

There is a glitch in the system
Outside the brain flow
Armored shells melt down
Explode in the main code
Sieged by the blind mass
They won't stop the chain grow
Numbers grow numbers
Working ants or quantum fires
Will flow on regardless
Of each abandoned carcass

The only joy there is - is search onward through the darkness
Edict states the lights go out
Learn to fight the nightfall

Work will lead to comfort
Comfort lives a lifetime
But death is not an end
It's a place to search the light with

Light in universal terms
Cells out on the great grid
Numbers growing numbers
Working ants, quantum fires
Morph from the energy
Abandoned by each carcass
The greatest joy there is - is onward search through the darkne
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