

There is no solace in a world that lacks empathy.  
How, then, do we find ourselves  
when we have no one to turn to?  
We are all bone and flesh,  
only but dust when we decay.  
Dig your hands into the dirt,  
and let your ultimate destiny  
run through your fingers.

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The soundless anxieties of a world  
begging for forgiveness.  
Can you hear the screams in the distance?  
Deaf to their sufferings;  
dirt, gravel, leaves, snow, mud;  
traversing the land and its shapes.  
Take a deep breath,  
one at a time,  
step by meticulous step.  
The weight of the silence crushes  
the very darkness of the void.  
What remains even if shadows can't hide?

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How nice it must be to have complete control of one's dreamscape.  
To shape the images accordingly.  
To see who you want to see.  
    (a long lost lover, perhaps?)  
To feel the way you've always wanted.  
    (vindication well deserved.)  
To go wherever you want.  
    (a distant star far and away.)  
How nice it must be to evade those nightmares that cast us in a cold sweat.

Shapeless.  
Unmoving  
Quiet.  
Neither light nor dark.  
Neither living nor dead.  
It is a thing that tickles our mind,  
tricks the heart,  
and torments the soul.  
It makes want,  
need,  
desire.  
It takes anything,  
everything,  
nothing.  
We cannot escape it.  
It always wins.  
We cannot suppress it.  
It always comes back.  
It simply is.  
We simply are.

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The sun doesn't shine here.  
There is only the grey decay of  
a forest once vibrant.  
Bark peels and rots like flesh cut  
with a dull knife.  
Skeletal remnants of wild life serve  
as a warning to travelers:  
This is where you die.