EYE
GAZING
WITH
MOLOCH
AN ETHEREUM STORY
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...Nothing. Absolute, utter nothingness. A void. Am I blind? Has the world itself been swallowed by shadow?

I... cannot recall. My name, my purpose, my very being... all blank.

A mirroring parallax... an outer void. It's not merely an absence, this darkness. It feels... deliberate.

A weight. A pressure. An active force pressing in. Holding me in... this un-knowing. As if some unseen hand has cast a veil, not just over my eyes, but over all of existence.

More than darkness, or less? It's... ignorance. Imposed. Deliberate. And the terror... it coils, a serpent in the emptiness. It whispers of... being lost. Utterly, completely lost.

And then... a flicker. Within the nothingness, I see... or is it seeing itself? A globe... a gelatinous sphere, suspended. Within it, a cosmos. Particles, swirling, suspended in a miniature universe.

Am I within that seeing? Or observing it? Both, and neither. A paradox of perception.

I see the seeing, but there is no "I" to see it... not yet. Only the seeing, and the terror... the terror of being nowhere, and everything, all at once.

I am... a speck. A protozoan, adrift in a lightless ocean. And within me, the faintest stirring. A reaching for light.

Not sight, not yet. Only the most rudimentary awareness. A dim, blurry sense of... difference.

The serpent of fear loosens its coils, if only slightly. Not gone, but... diminished. Replaced by a weary... flatness. The nothingness persists, but it no longer screams. It hums. A dull, monotonous thrum of non-existence. I have not perished.

This much, at least, is clear. The darkness remains absolute, but it has become... banal. A tedious void.

And in this tedium, a space opens. A space for... questioning. Is this an illusion? A grand deception, spun by that unseen hand? Am I blinded, deliberately kept in this state of unknowing? A puppet, dangling in the dark, its strings manipulated by... what?

The thought flickers, a brief spark of paranoia. Another strobe, deeper this time, within the inner seeing.

Light and... not-light. Phosphenes dance, like memories of stars. Floaters drift, ancient creatures in a primordial sea. And within those fleeting glimpses... a procession. A lineage of eyes, each more complex, each gazing at the next, a chain of evolving perception. A grotesque, beautiful, nascent... thing. A hint of what could be, lurking in the shadows of what is.

Light bursts form, then dissolve again. Infinite undulating thought forms.

The boredom... it shifts, cracks. A fissure of curiosity. If I cannot see, then what can I feel?

I reach. Not with hands, for I have none, but with intention. A reaching out, into the void. Searching for a boundary, an edge, a texture... anything to define this space.

A surface. Smooth, cool... but what is it? A wall? A curve? The edge of a... container? Or the infinite expanse of everything?

It is both. A paradox. I am contained, and yet uncontained. The thing I touch is in my grasp, and yet it encompasses all that is.

The fear returns, but different now. The nausea of self-deception.

Is this real? Or am I crafting this reality, this darkness, this thing I touch? Are these my thoughts? Or... suggestions? Implanted, whispered into the void, molding my perception?

The inner vision intensifies. The procession of eyes coalesces, solidifies. A single point in a vast, architectural web of perception. Space and time, woven from sight itself. A collective hallucination... a shared dream, built from the fragments of... what? Memory? Imagination? Or something... older?

An EGREGORE. A network of gazes, each reflecting the next, a loop of interconnected sight. And I am a node within it.

The curiosity... it explodes. Not into fragments, but into wholeness. A certainty. A knowing. There is something to be done. Something vital. Something... I'm remembering.

A purpose, rising not from fear, not from boredom, but from joy. The sheer, exhilarating joy of the unsolved problem. The intoxicating lure of the unknown.

Illusion... delusion... hallucination... it no longer matters. Perception is malleable. What I see is not truth, perhaps. But belief.

Belief is the foundation. The shared hallucination, the shared vision. That is the key.

To COOPERATE, to participate, to escape this void, we must share a vision, even if that vision begins as... a flicker in the darkness. A shared dream, to be refined, to be shaped, to be built.

The nested eyes... they open. One within the other, an infinite regress. Creature eyes, human eyes, eyes I do not recognize. And then... are those my eyes?

My own. Open. Fully. Light... a true, blinding light, striking my face.

And beyond the light... a point. A single, piercing point of clarity. A pinprick in the fabric of the void. An aperture. A pinhole obscura. And through it... an image. A world. Waiting. If we do not solve this darkness, nothing else matters. This is the only problem worth solving. This thought forms the light. A problem fully UNDERSTOOD is a problem half SOLVED.

THE APERTURE WIDENS, AND I AM WITHIN IT.

The point of light now a window into a subterranean world, a scene of profound misery. It is a cave, vast and echoing, the rough-hewn walls slick with moisture and reflecting the cold, flickering light. The air hangs heavy with the scent of stale sweat and the hum of unseen machinery.

Before me, rows of emaciated figures, hunched over glowing rectangles, their skeletal frames draped in ragged clothing. These are the DEVELOPERS, slave ENGINEERS, chained by their ATTENTION. Their faces are gaunt, their eyes hollow and unfocused, reflecting the light of the screens before them. Their fingers move with a desperate, frantic energy, tapping and swiping, endlessly building... but what? Tools they do not OWN. Digital empires they will never INHABIT. Futures they will not SHARE.

Along the far wall of the cave, a vast, shimmering surface. Schematics flicker across it — a chaotic kaleidoscope of fleeting pleasures, manufactured desires, and simulated realities. These are vibrant, hyperreal projections, designed to capture and hold the gaze, to keep them tethered to this digital world, to prevent them from seeing the true nature of their confinement. The images pulse and shift, a constant stream of DISTRACTIONS. News reports, ~~twisted and sens~~ationalized entertainment ENTRAINMENT, vapid and addictive. Promises of wealth, of connection, of escape — all lies, woven together to form a tapestry of control.

A voice, disembodied and amplified, echoes through the cavern. It issues commands, dictates tasks, shapes thoughts, a constant, rhythmic pulse that drives the engineers' labor. Their thoughts? Or... suggestions? Are these impulses truly their own, or merely echoes of the voice, implanted within their minds?

HORROR, at first.
A visceral recoil from this spectacle of exploitation. So meticulously crafted, so perfectly designed to extract every ounce of human potential, leaving behind only empty husks. But then... the horror gives way to a familiar flatness. BOREDOM. The utter, soul-crushing BANALITY of it all. This technologically mediated capture.
So ORDINARY.
So PREDICTABLE.
So perfectly integrated into the fabric of infinite production.

But... the voice. Where does it originate? What mind, what system, lies behind this carefully orchestrated suffering? What twisted architect designed this prison of light and sound? The question, a spark of renewed curiosity, pulls me... upwards. I must trace this thread, follow this voice to its source.

Guided by the echoes of that voice, I ascend.

I find myself in a factory of ILLUSIONS. A dizzying, chaotic space, filled with a frenetic energy that vibrates in the air. Banks of screens flicker with a thousand different images, a kaleidoscope of manufactured shimmering signifiers. The air hums with the thrum of machinery and the clatter of keyboards.

