

Mechanical Life

Dying Wish

Who's sitting there
With dark eyes
Who gives an order
'gainst our life
Their prophet lies
About our death
Redemption will be
A simple test

You'll be saved
As long as you obey
We let you tell anytime
One of our prayer

So they don't know
Who we are,
And they don't mind
If we die
And we should keep
Our pride
And hide it for
The after-life

Incubator gives
Brand new image
What will a sign
On our brows
Any squander moments
(What) We left behind
Will be a statue
Above our casket rows