

The Living Shall Envy the Dead

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Waking up living is like waking up dead. As the workers climb the precipice, the queen ant's still asleep in bed. She's hoarding all their rations, with slaves set to assist, and the mass of this lost colony will never see a day of living rest. The emperor now is rising and she still wears not a trace of clothes. The world around her crumbles, but her gluttony is all she knows....The herds will thin, the walls will crack, their backs will break...its all for "progress?"

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