

## Speaking of Orbs

Intronaut

No god from the machine  
No saviors lay in wait  
We've left the wooded valley  
Headed toward the precipice  
This mountain is a monster  
Our skin is cracked  
Our hands are weary from the climb  
Austerity bites  
Severe, serene  
Luddites try as they might  
Discontents appear in every face  
And dwell upon every tongue