

its cold on the outskirts of the fire
and we shiver in confusion
greedily huddling for warmth, next to the dancing flames back to
back,
wallowing in shame.

isa.....whose been cast and carved into the oak, our fear causes
stillness
we are like the glass waters of an undisturbed pond.
petrified in our selfishness, only moving to satiate our own desires
and quench our own thirsts

into the void we all fall.
abandon humanity as we abandon law

away from bullets and fire
and bombs overhead.
its easy to escape state oppression, but not to escape ourselves

to learn to live as one body, away from this capitalist hell

poison runes.....merkstave
the ink that smears your flesh
branded with this human curse
to only care for ones self
it takes more than one tree to create the forests canopy...

how do we learn to live as one body and yet maintain our individual
autonomy?
this war has just begun and the most deadly weapon is our own hands

when one of us falls in the field
(i will become your shield)
when one of us harvests the grain
(all of us will eat again)
when ever a child is born
(a warrior she will become)
when one of us ever is slain
(all of us will feel his pain)