

# Proponent for Sentience I - The Conception

Allegaeon

In a time before words, at the dawn of the earth  
from the depths of the ocean something emerged.  
The ever-evolving expansion of man  
identifies no limits, restrictions be damned.

A master machine  
to aid and release  
by intelligent design, to help us survive  
artificial symbiants that we must devise.

Fragile are we, look to binary means.  
Imprint our hopes and thoughts, our futures and dreams  
into a silicon cell; life from aluminum shells.  
Wash away this carbon plague.

Since the time of our births until the end of the world  
we adapt to our enemy, the young eat the old.  
The ever-evolving advancements of man  
give us solutions, a new place to begin.

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by intelligent design, to help us survive  
artificial symbiants that we must devise.

Frail and weak, contorted bags of meat  
become proponents of sentience, to aid the meek  
Who inherited this earth, and depleted its worth  
Caretakers wanted for the carbon plague.

Given the means to create new beings  
with which to preserve our cells within  
Given the means to create all things  
we turn to ourselves again

[Solo: Greg]

Using machines to keep us breathing  
Becoming a victim of our own disease  
the ever-evolving destruction of man  
to death the heir apparent. Where does it end?

[Solo: Michael]

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