

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FUTURE

Starset

This place is a desert for the mind
Void of emotion and barren of thought
No real thought at least
There's no surprise
Most minds here have long since atrophied from lack of use
It waited flatlined for the next rushing jolt of synthetic stimulation
The real world can't compare
Even if it were allowed to
Contemplating, the real world leads to seeing the world for what it is:
A prison
A cell for the mind, body and soul
All my life I've been a prisoner
Cowering at the idea that I might be capable of unique thought
Terrified of what my only instincts might lead to
So how could I blame them?
But it hasn't always been this way
I've heard rumours
Filtered, distant, faded
I seek to know the truth