

# Mechina, Alithea

Optical mounted interface  
Binary induction  
Bionic blood, augmented flesh  
Halfhearted machine now living in black and white

Curse my  
Human heart  
For this flawed inherent faith  
In mankind

All I want  
Is air that doesn't  
Carry the scent  
Of steel, flesh, and fire

Piercing the clouds  
These circles of light  
Remind me that color  
Exists in ones life

Curse my  
Human heart  
For this flawed inherent faith  
In mankind

I will see  
What world lies beneath me  
Decide on my own  
Flesh or machine

I will see what world lies beneath me  
Holding on to a fading dream  
Of a world that may be the just city  
Holding on to a fading a dream  
That this world may be  
Just may be the Just City