

The Oppressors

The Hell

I loose my tongue
And tell all who will listen
And beg of my friend
To assume my position
Pretending belief,
Then try to explain
But clearly they really believe I'm insane

Despite the intensity of all that I have seen
My rigid conviction - it was not a dream
They cast seeds of uncertainty
Deep in my mind
They implant ambiguity
Attempting to blind me

My trembling arm is taken
By a stranger's outstretched hand
His grip is firm
His voice is firm
And I succumb
To his demands

Confused (and not a little scared) I am taken to a room,
where but one single candle flame relieves the heavy gloom
There do I retell my tale, not once,
but many times, at last, believed,
I am relieved, contentment now is mine

"...In ships of fire and helms of bronze they came to meet me
A sight as strange as death itself - believe me, don't bereave
me
Children of light from the corners of time, fanning the embers
of piece
Their intent was defied in the face of mankind, and begone,
we compelled them to leave..."
All at once their sympathy averts to ridicule,
they scorn me as they would a clown, a jester, or a fool
"Forgive us for misleading you", my captor wryly said,
"those things you saw were real enough - but only in your head"

So am I insane? Now I'm not so sure, straining my senses still
I must endure
Trapped in this labyrinth of doubt and confusion, denial of all
is my only solution