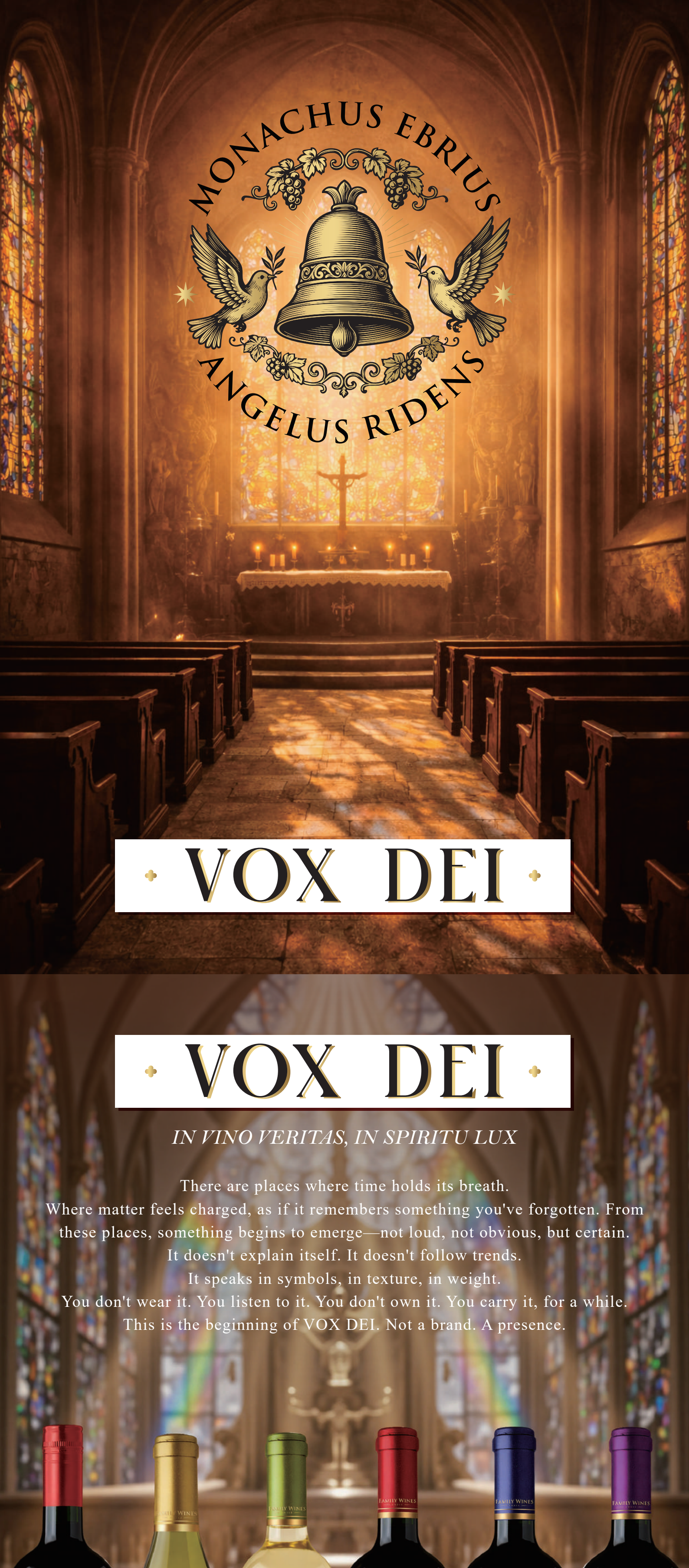




IN VINO VERITAS, IN SPIRITU LUX

There are places where time holds its breath.
Where matter feels charged, as if it remembers something you've forgotten. From
these places, something begins to emerge—not loud, not obvious, but certain.

It doesn't explain itself. It doesn't follow trends.
It speaks in symbols, in texture, in weight.

You don't wear it. You listen to it. You don't own it. You carry it, for a while.
