Repairing The Dimensional Cluster

Psycroptic

Awakening to strange surroundings; the comforting hold of a panic laced with fear...
This is the only sensation familiar within.
Memories are vague...
Wearing an unknown skin Struggling to fight the forced amnesia, your subconscious mind...
Crudely transplanted Alone in this luminous chamber...
Confused, you regain your sentient abilities,
Only to recollect unbelievable events that could only be vivid dreams of the most disturbing kind,
Yet soon you will learn...
Dreams they are not!
These will be your 'tasks' for this day: You are but an unwilling weapon...
Simply a tool in a conflict you could not comprehend.
A mufti-dimensional struggle, to keep 'intelligent' life subdued
Creating an unnatural, yet necessary universal balance.
A battle almost fast.
Within the dimensional cluster this rising advancement causes troubles beyond comprehension.
An increased "intelligence".
Begets a plague of stupidity...
Known in many different forms.
In a multitude of archaic writings.
Some fear his coming, others rejoice and hope.
A familiar face with many names, in countless obscure worlds.
Your cruel get imperative role played out.
Arrival...
New skin masking an old mind On a planet you shall only visit once,
Your job is done obliviously...
You have no control; the outcome is predetermined.
Your pure presence: all that's required.
Harmful advancements wiped away, unsustainable populous culled.
Only the weak of mind remain...
Returning, purged of your skin.
The overseers prepare your mind and new body, for a new day of universal maintenance...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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