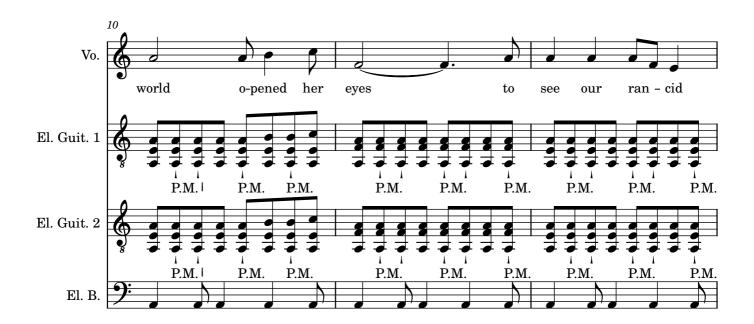
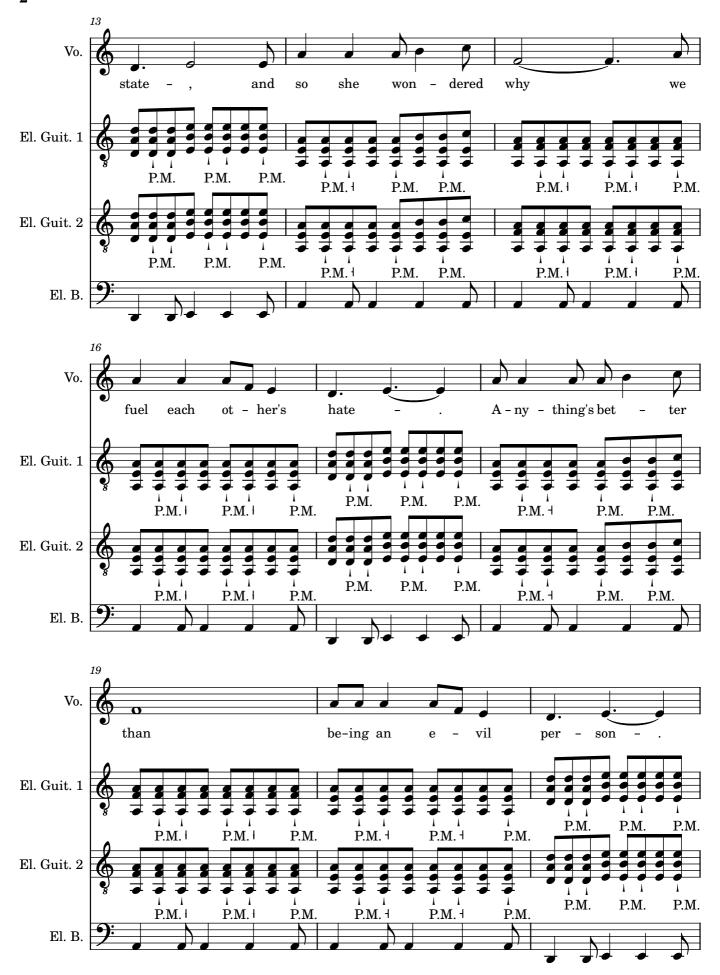
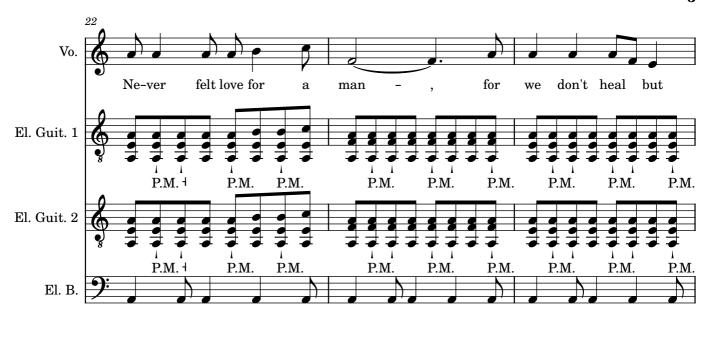
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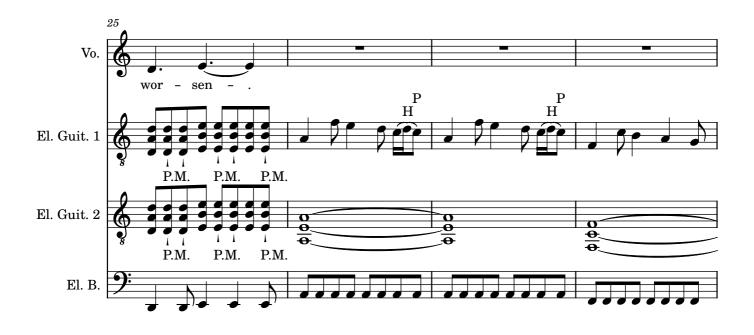




