

Welcome to Your Black Iron Prison

Hey, kid. Welcome to Prison.

You think you just woke up here one day, right? Think again. It was your whole life that brought you to this. Fact is, you were born to be here. Go ahead, look around. I'll be here when you get back.

Looks smaller than it is, don't it? Sometimes, it doesn't even feel all that bad. But still... You look through those bars, and you see all that you're missing. Hopes. Dreams. What could-have-been. Here, put your palms up to the Black Iron, grab the bars, let me show you something.

Feel that? That's all the books you've read. And that entire wall over there is your adolescence. Look up: It's your CD collection. The floor you woke up on? Your parents. Like I said, you were born to be here. It's your life, it's the cold trap of your own existence. You painted yourself into a corner.

So, now you're wondering why you feel trapped here, in your own life. Why now, why today, can you see the bars of a Black Iron Prison that you made for yourself? Because you stopped reacting, and took a couple of steps forward. You thought you could do what you wanted, you tried to be self reliant, and bang. You smacked your head against the wall.

~~this statement is false~~

What's that? Yeah. That's when the claustrophobia sets in. When you didn't know you were trapped, everything was fine. But now that you know, you can see your entire, tired, monotonous life stretch out before you, trapped in these 4 walls, these 6 sides. Breathe, kid. It's just abject panic that you're feeling right now. Some even say that this is what death feels like: An unchanging life, immune and unfeeling to what you really want.

Look around you. Look at these cold, black bars. The colorless ceiling. The hard ground. That's your universe. That's the world you're going to be living in for the rest of your life here in Prison. You're going to live out your life in quiet desperation. Or, not so quiet if you decide to take the rifle/bell tower route. Either way, long or short, it'll feel the same. Dead, unchanging.

So, if you're interested, I'd like to invite you to a jailbreak...

Just turn around.

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CANNOT
HOLD