

“Descent”

by itzhexen

(a journey through despair and extremes)

Pride (Now a Prison):

They told me I was made to lead—
So I grew tall on praise and need.
But now the height is all I know,
And no one sees how far I'll go.
I cannot fall. I cannot break.
So I destroy for my own sake.

Envy (Now a Curse):

I watched them smile and tore inside,
Till all I felt was scorched and dried.
I drank their joy until I choked,
Then burned the world so it broke.
If I can't have, no one will—
That's the only peace I feel.

Wrath (Now a Weapon):

They hurt me once—I made it known.
They did not stop, so I alone
Became the fire, the final scar,
The end to all that pushed too far.
Now every kindness feels like bait—
I love best when I devastate.

Sloth (Now a Grave):

At first I paused to catch my breath.
Then days grew still. Then came the death.
I watched the sun rise without care,
And let the rot inside me wear.
Now I do nothing, speak no name—
A ghost that learned to like the shame.

Greed (Now a Black Hole):

I took the world and found it bare.
I filled my hands with gold and air.
No joy, no pride, just more and more,
Until I couldn't close the door.
I own it all, yet own no peace—
And crave the one thing I can't lease.

Gluttony (Now a Hunger for Ruin):

I fed on love, on food, on skin—
Till I forgot where I begin.
The more I had, the less I felt,
My mind dissolved, my body knelt.
And still I gorge, though nothing stays—

A beast in chains that eats its days.

Lust (Now a Shattered Mirror):
I kissed the void with every breath,
And called it life when it was death.
I lost myself in skin and moans,
And now I lie with hollow bones.
Each touch became a kind of theft—
I gave so much there's nothing left.

The Forces Beyond... Witness the Extremes
Temptation (Now the Architect):
I never asked for blood or screams—
I only offered fractured dreams.
You came to me when truth grew cold,
And begged I take your hands to hold.
I plant no hate, I sell no pain—
I simply whisper, "Break your chain."

Redemption (Now a Ghost):
They only seek me when they drown,
When silence screams and hope burns down.
I come too late, if I come at all—
My voice is quiet. They want the fall.
I reach for those who never see—
That grace is not a guarantee.

Death (Now the Answer):
They curse my name, then beg for me.
They fear, then ask to be set free.
I am the stillness, not the knife—
I end the war they called a life.
And when they fall, I do not speak.
I hold them all. I make them weak.

Final Chorus (All Voices at the Edge):
We chased the light and found the flame.
We played the game and lost the name.
We tore the sky to feel the ground,
We screamed, but never heard a sound.
In every sin, a shattered plea—
In every fall, a piece of me.