

Digitalism

"Script For Escapism"

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Gods and men, conquerors and slaves
Technology is the future, building the end
Man is a puppet whose future shall be dust
While written and as you read, we are aware

The shortest straws are from endless piles
Reality and imagination walk the same path

Fools enslaved themselves in wish
Boundaries and chains (are for the weak)

The future, brightness turns to grey
One mind will decide, before wealth we will obey
Wings to the makers, fire of the will
Those who live in pray, silently they'll fade

The shortest straws are from endless piles
Reality and imagination walk the same path

Fools enslaved themselves in wish
Boundaries and chains (are for the weak)

All of us are sinners, entering our last room
Halfway to afterlife, before the end begins

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