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Theremin

We close our eyes and look in opposite direction
We ignore the threats and hope they'll go away
We refuse to pay attention to the dangers we create
In the name of our fathers we kill our children

We wait and think that we are biding our time
We keep silent, we believe in our strength
We trust in propaganda of the wonders of tomorrow
In the shadow of contempt we are victims in the end

We dance to the sound of sirens
We watch genocide to relax
We dance to the sound of sirens
We are the heroes of self-deception

We are nailed to the ground, frozen in our movements
We listen while the sirens sound, speaking of improvements
We have anger in our souls that waits to be released
In the chill of fear we're petrified and useless when it counts

Replicant

Lights blur shifting slightly, always the rain
He's there hunting nightly, driven by pain
Burns fast shining brightly, dies in vain
He's there, speaking lightly of life in pain

Bionic killer the spider in his net
Comes to his maker as close as he can get

Weak little creatures speaking with god
Their cries so insane, their prayers just in vain
'Cause I am the replicant, to hell with the gods

Too late to escape, too late to regret
No time to hide, no time to forget
Lights blur shifting slightly, always the rain
He's there hunting nightly, driven by pain

The rain, always the rain
Your pain sustained

Shipwreck

In my heaven of despair
Lies the ocean of impurity
A ship made of angel's hair
Set sails on the morning tide

In my heaven of despair
Blows the wind of insanity
A ship is sailing there
With sails made of golden pride

As a drowning man
I watch myself in the boiling sea
So if you are a man
Prepare yourself for joining me

In my heaven of despair
Lies the shipwreck of my hope
It is the sign for those who dare
In memory of those who tried

Void

Incomplete and in search for emotions
For ever alone in his empty heart
He's always looking for a light in the dark
Trapped in the endless void of time

His soul is screaming for a meaning
But the only answer he will ever get
Is the echo of his lonesome question
Resounding and insulting for ever

Unfulfilled and in search for devotions
For ever alone in his empty world
He's always looking for a light in the dark
Trapped in the endless void of life

Disempowered and in search for completion
For ever alone in his empty soul
He's always looking for a light in the dark
Trapped in the endless void of strife

Hardware Requiem

We believe in human progress
We create the servants we need
We develop new ways of living
We develop new ways of living

We search for power sources
We need energy to survive
We build on fragile ground
We build on fragile ground

We feel safe in unstable houses
We fear the world outside
We've become strangers at home
We've become strangers at home

We went too far, we can't turn back
We built too high, we can't get down
We are the slaves of our servants
In the shadow of our ambitions

Shelter

If this was a cavern of concrete
In a forest with trees like towers
I would have a place to seek retreat
From their poisoned plastic flowers

If this was a shelter I would endure
In a world with faceless strangers
I would have a place to feel secure
From the ever present dangers

Wasteland

The wind tried to tell us
We failed to understand
We lost our senses of direction
Drowned in the desert sand
We left home without notice
No landmark to be seen
The ground died beneath us
The landscape was unclean

As we search for oblivion
We forget to remember
The faint memory of home
Far beyond the wasteland

We drank the poisoned water
To hear the serpent speak
He told us of a garden
With the treasure that we seek

As we try to discover
The secret deep inside
There is nothing to be found
Only dust in the wasteland

Voices

The forcing walls are closing in
And the sky is still descending
The price for a life in sin
Is beyond repair and mending

He can see it in the eyes
Where life is slowly fading
It's not worth it to be nice
To a voice that's so evading

He pulls the trigger of his gun
The voice is so degrading
Petrified he tries to run
The words reverberating

He hears chanting choirs and voices at night
They're raging like fires but speaking so light
He wants to kill the past
To be alone at last

He takes a step into the brain
Little there remaining
Dissolving in the frozen rain
The voice is disengaging

Edge of Dawn

Black stone opens to the mind
This weak body far behind
Now closing in, hungry to begin

An ancient door to hidden light
For coming times to discover
I step across the edge of dawn

White light solid to my eye
Deep down inside I'm alive
Now I see it, the infant spirit

An ancient door to hidden light
For coming times to discover
I step across the edge of dawn
For better man to recover

Death will give birth again
New life will rise my friend
Now closing in, eager to begin

Black stone opens up the gate
This weak body integrate
Now I see it, the infant spirit

Speed

Give me, give me the speed I need
I want more life, don't need this state to last
I want more to burn, I want more to break
So give me the speed I need

My own movements feel strange
Are we all insane, or is it only me?
Believing, believing the free will
To last, to burn, to die

Fail against my domination
Learn the sweetness of my mercy
Guide my reckless steel
Make me feel
Or fix my speed

No force too loud to try
Never reaching, never reaching through the glass
Scratching, itching my steel
I let go, I let go, unknown mind

Motions, actions from a pure mind
A rare thing! a wise thing?
So begin, move, crush
So restless, dayless, always

Fail against my domination
Learn the sweetness of my mercy
Guide my reckless steel
Make me feel
Or fix my speed

Cryotank Expansion

Life consuming peace celebrate
Each day of the blind god who
Feels everything spotless filter
Of background noise glide from dream
To dream on a quest for riddles
Surrounding faith and bravery in its
Empty center a thousand things never
Seen by any eye unconscious tracks
And pictures and landscapes and fragments
Of languages as random and wonder
Have the same source broke open
Before and after sounds and thoughts
No need to see the shape of life it forms