

Lost Souls

"Digital Heart Generator"

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Selectively bred by evolution to adapt to the harsh
reality
Of their new-born world so far so good
A solid armored skeleton a scared tissue that will not
heal
Humankind's new implement a never-ending
machinery

I am your new species
I am the new breed
Invent, construct, multiply, succeed

In the name of the future
In the name of the past
In the name of the holy reactor
Amen

What have we become future robots of dawn
Fed by a holy reactor offspring of industry
Eager for new conquest sunrise a new day
I'm marching into the land of distant memories

Who are we now
Who needs us now

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