



# DARKEST DAYS

Darkest Days



Petri Damstén

# **Darkest Days**



Photographs © 2011-2013 by Petri Damstén

Lyric © 2013 by Jari Hämynen



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

Graphic Design: Petri Damstén

Visit <http://torturedmind.org/>








One dark poem, twenty-three  
dark photographs.





Here we go again, a downward spiral  
Who am I to fight the gravity



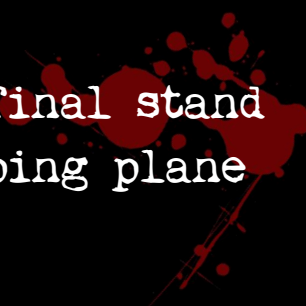
Cannot comprehend, you're in denial  
I am at loss with my sanity

A cluster of red ink splatters and blotches is positioned behind the text, primarily centered between the two lines. The splatters vary in size and intensity, with some appearing as sharp, elongated streaks and others as more diffuse, circular blots.





Put my foot down, my final stand  
Footing lost on a sloping plane

A graphic of red ink splatters and a few small dots, located to the right of the text.




Nothing to stop me from falling  
Nothing left for me to gain







The world is only an illusion  
It still is much too real for me





Several red ink splatters of varying sizes are scattered around the text, primarily concentrated below and to the left of the words "Darkest days".

Darkest days are no delusion  
Just dark without a light to see






Darkest days - Every one the same

Darkest days - The survival game




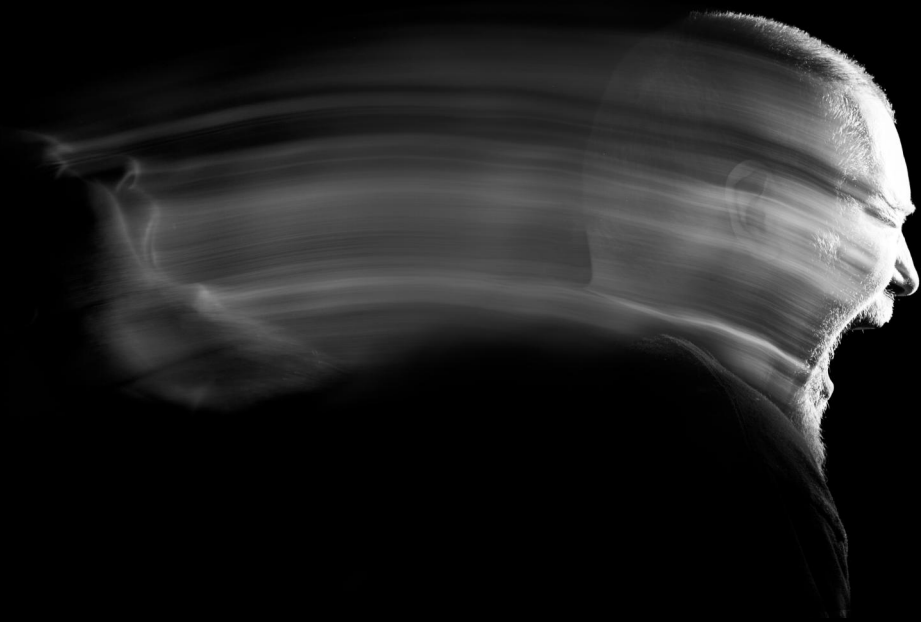
Routines that give me pressure  
Routines that cause me pain






Safety built in between them  
The insurance to keep me sane

A graphic of red splatters and dots, resembling blood or paint, located to the right of the text.

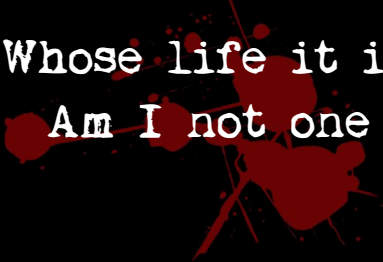


Contradiction, science fiction  
Facts for my tortured mind

A graphic element consisting of several red ink splatters of varying sizes and a single, thin red line that starts near the top left of the splatters and extends downwards and to the right, ending near the bottom right of the splatters.






A large, expressive red ink splatter graphic is centered behind the text. It features several overlapping, irregular red shapes of varying sizes, with some smaller droplets and fine lines radiating outwards, creating a sense of movement and intensity.

Whose life it is I am living  
Am I not one of the kind




Picturing a different world  
Drowning myself to the yellow sea

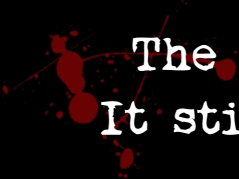
A series of red ink splatters and blotches of varying sizes, concentrated on the right side of the text, extending from the middle line down towards the bottom line.



When thoughts can no longer bear  
A monster that used to be me

A graphic of a red blood splatter, consisting of a large central pool and several smaller droplets, is positioned behind the second line of text.






The world is only an illusion  
It still is much too real for me





A decorative graphic consisting of several red ink splatters and dots of varying sizes, arranged in a loose, abstract pattern around the text.

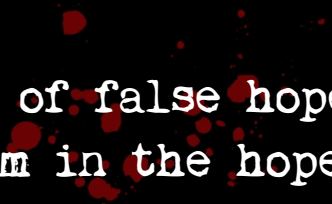
Darkest days are no delusion  
Just dark without a light to see



A cluster of red blood splatters of various sizes, centered behind the text.

Darkest days - Every one the same  
Darkest days - The survival game

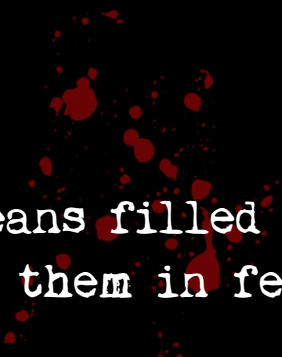


A cluster of red ink splatters and dots is positioned behind the text, primarily centered over the words "false hopes" and "in the hope of".

Mountains of false hopes  
Climbed them in the hope of  
understanding








Oceans filled with liquid dreams  
Sailed them in fear of a new awakening






And then came the morning  
Falling down all over again

A series of red ink splatters and thin, intersecting lines are located on the right side of the page, partially overlapping the text.



Sense of purpose yet to be found  
Hammers at work in my brain

A series of red ink splatters and drips are located to the right of the text, extending from the level of the first line down to the level of the second line.





Counting seconds down to nothing  
How much more I can endure





Nothing really matters anymore  
Death is the only cure









Darkest days  
Darkest days  
Darkest days  
Darkest days



But there is always hope.







One dark poem, twenty-three  
dark photographs.



<http://torturedmind.org/>