

She clenched her chest
With the pain of life driving it's knife
Deep into her breast
Twisting and turning
Locking it's key into place
As a vest

It has snagged her heart
Holding it under lock and key
Replacing it with the drone of sameness
Mechanical engineering at its worse
Melting her differences into the bland soup of uniformity

Oh industry
Another life it has claimed
It is not even it's fault
With the blood of her creativity
She signed her own death certificate
Burning her soul to ashes
And sealing the dust deep into the crypt of everyone
Lost to herself forevermore

But they manipulated her into it
Learned her weaknesses and exploited them
Gained the knowledge to hold the world in this never ending sentence
Planted the dark seeds in the depths of their lives
Claiming not just her
But all

Go after the mind they all said
But it was the heart that lead them
Promised them better
Disappointed them
Gave them false dreams
And trapped them in this infinite purgatory
Oh how the industry held them all captive

But she is new to the jail
Or so they believe
Still holding out hope
She waits her turn to join the collective
Looking for ways to be prepared
Unable to truly mope
She can never really be scared

For she knows this land better than they
It is her shrine
And she is it's captain
Her spirit refuses to stay
Trapped in these vows
Till death do us part

But she is leaving now
Committing genocide
To the version of herself
That was complacent
In this mother lovin' machine

No longer will she wonder
What she will be become
For her soul knows
Where she went wrong
And the time has come
To leave this war behind

Oh, Industry
I still don't know what will become of me
But my cycle is now done
I've already won
I'm off to rebirth my creativity