

Dying Embers

Salem

Sitting beside the mirror
Looking at the face he's always known
All he sees is a shadow of himself
An image covered in scars
Pain, suffering, all he's ever had
Pain, suffering, all he'll ever know
He was the object of his parent's fighting
Their aggressions always turned to him
He had no outlet to his feelings
And so he turned to his inner self
The pain got stronger every day
Until there was no way to stop it
The natural way of conformity
Is to mold each child to society's needs
But this system can't fit everyone
Each individual will always be different
Reality is morbidity
Reality is insanity
Society creating reality
Society ignoring humanity
We are creating our sins