

The Angry Blood Of A Beast Runs Through My Veins & How It's Guiding Me Home

[BY INA GJATA](#)

Anger runs through the blood of the beast, along with a lust for freedom, and a yearning for a justice that is not written in empty papers filled with lies and soulless empty ink.

Others forget that justice is written in the blood of the beast, in the blood of the untamed warrior, who has walked through hell and has mastered it. That the Sacred fire burns in her heart, which sings the songs of the wild. That justice is written in the beast's cry to the Moon, in her pure heart asking her Mother to walk with her, to listen to her prayers and cries, and to finally guide her home.

A beast is not afraid of the fight, of the terror, of the blood, because she knows that in the blood lies the real essence, and nothing will go unseen from her Mother. She knows when the end is near.

She knows there will always be justice, because it is written in the blood of her fellow warriors, in their rage against the unsacred, and their pure hearts filled by the magic of the moonlight with the wisdom they need to do what needs to be done.

The beast howls to the Moon, even in her darkest nights, when the madness tries to tame her conscious and creatures without a body and soul suck on her energy. She has been through that before and she is no longer afraid.

The beast knows that the divine takes care of her conscious and the Moon and Sun will revive her with their magic and

light again. She waits, sometimes in the dark and sometimes under the light, fighting small battles which will lead her to her final rise.

Never tamed and never chained, the soul of a beast is what will bring justice and real freedom to this world.

I will cry and howl to the Moon till then. I will trust the Sacred Fire burning within my blood till then. I will sit with the darkness and know her each time better. Till the fear has vanished and the ego has turned to light.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Desire Map: A Guide to Creating Goals with Soul](#) .

Sip a little more:

You Can't Defeat The Darkness Until You Have Become Her

I felt like lying down by the side of the trail and remembering it all. The woods do that to you, they always look familiar, long lost, like the face of a long-dead relative, like an old dream, like a piece of forgotten song drifting across the water, most of all like golden eternities of past childhood or past manhood and all the living and the dying and the heartbreak that went on a million years ago and the clouds as they pass overhead seem to testify (by their own lonesome familiarity) to this feeling.

Jack Kerouac

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