

# THE LUSTFUL PRISON



Chained to his own lustful prison, he roamed in circles, endlessly waiting for the hand of God to put him out of his misery.

Over and over again he had played the same stories in his head.

Alas.

Among the places he should've looked at for that fated key which would rid him from his pits of hell, it seemed tragically amusing to me he had never even considered placing his accusing hands into his own pockets.

Had he not been the one who voluntarily made all the choices that inevitably would lead him into despair?  
Walking straight into his ruin with his own two feet?

I wished I could tell him, and so many times I did, but the taste of being a victim was way too sweet and by far finer than the sobering freedom of truth.