

Fallen Prophet, Trapped in the Void

Departure from the system sounds like outdated joke
Pay for sins of fathers in this cold-blooded world
Every useless action connected to the core
Forsaken is freedom, subdued by mind control

Every fault will be replaced
Every thought must be erased
Every single step will be watched
Every sign of love must be stopped

Under artificial sky
Waiting for the blessed night
Machine, that's what I become
Wired, but somehow alone

Souls are empty
Every last tear cried for our world
Hearts on fire
Face this great void, bow down and behold

Ignorance is our guide, indifference in our eyes
From our lonesome birth to social suicide
This system will replace us and strip us from our choices
And independent soul will die without a noise

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What goes around
Will always come around
Fly high and proud
Before hitting the ground

(Solo: Michał Mroczek)

Global Web
Substitute for your life
Real world's dead
Synthetic paradise

(Solo: Michał Mroczek/Marcin Marchel)