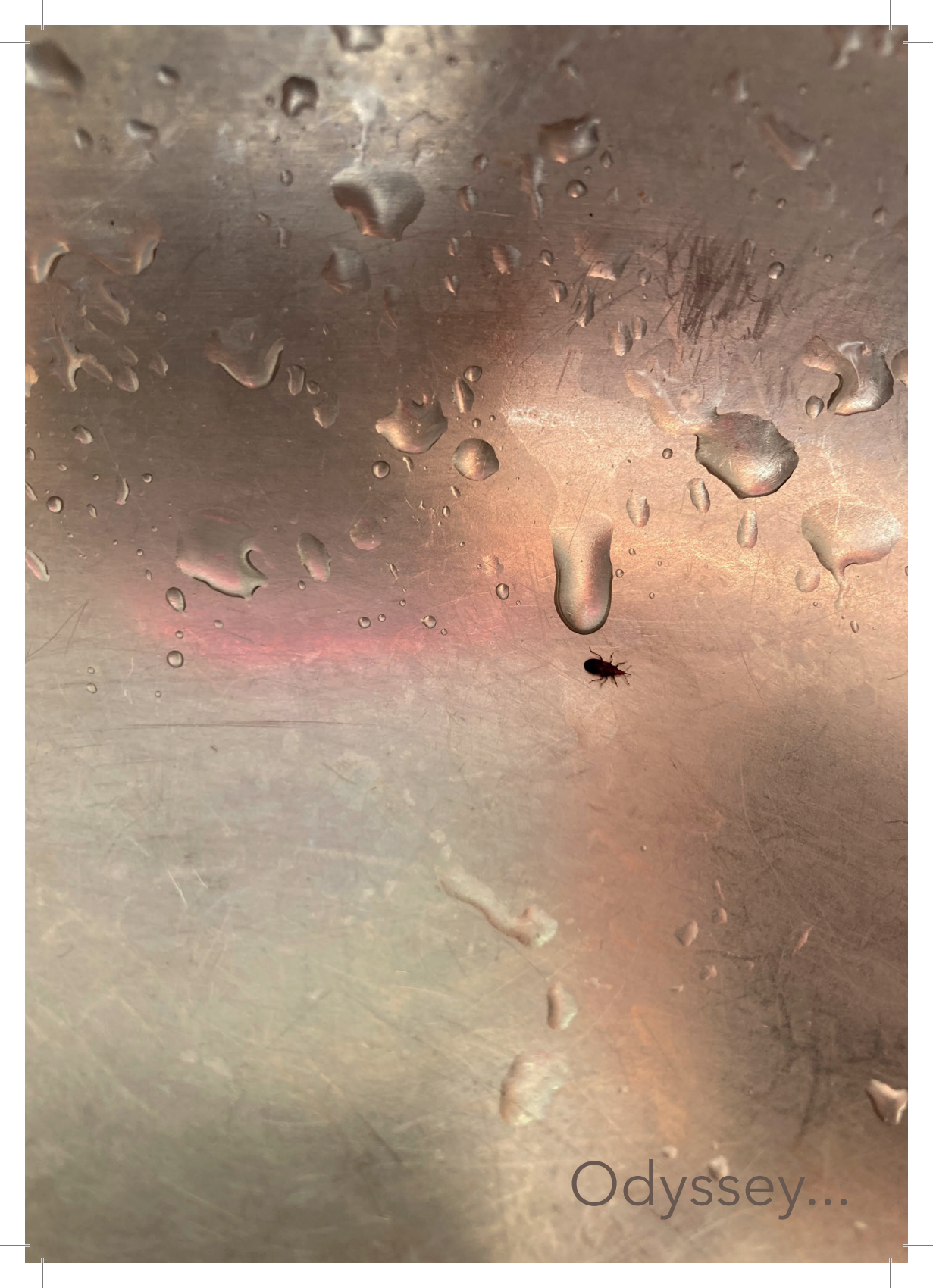




Odyssey...

A Sorry State Of Affairs

Poison poison everywhere
Everyone's having a drink
What on Earth is happening?
Destruction's on the brink.

