

Koffin Kats, Mechanical Youth

Orphans of a long forgotten world
A past of slaves who never would revolt
They follow orders the system still commands
The youth rebuild a city meant for man

Mainframe guides their hands through a toxic neverland
Can't abort the programs now
Mechanical youth, marching on

Solar charge not so effective now
Darkness beneath the poisoned clouds
The youth won't stop themselves from slowing now
The youth can't make directives of their own

Short circuits, rusting frames
Created by imperfect beings
Fiending for hydrolic oil
Mechanical youth burning out

They are alone and shutting down
Sorted remains
Wait for the masters to come home