

"Echoes in the Void"

by itzhexen

Optimist:

I see the dawn beyond the night,
A chance to stand, to make things right.
Though shadows fall, the sun will rise—
A promise written in the skies.

Pessimist:

But darkness creeps in every crack,
And hope can fade, then never come back.
The wounds run deep, the nights are long,
Sometimes the light just feels so wrong.

Believer:

I hold a faith that will not bend,
A guiding star that won't descend.
In broken trust, I find my way,
A fragile hope to face the day.

Doubter:

I search for truth but find it thin,
No gods, no plans, no hope within.
Just empty space and silent screams,
The world is less than what it seems.

Nihilist:

The void devours all dreams we weave,
No meaning's left, no tales to grieve.
All fades to dust, no soul remains—
Just endless dark and boundless chains.

Realist:

Between these lines, we carve our fate,
No perfect good, no flawless hate.
Just choices made with trembling hands,
And consequences no one plans.

Opportunist:

I move between the cracks and shades,
Where light is weak and promise fades.
No faith or doubt can chain my hand—
I take my place, I make my stand.

Pragmatist:

No gods above, no dreams to save,
Just careful steps across the grave.
I bend, adapt, and play the game,
Survival's rule—no one to blame.

Lawful Good:

I build my walls with iron laws,
Protect the weak from ruthless claws.
Justice guides my steady hand,
Order carved from shifting sand.

Chaotic Evil:

I burn the scripts that bind your soul,
Unleash the dark to claim control.
Chaos dances, wild and free,
No chains, no rules, just anarchy.

All:

We walk this line, both lost and found,
Where hope and fear spin round and round.
No certain truth, no final voice—
Just echoes in the void, our choice.