This is the beginning of VOX DEI. Not a brand. A presence.



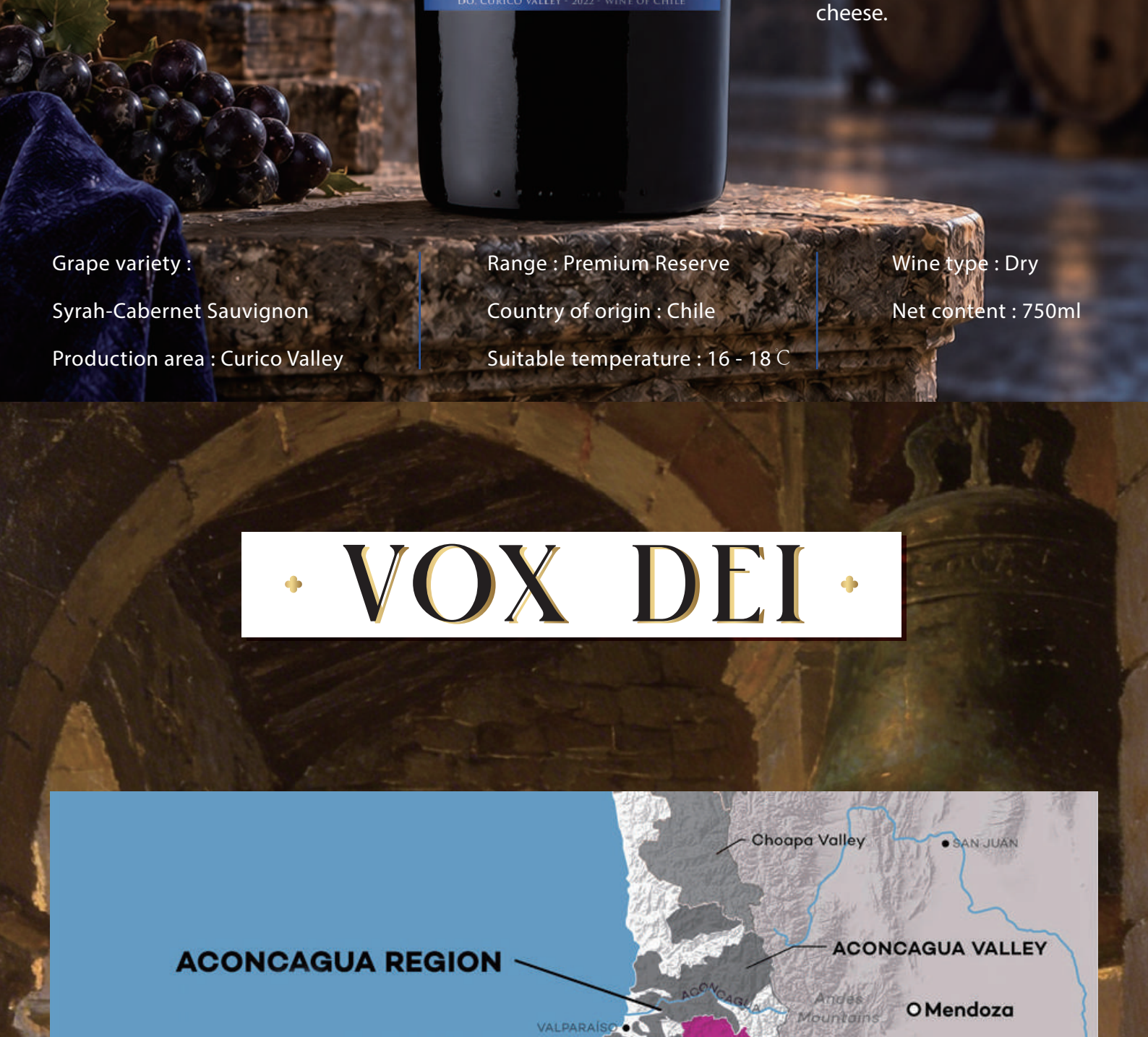
