

# The Escape

Alfons Conde

Memory is fiction, so the past is your invention  
Catch yourself, self-dissect, how youth outlives age  
    How beauty shames skill  
Prayer is for dependents and wish is for the will  
    A struggle for independence, a harmless stage  
    Art gaining post-mortem fame  
    Oh Creatice!

Your vibrant portfolio has never shown as brightly  
    As your latest masterpiece  
All efforts' fruition in such a wondrous offspring  
    How did you manage a piece so perfect?  
Entrancing passers-by to lock eyes and gaze, hypnotized  
    Overcome with a need to outdo the last  
A child born so dependent rebels so quickly once he has his footing  
Forgets who and where raised him and how he came to be  
    But a growing pain cannot explain behavior of the like  
    A perfect child deserves the best  
    But at the cost of what else did you instill this need  
    To over-consume without regret?  
    Broken pencils, charred marble drafts  
    He leaves destruction in his path  
    Your one mistake, oh great Creatice  
    Was giving too large a brain  
(This organ, like disease, can disseminate beyond your reach  
    You didn't predict this, a carnal rebellion in its wake)

Strike back with forces beyond his reach  
    That even six billion can't defeat  
Go lock up the aggressor, quarantine before it's too late  
    Bred to lose sense of consequence  
In his greed he exhausts your milk, your blood, your shelter...  
    Don't let him escape!

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Throw your blood upon his lands, your skin cracked and depleted

Suck the air out from his lungs, expose him fully, let him burn  
Show him to appreciate, discipline the cruel ingrate  
You still have the power to reshape - do not let this escalate  
Vapors vanish in the night, statuesque guards seconds too late  
What rebellion possessed thee?  
A dangerous subterfuge, a lonely rampage, anxious fleet  
Like limbs tumbling horizontally  
Now it's too late - the child has escaped!  
Indignant ties, parental constraints  
A child protected sets self free  
And the ingrate will lie in the bed he has made  
As a self-imposed apocalypse finally sets You free

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