

That's How It Went !

it won't be easy... for you to understand and you couldn't...

it's a moment made of darkness... and suffering...

total instability turmoil and so much confusion...

no chances possibility of reaction... of getting out of it? much less...

words are of little use... the decision has been made...

Dem is out of his mind with all his power with all his impetuosity with all his violence...

and he has put his teeth on me... and he won't let go of me anymore...

he wants to pull the plug... like this... at all costs... at all costs...

he is plundering me... he is devastating me... he is tearing me apart... he is consuming me...

the garrisons?... destroyed!... the battle?...

lost... lost... lost... lost... lost... lost... lost... lost...

why is he doing it?... I don't know... but he knows it well...

and at the least justified moment I am madly in love...

like never before... and right now he does this to me...

it is difficult to understand his reasons he doesn't even listen to me...

and he doesn't want to know nothing...

he asks me to turn off the engines ... while I am flying...

Now that's enough!...

enough... enough... enough... enough... enough... enough... enough... enough... enough...

Now that's enough!...

enough... enough... enough...

I ask him why?... but he doesn't even me answer...

but it is true that all the stars ... were no longer the same...

little by little but that's how it happened even though the warnings were clear...

I wonder what I could do ... to put them back in their place?...

but I don't want!... the decision has been made...

even if I tried I would increase Dem's anxiety...

I would risk it contaminating the imaginative bubble

of what has been...

a painting with a brush soaked in magic... what to do then?...

perhaps with less selfishness... and more reason...

it is also right that when the Angel calls you...

it means that you have to interrupt your journey and return to him... you can't do anything else...

it hurts a lot but it hurts more when you love more...

it happens that you wake up ... and the reason prevails over impulse...

unbelievable but it can also be like that!...

you couldn't say more... you couldn't do moreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...

and you must have the ability and the strength to bear it suffer it... and maybe even die from it...

galaxies that implode to make room for new potential cosmic geometries...

knowing full well ... that yours has already passed... it will remain in the traces ... of time ... as an indelible
memory...

like a tear ... confused... in the sea...

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee... eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...

(by AciMagician)