

My Own Invention

Aftershock

Twisting path and rolling hills, imprisoned by thy selfish will, this wonderment suffocates me. Twisting path and rolling hills, I doubt virtues you instill, this wonderment suffocates me. Twisting path and rolling hills, secrets told while truths lie still, this wonderment suffocates me. Through my eyes, I have seen majestic ends justify poverished means. You exemplify preconceived connotations, I symbolize eminent transformation. Contrive your obscure repetition. Conceive my ascension from self ambition. Twisting path and rolling hills, impossible petulance it kills, this wonderment suffocates me. Twisting path and rolling hills, your vassal shell cannot fulfill, this wonderment liberates me. The time has come now child, there is no turning back. Succeed to yourself, transcend reflections mirrored in those eyes of glass. RISE!

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