

Misanthropist

As Hell Retreats

-No love is given to the boy. Not from a father that has neglected him since his mother's death; not from a minister that has pushed him away. The boy feels love from no one. He has lost not only faith but also hope for mankind.

I will not see eye to eye with mankind.
Misanthropy is clouding my mind.
With all the judgments surrounding me,
How can I be pure again?
The cynical ways are coming with full force.
Will there ever be an end?
If there was any hope in my heart, it faded away.
It faded away, along with my only saint.
As much as I want to believe in something,
Whether it be for a god or for man,
My hope has faded away.
The question stirs in my head:
Would I be going in this direction
If the giant would have left me alone?
The answer will be unknown

I'm yearning for connection
I don't want to be alone, but I have no home.
No one can understand me, therefore no one can save me.
I can't even save myself...