

No Care Ever

Ion Dissonance

Could more have been done?

Bright lights flashing through the night sky.
Incoherent voices flood the void consumed.
Gazing over the remains of this transformed cast,
how could we left it come to this?

Finding yourself stranded at crossroads.
Hesitant to proceed forward.
Led to believe from the start that we are the ones to
break the mold
and our insecurities are obstacles to overcome.

Choking on bullshit lies,
introduced by our forefathers.
The notion of absolution.
This notion of absolution,
the profoundest of fairy tales declared.
From the depths we have risen overcoming these said
obstacles.
Feel our inspiration arise,
strengthen these ties,
masking the truth before our very eyes.
I stand before you today battered and bruised,
rusted broken and abused.
I no longer want to play my part in this.

I now refuse to play a role in this.

The harshest of realizations is understanding that
through this.
Throughout this mess, I could have done more.

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Reluctant to proceed forward.
Led to believe from the start that we are the ones to
break the mold.