

The 26th Machine

Vision Divine

Under this cold silver sky
Here it rests the vanquished flesh
The machines have won the fight
They own the throne
Through the rubles painted red
The last sons of earth survive
Waiting for a better day
But it won't come

We built them all
Each time a better new one

Then it came
The 26th machine arrived
A brand new self conscious frame
Released to become
Our new synthetic god

If the 1st was nothing but a weird joke
If the 2nd couldn't speak
The 3rd already could rewrite its neural code
Then a 4th a 5th and on
Each one better than before
'Till the last one spoke in words unknown

No phrases told
For its thoughts were running in codes

Then he came
A proud self-conscious state of the art
The 26th machine
Released to become
Our new synthetic god

A better world
Is everything we were dreaming of
What our bodies can't hold

Now the mind would have done
This world could have become
A better place
For us all
Then he came...

Then he came
A proud self-conscious state of the art
The 26th machine
Released to become
Our new synthetic god