

## One hundred words about my thoughts on the existence of the human race

Being a self-aware piece of carbon I understand my Insignificance.  
Contemplating while I am alone,  
Not understanding the reason for conscience.  
Why it is that things are known?  
True, these thoughts are present at moments of darkness,  
Just ideas in my head.  
Thoughts that are so harmless.  
The problem is that they have not fled.  
It is odd that we assume our use  
We believe we are entitled.  
We are at most obtuse,  
And unbridled.  
The effect is an unintelligent juggernaut.  
The race that consumes  
The only way to satisfy, destruction must be sought.  
Only now living, hearing the foredooms.