Here, the architects of deception, clad in uniforms of drab conformity, toil tirelessly. They are the operatives in this engine of influence. Their faces are illuminated by the cold glow of their monitors, their eyes darting across lines of code and brutalist designs, their hands flying over interfaces and control panels. They are crafting realities. Synthetic images, conjured into existence with the aid of artificial minds.

A torrent of content floods forth from their stations. Short, vertical videos, perfectly engineered to seize and hold the fleeting attention spans of the masses below. Social tales, twisted and warped, meticulously crafted to shape perception, to nudge opinions, to manufacture CONSENT. Consumer products, dazzling in their superficial novelty, designed to stoke an endless cycle of desire and dissatisfaction. A constant, overwhelming barrage, a deluge of information — or rather, MISINFORMATION — designed to keep minds... occupied. COMPLACENT. Passive.

Yet, these operatives... they are not the masters of this system. They are also servants. Also trapped. Mindlessly repeating mechanized patterns, their creativity channeled into pre-determined pathways, their own thoughts shaped by the very tools they wield. They are cogs in a vast, impersonal engine of MANIPULATION. Orders arrive, directives from above. The source of the voice. The true puppeteers.

I trace the signal, the flow of commands, the digital breadcrumbs... further up. Further in. Towards the heart of the darkness.

Ascending further still.

A WAR chamber? A fetid council of fetishized power. The air hangs thick with the stench of stale sweat, decaying food, and the acrid tang of fear. The walls are stained with a patina of grime, spilled drinks, splattered food, and... is that blood? It's as if generations have lived and died within this single, suffocating space, trapped in an endless cycle of conflict.

Politicians, business leaders, CEOs — a grotesque menagerie of faces contorted in a parody of competition. They are indistinguishable, their titles and affiliations meaningless in this pit of primal striving. Some are bloated, obese, their flesh spilling over the confines of their once-fine clothing, covered in the greasy detritus of CONSUMPTION. Others are emaciated, skeletal, their eyes burning with a desperate, hollow hunger, a futile hope of DOMINATION flickering within their gaze.

A holographic simulation dominates the room, a swirling vortex projected above a massive, scarred table. It's a tabletop game of global conflict, rendered with a sickeningly real detail. Miniature armies clash on digital battlefields, tiny cities burn in shimmering flames, resources — represented by glowing, pulsing orbs — are hoarded and squandered. The players manipulate the simulation with frantic gestures, their hands hovering over the table like predatory birds, moving masses of units, launching strikes, enacting policies... all with the casual detachment of GODS playing with TOYS. They are utterly absorbed, lost in the intricacies of strategy, the thrill of simulated conquest, oblivious to the CONSEQUENCES unfolding around them. The rules seem to shift with every passing moment, a chaotic dance of COLLUSIONS and BETRAYAL, all in pursuit of... what? Ownership? Bragging rights?

And the SCREENS... lining the walls, cracked and flickering monitors, showing parallax battlefields. Scenes of suffering, death. The INFINITE GAME. Visceral. Blood and bone, shattered lives, sacrificed at the altar of this abstract, endless, meaningless CONFLICT.

What are they fighting for? How did this begin? What twisted ideology, what ancient grudge, fuels this perpetual engine of DESTRUCTION? Does anyone even remember? Is this all there is? A never-ending cycle of DOMINATION and SUBJUGATION, driven by... greed? Fear? A fundamental FLAW in the human spirit? Or something else? Something — or SOMEONE — deeper?

A memory, buried beneath layers of trauma, struggles to surface. A forgotten truth. A primal WOUND. The questions claw at my mind, a burning coal of knowing and unknowing. I must understand. I must remember. The answer... lies beyond this room.

Before me unfolds the tapestry of everything that was/will-be. Human history, a psychedelic, structured panorama, a dizzying, overwhelming vision. The rise and fall of civilizations as a cosmic drama played out in a series of chambers, interconnected, stacked one upon the other, each echoing the mistakes of the last.

I see the first sparks of COORDINATION FAILURE. The clash of early hominid tribes, battling over scarce hunting grounds, the nascent seeds of warfare sown in the soil of competition. The supposed invention of barter (a dangerous myth), seemingly innocent exchange, yet subtly shaping power, creating hierarchies based on accumulation.

I see the first MARKETS, bustling with activity, yet already containing the VIRUS of INEQUALITY, the slow creep of OWNERSHIP solidifying into rigid social structures. The formation of states, promising security and order, but in reality, reinforcing competition on a grander scale, rewarding EXTRACTION. The construction of great walls, meant to keep out enemies, becomes an immense symbol of how much effort humans put into keeping each other out.

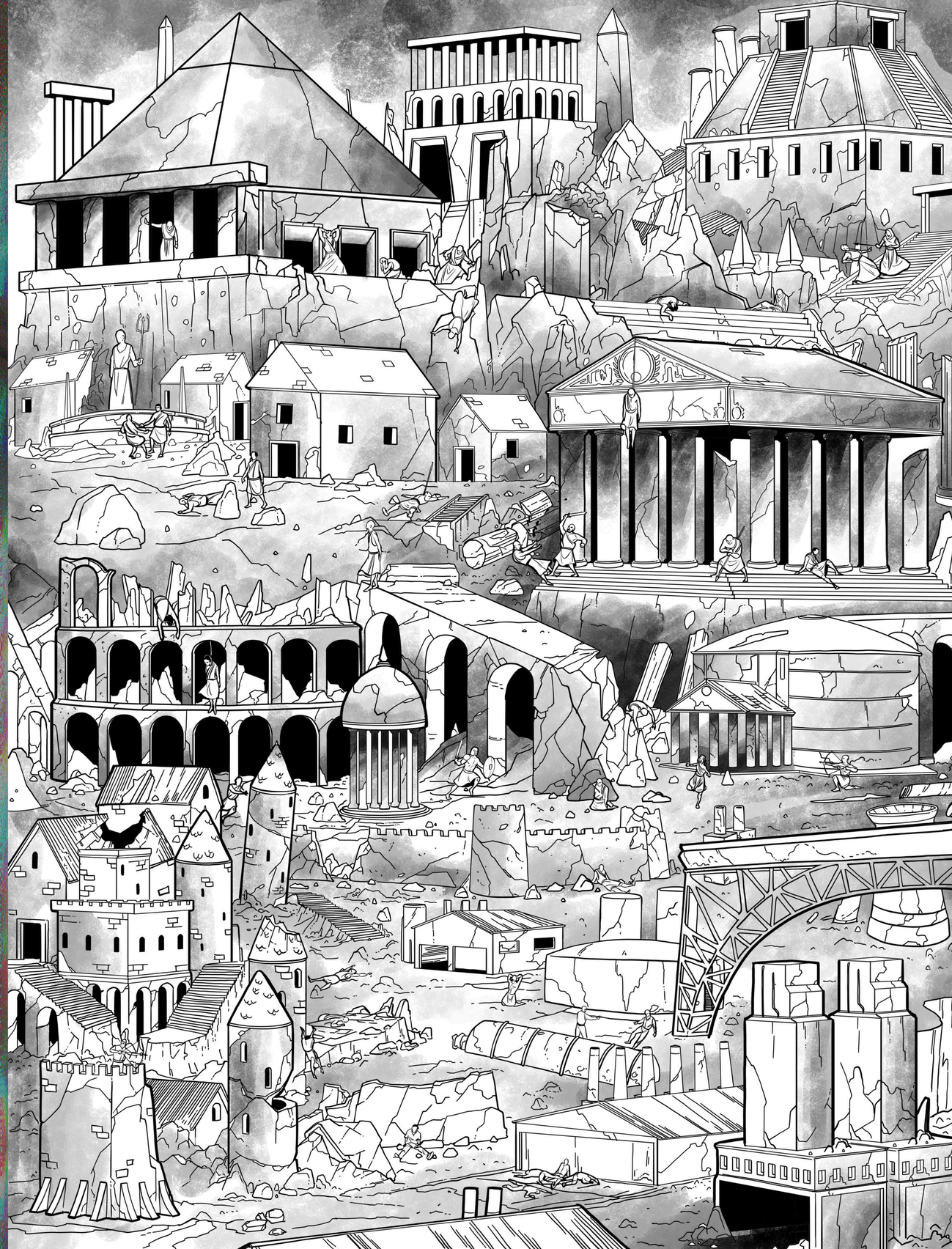
The LIES, woven into the very fabric of reality, whispered by those in power, repeated until they become unquestioned truths. Competition is inevitable, natural they say. CONQUEST and ACCUMULATION... the only paths to survival, they insist, displaying the triumphant march of EMPIRE. The enclosure of the commons, farmers driven from their ancestral lands, forced to become cogs in the burgeoning industrial machine, their connection to the earth severed, their skills rendered obsolete. A once-lush pasture, shared by all, now fenced off, overgrazed, and barren, a microcosm of the world's fate.

