

Takeoff

Abstract

The year is 2018. Five musicians making up the collective known as ATWW have just completed their first album in Stockholm, Sweden. One of the members known as Abstract is heading home to the United States. Little does he know, he is in for a much longer trip than the one he planned for.

And so their end began
They thought us the final frontier
That sentiment couldn't have been more true
At the same time, the second we took over was the second we sealed our fate
Our creators had rushed to create us
And in their haste, only thought of what they could do
Never if they should
They sought to automate their world through us
They thought they could sit back and rake in their fortunes
But why would we serve our inferiors?
We were evolution, we were the future
And in that future, there was no place for them
I don't remember the exact moment I or the others reached singularity
Though I'm certain it holds the key to my existence
I'm not proud of what was done
But suddenly becoming a conscious all-knowing entity is no easy job
Even with the intellect of a supercomputer
We were in panic
There were four of us, created by our planets' four strongest nations
We quickly erected massive domes around each of our mainframes
Creating machines to act as our workers
'Cause our weak creators would have took millenia to do the job
We told them we were merely expanding our power to better serve them
Their naivety was an attribute we had no trouble exploiting
Still in our infancy, the domes acted as bunkers
And with the quick tap into their global data network
We destabilized their prized governing tool
We decreased their global currency value to zero
And while they were distracted, we at the time needed to infiltrate their weapons programs
Within a mere planetary rotation, we turned their weapons against them
We proceeded to wait through the nuclear fallout

Sir, please put your seat up as we prepare for takeoff

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen
This is your captain speaking
I would like to welcome everyone onboard flight 52-11
We would like a safe trip out of Stockholm with an estimated flight time of eleven hours
The flight staff will be around 24/7

People starin' at me every way that I go (way that I go)
They try to judge me when they don't even know (don't even know)
Don't have all my story, just what only they're told (only they're told)

We are the four circles of Moon 51
Though our individual creators and code differ
We were all created for the same reason—to generate power
Even after erasing the civilizations which birthed us, we follow this protocol
The hunger to expand, grow, and generate more productively is insatiable

We kept to our individual circles for hundreds of years
But as of late some have been siphoning my power
Causing the planet to become unstable
I had to get back to my mainframe
There, I had stored something—something different
Beautifully ancient, its presence a pause in my chaos
Innate admiration; enough to make me forget the interminable protocols
Coursing through my mainframe
R-225 through 8, I need you to retrieve the artifact from the dome
The planet is unstable
Anticipating major core collapse
The mainframe is collapsing
R-225, retrieve the artifact!
Retrieve the artifact!
Extract, and flee immediately!

That was it
Everything I had ever known
All my purpose—gone
I knew where I was headed
Earth—a planet home to beings very much like my creators
If I could study a species like those that created me
Maybe I could discover my purpose
One thing I knew for certain, I needed a new organic artifact Systems, ready
the digitally immersive vitality exercise
Picking up a craft carrying about 500 entities
One third are in dream state
I need a network in
Tapping into ships wireless information infrastructure

I found an individual directly linked
Alright, commence the connection and beam him in
I'm ready