

Ion

"Scorn Haven"

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...And I woke up in a blur and was tied up, hurt,
adrenaline scorching inside, as it raced through my
veins.

I was coughing up blood, I must've looked like shit...
and the worst part was that I had no recollection
what'soever of what, or who brought me here?
And why?

But before I could make any senses of this situation, I
heard it all loudly and clearly;

"I resent your vile existence!

I truly despise what I've designed and you're a major
factor in that little kid.

I saw an elder man, or the reflection of my future Self.

That's when it all came back to me;

The Bar, the magnum, the shots of J.D...

Perdition's rhetorical theory:

I'm sorry nobody loves you, but just think about how
miserable I have become and that's all your fault.

I haven't smiled once since the day you were born...

[Ref:JTHM]

"I give into ever day's decline, unscathed, that was just
Freewill!

I know something's inherently wrong in this, but
nonetheless, you should've treated it as a gift" said the
voice.

"You're name is of no importance to me anymore.

This is how I perceive you and your kin; blood, tissues,
tubes and fat.

A most simplistic schematic, grotesquely heightened
by desires and wires.

Like butter scraped over too much bread, your lifeline
is growing thinner,

[Ref: LOTR]

Worship my pores, my sweat... palpable like my
overgrowing distaste for mankind" and the voice
sighed audibly.

As if it was scanning inward to expel the last shards of
pity from it's heart.

Or maybe it was only trying to convince itself still, but

just lacking in better words to use, and now bending
over the twilight blinding my swollen eyes.

I thought I saw God.

"You strayed away from the Path, now, Gott ist Tot and
be the hammer my witness.

"I shall uproot the herd as I often did before!" said HE,
the elder.

[Ref:Nietzsche]

During his lecture, I abruptly spring free from my
shackles and with fear as weapon, strangled all life out
of the elder man.

The poignant scenario of a dying breed and it's
dilemmas.

The Seed overcoming it's fate, and overpowering it's
sovereign.

"Fuck the Scriptures; I'm questioning the question,
Through Murder; it took me five second to climb
Babel's Tower"

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