

Moi Dix Mois, Deus Ex Machina

Why do you smile?
What's beyond shut glass?
Your smile must know
Crush this Ex Machina

Regret creation that you made me
In the shape not complete

You will also die out in fixed machinery
These eyes, if cut out, it's fine heaven of darkness

These ears, if cut off it's silence, heaven of darkness

Enclosed in this narrow case

You are next
In ridicule, you laugh

Be terrified