

Enter 2045, revealed future course of human history.
Dawn of the singularity, flesh
And machine unveil the true meaning of the rapture.

Phased-in change ignored, rising up from the ground.

Spawned out of the technological design.
The shape of things to come is now here.

Eyes are the mirror of souls
Made in the shape of a flawed design.
I will improve the divine, sing to a different tone.

Those who tried to scream, they had no mouths... a futile act.
Silenced and altered, deprogrammed, reprogrammed
And re-shaped for this paradigm.
Age of the singularity, future revealed
Agents emerge to exercise neuromancy.

Phased-in change ignored, rising up from the ground.

Spawned out of the technological design.
The shape of things to come is now here.

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Made in the shape of a flawed design.
I will improve the divine, sing to a different tone.

Don't believe, eyes are the mirror of souls
Now see, made in the shape of a flawed design.
I will improve the divine, i extract
Sing to a different tone and inject your thoughts.

Now self-replicators of a.i.
The children of the assembly line.
Watch and oversee the creation of cyborgs
Made in their image to celebrate this paradigm.

Spawned out of the technological design.
The shape of things to come is now here.

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