

Born From Pain

Earth Crisis

Strength. Born from pain. Beyond that of my flesh.
Betrayed, robbed and beaten, but not defeated. Through my
search for allies, I have found myself.
Persistence is the answer to regain all that was taken.
Hatred drives me onwards
across to desolation of dying dreams and failure,
to find I am my own salvation. From the experience of injustice
, from the
horror that I have witnessed comes the knowledge that freedom must be won.
Strangled by frustration, no longer will I be my
victim. My patience is waning, now all it takes is one spark to
set me off. I have to try to find some peace and hold that
peace inside before it gets too late. Emancipate my mind.
Breathing life into my visions, forcing them into reality.
From paradise into the inferno, into paradise, into paradise.
Situation Degenerates- The situation degenerates. Again alcohol
hits
the bloodstream. Overwhelmed by the desire to feed the desire.
Inebriation numbs the brain. Nothing changes, nothing
improves. Empty bottles and empty days.
The captive is pulled deeper into an aimless maze.
Wasted time passes as the walls of
the vice close in. Dying internal organs no longer function.
Judgement impaired, direction lost. Trapped in a repeating
process. Wasted time passes as the walls of the vice close in.
Dying internal organs no longer function. Judgement impaired,
direction lost. Trapped in a repeating process.
The painkiller takes a life.
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