

# Dying Wish, Mechanical Life

Who's sitting there  
With dark eyes  
Who gives an order  
'gainst our life  
Their prophet lies  
About our death  
Redemption will be  
A simple test

You'll be saved  
As long as you obey  
We let you tell anytime  
One of our prayer

So they don't know  
Who we are,  
And they don't mind  
If we die  
And we should keep  
Our pride  
And hide it for  
The after-life

Incubator gives  
Brand new image  
What will a sign  
On our brows  
Any squander moments  
(What) We left behind  
will be a statue  
above our casket rows