

We Bleed

written by
S.P Rickard

The truth is, I think the world already died years ago. It just hasn't realized it yet. What we are living now is not life—it is a simulation of it. A puppet show in the corpse of something once sacred. What remains—what these hollowed-out people call *reality*—is only a shell. A memory. Once, it was beautiful. Once, it was divine.

Now?

Now, we bleed.

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I have come to accept—perhaps not in peace, but in reluctant clarity—that this world, and all of mankind within it, is inherently tainted. Not by accident or circumstance, but by nature. We are born into this strange theatre of suffering, we bleed without asking, and we die without understanding. These are the three certainties. Everything else is speculation dressed up in ritual.

There is something happening. I feel it in the static hum of modern life, in the vacant smiles of strangers, in the dread that creeps in when the noise stops. We, the people—scattered across nations, fractured by borders, beliefs, and illusions—sense that something is deeply wrong. But no one seems to know exactly what. We laugh nervously about it, say things like, “Surely there aren’t really lizard people running the government?” But in the back of my mind, I find myself wondering—what if that’s not even the most ridiculous possibility? Because tell me: where is the evidence that disproves the absurd? In a world so full of contradiction, where truth is treated like myth and myth is treated like entertainment, who can say what is or isn’t impossible anymore?

There is a divide—I have seen it. Not just in headlines or history books, but in the quiet, everyday moments. In classrooms, between friends, inside families. But most of all, I’ve seen it in society itself: a growing fracture, a spiritual poverty masked by material excess. And no, I’m not calling for some grand revolution—I’m not Marx, and I’m not naïve enough to think utopia is one protest away. I don’t even know what I’m calling for, if I’m honest. Perhaps I just want something real to return. A world where justice isn’t theatre, where honesty isn’t punished, where greed doesn’t sit comfortably at the head of every table. But I know, deep down, that as long as humanity draws breath, such a dream is impossibly out of reach.

I am a recovering addict—not just of substances, but of feeling. I was addicted to anything that could make me feel alive. Love, pain, joy, grief—I chased it all, because numbness is a quieter death than any overdose. And yes, in that chaos, I did feel something. It hurt, and it was beautiful. And in some twisted way, it reminded me I was still here.

I know I’m not the most disadvantaged person. I haven’t lived the worst of what the world can do to a child. But I’ve seen enough to know that survival itself is a quiet kind of rebellion. I’ve been bent, not broken. And I swear to whatever gods may still be watching: I will make something of myself. I refuse to be another forgotten name, buried under spreadsheets and silence. I will not sell my soul to this machine just to retire into the void. That’s not life. That’s surrender.

I look around—at my peers, my so-called mentors, my own family—and I wonder: have they really accepted this? This grey half-life? They walk like ghosts through routines, like actors trapped in a play with no ending, no climax, no meaning. Sometimes I doubt their humanity, not in cruelty, but in confusion. Do they really feel? Do they ask why? Have they ever sat in silence and faced the unbearable truth that we may be alone, adrift, unimportant in a dying system?

It feels like the world has stopped evolving—not just technologically, but spiritually, morally, even intellectually. We’ve hit a plateau, and no one wants to admit it. Our philosophies have grown stale. Our politics have become theatre. Our economy serves no one but itself. And yet everyone claps.

Maybe this text—this strange, bleeding confession—is the last real thing I’ll write. Maybe it’s the last real thing you will ever read. Maybe I am the last of something old and tragic and painfully aware. I don’t want to believe I’m alone in this—but somewhere, deep in the pit of my stomach, I know I am. I feel it. And I cannot describe the weight of that loneliness.

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