

# Terminus

Mechina

Breathe the air of this modern world  
The scattered seeds have sown a generation  
Whose evolution is both body and mind

I see a world destined to leave its imprint upon the  
stars  
Condemning their past to the blackness of space  
This future empire will never find the books that  
enslave

We were born to conquer the stars  
This freedom will conquer the gods

We assemble among these stars as brothers, not tyrants  
We are finally free from gods

None shall obey or kneel before any god  
We can now see  
This future form as reality

Our voices are carried off in the wind  
Into a distant sky, to be spoken again

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We shall not bear the weight of our past  
Nor inject ourselves with its poison

There is no place for faith  
There is no reason to hate

Arise from your knees  
There is no use to pray

Our voices, carried off in the wind  
Into a distant sky  
Open your eyes  
For we have redefined heaven

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None shall obey or kneel before any god  
We can now see  
This future form as reality

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This final empire  
This last horizon  
A simple glance upward was all we needed

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