

# Mechina, Tartarus

Eclipsed in the shadows of lifeless eyes  
A broken man stands shattered and cold  
Searching for a memory of home

Although my number implies that search has ended  
A simulation may have spread and infected

No sense of direction  
No sense of reflection  
Xenon defined  
In a world of unquestioned perfection

How many lives were lost  
In completing this inhuman automation  
How many nations had to kneel  
To imbue such complacency  
In what is black and white

No sense of direction  
No sense of reflection  
Xenon defined  
In a world of unquestioned perfection

As if machine gods were buried  
Hold up the sky  
These towers like hands  
Hold up the sky  
My past is as empty  
As empty as the life in their eyes  
As if machine gods were buried  
Hold up the sky

No sense of direction  
No sense of reflection  
Xenon defined  
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