

Steel is circulating  
The air is cold  
Mirrors reflecting  
The sky  
Skyscrapers  
Cover the sun  
A huge machinery  
Slowly rotates  
I close my eyes  
My thoughts become wings

I fly high in the sky  
You are already waiting  
We kiss us in the clouds  
The future is rotating

The cold bites  
All of us in uniforms  
Like robots  
Movements equated

Here is mind control  
You're violating virtual morality  
Corporal punishment  
Sets in now

The pain pulsates  
My thoughts become wings

I fly high in the sky  
You are already waiting  
We kiss us in the clouds  
The future is rotating