

# The Redemption

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In this world where everything on it has fallen into the abyss of despair, contrarily my intellect has developed the creed that the terrifying death itself is now a refuge for acquiring peace and tranquility. Upon asserting my own testament, the previously poignant cemetery became a realm of harbor and sanctuary. The coffin is now a serene nirvana for keeping our cold bodies warm and dry. This supposedly glamorous existence made us prisoners in its actual hellish vortex, and death is what now serves as the kind hearted saint that will unshackle us from the chains of life's inhuman treatments. Principally, any form of agony will no longer be an inhabitant of our flesh once our symphonic heartbeat loses its synchrony.

Pessimistic might it sound, but I was actually once its devotee. Yet it is now funny whenever I think of how the change of tides took place unexpectedly when the constellation of our eyes aligned and out of impossibility you became a peace that I began to wish for in this chaotic world.

Forget about wars, melancholia, famine, extinction, and even death that I once chose to admire. In this specific time of human history where the world is on the verge of collapse, let us seize this fleeting time that we have and rather choose to fall in love.