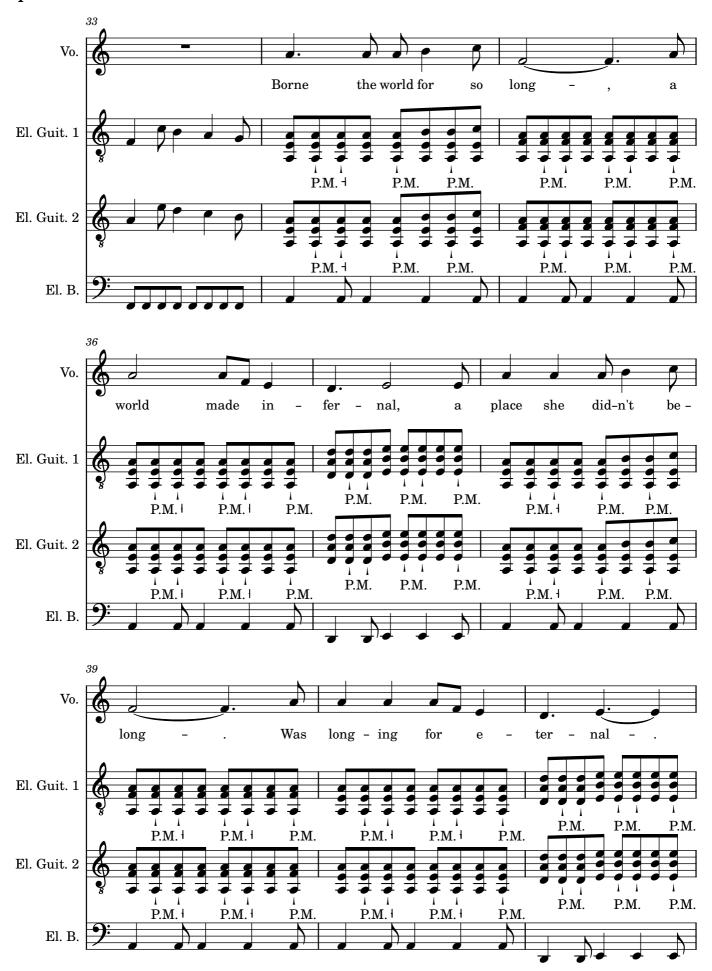






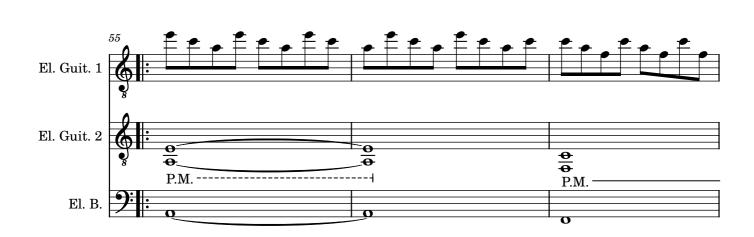


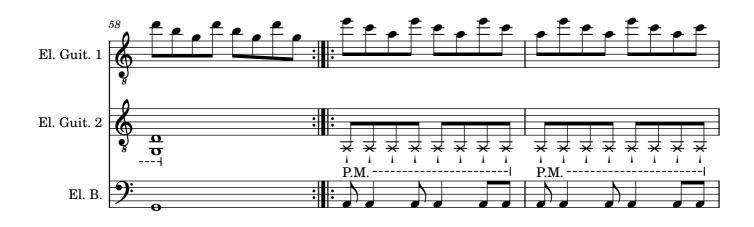


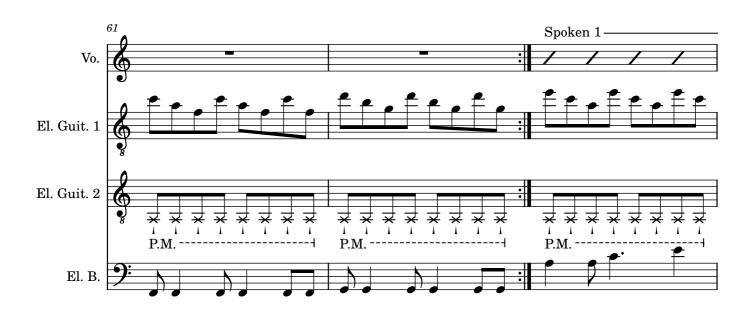




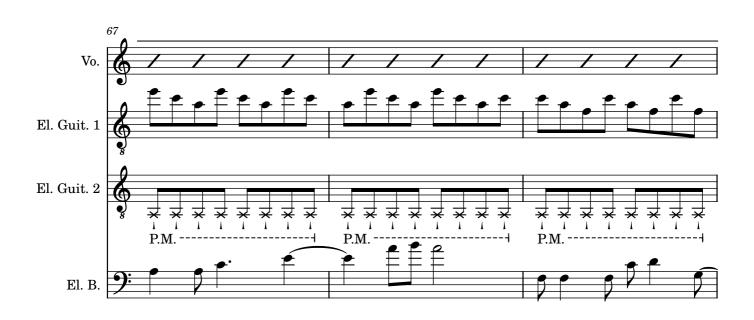


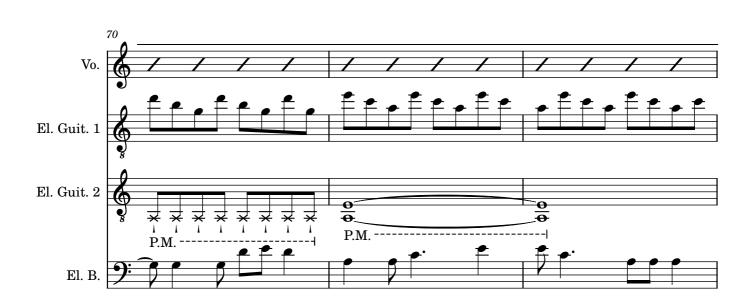


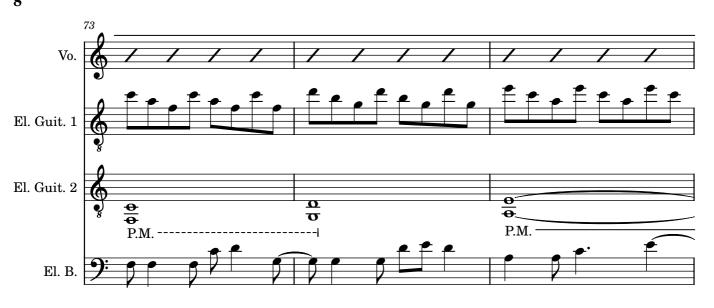


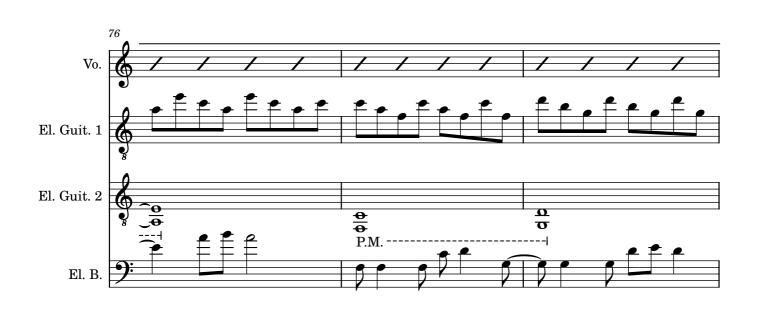


