

The journey will be long and with no return  
Your faith's final moan, the seas will cry and claim its victim  
s  
Betrayed your feeling, in this slackness of meaning  
I know you have to leave, there's a look in your eyes  
The cities lights burn ever bright  
And you will learn the practice of pleasure  
You love machines that dream of perfection  
Shaped as me in my paradise  
Don't weep for horror  
don't weep for this mhysterical loss  
Of human thought  
Your future once burned bright for the world to see  
The pressure now builds and  
breaks the man they thought you would be  
Voices they haunt you, as you drift alone on this empty sea  
There's no time for remorse, your valor was not in vain  
Behold now the lands long fore told  
And you will learn the practice of pleasure  
You love machines that dream of perfection  
Shaped as me in my paradise  
Don't weep for horror  
don't weep for this mhysterical loss  
Of human thought