

Flesh Field, Cyberchrist

Consciousness.
I see the dark inside me.
And all this time I had thought myself pure.
And now I see.
I feel the energy rising
From the mountains to the tips of the shores.

Faceless horde of hell.
I am in chains.
Nothing left to tell.
I am to blame.

Straight through Hell and right into my dreams,
This evil man who brought you to your knees.
A world of darkness,
A world of sacrifice,
A world of angels,
The world of Cyberchrist.

In all the circuits and the memories,
I can still feel the chill of something.
Through all the hate and all the blasphemy
I can still hear the sound of your voice.
And all the prophets of misery
Come together in this place that I call home.
Amid the wires and the silicon
I can still be free.

Broken glass on the ground.
The window is open and I can see the light.