A Calculated Effort

Psycroptic

To cull the weak, the strong must be removed
Abducted/Discarded/Rendered useless
By whatever means required - Nothing is sacred in our eyes
We leave only those who will follow, but oblivious to where, without questioningYour kind has always been in plague proportions
And must be contained,
It is a calculated effort to guide the future
For it must be carefully structured
There is order to all we do
Nothing random... Nothing left to chance
We are the architects of this existence you revel in
Without our guidance, you would not exist
You owe all to us without even knowing,
You are not all equal, therefore a balance must be enforced
It is our responsibility, the weak must outnumber the strong
Your kind would never commit to such actionsYet it's necessity is obvious
Our actions are etched in history
Past, Present, Future,
Our actions wide reaching
Our brethren stretch across time
Our brethren creating the world you know
We worship our actions only; Not your false idols
We are mortal, yet our purpose is not
We are autonomous, yet linked for efficiency
Our motives are clear
We are the next step in the evolutionary process
And you are our life's work.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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