

~ A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR. ~

LIFE HAS SHOWN WE HAD IT HAS A TENDENCY TO THROW
UNSUSPECTING MEN INTO SOME PENITENTIARY'S RAGING FLOOD
WHICH MORE OFTEN THAN NOT WE AS INDIVIDUALS CANNOT KNOW
WHAT'S EXPECTED OF US: THE PRICE OF OUR RESISTANCE, OUR SWEAT OR OUR BLOOD?
WE KNOW BATTLE WITH SWORDS, GUNS, KNIVES AND FISTS;
WE UNDERSTAND THE GRUNTING, BELLOWING, SCREAMING AND ROARING,
OR IMAGES OF DARKENING SKIES AND THICKENING MISTS...
EVEN THE SIGHT OF RAVENS SOARING.
WE UNDERSTAND WHAT MEANS LINE UPON LINE OF CANNON FODDER AHEAD,
WITH THEIR BAYONETS AFFIXED TO MUSKETS NEW AND OLD;
WHILE STEEL CLAD WARRIORS MINE A BREAST VEGE
WHERE NO DIGNITY, BYRNIC OR PAIN FILLED FACE IS JUST FOR SHOW.
WE KNOW THIS AS THE BATTLEFIELD...
OVERSHADOWED BY DEATH'S PALE FACES;
WE KNOW THIS IS WHERE MEN LIVE, AND WHERE MANY MEN YIELD
THROUGH THE FATE'S FICKLE ILLS AND SHORT-LIVED GRACES.
THIS IS WHERE WAR-CRIES CARESS EVERY TREE AND STONE
AND WHERE BATTLE LUST BLOODIES EVERY SHORE...
WHERE MEN UNWILLINGLY AND YET ACHINGLY SEEK THE UNKNOWN:
WHERE PROSPERS THE MAN OF WAR.
BUT THE PENITENTIARY IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF COMMISSION
WHERE THE STAMINED FLOW OF DEATH IS ORDERED;
WHERE BATTLE IS RESISTING, THE CRUCIFIXION
UPON WHICH SPIRITUAL DECAY IS SHOULDERS.
INSTEAD OF THE FURY OF BLADES, WE PARRY THE STROKES OF A DEAR JOHN LETTER
OR THE COMPLETE ABSENCE OF LOVED ONES' CARES;
INSTEAD OF ROPE OR SINEW WE'RE BOUND BY STEEL FETTERS
THAT'S A COMMANDED SUBMISSION WITHOUT COMPARE.
INSTEAD OF FIGHTING UNDER RULES OF ENGAGEMENT
THERE IS ONLY ADMINISTRATIVE RULE AND PROPRIETY;
INSTEAD OF RESPECTFUL PARLAYS, THERE'S OVERWHELMING DISPARAGEMENT
AND OSTRACISM FROM ALL OF SOCIETY.
INSTEAD OF CLANIC DIFFERENCES AND TRIBAL CLAIMS
IT IS SOME RHETORICAL OR PROCEDURAL DISPUTE...
INSTEAD OF CULTURAL CLASHES OR FAMILY SHAMES
IT'S SOME ANONYMOUS CHARGE YOU CAN'T REFUTE.
-HERE, THE BATTLEBORN ARE BRED

WITH INK, PAPER AND A SIMPLE THOUGHT;
HERE, THERE ARE FEW WHO HAVE TRULY BLED
FOR ANY TRUTH OR HONOR SOUGHT.

ODIN'S INVOKED SHALL NOT FEAST UPON THIS BATTLEFIELD'S CARNAGE,
WHEN ONLY MINDS EXIST THAT ROT AND DEPLORE:
HONOR, INTEGRITY, VICTORY AND COURAGE...
THESE ARE NOT THE MEN OF IVAR.

THIS IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF BATTLEGROUND
CREATED FOR THE DEVIL'S PRODIGAL SONS...

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT CHRISTIANITY'S PULPIT SOUNDS
AS TO INDETERMINATE SENTENCES I'VE BEEN HUNG.

IT'S A NEW KIND OF DEPRIVATION
SUFFOCATING, THIS SPIRIT'S HUNGER FOR GLORY;
SOME INCALCULABLE DEPRECIATION
IN AN OTHERWISE UNFOLDING STORY.

ONE CANNOT HOPE FOR THE TYPICAL ACCLAIM
DUE TO A VICTOR WHEN HE RETURNS TO HIS LAND, HOUSE AND HOME...
ONE CAN MERELY PRAY TO SURVIVE THE MINOTAUR IN THIS MAZE,
WHEN ATTACKS FROM PLACES AND WITH WEAPONS WE WILL NEVER KNOW.
THERE IS NO COMBAT STRATEGY, TECHNIQUE OR PLAN TO WIN
WHICH CAN PREPARE YOU FOR THIS FIGHT BUT PENITENTIARY LOVE...
THERE IS ONLY THE HOPE YOU CAN OVERCOME ORIGINAL SIN
AND SURVIVE AS A MAN OF THIS DIFFERENT KIND OF IVAR.



IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT ONE COULD HAVE FEELINGS SO STRONG AS TO
COMPARE PRISON AND THE PENITENTIARY STRUGGLE TO A BLOODED BATTLE-
FIELD, BUT THE EMOTIONAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SCARS ARE VERY REAL AND
OFTEN RUN VERY DEEP. ENEMIES ARE ASKIN TO PHANTOMS, WOUNDS THINGS
THAT CAN'T BE SEWN... VICTORY OFTEN BITTERSWEET; EVERY TIME MY CELL
DOOR OPENS OR THE STEEL FETTERS BIND ME, I'M REMINDED THAT THIS IS
A WAR... TO PRESERVE MY HUMANITY.

VALE