IN VINO VERITAS, IN SPIRITU LUX



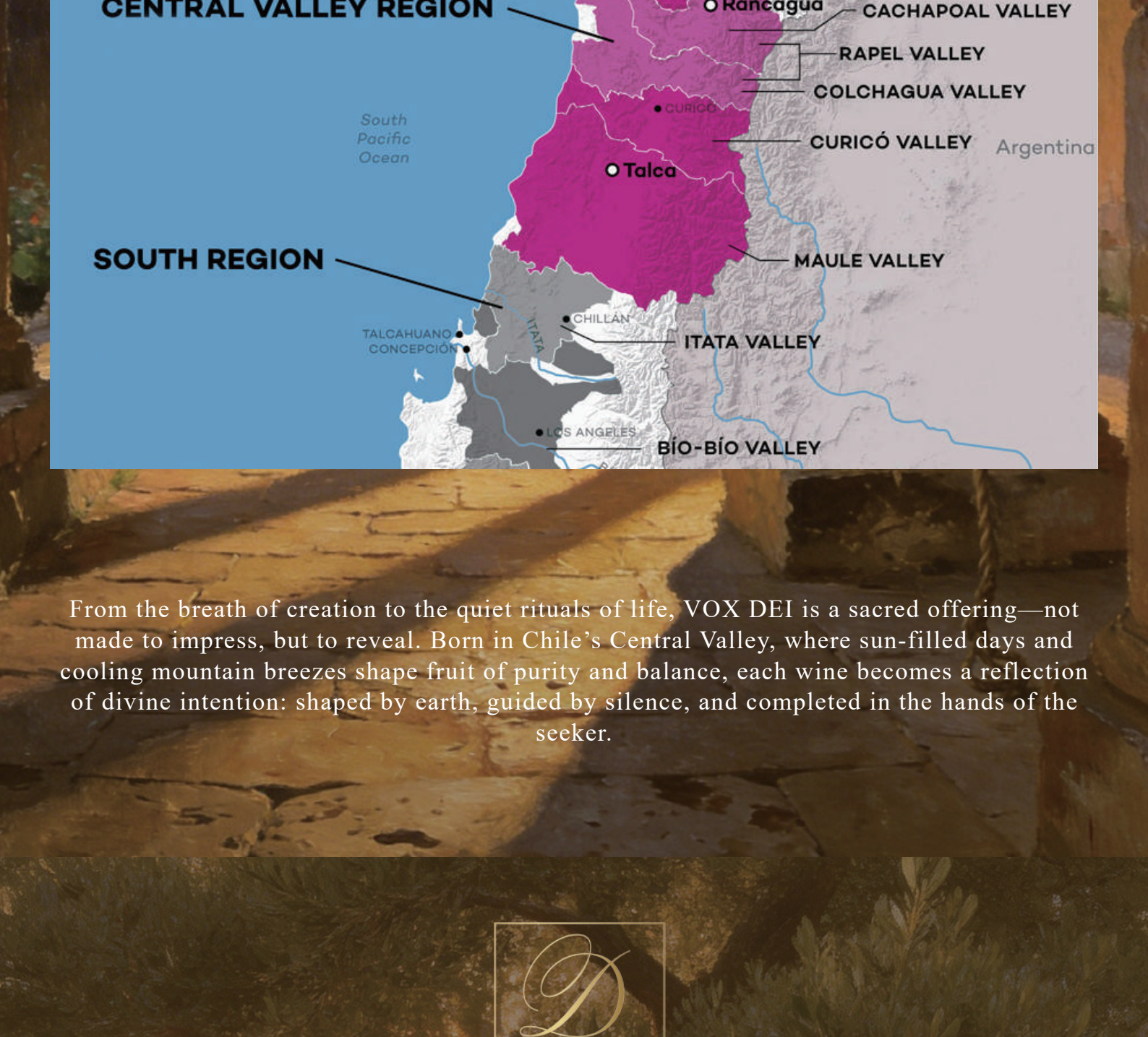
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