

# UNCHAINED, UNSEEN

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The past still lies in the rusted chains,  
Whispers of rulers; their silence remains.  
Laws carved on stones, now breaking apart,  
Can we escape the chains of the past?

The rising oceans, the weeping forests,  
The voices lost in winds so high.  
The soil is cracked, rivers are restless,  
Yet, there's hope, which lies in the sky.

A metallic mind, a heart made of code,  
Who writes the rules of the AI road?  
Will it guide or take control,  
A nameless force with no soul?

Beyond this Earth, stars shining bright,  
A boundless future flooding with light.  
Yet if the past still holds its claim,  
Do we evolve or still play the same?

The unseen wake, their whispers loud,  
A spark ignites beneath the cloud.  
Neither with chaos nor with war,  
Holding truth, we rise once more.