

# Icycore, Visions Of Numeric Life

Of myself I've no control  
Glowing structures rise like walls  
Prompting words I can't decipher

Falling now into the void  
I touch matrixes like toys  
In a strange deafening silence

Fearing no more my time  
That shapeless passes by  
Leaving behind my mask

I can see the destiny  
Of human data files  
My new form is shifting wild  
I feel like I'm  
Rolling Bouncing Bumping  
Crushing Glasses Falling  
In a pinball of my own

Data paths are now so crude  
Showing lives from where protrude  
Tracing patterns of how users live

Neural networks fill the place  
Leaving me a little space  
Moving on is now so heavy

Fearing no more my time  
That shapeless passes by  
Leaving behind my mask

I can see the destiny  
Of human data files  
My new form is shifting wild  
I feel like I'm  
Rolling Bouncing Bumping  
Crushing Glasses Falling  
In a pinball of my own