

Crush us. Over and over again...  
The years have come to this--an improper art form.  
Faking our own thoughts and sounds...  
Robots crush... death of human-music.

Bright lights fill the sky...  
Track us through our fields of money...  
The old days seem shit and primitive...  
Abduction... control... you write for me. Oh, master...

Master of the machines...  
Take this shit and make it gold. Make my face sparkle with fame  
...  
Master of the machines...  
Fuck them hard and neglect their thoughts...  
They will never see us coming...

No more human voice...  
No more human actions...  
Imperfect fucks stand in the dark.

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The yeras have come to this--an improper art form.  
Faking our own thoughts and sounds...  
Robots crush...  
Death of human-music.

Counteract this idea of control...  
Human emotion can only produce the  
Thoughtful...  
Finally discovering the idea of perfect harmony...  
This is the day we finally make beautiful notes again...  
But we will never realize...  
A situation so far dead...  
Make this a war...  
Blood fills the sky...  
Drop the deadly dive-bomb...  
The end of this outside life.

We will find art again.