

# With Honor, Plot Two

For all our shattered hopes and trying times,  
Anchor's weight on inspired lives.  
Deadbolts on doors lock away our  
peace of mind.  
So few, so few moments of freedom,  
With ages in between,  
And sterilized routines.  
I am so sick of these nights pretending  
It's just the way life has to be.  
While we sacrifice our dreams  
For safety nets,  
Answers without questions asked.  
Faces on floors, tears for days we can't get back.  
So few, so few moments of freedom,  
With ages in between,  
And sterilized routines.  
The lights dim down so low, grief piles high.  
No sign of certainty, treading seas of crooked smiles.  
Looking deep into the greenest eyes.  
Blurring lines with truths that lie.  
Like wolves in sheep's disguise,  
Out with the claws.  
One step.  
One breath.  
May be all that I have left.  
White knuckles to the end,  
This is our revenge.