

Fractured, Machine Men

If it were a science,
a product of pain,
a machine of flesh with no blood to drain.
Two sockets for eyes
that see through lies,
I am your god and I'll never die.

To be human is to feel,
when you're hurt your wounds will heal,
when you cry your teardrops fall,
to mix the hate which builds your walls

Made to kill and never care
as meaningless as all of your prayers,
the void inside my hollow heart
rusts away as my soul departs.

Unable to feel,
unable to love
the emotions that I am unworthy of.
If it could only just make sense,
the look in your eyes,
so intense.

To be human is to feel,
when you're hurt your wounds will heal,
when you cry your teardrops fall,
to mix the hate which builds your walls