

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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