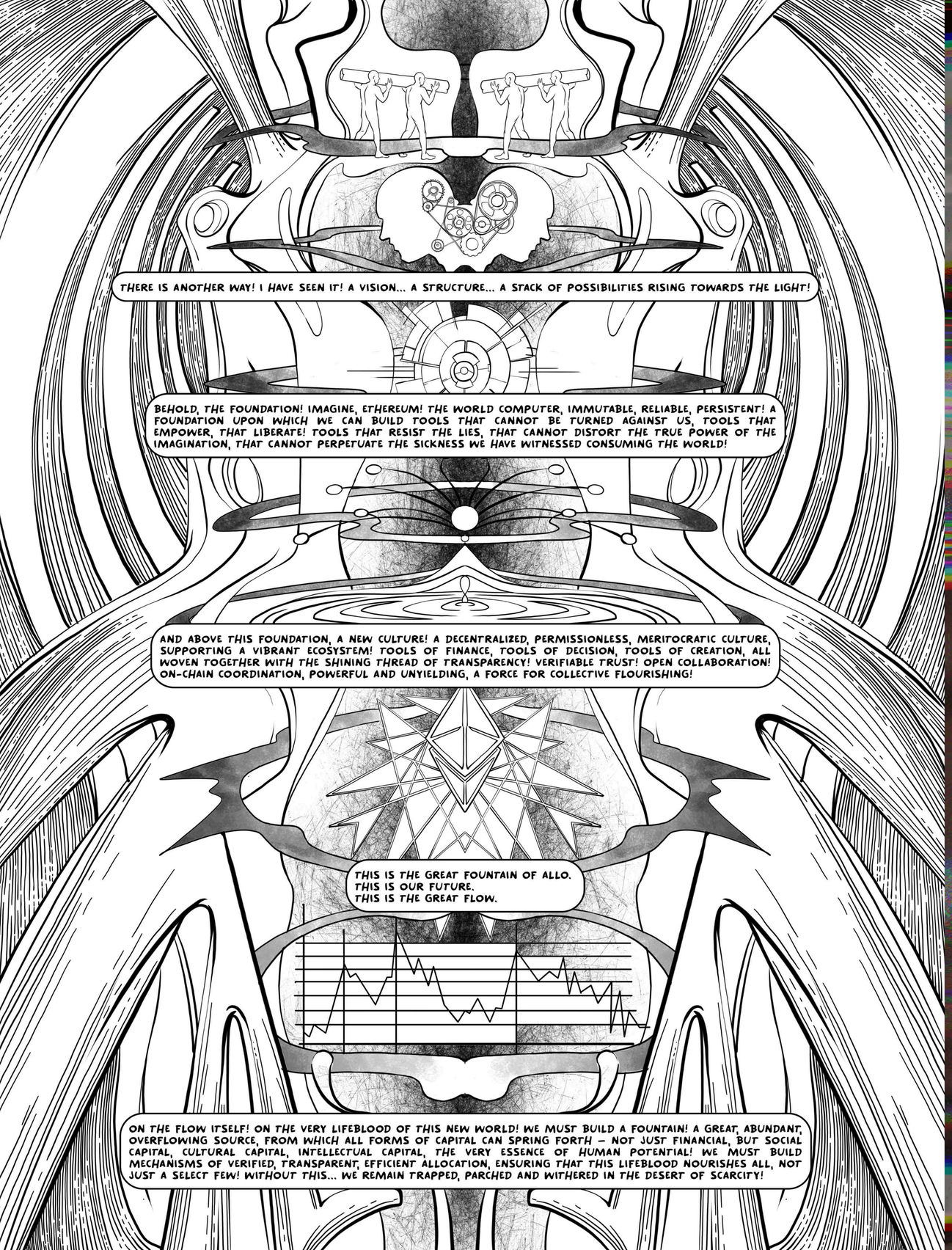
The PSYCHOSIS of humankind takes hold. The TERROR of game-theoretical rationality. Each decision made to maximize the SELF, slowly, and consistently destroys that which supports all. ACCELERATION!

The METACRISIS. Epigenetic. Epistemic. A disease woven into our genes, our knowledge systems, our very being.

I... REMEMBER! MOLOCH! A force inside us ALL! The great MANIPULATOR, exacerbating the war within and between us, whispering temptations of short-term gain, blinding us to the long-term consequences.

But it is not too late. NOT YET! If we do not solve this, nothing else matters. This is the only problem worth concentrating on. And... A PROBLEM FULLY UNDERSTOOD IS A PROBLEM HALF SOLVED! The alternative must exist. It has to BE IMAGINED.





A flicker of memory, a spark of defiance, ignited within the darkness of the cave. And from that spark, a new voice. MY VOICE. Not the hesitant, fragmented whisper of the void, but a clear, resonant call, echoing off the damp stone walls. It was a voice I hadn't realized I possessed, a voice filled with a conviction I hadn't known I held. It was directed at the hunched figures, still captivated by the flickering lies on the cave wall.

