

Waiting out the Winter

The Agonist

Which is more elusive; freedom or sanity?

When one disappears the other follows so quickly. Certain species, races, beings are gifted, you see, with the power to rob us of either should they feel so inclined to bother. The land is run by a man-made set of rules, described as Holy or patriotic tools. Ethics are invented although a consciousness is not. Adamant beliefs are highly protected and when challenged frequently emerge victorious. You can't speak, think or feel. Severed wings never heal. So justifies the kill. Wait out the winter under forced custody. The static cold feels more like home than this open-armed penitentiary and we embrace the comfort of lost liberty. So fictile is identity without self-governance.

(They name the soul the important part)

That's why free thinkers feel so lost and desperate.

(But every species has a heart) And I just witnessed my first death. I watched the last escaping breath. I just saw a life turn into death. For them to claim it doesn't count is reckless, blind ignorance. A cry for help, silenced, I saw her go...

I don't know where, a frightened stare became a lifeless glare...

Suddenly she was no longer there with me although I'm there with her. I didn't quite know when it was okay to exhale... The excuse making race decides that breaking their own laws applies, but taking any life is wrong. I feel the pain for one. Though you can stand, still learn, still ignore, the weight of knowledge cracks glass floors. Ink runs quickly, blood runs slow, so wait for the rain (red) waters to flood the snow. Wait out the winter under forced custody. The static cold feels more like home than this open-armed penitentiary and we embrace the comfort of... Disgrace yourself because you've caged yourself in. Destined path's a dead end. Eyes take snapshots from broken clocks. Motion slows to a sleep walk and senses shut down with the frost and all is ending...

Mental hibernation

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