Mechanical Trees

Rivers of Nihil

Amun rises in the southern crux,
The light pours through my mouth and eyes.
Shadows retreat toward the east,
In ire of the sun.Boundless, arithmetic of light,
bare unto us,
Endless knowledge lost in rotation of the earth and sky.
We've built these towers high.
It's proof of breathless nights and many suffocating days.
I navigate through an iron forest with intense futility.I want to live, where the air can touch me.
I want to breathe like no one before me.
See the inner eye of Time's design.
Mechanical trees, breeding mechanical dreams.
I extend my pineal eye,
through the depths of Earth as she's crying,
Ancient human simian pride designs apocalyptic future-scapes.
We've designed a beautiful kingdom come,
I will look toward the sun.
Breath in an ocean, a forest, the stars in the sky at night.
I am the breath behind you when darkness takes your sight.See the inner eye of time's design.
Mechanical trees, breeding mechanical dreams.Breathe forth the hallucinogen,
duce a mass state of higher consciousness.
Evolve past pain and suffering.
Evolve past the coming end.
I evolve inside.
Then I will look toward the sun.
I want to live, where the air can touch me.
I want to breathe like no one before me.
I extend my pineal eye,
through the depths of Earth as she's crying,
Ancient human simian pride designs apocalyptic future-scapes.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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