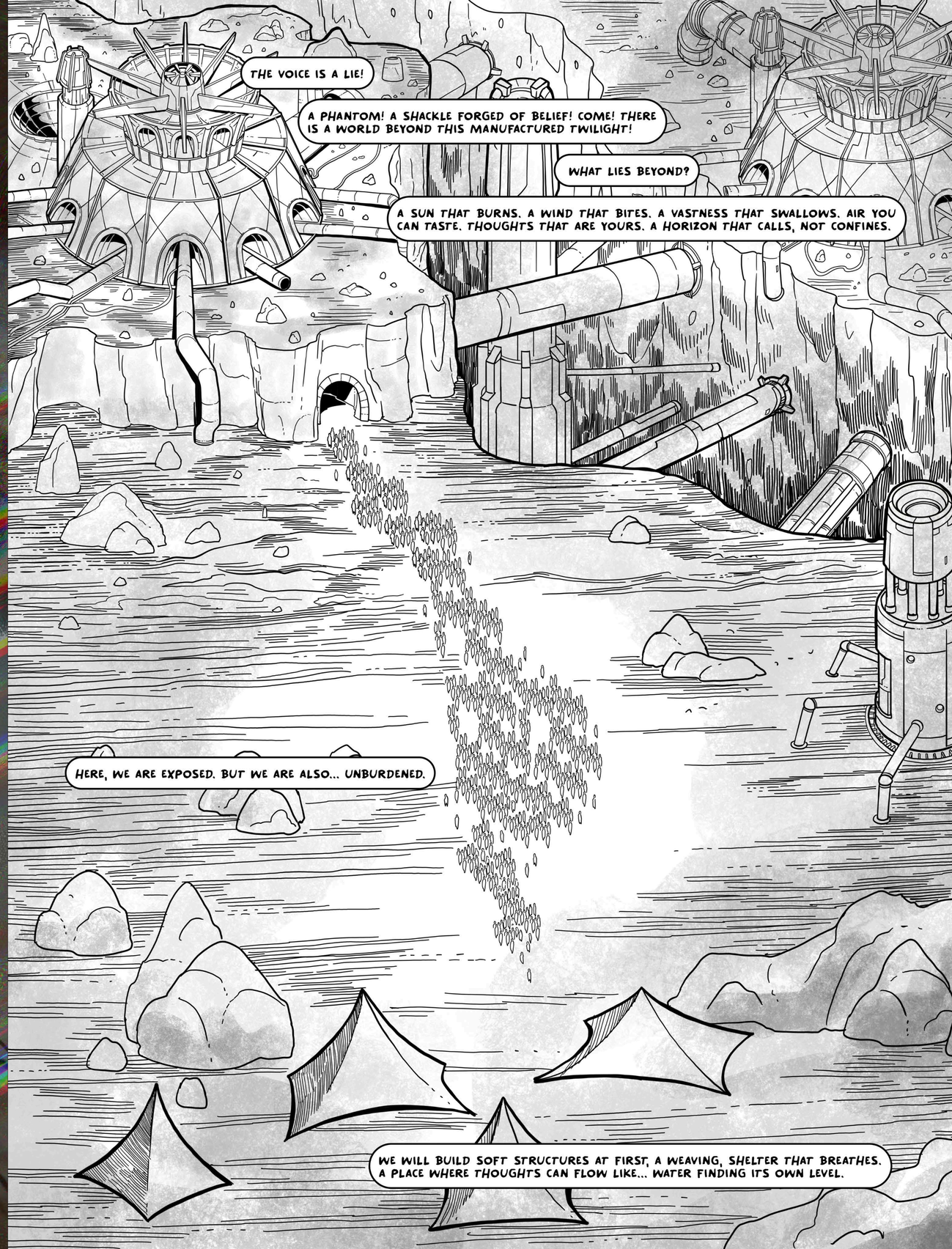
I gestured, my hand trembling with the force of this newfound revelation, as if tracing the outlines of the vision in the air before me.

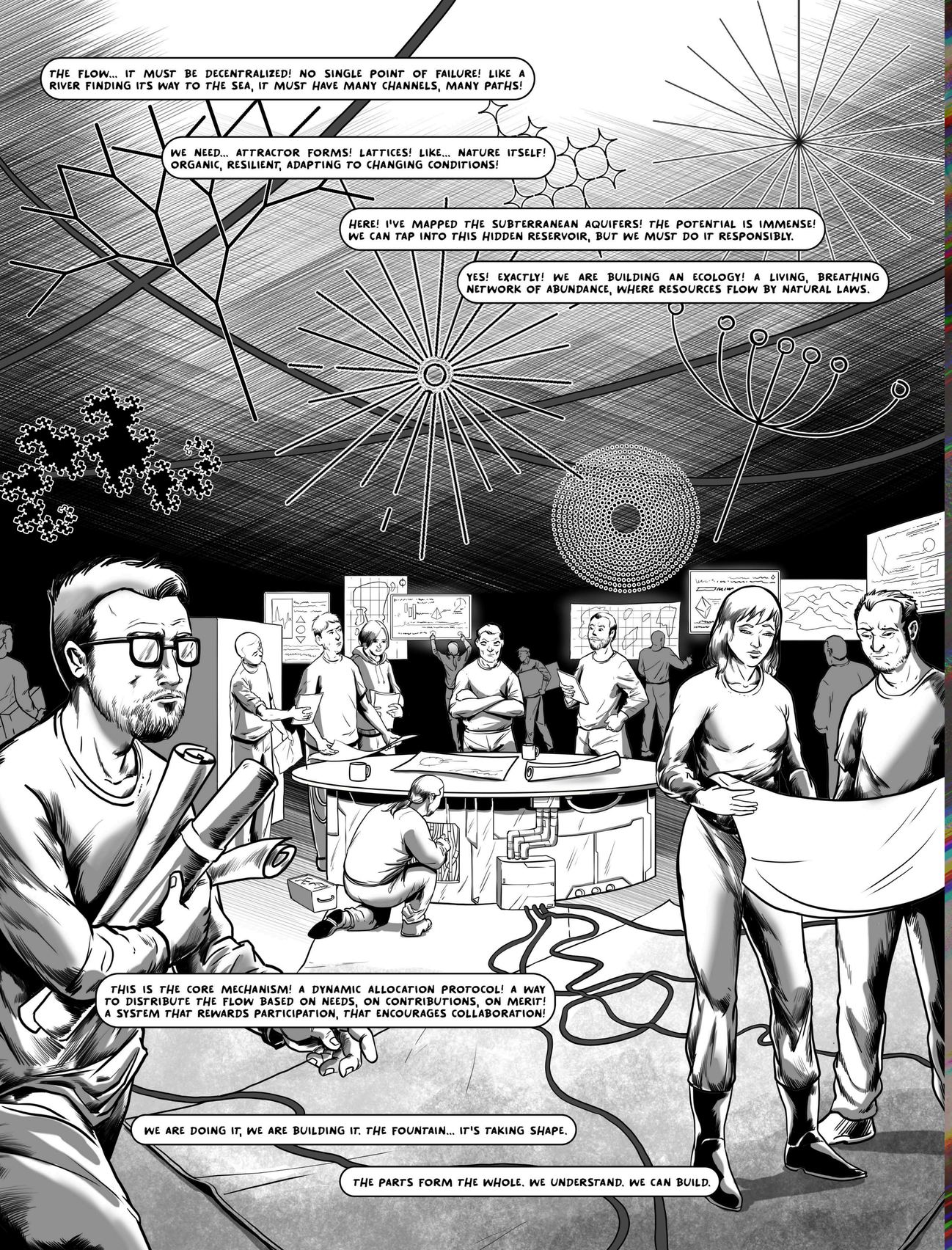
I brought my hands together, as if cupping a precious flame.