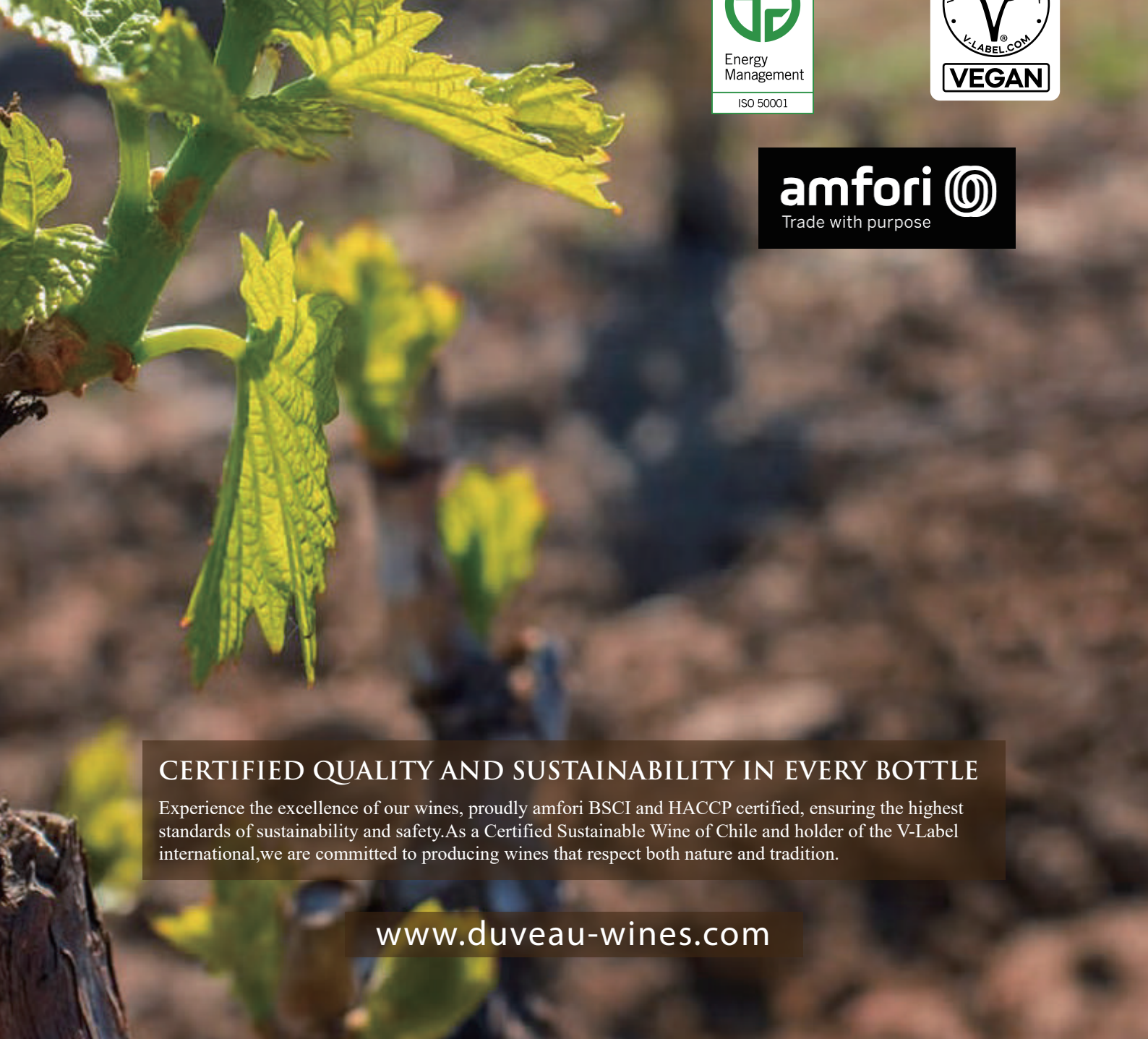
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