Idea- never say name/

The prisoner is eased into consciousness as they peal their eyes open. Greeted with the dim luminescence pouring from candle light. Creating an eari movenment within the jail, dancing shadows play among walls. The prisoner’s gaze falls apathetically on the movement, having long given up on joining them. The prisoner had no notions of freedom, they had long forgotten the meaning of the word. They had no care for the chains attaching them to their cage, chaffing their wrist so flesh underneath had broken and begun to fuse around medals edges. The prisoner no longer felt the pain, they had long abandoned such feelings. As the prsioner