

W i n t e r m u t e
F o r w a r d i n g

PATROL -IN- STRANGE LAND

Texts and Pictures - Ferran Clavero -





THIS IS THE LAST PATROL, THE LAST ONES OBSERVE
THE PATHS THAT HAVE TRAVELED. TODAY THEY WILL
TAKE THEIR LAST STEPS. THE LAST PATROL, THE END
OF THE ROAD.

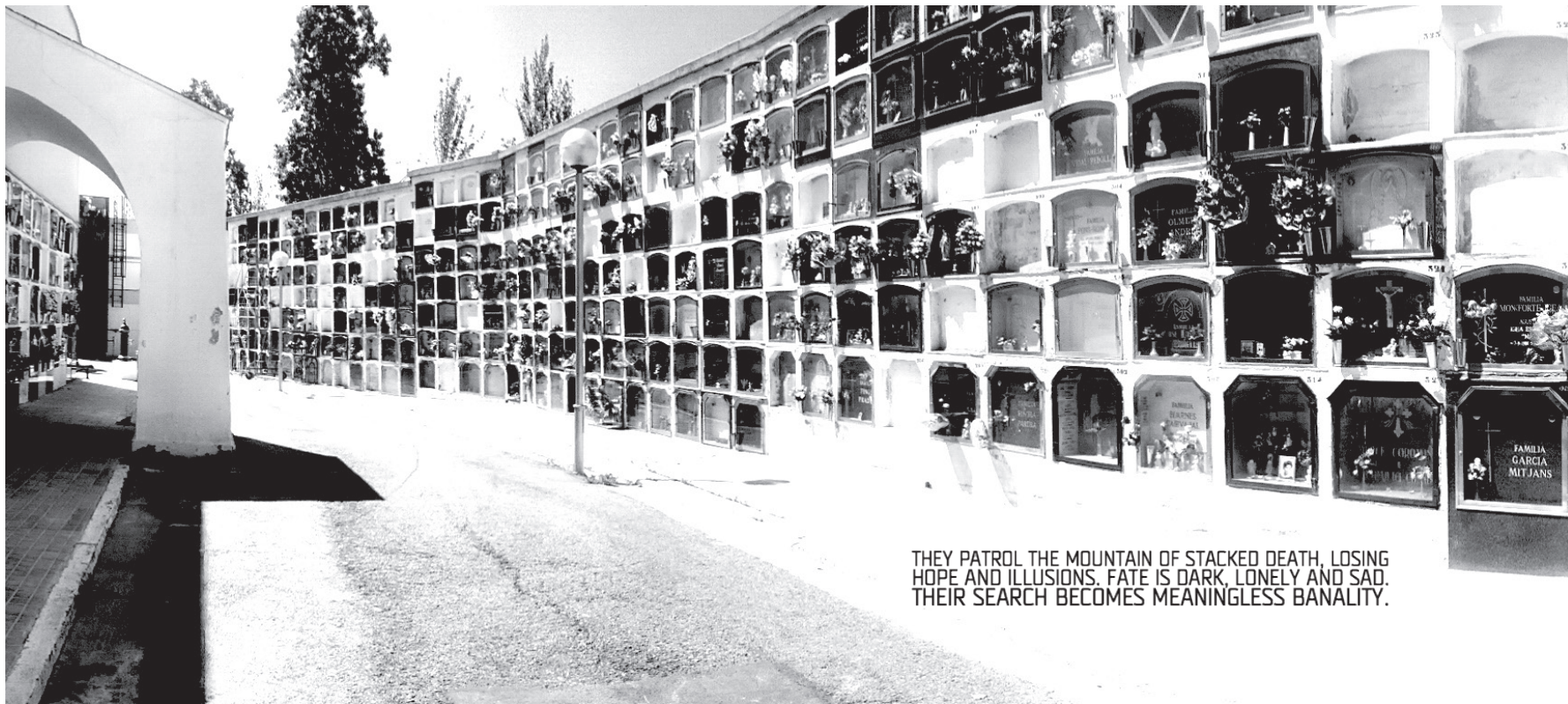


THEY PATROL FOREIGN AND FOREIGN LANDS. THEY ARE WATCHED BY
AGONIZED DEFEATED GIANTS. THEY ARE ACCOMPANIED BY SAD, SILENT

RUINS.



THEY PATROL FOR LONG FORGOTTEN FIELDS OF MEMORIES AND WORDS
THAT LOST IN THE WIND THEY RECEIVE WITHOUT CEASING.



THEY PATROL THE MOUNTAIN OF STACKED DEATH, LOSING
HOPE AND ILLUSIONS. FATE IS DARK, LONELY AND SAD.
THEIR SEARCH BECOMES MEANINGLESS BANALITY.



THEY FIND OPAQUE ANSWERS IN CUTS OF LIFE, WRITTEN IN MURKY,
BITTER AND PASSIVE WORDS ...



THEY PATROL IN SEARCH OF A SIGH OF HOPE, A GLOW IN
THE MIST, OR THAT SIMPLY, AFTER ALL THE WAY TRAVELED
FIND THAT HOPE DOES NOT EXIST ... THAT THE MIST IS
TOO DENSE AND THAT THEIR DESTINY HAS BEEN, IS AND
WILL BE PATROLLING FOR A DEAD WORLD, DESOLATE AND

INFINITE



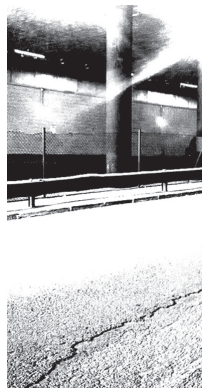
BUT SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS THAT EVERYTHING IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS,
SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS THAT THE SIGH IS NOT HEARD, THAT THE
BRIGHTNESS IS NOT SEEN, THAT THE DESTINY IS NOT WRITTEN. BUT
THERE THEY ARE ... WAITING.

IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES THAT THERE IS NOTHING FIXED. THAT
ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT SEEN, NOR IT IS HEARD, EVERYTHING
IS THERE. SHINING ... SIGHING ... CHANGING ... THERE
IS EVERYTHING ... ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING, AND ALTHOUGH,
WE CAN BE BLIND AND DEAF, LIES BY OUR SIDE.





W i n t e r m u t e F o r w a r d i n g



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