

Where hearts have no conquerors

by Lena Vanelslander

Let's just rest and let the wind blow through our hair, while the mountains quake and the trees shake their leaves. Towards another destiny, a new world ... where greed is only a word without significance, hunger doesn't belong in a dictionary and money is only an archeological object.

Let's just talk and let our words be woven into a veil of tears. Where our hearts can have no conquerors, where we only seek to comprehend. Let's gain understanding, move into a different habit, symbolising what could have been.

Here, upon my deadbed, I call upon thee ... you the young and the weak. The deficient and mongrels of society, resist! The burden is upon you, my abnormal friends, to revolt, against this: the one that never questioned itself, the only so freaking selfsure and the true dominance of the individual.

There is a time to lie down and tolerate, there is a time to indulge and seek compromise but now ... now there is only a time to exterminate.

