

Laws Are Meant to Control

Laws wear the mask of mercy,
but their eyes are made of steel.
They promise peace and safety,
yet their purpose is to seal.

They were not born from kindness,
nor carved by gentle hands —
but forged in fear and power,
to make the weak obey commands.

They say they guard the helpless,
but whom do they defend?
Not the soul that bleeds for truth,
but the throne that must not bend.

Each rule is a silent chain,
each code a hidden cage —
written by the strong to tame
the chaos, love, and rage.

They call it law — divine, supreme —
but it's order dressed as grace.
A crown's decree, a ruler's dream,
to keep all hearts in place.

If laws were meant to free the soul,
they'd fear no voice, no fire —
but laws exist to bind control,

and silence all desire.

So bow before their written might,
their justice cold, austere —
for laws protect the powerful's right,
and keep the rest in fear.