

A Whisper Rising "Retiring"

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Another jog through hell, but why are you pacing?
We're not out of the woods.
If this lesson fails, could I pack up and leave?
I wonder if I could.
No, I cannot ignore. I cannot abort.
No, I cannot afford to lose what I am owed.
To my esteemed colleagues,
Who smiled when they met me and hoped that I would
fail,
Forget the kind words told, and the complimentaries.
All you fucks can go to hell.
I guess I've known it all, but I could not refuse to go.
I cannot ignore. I cannot abort.
No, I cannot afford to lose what I am owed.
Another jog through hell, and here we are pacing.
We burnt down the fucking woods.
I guess their lessons failed with one target remaining.
It's back to Hollywood.

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