Blinded people drink it up
Guzzling from the stream.
The world's gone mad on the stuff
Misled by the online feed.

The moguls rub their hands in delight
An achievement of their prowess
Their intention is to make us fight
To distract us from their powers.

A time of sheer debauchery
The evidence is damning
Our poor and broken society
A result that's ever damaging.

They know what they are doing
Cold as the light of day
Complete and total fuckery
The world as it is today.



I RAN FROM...

Verbal

Psychological

Emotional

Physical

Sexual

Digital

Financial

ABUSE

Coercive Control

Harassment

Violence

Stalking...

...straight to
destitute
drug dens
masquerading
as
places
of
safety.





Cuckooing [REDACTED]
of a vulnerable adult [REDACTED] coer-
cion [REDACTED] force, [REDACTED] a base
to deal drugs from. A cuckooed ad-
dress [REDACTED] a 'trap house',
[REDACTED] gangs [REDACTED]

The [REDACTED] substance use
[REDACTED] to the gang.
It's important [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED].

[REDACTED] criminal exploitation,
[REDACTED] hidden and underreport-
ed crime. Anyone [REDACTED]
should be able to [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
know how to [REDACTED] keep [REDACTED] safe.

Ghosts On The Rock

It steals your loved ones away from you,
Rotting them to the core,
How did they end up on that path?
None of this is fair I'm sure.

A void they have it appears to fill,
To them this makes sense.
Their desire to be... 'fucked', 'fulfilled',
Is racking up their penance.

The friends it stole away from me,
Rotting them to the core.
I wish I could've helped them see,
It can be normal to feel forlorn.

Tears i cry over loved ones lost,
Hurt me everyday.
To choose a path with such cost,
Their inner demons run the play.

My sorrow keeps me tied to them,
All I want is to be free.
I try my best to upwards swim,
From the bottom of the sea.

There is only one way forward,
I have to focus on me.
A life of love and light to find
Freed from debauchery.

Goodbye to friends once loved,
I leave you in your wallow.
Goodbye to friends once loved,
I have chosen not to follow.

Our time has come, to an end,
I hope you make it through.
Goodbye to the people who were my
friends
Good luck, I wish to you.





Lost....

Scared....



Alone....

Playing nice....



...smiles hiding scandals.



Respite



Treading water...

