

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.
It's 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 it's coils close in around me. Depression constricts.
My will is the blade that cuts the coils from around me.