

Terminus

Mechina

Breathe the air of this modern world
The scattered seeds have sown a generation
Whose evolution is both body and mind

I see a world destined to leave its imprint upon the
stars
Condemning their past to the blackness of space
This future empire will never find the books that
enslave

We were born to conquer the stars
This freedom will conquer the gods

We assemble among these stars as brothers, not tyrants
We are finally free from gods

None shall obey or kneel before any god
We can now see
This future form as reality

Our voices are carried off in the wind
Into a distant sky, to be spoken again

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This freedom will conquer the gods

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We shall not bear the weight of our past
Nor inject ourselves with its poison

There is no place for faith
There is no reason to hate

Arise from your knees
There is no use to pray

Our voices, carried off in the wind
Into a distant sky
Open your eyes
For we have redefined heaven

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None shall obey or kneel before any god
We can now see
This future form as reality

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This final empire
This last horizon
A simple glance upward was all we needed

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