

Ob(servant)

Psychroptic

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 its 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.