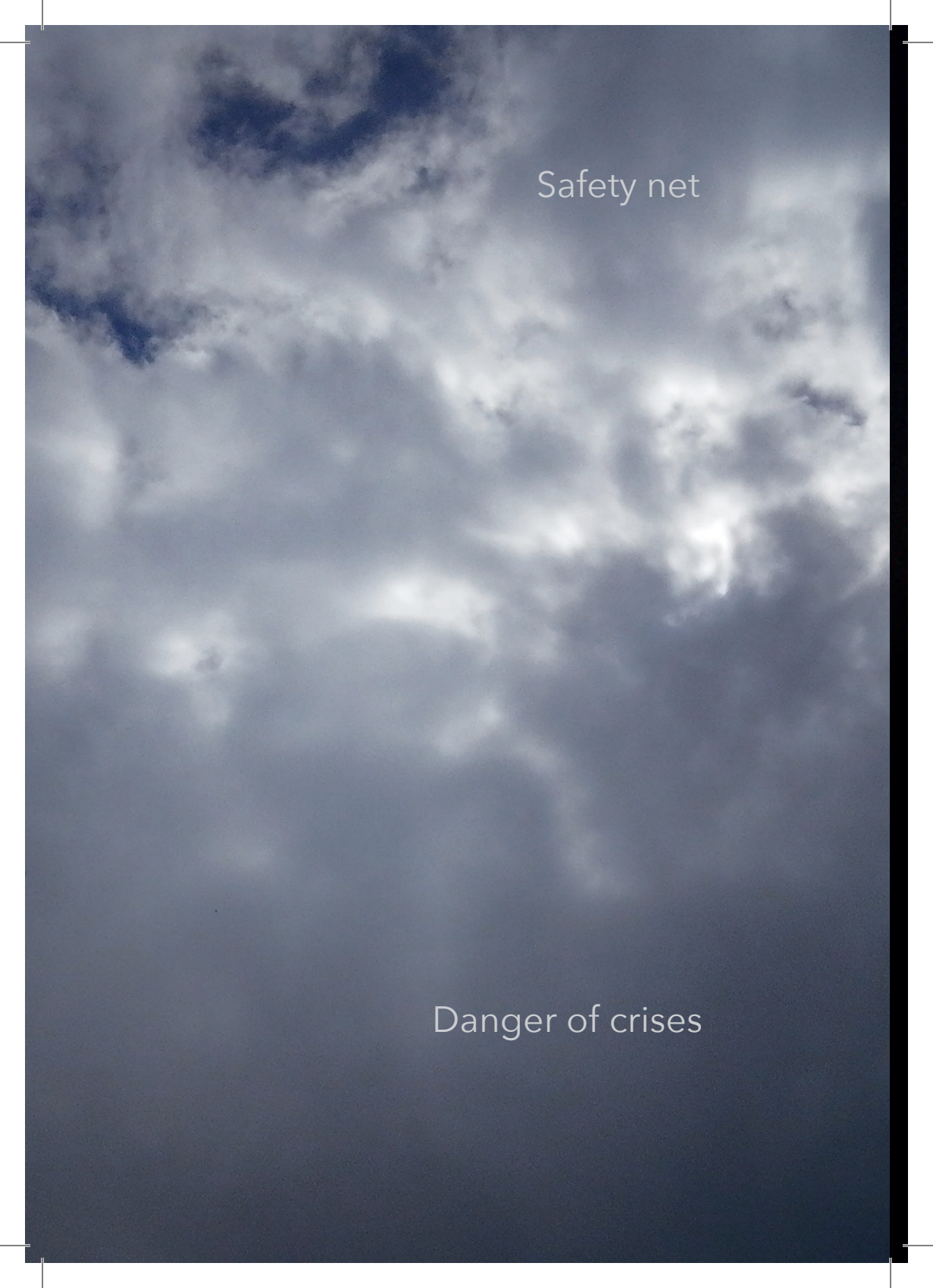
The road to nowhere...

Backwards, forwards...

Stand still for a moment...

