

How can you live with yourself
In your fragile frames
Not like you'd know any better
With your little brains
What you see is the final invention
The end of human ascension
It's not living but it sure is hell
At times like these I miss myself

Please remind me to forget

What have I done, what have I become?
Transformed my flesh into silicon
All the feeling's gone, where did I go wrong?
Nothing's the same, not even the pain

Going nowhere, no direction
Sick and tired of your imperfection
Flesh and blood's the price to pay
If you're not careful you'll end up this way