Machine

Ivory Night

Welcome to your endtime-war
This is not a dream
A nameless traveler
Appears naked on the scene
Human flesh and scanning eyes
The only vivid trace
Steel as bones inside
A machine behind its face

Artificial eyes – artificial breath
travelling through time – artificial death

Machine – running through the fire
Machine – running through the fire

Not a thought inside its head
Nor a sentiment
Only bits and bytes
A machine cannot repent

The leader of the underground
Will be given birth
By S.C., [so] she must be found
And dragged away from earth

Artificial eyes ...

Target better hide
He's always on the hunt
T-800 knows no sleep
And Arnie did the stunts