

Ion

"Through Evidence"

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To proceed down this path which I call my life, is an intricate journey through dark disturbance.
To undertake this path again I called life, is to understand that I never once held a chance.
It will be the last time I will ever lay my eyes on you.
Oh dear Gaia.
My life is now slowly winding down.
Cold concrete has now numbed my joints, from my days locked away down here.
Arming myself with useless courage, I guess hoping for a miracle.
When in fact I'm less than a pious being,
(God himself couldn't save me here).
To undertake this path again I called life, is to understand that I never once held a chance.
Mother I am so scared now.
Unaccustomed to playing the role of the victim.
Uncertainty is quite dreadful, but I have pushed on too far to come back, I have pushed on too far to come back.
My recollection of thought is so vague, a foggy visions of repugnance.
Yet I do recall the look of fear, imprinted on so many nameless faces.
Bloodshed was inevitably welcomed from there on.
Held captive like a slave for days without any light.
Confined to a stale, ill-at-ease room.
How I survived so far, is a miracle in itself, now I wait...
Mercy through death.

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