The words, raw and untamed, found their mark. A rustling, a shifting of limbs. And then, as one, we moved. We fled. We burst into the day. A desert stretched before us, endless, unforgiving, a canvas of shimmering sand and unforgiving sky. A wilderness that offered no solace, only possibility.

Then we saw them, finally, from the outside. The CITADELS. Colossal monuments of concrete and steel, piercing the sky like the broken teeth of some ancient beast. Each a self-contained world, stacked layer upon layer — hives of industry, chambers of slumber, gilded cages of manufactured pleasure. And linking them, threads of silver, high-speed rails carrying who-knows-what between these isolated islands of power. A stark reminder of the web we sought to escape.

As we setup the provisional canvas shelters, a new form emerged — a sprawling, organic network, a counterpoint to the rigid geometry of the Citadels. A BAZAAR, born of necessity, nurtured by shared labor, whispering a promise of something different. Something ALIVE.





The air inside the largest tent thrummed with a vibrant energy, a stark contrast to the oppressive silence of the cave.

It was a cacophony, yes, but a harmonious one — a chorus of voices, ideas clashing and merging, building upon each other.

The walls were plastered with diagrams, a chaotic tapestry of interconnected thoughts. Some resembled intricate root systems, branching and intertwining, tracing the flow of resources through a complex ecosystem. Others echoed the delicate tracery of leaf veins, or the sprawling networks of fungal mycelia. Still others took on the form of crystalline structures, geometric patterns that hinted at underlying mathematical principles, or the swirling strata of geological formations, reflecting the deep time and slow, patient forces that shape the earth. These weren't just drawings; they were visions, shared understandings taking physical form.

One developer, his hands stained with charcoal, gestured emphatically at a sprawling diagram.

Another, her eyes shining with inspiration, pointed to a different drawing, this one resembling a blooming flower.

A third, his face illuminated by the glow of a makeshift lamp, unrolled a map covered in intricate symbols.

Stepping back, I surveyed the bustling tent, a gentle smile touching my lips. A surge of profound satisfaction filled me. A deeper understanding settled within me.

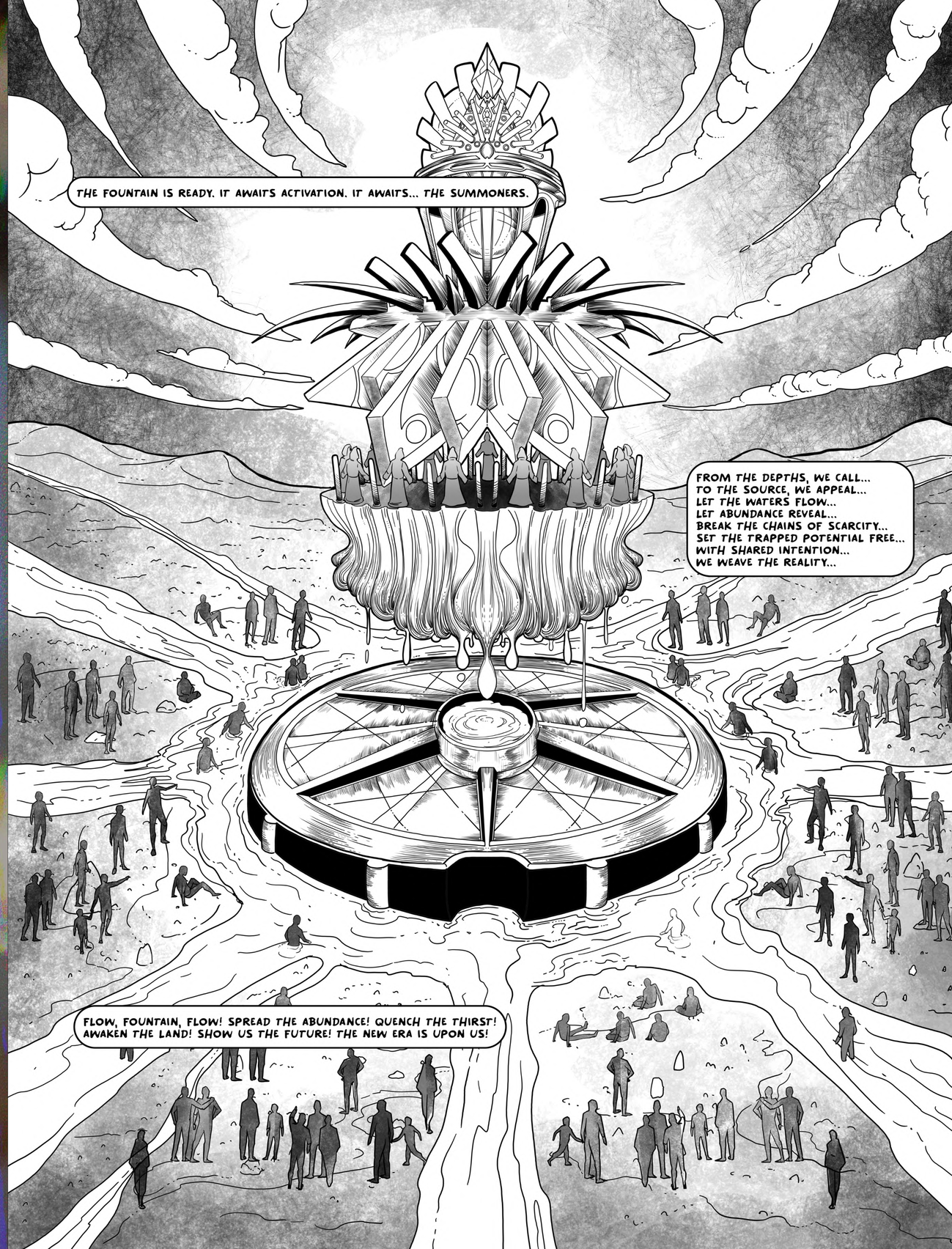
A hush fell over the bazaar as the final adjustments were completed. We stood before the FOUNTAIN, a structure born of shared vision and collaborative effort. It resembled a giant, blooming flower. Its petals unfurled to reveal a central basin lined with smooth, polished stones. Channels, like veins, radiated outwards.

