

Synthetic Fabricated Calculated

Age of Silence

Somehow still here
Under the surface
Beyond the invoices and D. Inc.
Outside the system

I have never seen past the paper fortifications
So I have my doubts
But still, that nagging prospect
Of all this being fabricated
False
Calculated
Consumes me in all its green splendour
But it doesn't touch

Alluring and tempting, the shine and the flow
Runs straight through me
Now not even sensing my presence
But I can see it, I can see it if I close my eyes
I can break through the paper shine
And reach the core, the true core
Jade, Emerald

Never defeated and never will be
But exposed for everyone to see
How can it still accelerate?
When the fuel is gone?