

The River Song

Cog

"His life had become perpetually incomplete, there was always something missing. 73% of the population were involved in some form of recall stabilisation program to compensate for unquantifiable consciousness anomalies. Unlike most people, he knew exactly where he'd find the answers. For fourteen years he'd lived and worked inside the Euronian layer outside the Mandalay belt, some six hundred miles from the source. He'd always known the forbidden zone had been just that, forbidden, and yet he could contain his curiosity no longer. There would be no more internalised debates, the decision had been made. He would enter the forbidden zone."I

know you'll say that your time here is short and you'll pay.

You wait all day for the chance to arrive, it's too late.

By the time I arrive here, ready to begin, I will, I will.

I'm on my own! Who do you believe?"What he witnessed from the edge of the escarpment was incomprehensible and yet it made perfect sense. A euphoric wave rushed through his mind, affecting every thought and emotion he had ever experienced. A thousand realisations, so complex they tore at the fabric of consciousness itself. It was a reality that could not possibly exist. The fight for his mind had begun."I know you'll say that your time here is short and you'll pay.

You wait all day for the chance to arrive, it's too late.

By the time I arrive here, ready to begin, I will stay!

I am always on my own, I'm always on my own.

You are on your own again, killing time.

I am always on my own. I'm always on my own, I'm always on my own.

Shelter yourselves against the mass parade, shelter yourselves against the masquerade.

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