

# Conversation of the Damned

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*An old, fictive conversation, poet-kinda thing. Angst warning!*

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## 1 - Conversation of the Damned

"We're not going to make it out of here. There ain't a way out, and even if there'd be, it's too dark to find it anyway. I'm sick of this suffering."

"There sure is a way out of this place, no matter how dark it is, my friend, trust me. And don't worry, I'll try my best to heal your pain, slowly enough to not hurt you more, since mental pain is like barbed wire, as you know."

"You're lying. If there'd be a way out of here, we'd already found it. We've been searching for so long that you should know it. But thanks anyway..."

"Phew, don't tell that to me, you're now lying to yourself! Yes, we've been searching for years, but we must keep searching until we find the way out."

"But I'm too tired to search for it anymore. It's of no use anyway, we'll fall back down to here again if we try to climb out."

"No we won't. Just let me help you to carry on, since you sure will. You're an amazing person, and deserve to be treated like one, don't try to deny it."

"Sigh. I keep wondering how you can say all that stuff and even believe it yourself too, even though you've gone through quite much."

"I don't know how, either, but I let you know that I don't believe that myself either sometimes. But I carry on, and I'll make sure you will too. No matter what or how long it takes, I'm going to get you and myself outta here. Some day, somehow, and I'll keep trying to all the time."

"You're cheering, you know. But we've reached the bottom so many times that it's hard to even try climbing up again. My will isn't enough for that, either."

"I know that.. But we'll climb up, even from the very bottom, slowly but surely. And we're gonna get completely outta here."

"I'd like to see that."

"Please, trust me... We will. If you don't climb yourself, I'm going to carry you away from here."

"Thank you.. I guess."