Days are all the same, they are numb and dark down here and you forget about time when all you perceive is a limited space without any existence of nature. The walls are solid and cold and the dull thunder which is shaking my accommodation perpetually, will reach the outside world as an grim echo of my hollow existence in this concrete cave. I know; I am convinced that this metallic thunders of eternity will overcome the cold walls of my habitat and tell the tale of obscure fear and horror. The darkness is my reality, oppression my state of mind and the only hope I know is the day when the thunder will reach the shell of this giant cave and bare witness of my decay like a whisper from the underworld.

In my dreams I always see the same vision: I am standing all alone on a blank island of concrete. It is just as numb and dark as it is familiar to me, but there is no thunder, no eternal roar, it is quiet and all I can hear is the chilly breeze and the white noise of the waves. But suddenly, just before I wake up, there is a swelling roar - The eternal thunder from the depth of the cave has reached the shell. And as the dull roar fills the air I open my eyes and I could not tell anymore what is a dream and what reality.

Ivan, Sep 2014