

Protest the Hero

"I Am Dmitri Karamazov And The World Is My Father"

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So it starts, from one impurity held in place by loveless security, always thrown around and beaten by squinted eyes that soon bear turned back, abstract views through broken bottles of brandy. I'm questioned all my life why I kept on saying that I didn't even ask to be here, you made that choice for me, enrolled me in your schools and church and in your god forsaken military. What cost do I pay for being born of you? My life, enslaved by passions, held away from me. Who is my mother? Where is her grace? Where is that subtle joy I crave? It's gone, or should I say never existed anyway. Through blurry winter clouds and snow melted by anger - my subscription. my addiction. If I had one love in the world : you tried to take it away. A pound of nuts is simply not enough to keep my rage at bay and though I didn't kill you. like you tried to do to me. I'm just as guilty because I would have wanted to be free.

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