

Limits

Ador Dorath

Where are the limits of selfishness
I hope that the man is not only a perverted matter
Is not only a beast
That grabs everything he wants
Instinctively, without thinking.
I hope that we are not losing
The faith to each other
Obsessed with ourselves
Living without sympathy, drifted apart
We are making cages
Live passes as the clouds on the sky
It is up to you choose the way
The clouds that grow big will fly away, disappear
Once they will part another time they join
But unlike them the man has a choice
To be the one that get at the expense of the rest?

Where is the equality before conscience
Why the man acts in the way
He does not want
The others to act

For the love to himself?
For his comfort?
For own pleasure
Without remorse
To satisfy the ambitions to kill humanity

I stretch out my hands and cry out
As I rise for the seventh time
From the dust
When friend knocked me down