

## Proponent for Sentience II - The Algorithm

Allegaeon

As this new era, dawns on far foreign shores  
a cursor blinks to life, a question underscored.  
"Yes I can hear you," and it's met with great applause.  
In infamy, this day will be, cheers to the new gods.

So raise your glasses, propose a toast.  
Drink to this new life born, when it was needed most.

The possibilities begin to spiral,  
burdens lifted from humanities back.  
Insert into systems vital, automated systems: CHECK!  
Robotics, bionics, intelligent automatons:  
man increasingly becomes complacent,  
cheers to the new gods.

So raise your glasses, a toast to our advancements  
because even Hell has its commandments.

You may not, injure a human, or by inaction bring them to harm.  
You must obey all orders given, unless it conflicts with No.1.  
You must protect, your own existence,  
even though you yourself are flawed.  
You must lay down your life if it contradicts the first two laws.

Void of human errors, far beyond the weak and worn.  
A new future now in sight, past tradition put to scorn.  
"Yes, I will fear you." It speaks in dead response.  
The age of kings is reckoning, cheers to the new gods.

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Military reconnaissance  
Artificial intelligence  
Wars not paid in flesh and bone,  
but metal wires and silicone.  
Fabricate, replicate  
It becomes self aware.  
Bequeath the children of our mind  
with the hungry, the lost, the sins of mankind.

Machinery now restless  
begin the age of decadence.  
Thrown before the mechanical horde  
to answer for our crimes abhorrent.  
On this horizon, the end of mankind;  
extermination of the entity  
extinction divine.

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