Closure

Botch

your faith and blind devotion are the actions of one aware, created as machines for the lawless powers of those who would never care. the blood runs off their hands, as thick as their precious black gold. something they think is worth dying for, something we can't condone. their chains will break. we can't let this continue, the rape of our world, only to ensure the success of those who don't give a fuck about what they crush, under their flagrant despot footsteps. i won't wear the blindfold.

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