

The Creed

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As every man that ever existed has transpired, I have also been in pursuit of unraveling the fabric of this intricate reality. I had plunged myself into the abyss of moral enterprise to seek virtue and valor, to embark on a profound quest, and not to be a lost soul in the obscurity of nihilistic philosophy and doctrines.

I have been searching for it: a testament to live by, a temple to devote my life to, a notion that is worth dying for, an arena to exercise my chivalry, and a setting and juncture to execute my final act, which is to die with honor rather than by merely living a life filled with mediocrity and humiliation. It is with great desire and reverence that I paint my very existence and conceive my creation using the hue of my own blood.

I am stunned by the way kings jeopardize the lives of their soldiers and legionaries for the sake of conquest. I am astonished that myriads have died with courage and pride for freedom by defending the fortresses of their countries. I am captivated by men who glorified their faith in exchange for their heads and martyrdom—I am fascinated by it.

I fascinate no more.

I could be martyred for my religion—love is my religion—and I could die for that.

I could die for you.