

Mysterious objects of flight on a voyage
To correct what they have done, what we are doing
Perhaps submerged, living in the inner most
Recesses of the planet -- no choice but
To adapt to an underground world
Limiting our passages of thought
Are they the examples of regression
A life form's abusive progression
In a realm so vast, we sit among the Vacnt Planets
So many worlds yet to be seen that once have shared
The same effects that come from greed, mass production
Perhaps submerged, living in the inner most
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