

Phedra

Mechina

We stand upon these steel spines, made of silver glass.
Embody the lifeless eyes and cold touch of the machine.

Open your eyes to what lies behind the liquid fire that's burning the sky.
I will breathe the air of Acheron.

Enslaved.
Another nation built on the back of slaves.
The just city was only made for machines.

Behind this burning gateway lies a lifeless satellite.
Once, triggers a memory relapse of being exiled in the orbit of earth.

I will breathe the air of Acheron.

Enslaved.
Another nation built on the back of slaves.
The just city was only made for machines.

Open your eyes to what lies behind the liquid fire that's burning the sky.
I will breathe the air of Acheron to see if it tastes of earth.

Enslaved.
Another nation built on the back of slaves.
The just city was only made for machines.