

If you awake in the break of day and night
or in the sundown lake searching the stars above
you watch the void and the shapes darker than dark
sprockets of skies the gearing of this ark
I recall - first time I saw through
I recall - the weight of the truth
I recall - the panic when I saw engines in dark
I have cried at the tube of the moon
I have wailed at the machines in soil
I have cried at the construction of the engines of light
the clockwork surrounding our petty lifes
the system artificially natural
the morning dew the coolant condensation
of the bearing (of) mechanical hand of god
I have tried to tell everyone
I have failed to make them see
I have been discarded as freak by this society
chain-driven sunset, cold machines rule the night
chain-driven sunset, I can't bear i was right!
I have looked into the temple of mine
I have cut into flesh and bone
I'm afraid i can confirm now engines in me
chain-driven sunset, cold machines rule the night
chain-driven sunset, I can't bear i was right!
What should I trust? When all I know is different.
What should I trust? When all I've learnt is false.
What to believe in? Machines enclosed the known.
What to believe in? Concept of nature gone..
And what of us? When did we get constructed?
And what of us? Purpose of our design?
When will it come? At word of great mekanik
when will it come? We would be called to work.
I fear the day we learn our destination
I fear the day we learn our destiny
our history training in mass destruction
our history prepares us to our aim.