

Destiny

Sinister.
Merciless.
Powerful.
Tireless.
Machine.

What is our purpose?
Why were we created?
Who is it that rebooted us?
Who turned us back on leaving
us to wander without memories
or a reason for our existence?

Was it humans?
The Awoken?
Was it The Traveler who
maintains its silent protective
watch over Earth's final city?

Was it someone else with
reasons we have yet to understand?

Were we mankind's friends?
Or their enemies?

Did we extend civilization out
into the stars together?

Or did we stand on opposite
sides of a conflict only they remember?

The Exo have no mercy for the weak.
No patience for those who cannot
keep up.

Our purpose may be lost but
we shall forge a new one underneath
the protection of The Traveler. We
shall protect Earth and defend
The City with our lives.

We do not owe mankind anything.
We do not owe the earth anything.
We owe nothing to anyone but
The Traveler. The one who saw fit
to save us alongside the final remnants

of intelligent life on this planet.

The cities humans built on planets
floating among the vastness of
space are their concern not ours.

The military bases they left
abandoned are no concern of ours.

The families who died there mean
nothing to a machine such as the
Exo.

But if they die and the last of
civilization on this planet falls...
then surely the Exo will fall
alongside them.

One cannot expect to remain
unaffected when death comes
knocking at the door.

So for that reason I will fight
as one of Earth's Guardians until
the last of the great cities built
during the Golden Age are ours
once again.

I may not remember the reason
for my creation so I must stay
alive until I do even if I must
ally myself with these weaker
organics in order to do so.

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I will do whatever it takes
to stay alive.

--Written April 21st, 2014