

The Law of Strength

Strength is everything — the law of the land,
Carved in the bones, not written by hand.
The jungle may whisper, the city may roar,
But weakness is hunted forevermore.

The eye of the strong sees cracks in the wall,
The faintest of tremors, the weakest fall.
For what is noticed is quickly used,
And mercy is often the mask of abuse.

The lion hungers, the eagle flies,
The storm uproots what never tries.
Roots that deepen, hearts that fight,
Are the ones that inherit the living light.

The weak inherit pain, that's life's refrain,
A song of struggle, carved from pain.
Not cruel, but certain, the truth remains —
Survival blooms where strength sustains.

Be not the leaf that fears the wind,
Be the tree with iron pinned.
For strength endures where pity dies,
And only the strong can touch the skies.

So raise your scars like crowns of flame,
Let no fear whisper your name.
For strength is life, the world's decree —
The strong inherit, the weak must plea.