

Joy Electric, The Singing Arc

All of my lost inventions
Somehow I'm feeling much older
What fate is in store, to be forgotten?
Will there be a history written, or not?

All the world has changed
Time unfolds when there is progress made
Gears unwind to propel me far
Centuries of design
The singing arc

Live to tell wondrous tales?
I'm just a ghost of my former
The loss of peers has sentenced me
To suffer the knowledge of what I've learned