

Mechina, Tartarus

Eclipsed in the shadows of lifeless eyes
A broken man stands shattered and cold
Searching for a memory of home

Although my number implies that search has ended
A simulation may have spread and infected

No sense of direction
No sense of reflection
Xenon defined
In a world of unquestioned perfection

How many lives were lost
In completing this inhuman automation
How many nations had to kneel
To imbue such complacency
In what is black and white

No sense of direction
No sense of reflection
Xenon defined
In a world of unquestioned perfection

As if machine gods were buried
Hold up the sky
These towers like hands
Hold up the sky
My past is as empty
As empty as the life in their eyes
As if machine gods were buried
Hold up the sky

No sense of direction
No sense of reflection
Xenon defined
In a world of unquestioned perfection