

Panopticon

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The culmination of decades inside the machine, where production processes continually reinvent a fabricated reality. Inviting creative destruction for monetary gain. The need for material acquisition and financial pride superceding, reconstructing, bulldozing human interests, no more love, its life on their terms. Their gears will grind our aspirations to dust, this prophecy shall be decreed...One million eyes , Stare back empty through the bars of this Prisonwithout walls. The Iron Heel will flatten the existence of man as he is trampled under the foot of modernity, the push-the pull, the cockroach crushed. Brick by brick, progress engulfs imagination, creativity, spirit, these are DEAD things. The consequence of a passive population is the eradication of hope-
And the eradication of hope is the greatest crime against humanity.

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