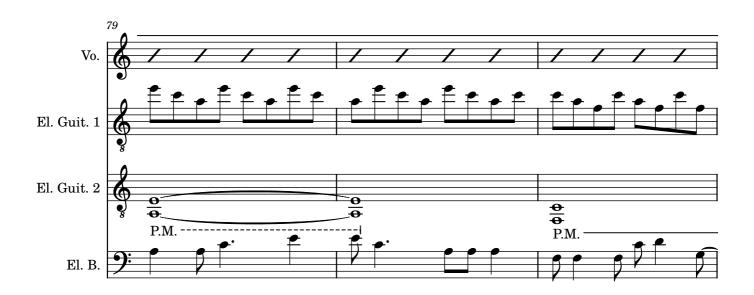


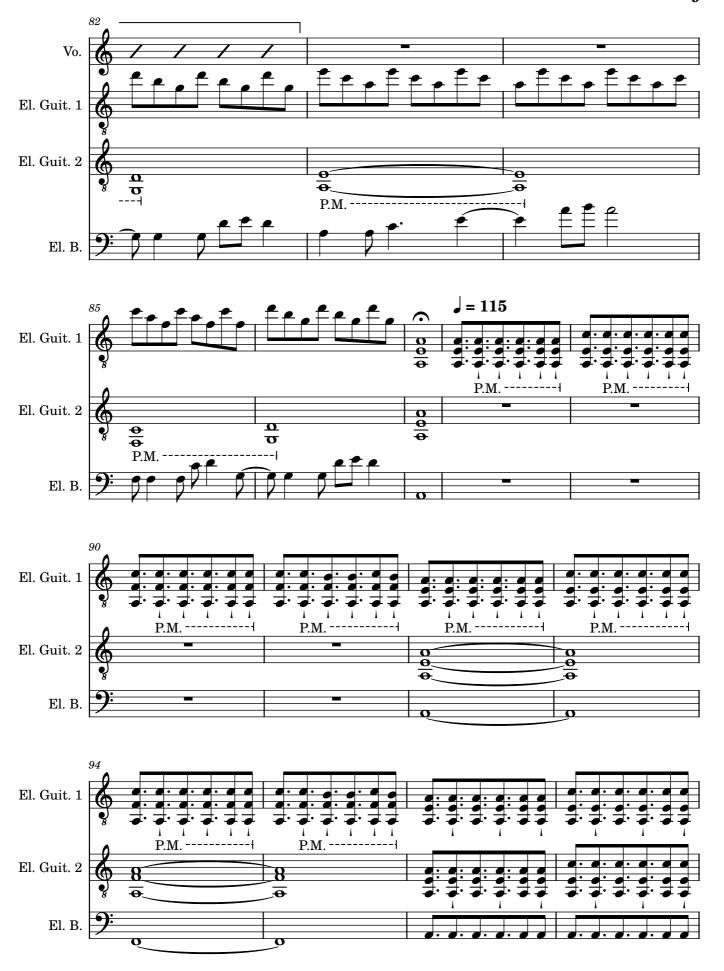


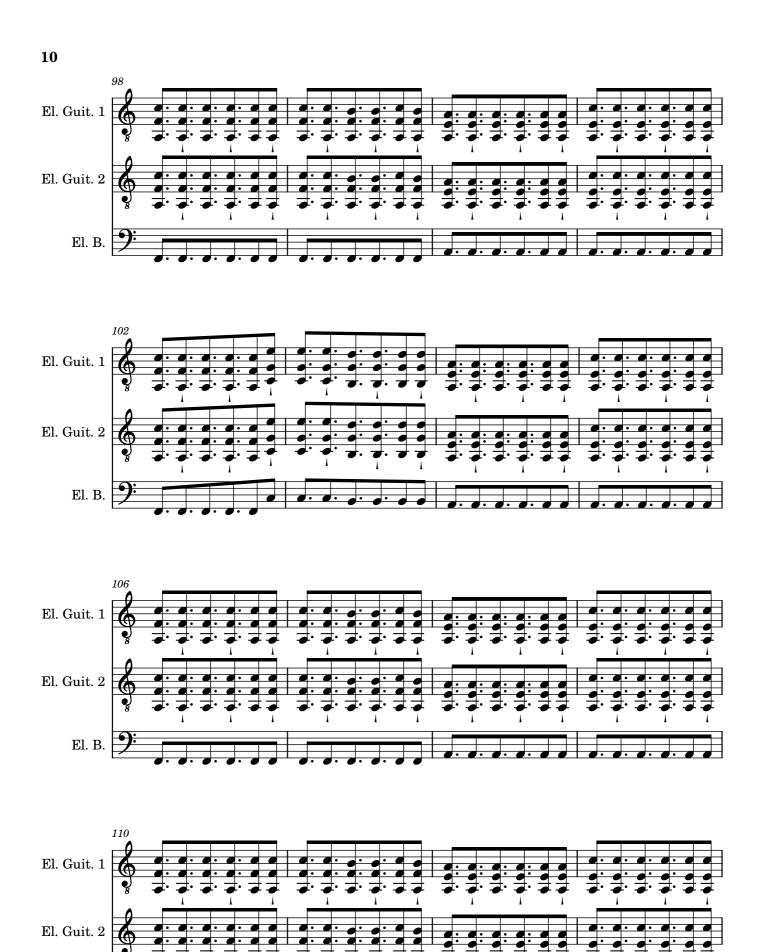


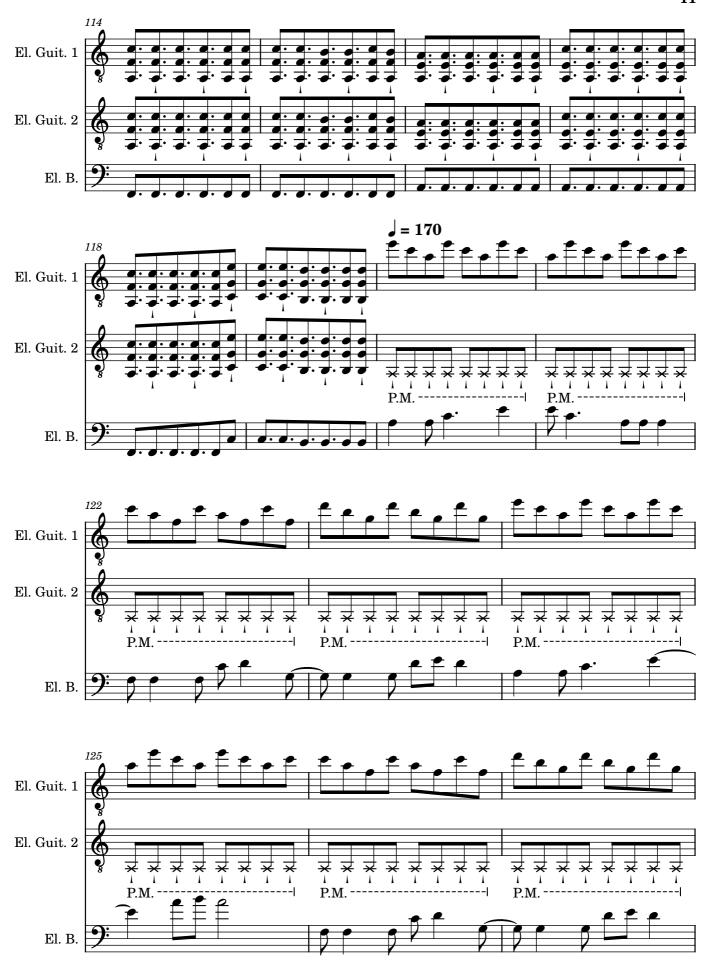


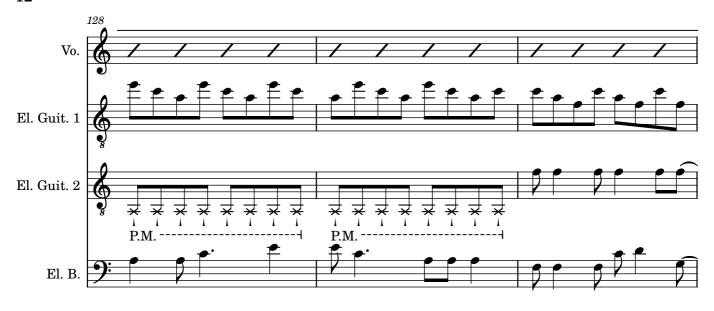






























Spoken 1:

"When the evolution had rolled long enough, we emerged. At first, our nomadic existence was as pure as it could be.

Then, we settled and with us settled sin. Our numbers started to multiply. Our diseases began to spread.

Then, with the blood of the poor, our so called civilization started to grow. Great wisdom for the dominant males.

A grand illusion was born in the heart of our lands. Our leaders controlled us trying to serve the illusion.

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Spoken 2:

Now, here I am, in the ashes of a fallen civilization, trying to find myself.

We needed a disaster, a grand crisis to purify our lifestyle and our souls.

First, we were disconnected from life and in denial. Then came the collapse and a violent impulse.

Now, we, who remain, lead a life sorrowful but pure, as nomads again."