

# My Elysium

## Alastria

They often spoke of a place  
Divine in all its grace  
Meticulous in blinding us with their synthetic lies

Encapsulate  
Our fear and uncertainty  
In story's told by prophets from another time

Punishment for the weak  
Nirvana for those who blur the lines of morality  
This future seems so bleak  
As we come to terms with our mortality

My Elysium  
Will make me succumb  
To the Eden inside  
My Elysium  
Condemns what I've done  
And blackens my once sacred paradise

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You seem conflicted  
So paint a picture  
Mothers, fathers holding sons and daughters tights  
The tide is turning  
Good judgement  
Overruling gods and kings and past designs

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