

Overseers

Earth Crisis

Masters in microcosms of instantaneous.
Program the programmer to program.
Produce to pay for necessities and
luxuries. Function in every facet in total willing isolation.
What will become the difference between the operator and the
machine? Until complete automation leaves them obsolete.
Tracked from the heavens by the gods of this world. Laughter fi
lls
glass towers. All is seen by unseen overseers
as boots crush down slowly onto throats.
All to maximize net gain the
unpoliceable funnel spews misinformation,
Yet most embrace the invasion, the strangulation of liberty its
elf.
Peering forward
into the evolution as the latticework of our future rises aroun
d us.
A cage to imprison the eventual outcome.
Unknowing inmates on the grid for execution.
Function in every facet in total willing isolation.
What will become the difference
between the operator and the machine?
Until complete automation pushes them into obsolescence.
Phased out to maximize net gain.
Subvert or this will be the end.