Minions: The Fallen

Psycroptic

Another un-replenishing slumber...
These dreams continue, bringing a contradictory message...
Slowly changing your thought patterns: rearranging your mind.
Yet, this time it's different - confused, undisciplined!
They are of the same origin - this you can somehow feel how and why is unclear,
Intense is the stench of the paranoia within, sickened to your core,
Leaving your senses numb in parallel
Fearing sleep - it will happen once again
The ongoing.
Dissolution of your sanity.
Thoughts that aren't your own rage inside gout head, gradually cleansing the singularity you possess...
A hierarchy broken: disordered they wander.
Without purpose... reason... method.
Not in body... but in mind - a blueprint of mental ambiguity.
Fallen: their sovereign the flawless one
Minion of the fallen.
Once easily controlled - weak of will, strong of mind
Chosen for the telekinetic qualities they posses.
Helping to cure man...
To mend all that is flawed
Cultivated in clandestine, groomed for the chores that lay ahead.
It is a noble pursuit to heal the sick....
Yet not of an ailment they would desire to keep
Their own singularity... Left without guidance to pave a now disordered path.
Minds scatted by the pursuit of absolute perfection,
Moulded by the environment in which was so pure.
Previously free to sculpt others in their own glorious image,
Under the watchful and ever present master's gaze.
Carefully reordering the subliminal traits of the countless blemished psyche.
Maintaining a balance, a cure for the ailing.
'they mast be changed for the good of all.
' Independence of mind is an unacceptable outcome.
It is not perfect, not pure.
A pursuit neither 'good' nor 'evil'... no more
With his falling.
All guidance is lost.
The fallen one, so convinced; determined to repair what has been eternally flawed:
The Human Race.
Conquered by the defect of his own mortality.

Unguided... Untamed... Unstopped... One thought with an infinity of voices.
No balance in the human form.
Stopped.
This will return us to zero when it is finished, how are we to continue?
For we will he only one - the same mind in a multitude of bodies

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