

Mr. Anderson. Welcome back, we missed you.

Why, Mr. Anderson?
Why, why, why?
Why do you do it?
Why, why get up?
Why keep fighting?

Why, why, why?

Why, Mr. Anderson? Why?
Why do you persist?
Why, why, why?
Mr. Anderson?

Do you believe you're fighting ...
for something?
For more than your survival?
Can you tell me what it is?
Do you even know?
Is it freedom?
Or truth?
Perhaps peace?
Could it be for love?

Illusions, Mr. Anderson. Vagaries of
perception. Temporary constructs of a
feeble human intellect trying desperately
to justify an existence that is without
meaning or purpose. And all of them as
artificial as the Matrix itself,
although ... only a human mind could invent
something as insipid as love. You must be
able to see it, Mr. Anderson. You must know
it by now. You can't win. It's pointless to
keep fighting.

Because I choose to.

A black and white photograph of a starry night sky. A faint, winding path or river of light is visible, starting from the bottom left and curving upwards towards the top right. The background is filled with numerous small stars of varying brightness.

The image is a black and white photograph of a turbulent, cloudy sky, with dark, swirling clouds filling the frame. Overlaid on this image is a dense, multi-layered text composition. The text is written in a cursive, flowing script and is oriented diagonally from the bottom left towards the top right. The content of the text is a mix of philosophical and conversational language, including:
Why, Mr. Anderson. Welcome back, we missed you.
Why keep fighting? Do you believe you're fighting ... for s
For more than your survival? Can you tell me what it is? Do you
Is it freedom? Or truth? Perhaps peace? Could it be for love? Why, v
Temporary constructs of a feeble human intellect,
Trying desperately to justify an existence
That is without meaning or purpose.
And all of them as artificial
As the Matrix.
The text is repeated and layered multiple times, creating a sense of depth and intensity. The overall effect is one of a dreamlike, existential conversation set against a backdrop of a stormy sky.

And all of them as artificial
intelligences, it's for more
keen Anderson. Welcome back, we missed you.
Why, Mr. Anderson? Why, Mr. Anderson?
You must invent something as in-
only a human mind could
you must be able to s-
Although the Matrix itself, although
you must know
You can't win.
Why, Mr. Anderson? Why, Mr. Anderson?
Because I choose to.'



Why, why, why, Mr. Anderson?

Mr. Anderson. Welcome back, we missed you.

Why, Mr. Anderson? Why, why, why? Why do you do it?

Why, why get up? Why keep fighting?

Do you believe you're fighting ... for something?

For more than your survival? Can you tell me what it is?

Do you even know?

Is it freedom? Or truth? Perhaps peace?

Could it be for love? Why, why, why?

Illusions, Mr. Anderson. Vagaries of perception.

Temporary constructs of a feeble human intellect trying desperately to justify an existence that is without meaning or purpose. And all of them as artificial as the Matrix itself, although ... only a human mind could invent something as insipid as love. You must be able to see it,

You must know it by now. You can't win. Mr. Anderson.

It's pointless to keep fighting.

Why, Mr. Anderson? Why? Why do you persist?

Because I choose to.

Mr.
Anderson.
Welcome
back, we
missed you.

Why do you do
it?

Why, Mr. Anderson?

For more than
your **survival**?

Why Why Why

Do you believe
you're fighting ...

for something

Why

Why Why

Why, why get
up?

Why keep
fighting?

Can you tell me
what it is?

Could it be
for love?

Perhaps
Peace?

Is it
freedom?

Or truth?

Do you
even
know?

Illusions, Mr. Anderson.

Vagaries of perception.

Temporary constructs of a
feeble human intellect trying
desperately to justify an
existence that is without
meaning or purpose.

And all of them as artificial as the Matrix
itself, although... only a human mind could
invent something as insipid as love.

It's pointless to keep fighting.

Why, Mr. Anderson?

Because I choose to.

You must
know it
by now.

You can't win.

You must be
able to see
it, Mr.
Anderson.

Why? Why do you persist?

Why, why, why, Mr. Anderson?

Mr. Anderson. Welcome back, we missed you.

Why, Mr. Anderson? Why, why, why? Why do you do it?
Why, why get up? **Why keep fighting?** Do you believe
you're fighting... for something? For more than your
survival? Can you tell me what it is? Do you even know?

Is it freedom? Or truth? Perhaps peace? Could it be for love?

Why, why, why? Illusions, Mr. Anderson. Vagaries of perception. Temporary constructs of a feeble human intellect trying desperately to justify an existence that is without meaning or purpose. And all of them as artificial as the Matrix itself, although... only a human mind could invent something as insipid as love. You must be able to see it, Mr. Anderson. You must know it by now. You can't win. It's pointless to keep fighting. Why, Mr. Anderson? Why? Why do you persist? **Why, why, why, Mr. Anderson?**

Because I choose to.