

# Overseers

## Earth Crisis

Masters in microcosms of instantaneous.  
Program the programmer to program.  
Produce to pay for necessities and  
luxuries. Function in every facet in total willing isolation.  
What will become the difference between the operator and the  
machine? Until complete automation leaves them obsolete.  
Tracked from the heavens by the gods of this world. Laughter fills  
glass towers. All is seen by unseen overseers  
as boots crush down slowly onto throats.  
All to maximize net gain the  
unpoliceable funnel spews misinformation,  
Yet most embrace the invasion, the strangulation of liberty itself.  
Peering forward  
into the evolution as the latticework of our future rises around us.  
A cage to imprison the eventual outcome.  
Unknowing inmates on the grid for execution.  
Function in every facet in total willing isolation.  
What will become the difference  
between the operator and the machine?  
Until complete automation pushes them into obsolescence.  
Phased out to maximize net gain.  
Subvert or this will be the end.

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