Hatred

Hatred is the ultimate motivation, isn’t it?

Oh not hatred for another person or thing, no THAT is too easy

Putting your troubles on the shoulders of another? No, YOU have been mistaken my friend

You see that’s not hatred, it’s cowardice.

But what is the root of that feeling hmm?

That feeling of that weight bringing you down, EACH and everyday

Lower and LOWER, breaking down your bones, INCH by damn inch

I’ll tell you what that is, it’s hatred.

Hatred of what you have become.

I ask you, do you remember your dreams?

Those visions of glory and rapture, I know you do.

I know you fight to hold on to those visions because all that waits when you wake is a life of emptiness

Meaningless files being shifted from desk to desk

POISON being served to eager peasants who have forgotten the taste of real food

Only to be CODDLED by warped angles of reality on an ever-lasting box of pretty lies

And these lies are broadcasted, daily, nightly, ON DEMAND, furthering your decent into blissful misery

But you can change that

You can rise, like the preverbal phoenix OUT of your abyss, OUT of your uselessness and OUT of your cowardice……by reveling in your hatred. A hatred of a lesser…you.

Engulf yourself in this subdued rage because the bottom is the first step towards salvation.

One day the cowards will no longer lay dormant and they will rise.

YOU will rise

WE…..WILL…RISE!