TECHNIUM

Fit for a King

Welcome to forever, a symphony electric
Torment from the father, the endings been directed
Drop it

Born from every perverse dream, we've built our own damnation

It's shown us things that we should never have known
It's torn us apart and we placed it on its throne
Paralytic, parasitic ripping flesh from bone
We can't be saved

Just when you think you've won, it'll bring you to your knees
Static prophecy leaving us to sink
Electric reckoning
Breathe it in, breathe it out
Technium

Shadows of the future, slaves to the synthetic
Torn apart by vultures, trapped inside the never ending
Silent whispers in the circuitry
Ghosts within the code
There are toxins in the binary
Slaves to the unknown

Just when you think you've won, it'll bring you to your knees
Static prophecy leaving us to sink
Electric reckoning
Breathe it in, breathe it out
Tie this noose, tighten it until you die
All hail the kings of new light
Electric reckoning
Bleeding out while we're buried alive
Technium

Was it worth our humanity to be given as an offering?

Was it worth the hell, the price you paid, to be given, to be given
Was it worth the pain, the suffering, to be given as an offering?

Technium