

## **Ken Mode**

# **"Obeying the Iron Will"**

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Sharp flickers of light set my senses ablaze.  
Rain hits the window in waves;  
Pulsing like the warm flashes that course over my  
nerves as the subconscious erupts into bittersweet  
bliss.  
This has been culminating for Æons and it appears the  
stage has been set for our epic conquest.  
Sever combinations of raw animal lust and the most  
poignant of spiritual connections;  
If I believed in destiny, this would be it.  
My queen, my queen.  
I survived through stagnancy on your prose;  
Rebuilt in the face of devastation and brought  
conquest to new lands wishing you were by my side?  
I count myself lucky that this torturous dance ever  
commenced, yet curse the parameters surrounding it  
daily.  
Woven from the same scarce cloth.  
I'm tired of living for what could have been, as life  
is too short for second best.  
My queen, my queen.

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