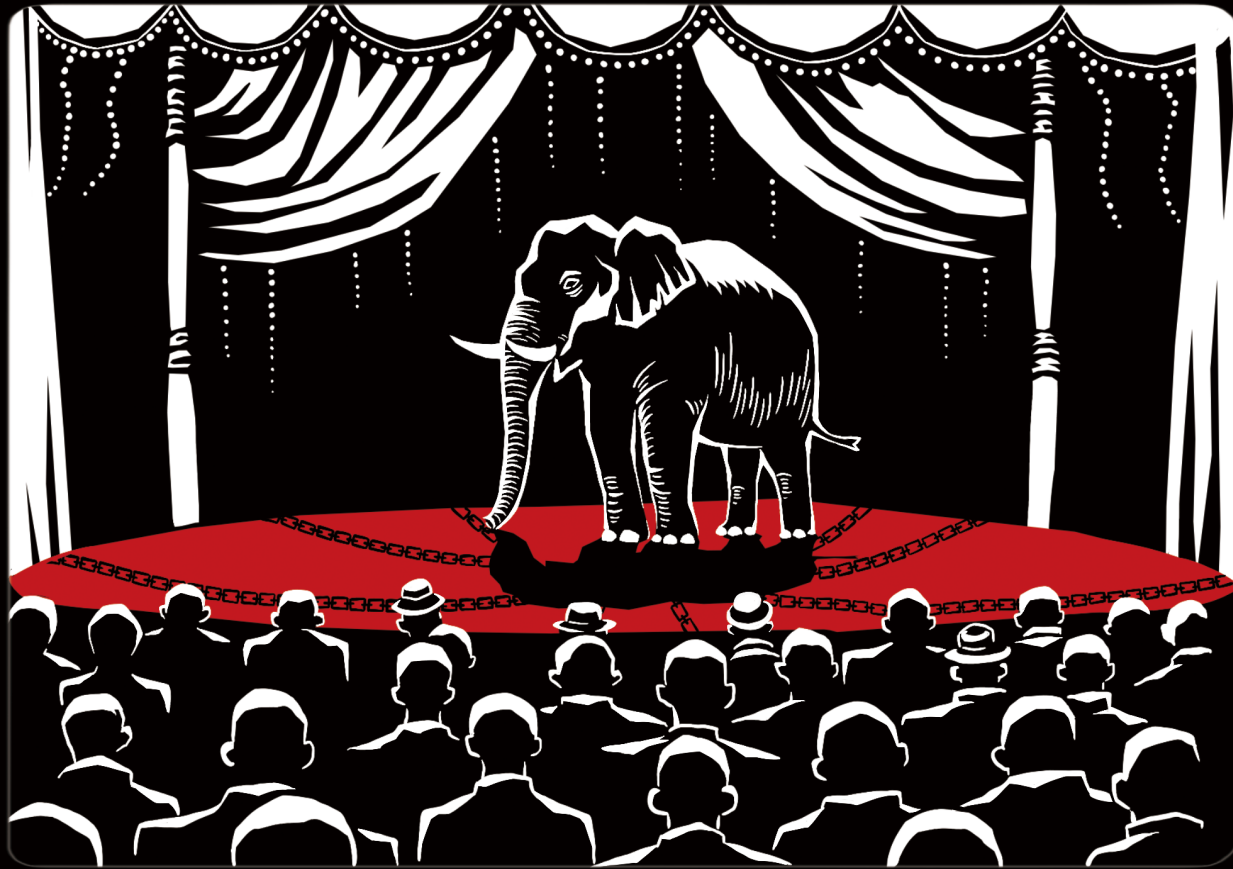


We **PUNISH** what we first taught to obey.

Behind iron bars, it bleeds **IN SILENCE**.

Suffering mirrors ours,
but is never granted the
DIGNITY TO SCREAM.





APPLAUSE HIDES the pain of bondage. Performance becomes silent sorrow.

