

It was never meant to be this way.

It was never meant to be at all.

A woman's gift became shrouded by a culture's incessant convincing of its inconvenience, and the necessity to subvert it.

There was never a moral standing on which it could candidly rest. So it was nothing more than a trick, with the hateful underpinnings of an enemy who despises life and adores hedonism. It was slipped under the table like an illicit transaction; life's sanctity for counterfeit convenience. The trick developed itself into a constitutional right. A right to take what was never ours.

A crime becomes a right as sin becomes self-fulfillment.

It was a mask, painted in the perfect shade of "I don't have a choice" which faded into "I'll be damned if the choice isn't mine".

The mask dressed murder as freedom and autonomy, and dehumanization as politics. And policy became a glorious distraction from the sinister plot which was to steal and destroy what is good.

Because that's all it was: policy. But underneath party lines hides the enemy who cares little about red and blue, and much about fire and death.

The fault is not solely on the individual for buying the scheme. Rather, the false prophets knew their selling schemes too well, as they created false oppression in order to promise equality.

A mountain of empirical-looking evidence said it was justified in the name of social liberty, under the guise of "it's not really that bad", and with the slogan of "my body my choice".

Through distorted empowerment, they delegated innocent life as a pawn to be played in political and social arenas.

The so-called experts fuel the fires of feminism with matches of lies, and moral truth becomes polluted by the normalization of narcissism.

Dehumanize death and it becomes celebrated.

Desensitize narcissism and it becomes empowerment.

Feminism's long fingers crept under the bed sheets and twisted them into a knot, confusing, convincing, and captivating the woman until she forgot her God-given gifts, and was consumed by pro-self-absorption narratives dressed up as necessary justice.

Narcissism and feminism hold hands, as they wave their banners of decorated deception and destroy women from the inside out. They smother her with ideas of inequality until she is bleeding, broken, and bleak enough to mold into a movement without questioning its motives.

They bend her to believe that conception doesn't count and her body is hers and hers alone, rather than a home for new life and a God-given treasure to be protected.

Narcissism loves a choice untethered by sin-condemning truth, and free from any kingdom besides the one of Self. It promotes the admiration of the choice, an obsession with choice. And it carefully crafts ignorance towards moral consequence until it doesn't exist.

Until life and death is up for debate and up for a vote. Until God's will and God's Word are nothing more than suggestions. Until feminism is a label disguising the destruction of life as social justice.

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-PR