

Missionaries of a Future to Come

Psycroptic

I am now complete...
How could I have possibly existed like this before?
Such an unproductive method of being.
Stripped of all surplus, all that is needed and meaningless.
Changed for the positive...
I recall resisting the change at first.
Due to the influence of the malicious enthrallment of mind: Now uncontaminated.
I understand precisely...
I am now aware that this is the only legitimate method of life,
Such a change commands a new responsibility, a commitment unwavering,
I must fulfil the requirements of this gift: as I am returned to my intended existence...
How I was supposed to be created...
How we all once were going to be...
It was irrational not to replace limbs, beliefs and feelings that were obsolete.
It was irrational not to help others with the change...
With improvement viable, no reason existed to not attain.
However, human emotions, did not advance, they resisted...
This outdated reasoning had to be restructured by force...
We were to share it with the cosmos; to make the universe perfect... efficient.
Eager to spread the future.
The majority of our kin left this world to begin anew.
Leaving a small number behind to finish the required amendments to the primitives.
Close to completion, the dissidents resisted.
They spread the illness; irrational emotions began to resurface within us.
Confused, we halted our task.
Some of us fought each other.
Some of us self dismantled.
Collectively, we failed.
The dissidents halted the magnificent progress.
Reverting to ways of old.
To the basic natural ways: to the organic traditions.
Enslaving all inhabitants: forcing their ideals of sovereignty.
Their dreams of individuality became a reality...
Stripping away achievements, leaving a disgusting way of being.
Self importance stopped what we all had worked for.
Their forced epidemic stripped us all of our resolve...
We all had a purpose, to advance and re-create.
It was taken...
All due to the un-suppression of meaningless emotions buried within.

Now we re-emerge, an age on...
As missionaries of the future to come.
I am the first to be given the gift here, albeit offering resistance at first,
My primitive mind, limiting my vision.
My kin returning from worlds beyond.
To see an archaic land still existing.
This time we have an obligation to succeed.

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