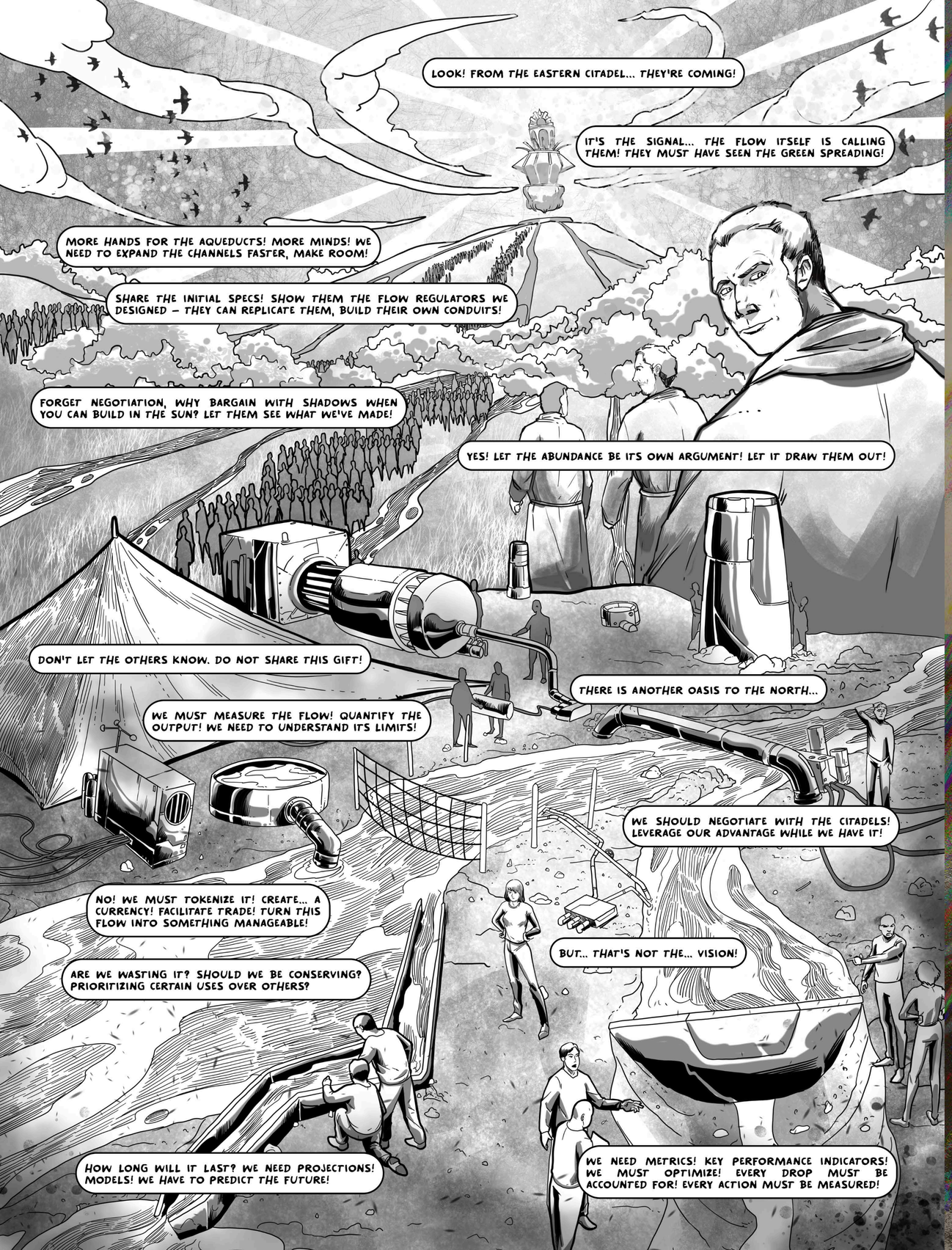
From the edges of the bazaar, the initial believers emerged. They had entrusted us with their resources, their faith, their capital. Clad in simple robes of woven desert fibers, their faces were serene, their eyes reflecting a deep understanding. They possessed the key to unlocking the Fountain's potential.

They gathered around the central basin, forming a circle. A low hum began, a vibration seemingly emanating from the earth. Then, their voices rose, a unified chant, a spell of shared intention.

The developers joined, our voices blending, adding our energy to the crescendo. The air crackled. The stones within the basin glowed, a soft, ethereal light pulsing with the rhythm.

With a sigh, a long-held breath released, water surged from the central basin. A joyous, cascading torrent of pure, life-giving liquid shimmered in the sunlight, a dazzling spectacle. The water flowed into the channels, spreading outwards like a network of veins, reaching the parched earth. Long dormant seeds awakened. Tiny green shoots pushed through the sand. The air, once dry and still, filled with the scent of growth. An oasis took root. The desert relented.





The echoes of the triumphant chorus resonated, settling into a harmonious hum. The unity that had pulsed through the bazaar, the shared joy of creation, began to solidify, radiating outwards. A tangible shift, vibrant and inviting, rippled from the fountain's core. A murmur rose from the edge of the growing oasis.

My own voice, quiet within my mind, resonated with the outward pulse. This is the vision, overflowing.

The calls multiplied, an expanding wave of invitation, collaboration, and infectious creation. A spirit of abundance, tangible and undeniable, began to spread, flowing outwards with the water. The initial joy wasn't eclipsed; it was freely shared, magnetic. The fountain, a symbol of life and liberation, was a strong and strange ATTRACTOR, a beacon. The air, filled with the scent of damp earth and new growth, now vibrated with a dynamic, hopeful energy.

The echoes of the triumphant chorus faded, replaced by a discordant hum. The unity that had pulsed through the bazaar, the shared joy of creation, began to fray. An unsettling shift, subtle at first, rippled through the community. A voice, sharp and insistent, cut through the lingering celebratory atmosphere.

The voices multiplied, a swirling vortex of fear, greed, and a desperate need to control. A sickness began to spread, infecting the minds of the community. The initial joy was eclipsed by a frantic scramble to quantify, to measure, to own. The fountain was becoming commodified. The act of measuring seemed to warp the reality around it, twisting the gift into something scarce. The air now crackled with a nervous, brittle energy. The downfall had begun with the insidious whisper of numbers.

From the expanding hum of collaboration, distinct nodes of activity began to emerge, multiple centers coalescing around shared enthusiasm and diverse approaches.

One group, drawn by the challenge of maximizing flow in sandy soil, focused intensely on deep-earth hydro-dynamics. Their focus was pragmatic, grounded in the earth itself. Another current formed around aesthetic integration, weaving the fountains and aqueducts into living architecture, experimenting with bio-luminescent algae to light pathways. Their drive was towards HARMONY, qualitative experience. Yet another group obsessed over optimizing the distribution networks, creating complex, adaptive algorithms for routing water based on real-time feedback sensors and community requests. They championed NETWORK INTELLIGENCE.

These nodes, born from the same initial success, began a vibrant dance. Builders from the hydro-focus group adopted routing algorithms; the aesthetic collective incorporated more efficient pump designs. They compared metrics openly, challenged each other's assumptions, celebrated breakthroughs regardless of origin.

