

# Synthetic Fabricated Calculated

Age of Silence

Somehow still here  
Under the surface  
Beyond the invoices and D. Inc.  
Outside the system

I have never seen past the paper fortifications  
So I have my doubts  
But still, that nagging prospect  
Of all this being fabricated  
False  
Calculated  
Consumes me in all its green splendour  
But it doesn't touch

Alluring and tempting, the shine and the flow  
Runs straight through me  
Now not even sensing my presence  
But I can see it, I can see it if I close my eyes  
I can break through the paper shine  
And reach the core, the true core  
Jade, Emerald

Never defeated and never will be  
But exposed for everyone to see  
How can it still accelerate?  
When the fuel is gone?