

# 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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