

RAIN

The drop is narrow at the top, bulbous at the base. Its passage through the air pulls a tail from the liquid as it falls.

It impacts with the pavement at sixty feet per second, the impact breaks the fragile shape into a thousand shards.

Among a billion, billion other drops it falls.

The rain never stops, ever. It thins sometimes, and the pollution it carries sometimes thickens the water to something akin to oil. Even in downtown it rains, although after running through thirty levels it's almost slurry instead of water.

The rain is an analogy of our lives, here in the master's city, we fall, and we break. Over time and through the passage of our descent we too become diluted and polluted in equal measure.

Our world is one enshrouded in darkness, both physical and spiritual. It clouds our reason, our trust, and our better selves. We have become weak, and confused at our direction as a people.

As a cosmopolitan species, we should look at the strengths of others, and we should aspire to these. Instead we compare our faults with others, and are found wanting.

Our existence is alike to slaves. Control is an absolute, and ours has been taken away from us. As the water raineth down, so we descend into the abyss.

The abyss has been prepared for us, it is a sign of things to be. As we descend, we watch our world darken.

While you all are here, take this to heart, remember it, and preach to others as i have preached to you.

The world is a dark and terrible place,

The fall is part of this existence, it comes to us all.

There is nothing else but the rain.

