



C R A D L E

Z U R K

Dedication

If you could keep your head when all about you are losing theirs. If you could trust
yourself when all men doubt you.

Here's to you ❤

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MALE

Worth what he can provide,
His unconditional love is laden with conditions,
 His tales of hell leaves not his lips
 He sleeps only when he abates the war

His cries for help never left his tongue,
 A weary soul to look upon,
A heavy heart laden with glorious burden,
 Be strong, his only words of comfort

Firm in a solid foundation, a brave heart,
 Rid of his power of choice,
 He burns by the jiffy,
To prove his worth to his generation

Nonetheless, there can be no more surprises, he's male.

WAR 17

Causality they say; is the balance of life
Actions breed consequences
Without that, the balance is ruptured

It's surreal the mental state,
Crushing blows et overwhelming triumph
It's surreal the mental wars

Chaotic islands become a series of green flashes
Meadows become deserts
It's an inherent curse

Blessed is the soul of whom conquest is fulfilled

ROGUE

Long ago a young boy was born into a Dpl family. Dpl is a body of people with their own rules of living. He grew up quickly to be a member of a prestigious body in Dpl, a young warlock of poise and a gaze of greatness about him.

His life was a tad bit exemplary, tales of glory spawned, and for a moment, he was in heaven. When, unfortunately, he got jumped. The young man lost his head, he got distracted, he lost concentration.

Picking himself up, he began a new journey, with rage fuelled by the crushing negligence acted out on him by the very ones who should have been there, he vowed to have his revenge on the ones that jumped him and ruined his somewhat perfect life. And for a long time in his life, he was blinded by his own rage.

Years passed and he'd have met a few people across stages of his journey, he learned to see life in a different perspective, he went on several escapades to the fine state of Gaza, he found his zen, he let go of the anger. He took a closer look at the bigger picture and realized that all his life, he's just been a pawn in a much larger crusade built on deception.

Now, he's the resistance, Dpl young boy has come a long way from home. Well, no worries, his journey is yet to come to an end.

TO THE DARK

Dear stranger,

I wanna show you a land, a valley below all valleys

The bowel of empty souls searching for hope

The nightmare of the high and fine

A famous land among men

Thus the legend of the dark

Terror of the simple

Talebearer of woes to the lamb

The Fallen angel

Offsprings we are; were purposed to the light

Shielded from the dark by those before us

Lucky are they whose tongues first tasted the dark

They knew hell long before us

For a journey of a soul to the dark

Strength and balance is formed

Take me, take me

To the dark

TO THE LIGHT

Dear stranger,
I've heard of a land
Filled with brightness, and all the darkness usurped
Nights are just a figment of imaginations
Fields of gladness ample

All I know is darkness,
My heritage of strength and fortitude,
priceless lessons learned through pain
The great dark dynasty

I heard of a land
Land of the meek, the fairy, and the lambs
A land with no harsh fires
Might I be weary of my strength?

Come with me, soldier
we shall journey through the dark night
Take me, take me
To the light

BALLAD OF A JUNKIE

Oh, Gaza, beautiful Gaza
Abode of the fly and free
Gardens of ever gazing ascension
A stoners kingdom on high

Oh, Gaza, scary Gaza
A wonder for dark souls
The revelation of all things true
Terror of the demons

Oh, Gaza, my Gaza
Infallible and encompassing
Truthful and brave
Zen to my soul

MIRROR

Mirror mirror on the wall, tell me who's to blame for the fuck ups, Sure as hell can't be me

Man, what tf you talmbout, who didn't put in the necessary work, you.
I told you to get your ass up and not be lazy, you said there was enough time

So what I said that you couldn't force me?

Man, there's only so much I can do bruh

Now your decision to be average is coming back to haunt you

Me? Don't you mean us??

Oh, there's no us, sir, I live on the other side. This is your fuck up. Deal with it.

I can't do without you man, I need you. Come on man.

Then listen to me when I speak, stand by my words. Follow my precepts, I have seen you go through a lot of things and I know you can handle anything that comes towards you. You're the strongest person I know, you just have to put in more work.

I'm not even sure of anything again man, I feel numb. Like a placeholder.

I've been here all your life and I can tell you're just trying to self-sabotage, look at me bruh. You got this, pick yourself up, I'll be here to help you always.

You wouldn't lie to me bruh would you?

How could I ever, I am you.

W

Dear Nigerian child,
You were born into a curse
A failed system designed to crush you
Your hopes daily devoured by an empowered cancer
Your life in the hands of carefree beggars

But for the laws of causality
Never has a greater Phoenix risen
Souls pummeled and sharpened by increasing hardship
Souls hungry for victory

Dear child,
Yours is to win
Yours is to fight
Rage, rage, against the dying of the light

Worth as much as he can provide, a soul laden with a heavy heart

He abides by the laws of causality, a true fanatic of the perfect balance

That young blood who toiled through rage and betrayal, to become a loyal soldier in
the resistance

He walked through the light

He Pilgrimed through the dark valleys

He saw the beautiful plains of Gaza, all the gods, all the heavens, and all the Hells
within him

He stood before the mirror and became one with himself

Now he lives and fights harder. Constantly raging against the dying of the light.

He's the 9th.
This is his cradle.