

Machinae Supremacy, Killer Instinct

A beating pulse, a pounding heart
A million pieces from the start
I never doubted for a second
That it would be hard
But the will to be alive
Greater than any ideals

I believe in you my love, we are above
Simple things are not for us, we bleed for lust

Driven by our violent past
Ever forcing us to last
Unbridled killer instinct
Ever standing fast
And so the will to be alive
Overshadows any doubt

I believe...

We are heading for an evolutionary cul de sac
As our brethren try to take it all back