

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 tight
The tide is turning
Good judgement
Overruling gods and kings and past designs

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