

Mechina, Alithea

Optical mounted interface
Binary induction
Bionic blood, augmented flesh
Halfhearted machine now living in black and white

Curse my
Human heart
For this flawed inherent faith
In mankind

All I want
Is air that doesn't
Carry the scent
Of steel, flesh, and fire

Piercing the clouds
These circles of light
Remind me that color
Exists in ones life

Curse my
Human heart
For this flawed inherent faith
In mankind

I will see
What world lies beneath me
Decide on my own
Flesh or machine

I will see what world lies beneath me
Holding on to a fading dream
Of a world that may be the just city
Holding on to a fading a dream
That this world may be
Just may be the Just City