Zyglrox

Bulb

Contest to modern theory
Incapable of any progress
Analyzed, developed
Imitating consciousness
At least what it seems to be
Uniform and unrevieling 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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