

Detektive Riot

"Teknolust"

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Pulsing rhythms, clanking steel
The use for humans at the wheel
The machine goes on, the threat is real
People suffer, people feel.
Toxic air and barren waste
In mankind leave a bitter taste
The more we kill, the more we die,
The more machines that fill the sky.

Twenty first century, teknolust.

Super-sized, supersonic
Livin' large and electronic
The machines we made to call our world
And are all that's left when all else burns
Progress is a progress does,
Built until that's all there was
The more we stack, the more we spend,
The more machines that watch us bend.

A fitting end for unfit friends,
No invitation could extend
Silent eyes watch silent streets
Silicone and steel the only heartbeat.

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