

PR: Hey, Misha. Back from tallinn finally. Do you think if you would be in studio tmrw? Would be curious to hear about the exhibition setup plans..

MR: Juhuu. Depends on how Drunk I get today...but I think I will

*When my head aches from straining my eyes in the dark: how do I know that this cocktail I've been consuming has something still left on my left?*

*It did taste good though while we thought we had it.*

*When my head aches from straining my eyes in the dark: how can I get a right cocktail, when all the parties are suddenly right?*

*It feels no matter what mixtures, all of it has a bad taste. There are no more components, only nonsense. Same old decadence. No (human) grace no (human) taste no (human) face no.. It's hard to stay sober when there's no (human) pace...*

*When I strain my eyes to see in dark without a vision, darkness is all I can see.*

*When I strain my eyes to see in dark with a vision, darkness is all that I grow.*

*Headache seems to be as far as truth goes.*

*Constant blur and awareness of steps. Conscious unconsciousness during party of plague.*

*I dream of waltzing to techno, but it doesnt make much sense*

*Thought of being sober with all this toxincs makes me lose all my pretty faiths*

PR: Got home. Totally wasted as usually. I try to make it for twelve, but if not, please dont hate me. x, P

PR: Morning, when u will b there?

MR: god. Im so wasted

MR: lets make it a bit later

MR: theres nobody there at 12

PR: 13?

MR: Okeeee

PR: 13:30? Fell asleep again..

MR: Ok

PR: Slightly late. Had to watch trump news

MR: Ha. me too