

The Age Of Rockets

"The Sentient"

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Here once stood one hundred million speciae,
undiscovered until extinction.
Here once stood unnatural amounts of prey turned
product -- mechanized slaughter.
The Sentient flaunted their machinist superiority -- an
ersatz compensation for real instincts lost.
Millenia of ancestry, polwed down for modern industry;
the solution to their housing crisis was in fact the
cause.
So, why not humanity for habitats?
Because they're dammed if they do and damned when
they can't!
Euthanasia is a crimeless death penalty, but it's still
better than what they get when they're tortured,
brutally murdered, because some fucking coward can't
make a clean living.
So he picks in the voiceless children;
"Well, they're not smart like us, they won't feel a
thing!"
That's a fact? Please explain!
Why should we even care?
The things that we destroyed did not need to be there.
And we know what is right!
It's survival of the selfish!
The bi-pedal tyrant goes down with his ship in the end.
Here once stood invented laws and morals, applicable
to selective followers.
And.
As such, rulers reserved the right to control matters of
death and life.
... oxygen and oceans...
Metal rusts, cement crumbles.
To err is human, not divine.
Prayers are so intently mumbled when proud man is
forced to decline.

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