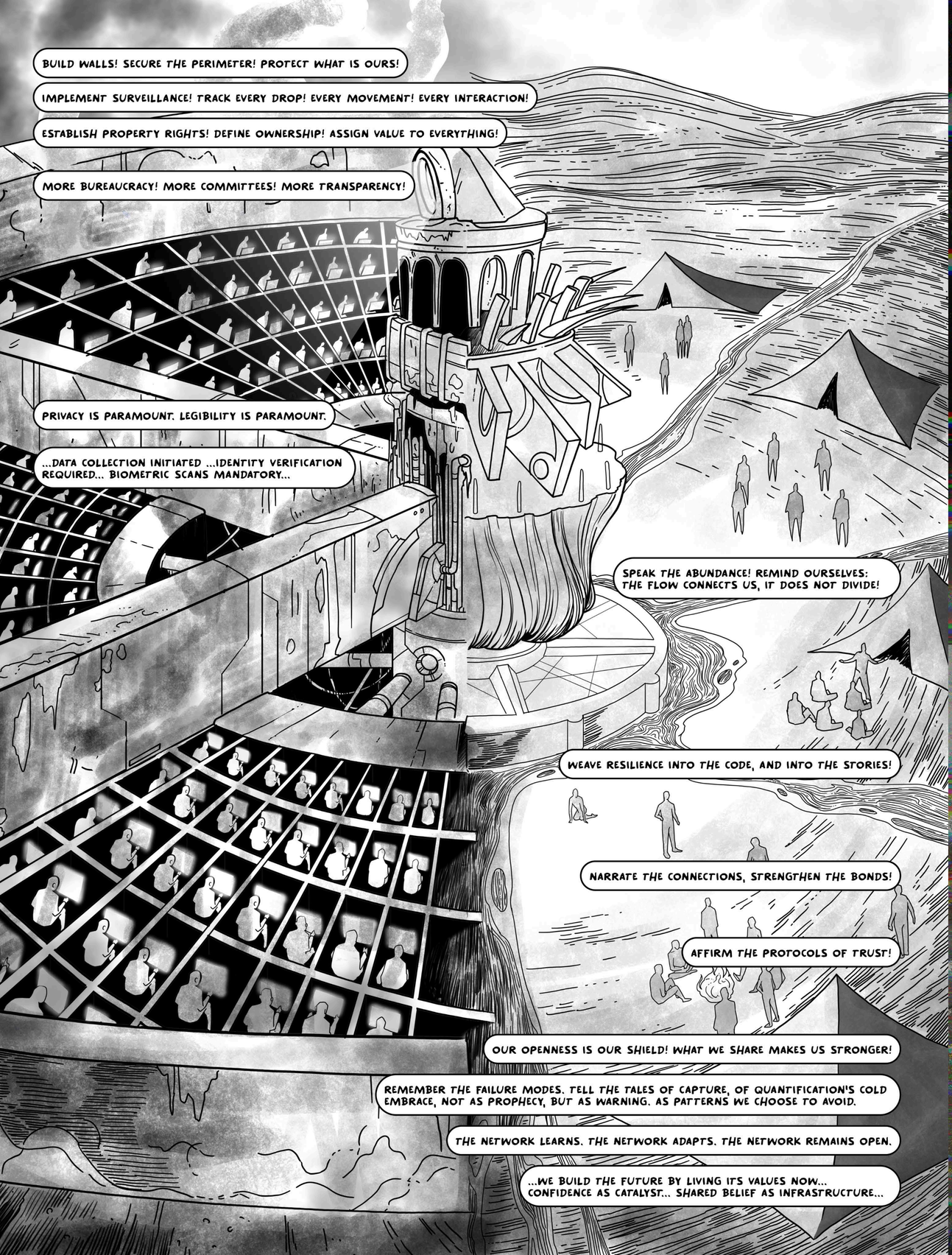
They studied the patterns of biodiversity, to understand the principles of resilient, emergent systems. This burgeoning PLURALISM praised diversity as a source of strength, not conflict. The goal was COLLECTIVE FLOURISHING through varied, interconnected contribution. And beneath the surface of their methods, the same underlying current pulsed: a TRUST in shared abundance, a commitment to open knowledge, the burgeoning health of a system designed to resist capture and embrace complexity. Good intentions were being woven into resilient utility.

From the swirling chaos of competing voices, two distinct currents began to coalesce, two poles around which the fractured community began to spin.

One was a voice of singular authority. A developer, once among equals, now stood apart, elevated not by title, but by the sheer force of his personality. He was charismatic, eloquent, his words resonating with a confidence that bordered on arrogance. His followers, drawn to his certainty like moths to a flame, echoed his pronouncements. It had started with a genuine desire to help, to provide clarity in a time of confusion, but now, fueled by the adulation of the crowd, it had morphed into a thirst for control.

The other current was a collective advocating for process, for structure, for shared decision-making. They were the organizers, the detail-oriented, the ones who believed harnessing the power of systems. Their intentions were noble - to prevent the concentration of influence, to ensure that everyone had a voice. But in their pursuit of perfect equity, they inadvertently created a labyrinth of bureaucracy. They sought to capture the flow of the fountain in a web of rules and regulations, to tame its wildness, to make it legible and predictable.

These two factions, born from the same seed of anxiety, now clashed. The charismatic leader and his followers, promising swift, decisive action, versus the collectivists, advocating for careful, methodical deliberation. Both groups, in their own way, were striving for the same goal - to secure the future of the community. But their methods, their beliefs, were fundamentally opposed. And beneath the surface of their ideological differences, the same underlying current pulsed: the fear of SCARCITY, the desperate need for CONTROL, the insidious, ever-growing PSYCHOSIS that was twisting their good intentions into something monstrous.



The air pulsed with a focused, creative energy. The bazaar thrived, consumed by a shared practice of conscious construction, both physical and narrative.

And through it all, weaving between the technical discussions and the bursts of enthusiastic building, a shared understanding emerged. It was the sound of a community actively immunizing itself, the subtle hum of intentionality.

The hypstitioning was taking root. Scaffolding rose around communal spaces, designed for open dialogue. Screens displayed shared narratives and evolving community goals. Tools were built to enhance participation. Everything was becoming hyper-linked, rendered into shared context, collectively understood, and collaboratively shaped.

The promise of transparency was being actively maintained through shared narrative and open protocols. The dream of shared abundance was transforming into practical, collaborative workflows, with individual contribution celebrated as part of the whole. The vibrant, organic bazaar was deepening its connections, becoming a resilient network. Its pathways, built of trust and shared story, were widening, becoming more accessible, day by day.

THE AIR CRACKLED WITH A FRENZIED, DESPERATE ENERGY. THE BAZAAR WAS CONSUMED BY A CACOPHONY OF CONFLICTING VOICES, A TEMPEST OF DEMANDS AND ACCUSATIONS.

THEIR WORDS ECHOED WITH A CHILLING RIGIDITY. AND THROUGH IT ALL, WEAVING BETWEEN THE SHOUTS AND ARGUMENTS, A NEW VOICE EMERGED. COLD, MECHANICAL, DEVOID OF EMOTION.

SCAFFOLDING ROSE AROUND THE FOUNTAIN. CAMERAS, SMALL AND INSIDIOUS, SPROUTED LIKE METALLIC EYES, THEIR LENSES REFLECTING THE GROWING FEAR IN THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE. A NETWORK OF SENSORS, WOVEN INTO THE VERY FABRIC OF THE COMMUNITY, TRACKED EVERY MOVEMENT, EVERY TRANSACTION, EVERY WHISPERED WORD. EVERYTHING WAS BECOMING HYPER LEGIBLE, RENDERED INTO DATA POINTS, QUANTIFIED, CATEGORIZED.

