

This Future Disease

The Autumn Offering

Morphed into another life, like a sick, sick dream come true.
Alternate reality, an impossible fantasy.
I cannot be a slave in this society.
To ease your pain, I will say it's not meant to be.
A link to our future, it's been breaching our past.
Blank screens, filled with dreams.
Inconsistencies, inhuman disease.
Blind friends are in between.
Inconsistencies, this future disease.
Morphed into another life.
Like a sick, sick dream come true.
Alternate reality, an impossible fantasy.
Wake up blind one more day now.