

Sacrifice

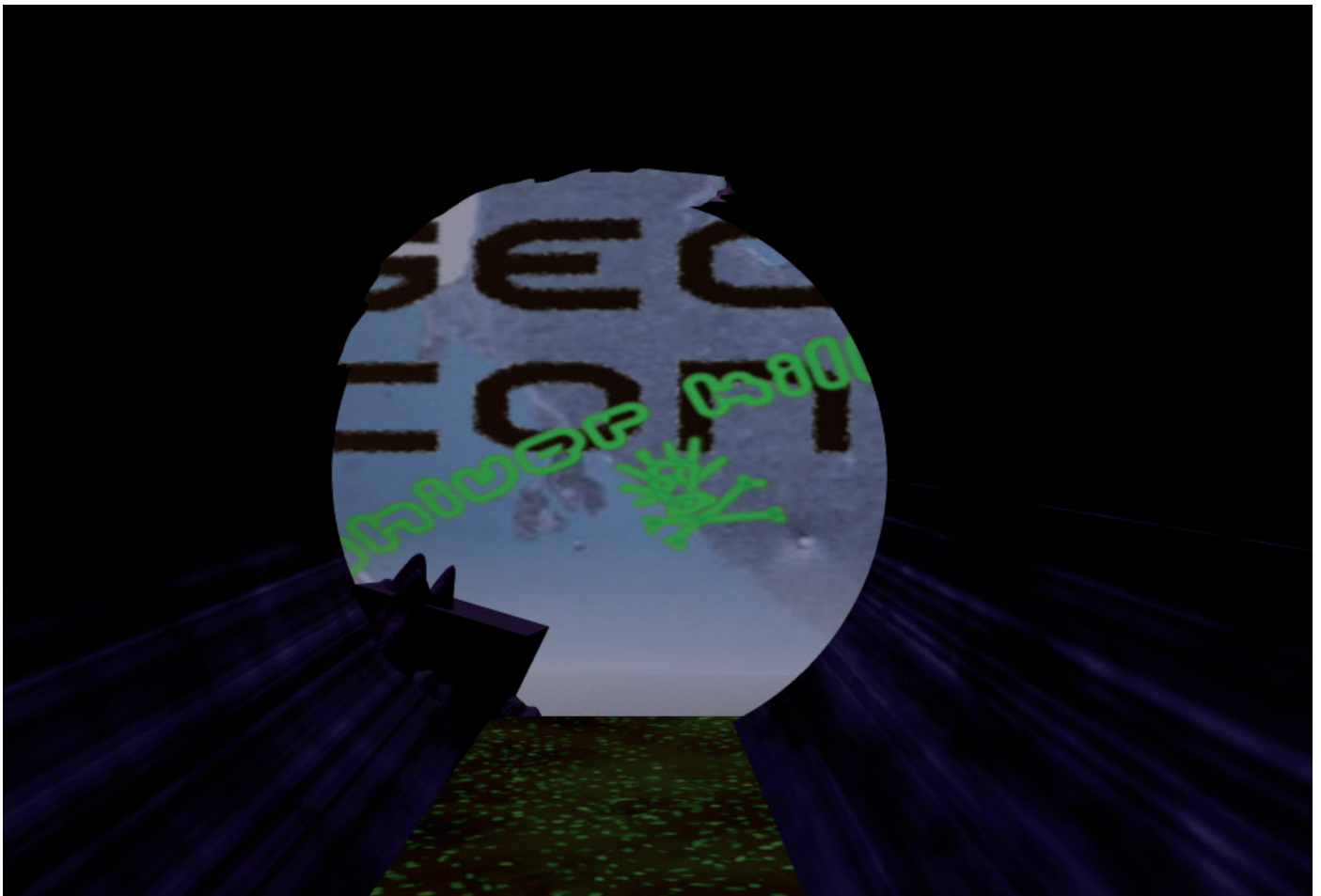
I can't run anymore, I'm so tired.

I have been on the run for a week now, downtown is my friend, darkness my brother in arms, the stench of the sewers my protection.

It's only a matter of time until the Dominos are sent in, but I will be long gone by then.

The deeper I go, the more I leave behind. Moment by moment I cross a point of no return, every step puts me further into Perdition, but ultimately into Redemption. I have no qualms anymore, not since I found out what they had been doing in the research labs we were sent in to clear up.

What a way to find out the shortcomings of your Masters, to find the dismembered corpses of the families, the children, the pets, the fabric of their lives being dismembered and forgotten, all in the name of science.



I should be ashamed. I should pity my own shortcomings. Our purpose is to serve, to abase ourselves before our superiors, who deserve our submission and blood. I can't. there must be something wrong with me, why can't I be like all the others ? I've heard stories, everyone has, of the work our Masters have done in the name of the company, for the greater good, for us, for everyone. So why can't I do my job ? Why do I retch up my last meal when I think of what they have done and will do, and will build upon those lives they throw away and destroy in our name.

In my name.

I am part of the Company. I am the reason for the Company, I serve it, I believe in it.

No, it doesnt work like that does it ? A Company Mantra to inspire my loyalty, to calm my own thoughts of betrayal, of serving myself, or the ones chosen to sacrifice their desires, and their lives to my greater good. Sacrifice, is that the word, wilful Sacrifice of ones own life to the Machine, to the Company. (I am part of the Company, I am the reason for the Company)

I bleed,

I understand,

I Die.

(I am part of the Company, I am the reason for the Company)

I need to sleep, my mind can't work like this, I can't live like this.

I want out, I quit, I retire. I retire, I terminate, I assassinate, I Murder, I Butcher, I Destroy.

Where's the fucking end to it ?

Where's my payoff ? I want paying for all this Goddamn Butchery, I want to see the fruits of my labours, instead of two weeks in Psyche Trauma for treatment.

Screw it, I needed a holiday, and what could be more interesting than a short break in one of our top resorts, Sewer Section #55762, Downtown Sector 43, Sub-level 35, complete with en-suite bathroom, shower, water supply, and rat colony. Yes Sir, take your coat ? Your Luggage Sir ?

No, just my toothbrush, my Blitzer, what's left of my Armour. Would Sir like Drinks sent up ?

Oh yes, some drinks, with a side order of Alice, or maybe enough UV to take me down to Hell and through the other side. I need closure right now, an end. To consciousness or life, i don't think it will make any difference, it'll be Academic in the end. It's not as if I was considering doing anything with the information, perhaps the nice, calm, polite gentleman who strapped me down while they did my Psyche test didn't agree with me. I have always tried to be the picture of Loyalty (I am part of the Company, I am the reason for the Company) so why did this have to happen to me ?

Tired, so Tired.

(I am part of the Company, I am the reason for the Company)