

March of the Tripods

Mnemonic

Do you feel the machines coming?
Do you feel the storm rising?
Because they're coming
I feel them rising
It feels like it's about to happen

I can breathe the smell of blades of steel
I can see their light but it's not that clear
Because they're watching
I feel them staring
I feel them staring at us
It feels like it's about to happen

Change is about to happen
It feels more like I am dying
This black hole leaving me hopeless
Leaving me hopeless

I'm not made of wires
I'm not made of others
You try to synchronize me
You try to synchronize me
The locust is just too far away
While the tripods are marching
I am made of wires
I am made of others
Now I'm made of wires

Did you feel the machines coming?
Did you feel the storm rising?
Because now they're reigning
We're suffocating
We're suffocating alone

It feels like it has just happened