

Constrict

Earth Crisis

Rage has ruled me for so long that I don't want to think anymore.

I've tried to claw my way out, but I am sealed in. It seems the game is designed to make me lose.

Its weight slowly drags me down. I draw a breath as I slip under. The dim

light fades as descent begins. I have to fight my way through.

Stark flesh sinks through the freezing liquid darkness. Pale hands bound before me, rushing deeper with every heartbeat.

I will not relent to despair. As depression constricts its coils

close in around me. Depression constricts.

My will is the blade that cuts the coils from around me.