

The Pile Of Flesh You Carry

Fuck the Facts

A life long obsession. The goal to achieve. A devotion, to the wealthy dream. The work, and first, your work. With the belief the world would have collapsed. With all the pride, the reward, of your own destruction, and every-one fallen side. Hundreds of hours of pride. Your golden timeless mid-life daydreams, they've splurged on meaningless luxuries. You can't taste the benefits of a sacrifice life line story. Your punishing physical struggle. Helpless, in lost dreams? You pleaded out loud to ease the pain, to stop the nights, the sleepless nights. To silence, the pile of flesh you carry. Your eye blinks, saying thanks for the end of your despair. My sleepless night debating if I violated your right to life. If I fought for human dignity or for the last respect of life sacracry.