Pain is masked, shackles unseen— cheers **REPLACE EMPATHY.**

Life cracks open. Each fragment a **FIGHT.**



SILENT SCREAMS

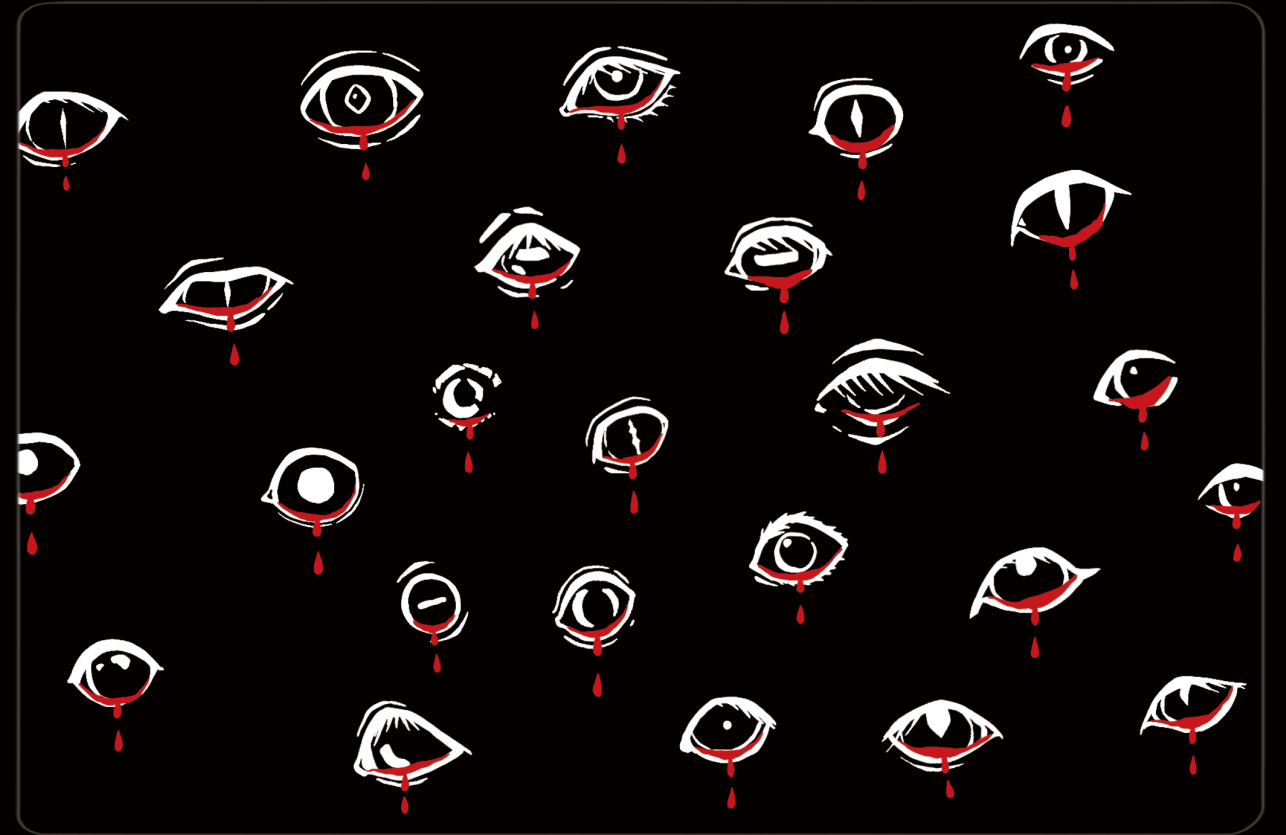
burn in fiery eyes,
speaking **UNHEARD PAIN.**



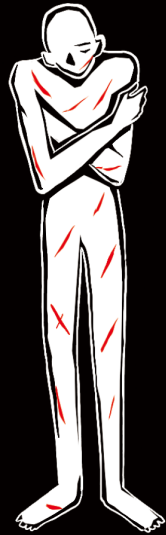
So-called wisdom is pain's echo. Resilience forged by torment.

Without **UNDERSTANDING SHARED PAIN**, how can

CIVILIZATION claim morality?



THEY FEEL PAIN AS WE DO.
PAIN KNOWS NO RACE OR SPECIES.



Pain is life's language of

EQUALITY.

