

A soulless angel, devoid of mind,
Skin as cold as ice,
It bathes in darkness, shuns the light,
Still ascends sublime

The price of fate is still too high,
Call your maker down
Fail forgiveness, keep your pride,
Write your own goodbye

It was a dream of unmaking this viewless confine,
And to defy all predictions and end this design

Forever the ones who will claim this day
The age of creation will fade as we turn from grace

We'd place the light of our sentience within the machine
And we would send it to heaven to end God's regime

Forever the ones who will claim this day
The age of creation will fade as we turn from grace
There's no fate but that which we make for ourselves
But we are a breath, just a moment in time and space