

Tandjent, The Great Machine

Lost a trace of me inside the great machine
All taste of better self swallowed for tomorrow
Defy that which pleads for comforts of company
Wry and fallow, give up, fight the impulse, let go

Nothing
Forever thoughtless without me
Nothing
Dead and lifeless just like me

Irrelevance brought to action in attraction to a void
Solitude with only thoughts and paranoia dreams
Slow speak careless shuffle with end, without purpose
Forsake the world outside
Rebuke my fate, detached

Nothing
Forever thoughtless without me
Nothing
Dead and lifeless just like me
Nothing

Godless action pushing though between the sit and smile
Tethered to the copper trace within the dual-stage god
Forever thoughtless without
Dead and lifeless like me