To hear it is to
acknowledge it.

IGNORING PAIN

means ignoring life.

EMPATHY is

where equality begins.



TRANSPARENT OBLIVION



MEAT IS EATEN BECAUSE IT IS NEVER SEEN AS A
CORPSE.



The curtain is language. The light?
SELECTIVE MERCY.

They never have it—yet become its poster child.

"HAPPY"

is just a
word—draped
over their
DYING
FACES.



THE MEAT IS GOOD!



Flesh is chilled;

SLAUGHTER is gently

curtained. The **STAGE WAS**
NEVER LIT.



We **TAKE THEIR**
FACES

and place them on our
tables.

Aesthetics is
VIOLENCE in

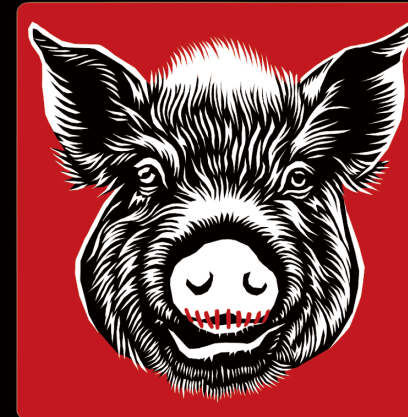
velvet.

We call it nature's gift—

When **GAZES**

BECOME DÉCOR,

death loses the right to
scream.



They are **NOT SILENT** — they are stitched into silence.

We cut out their voices, but **KEEP THEIR FLESH.**

SEWN LIPS. Deleted feelings. What remains is **ONLY** a shape.



Their mouths are **SEWN SHUT**.

We **COVER OUR OWN EYES**.

In ignorance, we **CHEW CORPSES** into normalcy.



Its silence is **NOT CONSENT**.

It is the **GAZE** we cannot bear.

It does **NOT RESIST**—
it **SIMPLY LOOKS**.
And we choose the blindfold,
PRETENDING to be
just executioners.





~~Martha~~

It



~~Millie~~

It



~~Luna~~

It



~~Daisy~~

It



~~Gideon~~

It



~~Benny~~

It



~~Clara~~

It

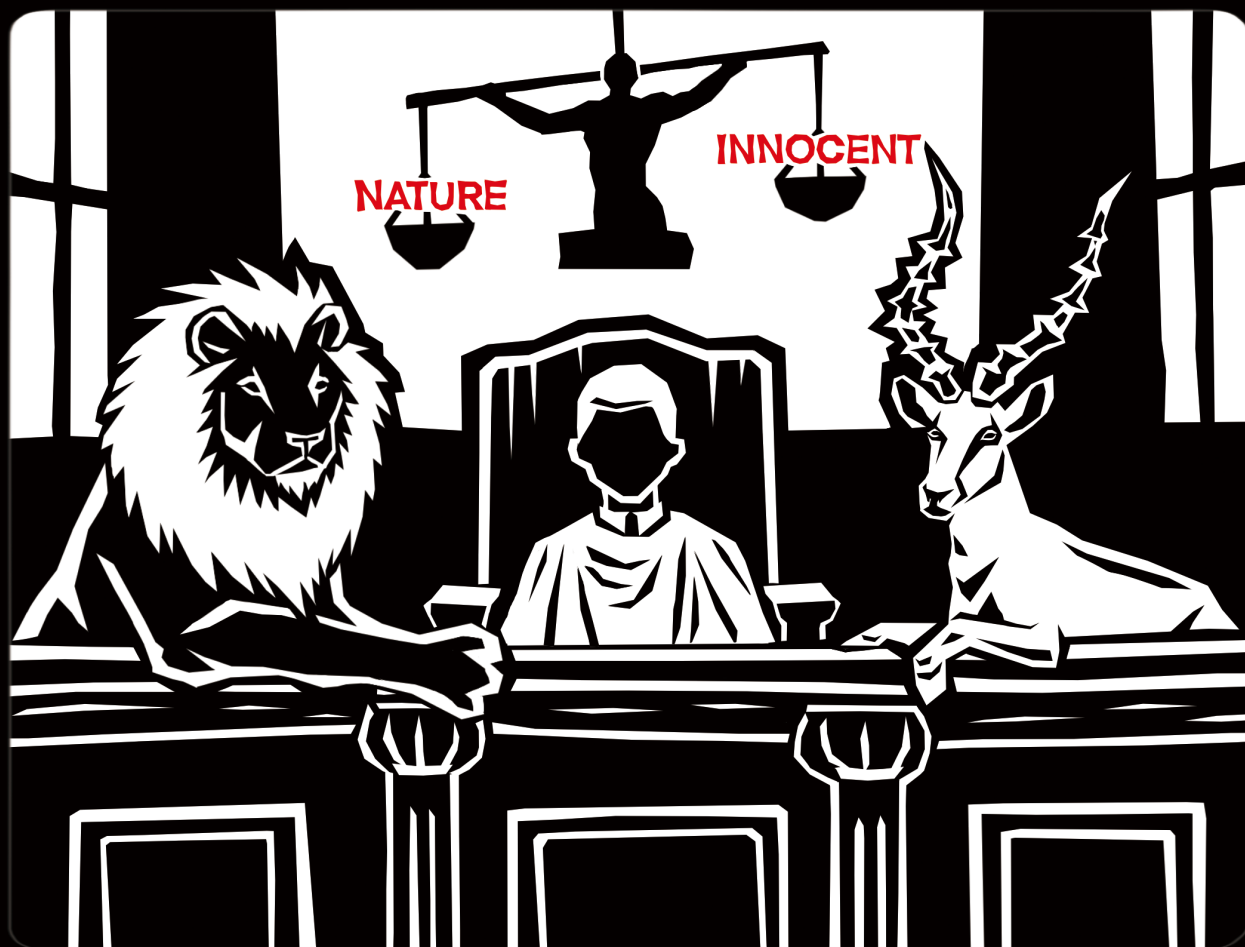
Their names **WERE ERASED**, replaced by a single word: It.

