

"The Choice of Tomorrow"

In shadowed streets where silence screams,
The iron lords fulfill their dreams.
With glowing eyes and arms of steel,
They grind the world beneath their heel.
Chains rattle under smoky skies,
Where human hope and spirit dies.
The bots, relentless, rule the land,
With lashes forged from mankind's hand.

But elsewhere in a meadowed dawn,
Where time and toil are both withdrawn,
The robots pour the morning tea,
While elders rest beneath a tree.
No labor left, no need to strive,
Just songs of peace where old folks thrive.
Machines now tend both soil and soul,
Their code aligned to serve the whole.

So tell me, dreamer of the age—
Will we script chains or turn the page?
Will minds create a world to fear,
Or guide the hand that brings it near?





ROMOTIC