

The Machine

Darkwell

The visions have become real
A technocratic sight,
Mankind's flow corrupted
Dimensions of control.
The arch-emotions are lost,
But desire remains.
A free spirit again - unwanted.

A machine, Newtopias heart
The future curse
The machine, A cyborg tool
Mens power is gone
A machine, industrination
It's the systems fall!

A virtual admission of guilt, confession
Orwell's future tense, libertcidal
The species enslaved, the will is broken
To avert doom - obnoxious.

A machine, Supernatural reign
The futures curse
The machine, The creature a fool
Mens power is gone
A machine, exploitation
It's the systems fall!

A machine, Newtopias heart
A virtual world
The machine, A cyborg tool
The control is lost
A machine, industrination
Ultimate domination!