

Red-lined walls of thin crimson blessings –
Flimsy and fragile and paraded
Like trophies and prizes hung on mantelpieces,
A collector's heaven a genius' pride

And if not enough, *black smudges* adorn
Like peerless taints on fair red stains
Or a murder of crows descending on a plateau
Eerily reminiscent of agony's woes

Letters upon letters, characters upon characters
Piling higher and yet higher with each passing year
As if growing flames of passionate lies
Spreading their vileness and evil hide

Commissioners wait at aged wooden desks
Anticipation of the coming festivities
When people do their best to forget
To lose sight of pain and sufferings

fes ti val /'festəvəl/ n

An annual celebration or anniversary

A day of coercion of losing themselves
A sunrise and sundown of neglect and abandon
The long-awaited day when everyone pretends
That everything is alright

Putting death on hold so the world can ignore
The unfortunate who, quite unfortunately,
Are unfortunate enough to be unfortunate
And celebrations rage

Pretend that hopes and dreams and aspirations
Are always existing, always fulfilled
Pretend that pains and hurts and sufferings
Have never been conceived, will never be

Because everyone living on this earth
Desires some measure of delusion that would
Put them at rest – ease their guilt of not caring enough –
Wrapped up in a cocoon of lies

Bliss is a product of ignorance
And despair the consequence of awareness
Living in wondrous, spun falsities
In a room of red, red blessings

Locked and sealed in a perfect world
Unburdened by blood and tears and toil
But merely cushioned by red-stained walls
Protecting a tomorrow that never comes

Delusions and illusions and all imaginations
Of Golden Fleece and silver braids
Wondrous stories told, retold, reworded
Omitting tales of humanity

Truth often lies where man does not seek
Content in his understanding
(Or, the lack thereof)
That his world must be the world in full

There can exist no other opinion outside;
His perception is law and absolute
Should man decide that all knows not pain
So it shall be – thus only where he believes

*Crafted by human hands: Imperfect
Blessed by human words: Powerless
Wished by human hearts: Meaningless
Full sum of which: None*

Perversion of viridian joys
Mockery of the poor and the rich
Rain everlasting on a forever parched land
What choose you to ignore?

And as such stars fall into gravity's embrace
That man forget not only themselves,
Their humanity, their ability to recognise truth
Lost in abyss of unreachable depths

With natural grace is the sky littered with lights
T'was the laws of mankind put into motion
They will bless all that they wish to bless
And they will forget all that they wish not to remember

1st Law:

Mankind shall never willingly exchange itself for another

2nd Law:

Mankind's actions are dictated by resistance and stubbornness

3rd Law:

For every man that dwells in joy, another dwells in misery

Universal laws they are: Forgotten laws they are