Constrict

Earth Crisis

Rage has ruled me for so long that I don't want to think anymore.
I've tried to claw my way out, but I am sealed
in. It seems the game is designed to make me lose.
It's weight slowly drags me down. I draw a breath as I slip under. The dim
light fades as descent begins. I have to fight my way through.
Stark flesh sinks through the freezing liquid darkness. Pale
hands bound before me, rushing deeper with every heartbeat.
I will not relent to despair. As depression contricts it's coils
close in around me. Depression contricts.
My will is the blade that cuts the coils from around me.

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