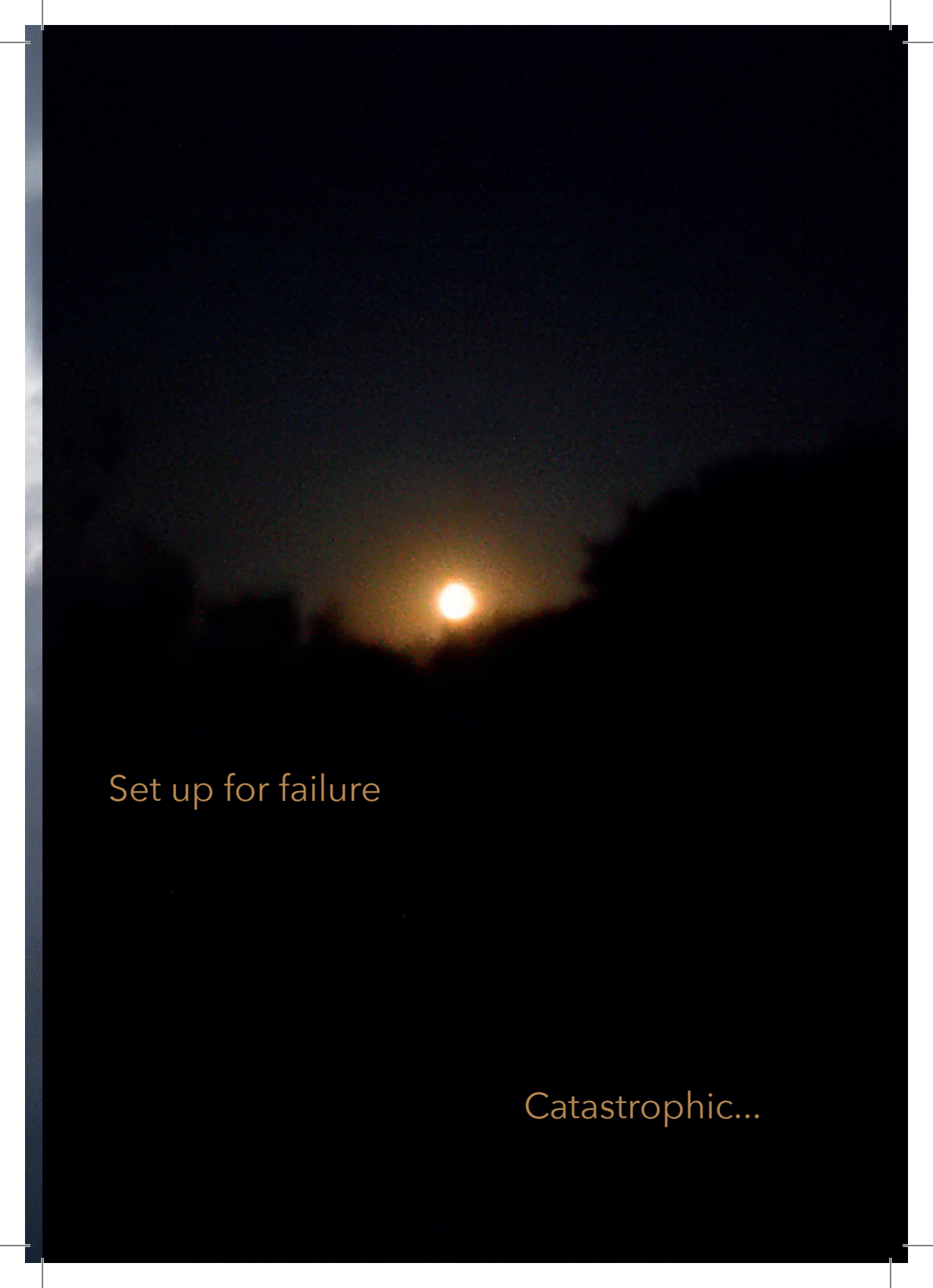
Breathe





Safety net

Danger of crises



Set up for failure

Catastrophic...







I'm worried about my health...



Pharma Fuckery

They tell you these pills make you better
Sell you a massive lie
When in fact all they do, is make you more blue
And more likely to always comply.
Pill after pill after pill after pill
The cost is mounting up
The cost to our health, our lives, our world
Everyone's stuck in a rut.

Misled by the powers that be, people are forced to believe
The easy road of numbing it out, is the only way to succeed.





Too many problems...

not enough solutions.

Sleep deprivation...



...is the resolution dissolution?!

Brighter Days

The life I once knew, purple, black, blue,
I prayed for a brighter day.
Struggle and strife, riddle that life,
Sky. Moody. Grey.

Goblins, gremlins everywhere I turn,
Darkness weighed me down.
"Where are the angels?" My heart would yearn,
"Please help me? I'm going to drown".

Years and years trudging through swamp,
A lifetime some do say.
Screaming and crying, shouting allowed,
"My weary body is fading away".

Still I go on, my mission ahead,
Searching for love, not fights.
Swamp must end at some point I'm sure,
There must be a rainbow to sight.

Days seem brighter, mud seems lighter,
Still I'm surrounded by bog.
"I am a soldier, a warrior, a fighter"
Or am I just a girl with a dog?!

Fire in my heart sends me on, day after day,
Burning up the demons inside
"Keeping going, you're strong", I hear it say
"You can make these grown men cry".

"But how can I keep... my faith? My strength?"
I reply in a desperate way.
"Trust me, I'm here, please never fear,
I'll lead you to brighter days".

