

Prometheus

Thou

The exhortations of traditionalism ring hollow: the echoing footsteps of cross-bearing martyrs, the rejection of free will, the inability to meet the challenge of critical thought and individualism. Heads bowed and eyes closed to the joys of today. Three things only do slaves require: work, food, and their religion. Those callous-kneed ringer-kissers. The eyes of providence are blinded to the suffering that surrounds. True compassion is drowned by the baying and shuffle of the flock, bleating through a self-constructed hell. The fire in your heart is out. That once blazing light wreathed in the gloom of depravity, that unwavering standard to rally behind, that intellectual harvest-it's now barren and wasted, strangled by weeds of complacency, frozen and bloodless in passion's tomb. I must escape sentimentality; clear away these dusty, maudlin affections; turn my back on the corpse of the past; learn to accept the death of ideals. Everything has changed. Nothing has changed