

Incubus, Certain Accuracy

Technology

Inventions that shine

Only hope and thoughts that reflects in our minds

Manmade machineries

Futuristic and advanced devices

Trying to get it right every time

Not accepting the pain of failure

When back to the starting point

Again they will try

[Chorus:]

A first

Second

And a third time

To a certain accuracy that is absurd

Creations that can bring us to an end

In different ways

[Lead]

Religion and politics

Are all overrated

Like many things in life

A human

Will never be able to control

Those situations

Whatever mankind does and builds to serve

And protect us might also send us to our graves

Our ways to fatal errors

With no turning back

[Lead]

With or without confidence

And also preparing for whatever might go wrong

Discovering is a hard task to face

And finding the solution is what instinctively

Does our face until the world reaches to a higher ground

With anxiety

Sorrow

And pain

[Lead]

[Lead]

Creation for both uses

To whom it may seem

That it can be right or wrong

Human imperfections and method of corrections

A natural reaction

From the past until now days

An endless cycle that goes on

[Repeat chorus]

In all the existing things in this world

Men will never achieve the degree of perfection

That they search for

[Lead]