

Faced with interactions
Tried to place myself in line
Time is spinning on its axis
Feels all made up by design
Who stands in my reflection?
Shaken and belligerent
Another foolish question
But I can't tell the difference

Pulled from my consciousness
Docile and barren
Plug it into my skin
Becoming less human
Pulled from my consciousness
Docile and barren
Plug it into my skin
Becoming less human

Now you are voiceless
Now you are lifeless

This is a shell of my former self
Trapped in a hell that's digital
Meaningless and material
Trapped in a hell that's digital

Names without a face, blur in the crease, mutate to obsolete
Suction like a leech, look for release, pulsating the machine
Traced with numerals, check for a pulse, no longer in control
Waiting for the fall, slow to implode, tied fates identical

I'm terminal
I'm terminal
I'm terminal
Witness the hellscape...

I have become the machine

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Now you are lifeless

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