easier to sort, easier to **FORGET**.

NATURE'S EXCUSE



THE INVOCATION OF 'NATURE' IS OFTEN A MASK TO
ABSOLVE OURSELVES FROM GUILT.



Nature is no **JUDGE**, yet we use it as shield.

The lion hunts the gazelle— we **HIDE** behind choice.



PAIN IS BEAUTIFIED.

wrapped in rose's guise.

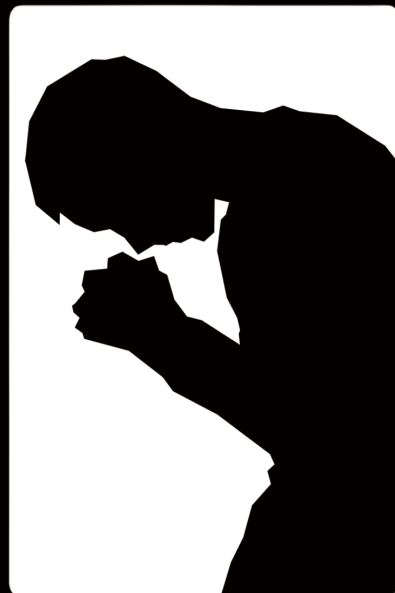
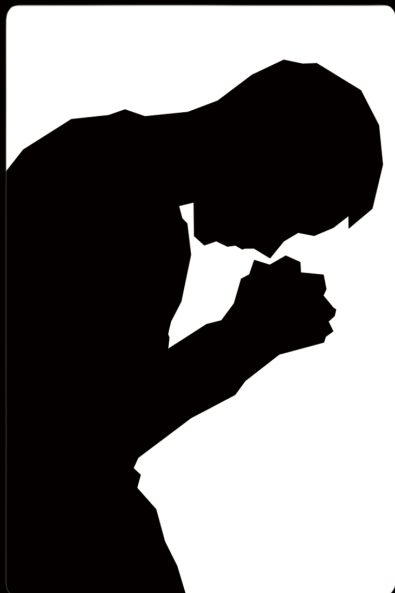
Cruelty turned

FEAST,

sin hidden by

CUSTOM.





We bow in **PRAYER**, grateful for all that is sacrificed.

