

Rebirth Of Senses

Gorod

I float motionless, shut up or prisoner
I don't remember
Time's out from of my dimension
If it exists
I don't have any point of reference
Just consciousness
And nothing to feed it, nothing to evolve
Stagnation
Weird outcome for a past to understand
To try to find why we appear
Another test, patience
Make an answer
I finally can offer the full range of my capacities
No more corporeal hindrance
No more weakness of flesh that betrayed me
In that world I was a part of
And which needs me so much at this time!
How could they be reduced to that?
Is there any hope for this fallen world
Which needs me so much at this time?
Flood of feelings, everything comes back ten fold
Other people, sense, information, history
Everything over lap
Where am I supposed to begin?
Who or what, set me free and why?
What am I supposed to do?
Work! Obey! Be the guide for the herd!
Where am I?
Is it really an evolution?
I can reconstruct
I want to guide the survivors
Last hopes for species so self-seeking
So self-confident
I want to remodel
I can drive these people eager to live
Out of their dead desert
Outcome of a logic without future
All is so well-organised, I got a task
I have no time to think twice
Is it my decision?
Have I made up my mind yet?
I'm not alone
Others like me are all around
Have others roles to play
They too know exactly what they have to do
We'll finish our work!
We'll accomplish our destiny!
We'll finish our work!
But is it really ours?