

Unknow contact  
Synthetic reign of blood  
We scape on the inside  
Folding space to get to where we should be

Abnormal reactions  
We embrace the memory of the blade  
When the hammer comes down  
We face the consequences of the choice we made

In a psychological wasteland  
Bow down to the current that runs through me  
Embrace the complex fear  
Long live the new flesh of our circuitry

The surgeon starts the procedure  
We all rise in the image of our new lord  
Enough humanity to work the machine

A perfect world until we get bored

Slavery simply helps you forget  
The constant pain of being alive  
No more thinking, No more regret  
Another worker bee for the hive

The next generation of reason  
Dancing to the sounds that the death drones make  
Science has served its purpose  
Answering the question was our last mistake

Evolutionary revolution  
A new description of the swarm  
We can't create what was never made  
Or take the sight from the eye of the storm