

# The Autumn Offering, The Future Disease

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