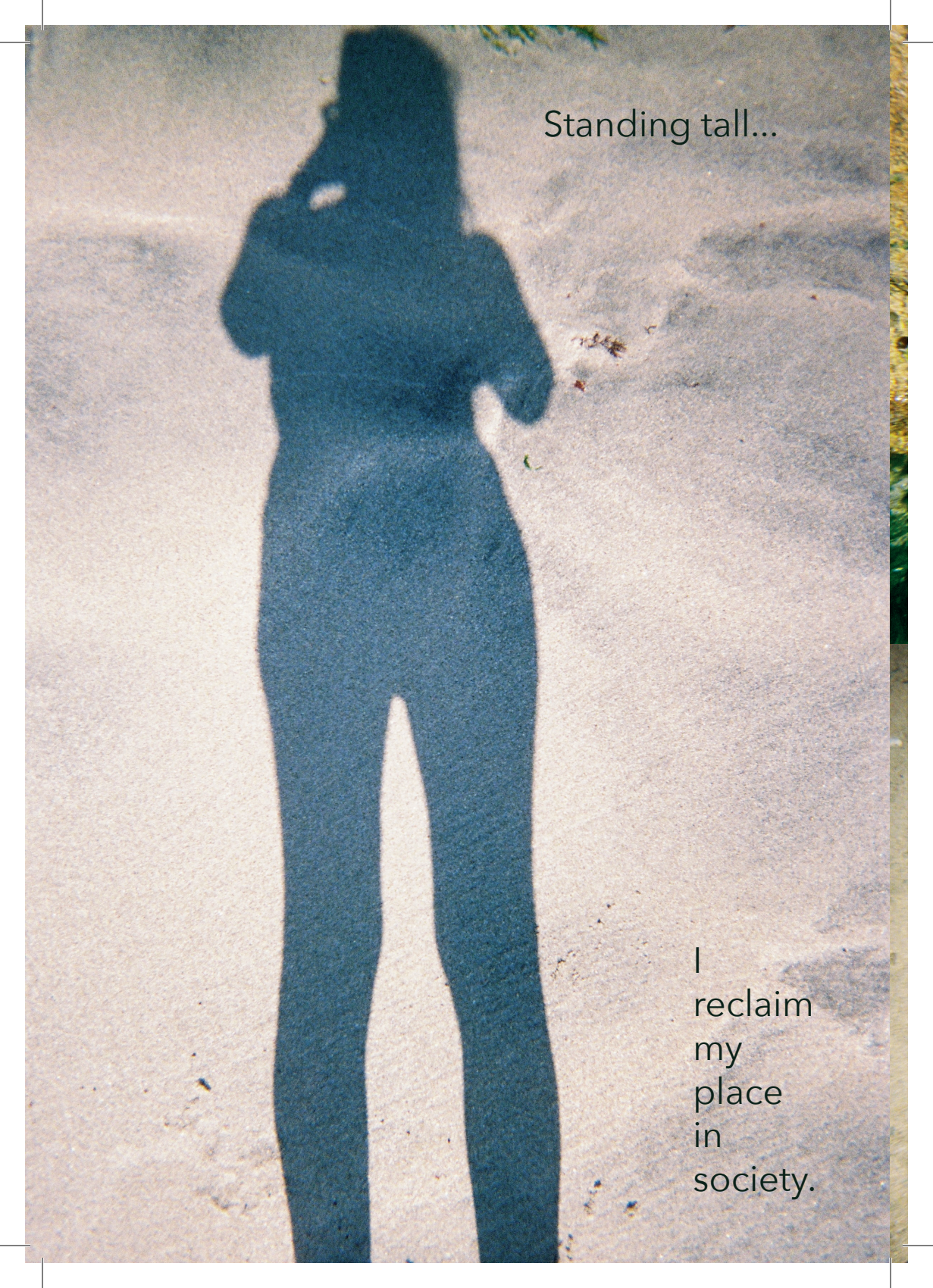










A photograph of a long, dark shadow cast by a person standing on a light-colored, textured surface like sand or concrete. The shadow is elongated and dark, contrasting sharply with the light ground. The person's head is at the top of the shadow, and their legs are visible at the bottom. The shadow is cast from the upper left towards the lower right.

Standing tall...

I
reclaim
my
place
in
society.





Who's joined us on this

WILD JOURNEY

it was a case of

WHAT THE HELL

just go

from strength to strength

WOW, WHAT A RIDE!

