

Fortified

GEL

Trying to see
Vision unclear
Distortions persist
We bend and we veer

Different destination than what was first planned
Depleted but hungry, I forge with my hands
With my hands

It presses up
Pulling me down
Rope that restrains
Tightly bound

Self-inflicted fear of the unknown
Shackles gripping tight pulled off from the throne
From the throne

Hiding from who? The glare of the world?
Is it a glare? Or a gaze to behold?

Don't fucking cower
Stand your ground
Stare right back and be proud