

The Benevolent Pawn

Vulture Industries

I urged to do good, but somehow motives, action and its consequence can form absurd chains.
I never fully understood but somehow, somehow these grew taint.
Obscured my inner eye.
Spawned interior lies.

The lies turned to truth in my eyes.
Called upon me to commit these deeds,
I would consider vile. As if these hands weren't mine.
I paused and beheld his dead eyes,
And momentarily I glimpsed my distorted I.
But, this clearness died.

Could I confine my mind, to justify my crime?
Every trivial move could bind
This twisted fate of mine.

I tried to conform but these malevolent fingers,
These malicious fingers were plotting my doom.
I turned the deaf ear but the voices still lingered,
And thus my new image continued to bloom.
This devilish contraption controlling my fingers,
Towards times of chaos and gloom.

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