

## Psycroptic "Ob(Servant)"

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Waking each dawn if it was the first  
Sleep eroding all trace of a past  
With only vivid dreams intact  
I foresee all that will become  
A prophet unaware... A reluctant oracle  
I remain naive and innocent  
Tainted only by the knowledge of a sinister future.  
Memories: For me they are Non-Existent  
The concept is alien

Carrying clouded prophecies for the future  
I see time moving in the opposite direction  
Visions becoming clearer as they move toward fruition  
Each second sees another vision fulfilled

A mind overwhelmed  
All knowledge I possess dissolves as time passes  
A mind purged  
The future cannot be changed  
With mine or your actions,  
Every act has already occurred  
The future is complete, all outcomes final

You cannot choose.  
Unchangeable.  
Unbiased.  
Exact.

So without a past,  
How can I be defined?  
I do not possess a 'life', I only exist  
My mind a window I wish I could shatter  
Not free to choose a path to travel  
As I already see it's end.  
With a perpetual view into the void that will become  
I am the Observer to the Future,  
Watching the crumbling timeline unfold in reverse.

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