

Ghost In The Machine

Our Last Night

Should we believe that human beings
Are just material things
Destined to grasp every little bit
Of happiness?

But without a purpose, do we truly know what we are good for?
Do our philosophies make sense when we truly test them?

I'm more than just a ghost in the machine
Not just a hollow vessel aimlessly sailing

Can we battle a crisis of the conscience alone?
Life is a guilt trip
It was built in to a system that we live with
We can't seem to escape it
So we worship our idols and expect them to save us

I'm more than just a ghost in the machine
Not just a hollow vessel aimlessly sailing
It's not easy to believe what our eyes can't see
But I am more than just a ghost in the machine

I can not be explained, no
I am no coincidence
Take me apart, put me back together again

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I'm more than just a ghost in the machine
Not just a hollow vessel aimlessly sailing
It's not easy to believe what our eyes can't see
But I am more than just a ghost in the machine