

# To the One Who Wants to Burn It All Down

I see you.

Staring at the life you built  
and wondering how it ended up so far from your truth.

Trying to make it work.  
Trying to stay grateful.  
Trying not to scream.

But inside?

You're one breath away from setting the whole thing on fire.

And maybe that's not a bad thing.

Maybe this isn't destruction. Maybe it's clarity. Maybe it's your soul saying, "*This isn't it.*"

And maybe—just maybe— the part of you that wants to burn it down is the part that finally remembered you were never meant to live in a cage.

So here's your permission: Torch the illusions. Dismantle the roles. Shake the foundations of everything that asked you to abandon yourself.

Not because you're reckless.  
But because you're *ready*.

Ready to build something true.  
Ready to choose what aligns.  
Ready to stop betraying your own fire just to keep the peace.

This is sacred rage. This is divine rebellion.

And yes— you're allowed to start again.

Especially if the life you're walking away from was never really yours.

— **From the one holding the match, and the map.**

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