

Our future?

# CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

ARGUS DORIAN

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*Welcome to my dark art visions, where we awaken the profound power of art to confront the shadows of our world. **Let us inspire, provoke, and challenge the status quo through the haunting beauty of dark art.***

*Art is not merely a visual experience; it is a revolutionary force that connects souls, speaks truth to power, and evokes empathy in the face of despair.*

*In a society plagued by pollution, the destruction of our planet, and the heartbreaking realities of children suffering from starvation, my work captures the urgency of our collective plight.*

*Each piece is a chilling reflection on the extinction of species, the inhumane experiments on both animals and people, and the silent screams of a world in crisis. Now is the time to dream big and push the boundaries of creativity, channeling our anger and sadness into art that demands attention and action.*

*Together, we can spark an art revolution, harnessing the darker shades of our existence to create awareness, inspire change, and ultimately reshape our world for the better.*

*Join me on this journey, where every brushstroke serves as a rallying cry for a kinder, more compassionate future. Save our world through the powerful lens of dark art, and let us shine a light on the issues that plague us all.*

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# CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

## THE LAST BREATH



*“This is the first design of my story, I will try to explain what it means and the idea behind it with a short story.  
-Argus Dorian”*



In a future not too distant from now, the skies had long since darkened with the weight of pollution, and the air had turned toxic, no longer fit for breathing. The streets, once filled with life and laughter, were now deserted, silent except for the faint rustle of winds carrying the dust of what once was. Humanity had retreated behind walls of steel and glass, struggling to survive in the ruins of their own creation. Only the Elite had underground facilities.. They knew what was coming.

Among the few who remained was a young child, barely old enough to remember what the world looked like before the collapse, before the virus. He wore a gas mask every time he ventured out into the barren wasteland, his small body dwarfed by the heavy, worn-out gear. Each breath through the mask

was labored, a reminder that the air she once took for granted was now his greatest threat.

But today, something was different. As he sat alone, staring at the horizon where the sun struggled to pierce the clouds of ash, a single tear rolled down his cheek. It wasn't just sadness —it was the weight of all the unspoken stories of those who had come before him. Of a time when children played in green fields, unburdened by the fear of what they breathed. Of a world that was lush, vibrant, and full of hope.

He knew the stories from his parents, now gone, and from the fading books and images that told of a time when humanity was warned. They were warned about the consequences of their actions - about the factories that pumped smoke into the skies, about the forests that fell to make way for cities, and about the oceans that choked under mountains of plastic, the secret experiments of the Elite, experiments on us. Yet, the warnings were dismissed, drowned out by the rush for progress and profit, no-one listen to the crazy ones who felt the change, the artists, the prophets..

Now, this child, this lone survivor of a broken decayed world, carried the weight of those mistakes. He longed for connection, for the warmth of another's hand, but there were so few left. The air outside was poison, and even inside the walls, the cracks had begun to show. It was only a matter of time before the last breath would be drawn, before they all change.

But he also carried hope - fragile, like the last leaf of a dying tree. If only they had listened, if only they had acted when they had the chance. Perhaps then, the world could have been different. Perhaps the fields would still be green, and the oceans would still sing with life.

He wiped away the tear, adjusting the straps of his mask as he stood up. He would keep walking, keep searching, not just for survival, but for a future - however small the chance - that one day, people would remember the mistakes of the past and vow never to repeat them.

Because even now, in the darkened corners of this world, he believed in a tomorrow where the air would be clean again, and where the children of tomorrow would breathe freely under a clear, blue sky. **Childish hopes... Because it was already too late.**

We never woke up... Never started the R-Evolution...

**PHASE 01 - The Beginning [here](https://www.decaydead.com/phase-01-the-beginning/)**

<https://www.decaydead.com/phase-01-the-beginning/>

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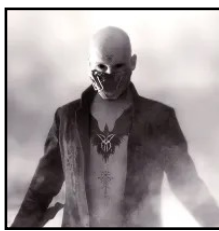
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**Welcome to my dark visions**



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR - DESIGNER



*Argus Dorian was born under the communist regime of Poland, in a picturesque town named Opole.*

*People say that experience is a virtue and if that's the case, Argus has plenty. He has been working since 2017 with well-known photographers, professional models and metal bands from all around the world, within the very first year of his spiritual and creative rebirth. After over 20 years of experience in Graphic design, Photoshop and Illustrator, the Dark Cyberpunk Artist has achieved to create a Post-Apocalyptic story based on his own vision about the world's continuous and unstoppable distraction.*

*The cornerstone of his story is the fact that we are heading towards an endless pit of catastrophe simply by overload our planet with garbage and toxic waste, creating new viruses just to observe them till we finally release them to the world with no regret or remorse. Unfortunately, this has been happening for many many years. The repeated history of the fallacies of science, gave him the inspiration to do something about it, besides his personal effort to make a drastic change as much as he can.*

*He made his life mission to awake people by presenting his creations in a unique way, in order to create the Decaydead Nation movement. There is a whole ideology behind these two words combined, that most people tend*



*to misunderstand as they only hear the dark side of its meaning. The Decaydead Nation is parted of people who are trying to make a change not by using nice and easy words but by using their raw creativity in order to disturb and make an impression. Standing out was never easy, as Argus has stated many times before. Pretty art, even tho is much more accepted, has never brought any results. The Decaydead nation is sacrificing time, energy and their 'good name' on the altar of drastic change. If that is not bravery, I don't know what is...*

more here: <https://www.decaydead.com/about/>

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