I will mock you, ridicule your meagre existence. The more you resist, the more I'll insist, until you surrender to the temptation. I am not your emancipator, I have come to drug you, and drag you to the keel of your misery. I'll leave you there, alone. What would you make out of it? Go overboard? Can you? I dare you to move. Rebuild or conform, from ground zero.

I don't want you to possess a heart of gold, that's too malleable. I'd rather turn you into stone, sharp at the edges, immaculately carved into a form so divine that it is atrocious.

Who am I? For you, I am a Nobody, who has eyes to see and ears to hear, nothing more. What have I achieved to be so boisterous about and be so high on hubris? Nothing.