Synaptic Reanimation

Inherit Disease

Death is no more
Birth is no more
The minds that have made it this far
Will prevail for eternity
There is no flesh
There is no pain
Only knowledge
Every fiber of the human brain
Recreated digitally with ease
The ability to resurrect the dead
Is now a reality
Though jarring to the long dead
The immortals find it fascinating
Great minds of the past return
Along with the most diabolical
And minds in between
All expired synapses are re-enacted
In the digital realm there is room
For all consciousness
To be studied, then updated and
Integrated into the hive
It is there where the memories of
Humanity will be stored
A fraction of a second in the
Ever-growing consciousness

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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