

What happened here?
Where am I? Where have I been?
What is this strange feeling?
What is wrong with me?
My body... it can't be real!

Things getting clear
Memories slowly flushing me
Images and lights
Burning eyes
While my first sunrise

Oh! What mistake!
This damned technology!
Am I me or just a perfect copy?
I should be dead
Crushed with my ship and burned
Now I live but too differently

Immortality
Was a dream of human beings
And machines were tools
That could make it true
Lead to the perfect world

We watched the stars
And It was our dream too
To conquer all universe
Be over everything...

When I close my eyes
Asleep, and I remember
This machine awaits
For last of my breaths and takes
All memories from dying brain
All thoughts, atoms and cells
Takes everything and makes it information
And then I don't remember any more
And then a wake up...
...in this animal body...

Maybe it's true
Each night we're dying
And every morning
We're borned again
Maybe each awakened
Is not the same who asleaped
Just like universe is not the same
With every tremor of atom

...or maybe I'm still myself, cause my memories defines 'me'...
...and maybe 'to be' means 'to change'...