

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