

Driftin' on Rough Seas, Dreamin' of Better Days

Art....a fiCkle mistress, tOxic relationshiP, broken hearts, love, happiness, the meaning of life. Emotions that fuel our progress, YeT Hold us back from our true potentIal. There are thoSe hat find ways to use the hurt to **make connections**, to make the art, to **transcend new life, into the world**. There are those that wish to, but can't find the means. May you **find your own meaning** in our words. May they bring you strength on your hardest day, and meaning on your best days. We are distant voices speaking of the past, raised by generations of broken humans that although attempted to do their best, only did their worst. We can't change the past, but **we can change the future**. We can **internalize compassion** for one another, no matter what. May we never look at another human without the question of, **"I wonder what they're going through"** because in reality we all are working through something. **We can always be better and do better, and that is what makes us different....its what makes you different.** May our art bring you joy, tears, reflection and compassion for years to come.

**With All The Love In Our Hearts,
Accidents At Sundown**

PS: Welcome to our world. Not everything is as it seems. Duplication is encouraged, to see the full scene.