

# Aletheian, Broken Legacy

The standard had been set and preparations had been made for the inheritance.  
The path ahead had been cleared, the end of the journey revealed before steps had been tread.  
The means by which the ends compile had been designed and defined for all to follow.  
Narrow, straight, safe, secured, unique, unrivaled.  
The destination awaits; the source of full life to which we aspire.  
The wellspring of truth, begetting hope and desire.  
A network into which we all have been planted with the intention to flourish and bear fruit.

The allure of self-reliance and indulgence of desire led to the separation from the network of design.  
Withered and frail, thirsty for life; but I've severed my roots, leaving my vine dying.  
Isolated, unattached from the truth, consuming myself, unable to bear fruit.  
I've chosen to walk away from the birthright of my name.  
All that was set before me now seems impossible to attain.  
The source still remains and awaits for the broken branch to be re-grafted.