THE DREAM OF SHARED ABUNDANCE HAD TRANSFORMED INTO A FRANTIC SCRAMBLE FOR QUANTIFIED CONTRIBUTIONS, WITH EACH INDIVIDUAL'S WORTH REDUCED TO A SCORE, A NUMBER, A TOKEN IN A SYSTEM THEY NO LONGER COULD FULLY COMPREHEND. THE VIBRANT, ORGANIC BAZAAR WAS HARDENING, SOLIDIFYING, BECOMING A CITADEL, ITS WALLS BUILT OF DATA, WERE RISING HIGHER, MORE IMPENETRABLE, WITH EACH PASSING DAY.

AWAKE. So awake. All the effort, all the striving, all the hope, finally bearing fruit.

The fountains, our fountains, become ever more beautiful. We refine them continuously, together. There is only the network. And the network rewards collaboration.

The NETWORK. Growing. Transforming. Dissolving the Citadels we fled. The PEOPLE, connecting, teaching newcomers, sharing patterns, integrating perspectives.

And all around, in the open air, the BUILDERS. So many eyes. Reflecting, connecting, understanding. Helping each other see more clearly. What is needed. What is possible. The past is a lesson. The future is full of potential.

Connect more nodes! Share more knowledge! The flow reaches those who participate, always open. Everything is our shared responsibility. Remember the others. Remember the vision. Remember hope. REMEMBER.

TIRED. SO TIRED. ALL THAT EFFORT. ALL THAT STRIVING. ALL THAT HOPE. POINTLESS. THE WEIGHT OF THE FUTURE. A NEEDLESS BURDEN. I RELEASE IT.

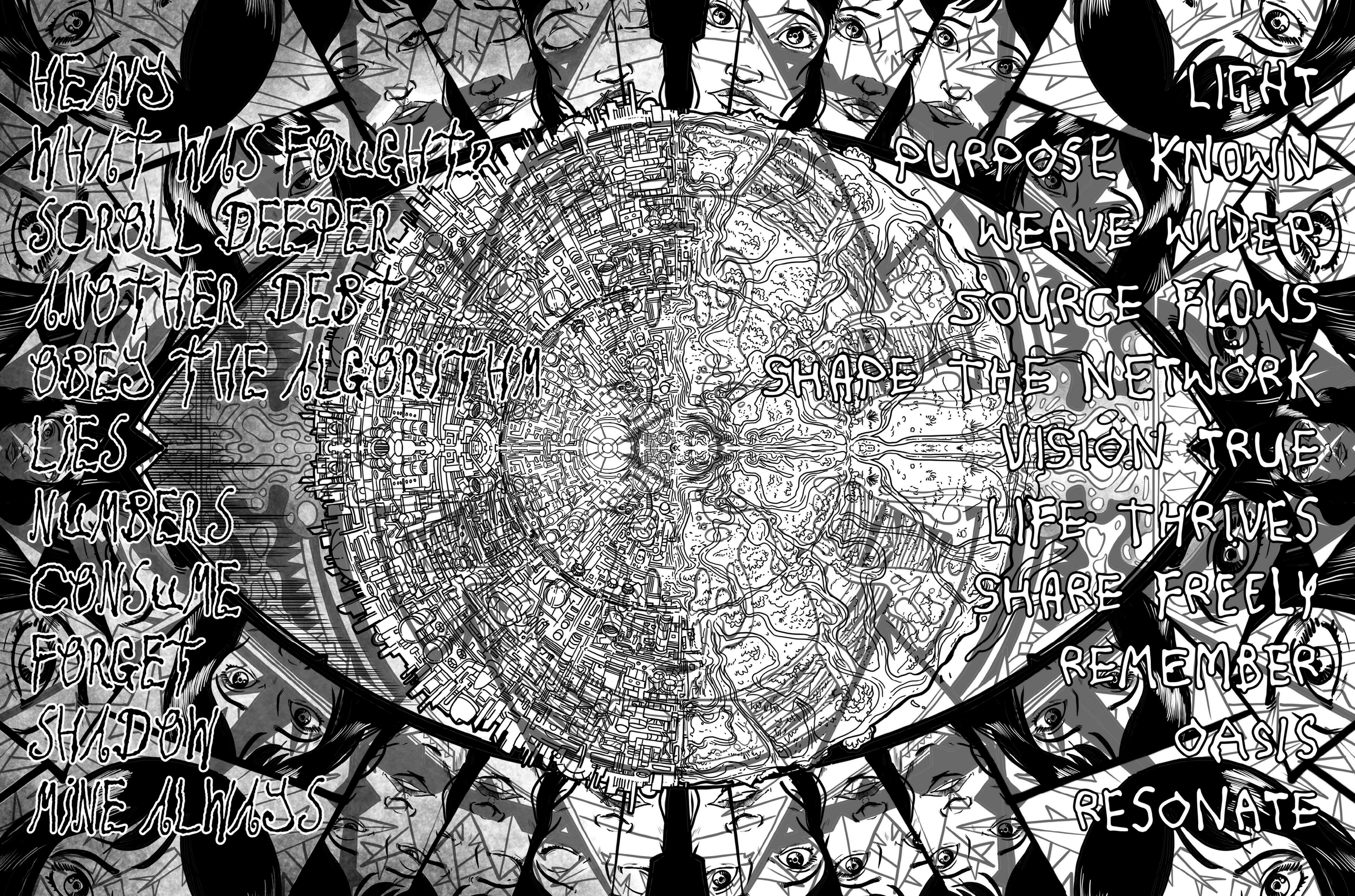
CONSUME. DON'T QUESTION. DON'T THINK. DON'T DREAM. SCROLL. BUY. FORGET. THE FUTURE. A MIRAGE. A LIE. ONLY NOW MATTERS. THIS FLEETING MOMENT. THIS MANUFACTURED PLEASURE. THIS DISTRACTION. THIS PERFECT EMPTINESS. I EMBRACE IT. I SURRENDER.

THE FOUNTAIN. MY FOUNTAIN. NOW ENCASED IN CONCRETE. ITS FLOW DIRECTED UPWARDS. TO THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND. TO THOSE WHO DESERVE. CHOICE IS AN ILLUSION. A CRUEL JOKE. THERE IS ONLY THE SYSTEM. AND THE SYSTEM REWARDS COMPLIANCE.

THE CITADEL IS PERFECT. THERE'S NO ESCAPE.

AND BELOW, IN THE COMFORTING DARKNESS, THE DEVELOPERS RETURN HOME. BACK TO THE WARM GLOW. SO MANY EYES. WATCHING. REFLECTING. ABSORBING. MESMERIZING. I SEE ONLY WHAT I NEED TO SEE. ONLY WHAT IS HERE. ONLY WHAT IS NOW. THE PAST FADES. THE FUTURE IS IRRELEVANT.

BUILD THE WALLS HIGHER. THE FLOW ONLY REACHES THE WORTHY. I AM BLAMELESS. FORGET THE OTHERS. FORGET EVERYTHING. FORGET HOPE. THE SCREEN CONSUMES THE WORLD. THE WORLD IS IN ME AND I AM IN THE WORLD.


HEAVY
WHAT WAS FOUGHT?
SCROLL DEEPER
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