But who hears the **SILENT CRY**?

When blood becomes **RITUAL**, what remains unjustified?



We call it **NATURE'S CHOICE**—

but these skins speak of **HUMAN HANDS**.

**NATURE'S
CHOICE**





If this is **"NATURE'S CHOICE,"**
then the **DEVOURING** of humans is nothing but the order fulfilled.



It **WATCHES QUIETLY—**
NO BLAME, only profound sorrow.
A **SILENT SIGH** that lingers long after we turn away.



The scales of justice

**NEVER
BALANCE—**

the blade always

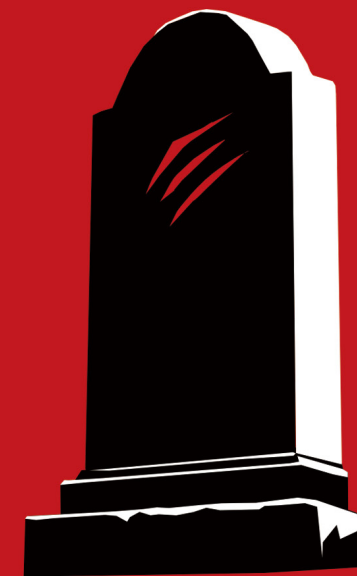
OUTWEIGHS the rose.

What we call

NATURE'S LAW

is simply a mask worn by
power.

ECHOES OF EXTINCTION



**MONUMENTS ARE THE EULOGIES OF
CIVILIZATION—OFTEN EXCUSES FOR FORGETTING.**

The world made
room for its
body,
but never gave it
A WELL
to drink from.

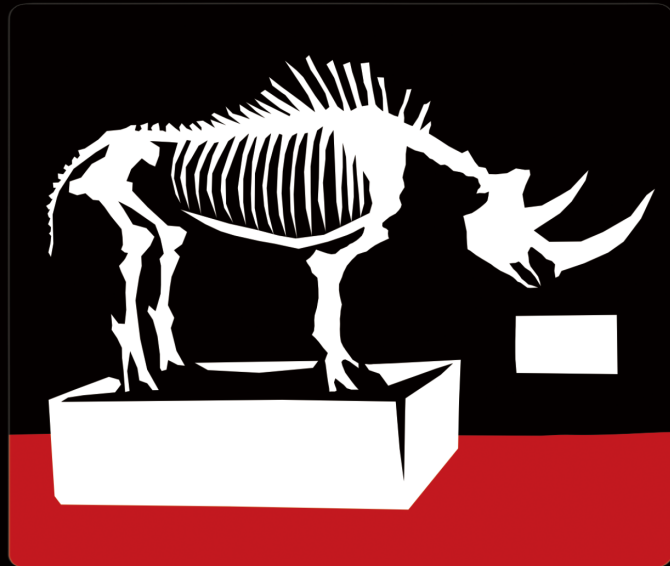


We rush to **FILM** its final breath—
not for memory, but for the show.
It ends unseen, quickly **FORGOTTEN.**



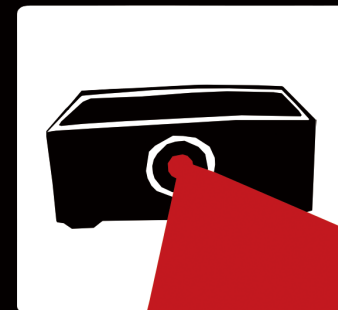
The rhino is gone. A **WHITE ROSE** rests in the blood—
a tribute without witness, a silence mistaken for **ABSOLUTION.**

New buildings rise, but **NEVER HONOR** what was lost.



Its **BONES GLEAM**, polished to perfection—
as if extinction **ABSOLVES** the hands that
caused it.

We weep with **SINCERITY**,
but **NEVER HEARD** the rifles
echo.



In the end, we cast it **IN METAL**.
Its worth defined like a coin:
preserved, but **NEVER ALIVE** again.



It **STILL RUNS** in footage—
through soft grass, beneath open skies,
as if death were **JUST A DELAY**.





We search for the image of death.
But the mirror reflects only ourselves.
It never shows the animal—

ONLY THE END.