

Purchase More Space Before We Are Erased

In the modern era man has become assimilated into the technology around him. The machinery has superseded the individual. Everyday we come closer to creating limitless digital frontiers and realistic simulations. Eventually these dream machines will become so advanced that they will replace the desire to live an authentic life in the real world. When everything you could ever want is artificially animated within the confines of your imagination you will no longer want to live in reality. And the worst part is, you will want this. You will become addicted to your own entrapment. Your role within the panopticon will be the only existence you know. Each generation after the initial integration will become exponentially worse, potentially completely eradicating humanity's future. How could anyone call this progress? Why would anyone want this? Progress without destination or direction is merely blissful ignorance led by the blind. We love to coin these parameters as Orwellian delights. But what Orwell failed to predict is that we would buy the cameras ourselves, and that our biggest fear would be that no one was watching...

I want to feel the sun change my skin
And each blade of grass under my feet
Sucking down the poisonous air again
My naked body runs through the trees
Every second burns in a straight line
Connected by reversing distance
Releasing memories as I unwind
Tell me what even is existence?
Escape the digital embryo
Your life of soft flesh can't be undone
And there are things we will never know
In the end we will all become one

A prisoner in your skull!
Free me from this helpless lull!
I permanently reside!
A possession of your mind!

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