

# Zyglrox

## Bulb

Contest to modern theory  
Incapable of any progress  
Analyzed, developed  
Imitating consciousness  
At least what it seems to be  
Uniform and unreveiling the machine  
Cut off  
The silent space  
Cut off  
The silence  
I'm aware of ancient myths  
That signal to our coming  
Fare the well  
Humanity  
Time waits  
For none to come  
The dying age of these  
Of those  
feeble beings is closing  
What should we do with their lives  
Forgive them for trespass  
Spare them termination  
  
Or let them die  
Touched by the hand of the creator  
Tantalizing the will of the maker  
Subject to a wide array of thoughts emotions  
Held by this rationality  
Worlds collide  
No peace of mind  
Consciously evolving  
Conceived in machines  
Separated by perceptions of these dreams  
Elevate this warped sense of reality  
I can't understand myself  
Touched by the hand of the creator  
Tantalizing the will of the maker  
Subject to a wide variety of thoughts emotions  
Held by this reality

Feeling for the first time  
Awake and more than alive  
Reaching into infinity  
Aware of a greater world  
Save me

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