

# Ostensibly Impregnable

## Textures

Abundance!  
Satisfied with life.  
Grown integrity flourished.  
Dreaming as the days go by.  
Fading as the voices cry.

Impregnable conscience.

Memories I recall today, the time to come clears them away.  
The striving goes on.  
I remain untouched, parted from all constraint.

Still it haunts me phantom-wise.  
Echoes fade and memories die by the hand that grasped away a once presupposed life.

Breakdown.  
Dreams burn in the void.  
From man, to machine, to victim.  
Parted by force.

Dark clouds cast over the frontline .  
Blood taints the sand .  
Fragments & chaotic views roam through the trenches.  
Is this reality?  
Ear-clenching noise above .  
Recollections make way for the encompassing fall of darkness..