

The Mass of the Earth

The Agonist

I just wrote to tell you this;
I did just my very best
I went far but got stuck there
I picked up the pieces, I was your vigilant soldier
but the mass of the earth just weighed too heavily on
me
How can truth be opinion?
How can fact be right and wrong?
The familiar turned strange, good and evil unhinged.

My utilitarian comfort unsettled
Consequentialist moral reasons categorically examined
Self-knowledge is a loss of innocence!
I heard your call to arms
set off the doomsday alarm,
but never heard back
So, I set out alone
I don't believe all I've been shown

A quest for truth and fact
I passed a desert town
Uninhabitable pastures of ash brown
Abandoned structures littered like an Aestan scene
But then desperate people appeared
They had lived in constant drought for ten years
ever since pollution got the best of them – wiped them
clean
So, I thought "I'll take their curse away!
Let them flourish, I'll take the pain."
I lifted their drought and went on my way

So I'm asking you, help me carry?
I'm Atlas, Jesus and Hades
Won't someone please take this weight off of me?
The destination is obsolete

The journey is bitter-sweet
Logic and consistency do not mix with morality
Justify your atrocities, the trump card never fails
Remove the greed and the ego, and the consciences
prevails
No longer empty-handed,
I stopped at the coast to rest
but found a flood of people drowning in a sea of hatred
They begged and pleaded "End this war!
Have acceptance and peace restored!"
So, I drank up all their poison oaths

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I'm Atlas, Jesus and Hades
Won't someone please take this weight off of me?
The destination is obsolete

There's nothing left but wrong with me
Global systems all degrading
I'll take the problems so the World can breathe
And I have nowhere to take them so

forever they'll accompany me
The future is much longer than the past
I picked up wrongs along the way
removed them from the mass
But I still had to jettison things
to outrun gravity and not wanting to further pollute

I just left behind parts of me
I'm collecting your tradition, your religion, your
depression
I'm trading in your affection to put us all to sleep
So here I lay, bent shoulders, broken ribs
I sink into the earth and all I can hope is to take
this baggage to the grave
one more step I cannot take
by the time you read this I'll have passed away.