

We have survived this life so far, but how far have we really come?

What stops us from finally feeling complete?

The time I have taken to myself has left me with the feeling that I may just be fine all alone.

The leaves once green, now a fiery red, crackle underfoot as we make our way past the rotten pillars of our past discretions.

I need this to be over. I know that now. Holding on to cold hands and sunken eyes hasn't held the same charm as it once did.

I am fast approaching my rebirth. No more childish dreams. No more adolescent desires. No more breath of fresh air.

Leave me to my work. I am not like all the others

My love and my hate for you are infinite

May I walk through this hideous world without fear of regret.

I shall consume the hate that consumes me.

Let me wash away my pain and mistrust in the tears of those foolish enough to get in my way.

I shall cut off the hand at the wrist and feed upon my master.

None can be better. None will be stronger. No one will hold judgment over my head.

I am the beacon, the forest fire, the tire yard set ablaze.

I am the smoldering ember in the darkness that surrounds us all

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This is my passion. This is my calling. This is my prison. This is me

My love and my hate for you are infinite