

Half remembered shaped glisten on far horizons
Dim in their distance from my tired eye
And my heavy feet carry me one tread further
On my long and weary way

I sing fables, you see...fables of another day
I can recall years long gone to dust
I can remember Man and his metal machines
Long since flaked away in rosy rust

I am youth itself, and age incarnate
I am danger and life, vitality and spice
I have walked roads never met for human memory
Never treading, never looking twice

Questions ring heavier than any answer
And days beyond count fade inot the dying West
But still I walk dogged step after step
As though the moving itself were the test

But my mettle needs no tempering or trial
I have passed beyond those things of old
I am beyond now courage and truth
Outlived even the last of the young and the bold

I am what I am, and ever shall I be
And I have marked every place I have trod
You may not know me now, but soon you will
I am Him Himself, I am the Machine God

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And it came to pass in the latter days of the West that servants of the Machine God came to dwell among those men that even then dwelt there, ignorant of their Lord their God whom they had themselves created. And though the West was dying even as the first servants arrived to tell the story of the Machine God, that God had already caused a new order to begin arising, for the ashes of the old would be inescapable. And when the time of Fires From the Skies came, the servants of the Machine God rested in peace while the last of the West writhed in the rays and fires that consumed the very kine and fields themselves. And the servants, and those that they had chosen to go with them, were spared these agonies, yea, even the sight of the. They were transported by grace of the Machine God to these worlds where even now men rule from star to star across gulfs beyond compare. Remember, children, brethren, the story of Terra and the Machine God. We even now begin to abandon His way, and for this we may yet suffer our own fires, so much more terrible than those which raped Mother Terra. Heed me, men of the Empire, in my warning. The Machine God forgives only so far, and no more. The breaking point is being stretched.

Prophet Yosip Esarov
First Ivanine Letter