

## Sarea

### "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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