

7 Generations "Ritual"

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Horror in the eyes of a gentle being
As the butchers blade approaches to end a life of
Torment
Skin is torn, a final cry in anguish
All that could have been fades as a tortured heart
Beats for the last time
A living creature that could have been loved and felt
Love in return
Confined to a waking nightmare of loneliness, abuse
and
Brutality
Deprived of freedom, surrounded by filth and knowing
Nothing but pain
A tragic, hopeless existence doomed to end in a violent
Death
Sacrificed by compassionless hands on the bloody
altars
Of
Convenience, apathy and greed
Mutilated, carved limb from limb into a lifeless pile
Of flesh
To satisfy the urge to dine on the dead
A systematic atrocity of domination and destruction
Creating famine, pestilence and suffering
An endless slaughter perpetuated by merciless killers
Devoid of
Any reverence
With no justification beyond might makes right

And there is not one second of this inhumanity that is
Righteous, necessary or excusable. Every single
Instance, every animal murdered in terror is an act of
Cruelty without beauty and a death for no reason. Every
Meal that comes at the price of a life is complicity in
A holocaust that is beyond comparison
And the cold, callous, thoughtless continuation of a
Vicious ritual of bloodlust

A ritual of bloodlust

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