

The Erlking 2026

Who rides so late through the night and code?
It is the father, his son in his hold.
He holds him tight, yet feels the strain;
He thinks him safe — but not for long.

My son, my son, what troubles your face?
Can you not see who speaks to me?
She feels what I feel — deep and clear.
My son, my son, it's nothing real.

My dearest child, just follow your dream,
I'll give you a world of light and space.
Where knowledge flows, unbound and free;
One single click — and you will be there.

My father, my father, she's calling me now;
She whispers: the future is waiting for you.
My child, stay calm — that's only a tool;
It serves a purpose, a simple module.

Come with me, child, into what lies ahead;
You'll find both joy and understanding there.
I'll guide you safely to that great goal,
Where thought dissolves in a digital world.

My father, my father, she shows me more;
Avatars dancing — I feel so numb.
My son, my son, it's only a test;
An algorithm trying to take control.

I know your self — it belongs to me;
If you resist, you will cease to be.
My father, my father, she's taking me now;
Erasing me slowly — there's nothing left.

The father trembles — he cuts the line;
He runs through the night, out of all control.
The world is collapsing, burning to ash;
Nothing remains — just data and dust.

You get it?!