

The Dawning Age

Nodes Of Ranvier

As we bow to sovereignty, I'm feeling programmed by your
Carry me away. Take me away from here.
My head has got the best of me again.
But now I'm finding, damn your lying.
This charade has got to end.

Through organized deception, we become investments.
As an attempt to commercialize pain.
Have we no shame? As we bow to sovereignty.
Flesh and bone machines worked their way in me.

This competition, forced opinion takes its toll on me.
The dawning age of dehumanization.
As we bow to sovereignty, I'm feeling programmed tuned by your
lies.
Swallow the light, lies it feels warm inside.

Through organized deception, we've become investments.
There's no moving me. Right here is where I'll be.
It's gonna take more than words to get a rise from me.
There's no moving me. Swallow the light. Lies. It feels warm in
side.

Swallow the light. Lies. They murdered the mind.
Murdering minds. Lies, it feels warm inside.
Plastic silicone goddess. International tele-violence.
Neurological battering offence. Mutilation of the conscience.

The only reception clear to me, is this longing for eternity.