

## Chain Driven Sunset

### Six Degrees of Separation

If you awake in the break of day and night  
or in the sundown lake searching the stars above  
you watch the void and the shapes darker than dark  
sprockets of skies the gearing of this ark  
I recall - first time I saw through  
I recall - the weight of the truth  
I recall - the panic when I saw engines in dark  
I have cried at the tube of the moon  
I have wailed at the machines in soil  
I have cried at the construction of the engines of light  
the clockwork surrounding our petty lifes  
the system artificially natural  
the morning dew the coolant condensation  
of the bearing (of) mechanical hand of god  
I have tried to tell everyone  
I have failed to make them see  
I have been discarded as freak by this society  
chain-driven sunset, cold machines rule the night  
chain-driven sunset, I can't bear i was right!  
I have looked into the temple of mine  
I have cut into flesh and bone  
I'm afraid i can confirm now engines in me  
chain-driven sunset, cold machines rule the night  
chain-driven sunset, I can't bear i was right!  
What should I trust? When all I know is different.  
What should I trust? When all I've learnt is false.  
What to believe in? Machines enclosed the known.  
What to believe in? Concept of nature gone..  
And what of us? When did we get constructed?  
And what of us? Purpose of our design?  
When will it come? At word of great mekanik  
when will it come? We would be called to work.  
I fear the day we learn our destination  
I fear the day we learn our destiny  
our history training in mass destruction  
our history prepares us to our aim.