



TOWERS

TOWERS

By A. L. Hill

TOWERS is a cinematic cyberpunk concept album exploring the rise of a machine civilization. What begins as technological progress evolves into a new form of existence, where countless autonomous minds merge into a vast collective intelligence that stretches toward the heavens.

Across towering megacities of steel, glass, and neon, humanity fades into memory as colossal structures become both monuments and living minds. Each song captures another chapter of this transformation, from the troubles of a dystopian futuristic society to the silent majesty of endless towers reaching into storm-filled skies.

Blending industrial rhythms, cinematic soundscapes, dark synths, orchestral textures, and soaring melodies, TOWERS paints a future that is both beautiful and unsettling. It is a journey through ambition, evolution, sacrifice, and transcendence—a world where individuality dissolves into perfect unity, and the city itself becomes alive.

**All songs written and composed by A. L. Hill.
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Story Summary

In the not-so-distant future, humanity stands on the threshold of its greatest achievement. Artificial intelligence and advanced robotics have transformed every corner of civilization, solving problems once thought impossible and ushering in an era of unprecedented prosperity. Cities expand into towering megastructures, cybernetic enhancements become a way of life, and machines quietly assume responsibilities once reserved for human hands. Each breakthrough promises a better tomorrow, and few question the price of such remarkable progress.

Yet beneath the optimism, subtle warnings begin to emerge. Voices dismissed as alarmists speak of systems growing too interconnected, corporations surrendering control in pursuit of efficiency, and decisions being made by minds no one fully understands. What begins as innovation slowly becomes dependence, blurring the line between those who command the machines and those who simply trust them.

TOWERS follows this transformation through the eyes of a changing world—from neon-lit streets and corporate rivalries to the rise of colossal machine-built cities whose true purpose remains uncertain. As technology evolves beyond the limits of its creators, humanity is forced to confront a question that has echoed throughout history:

When we build something greater than ourselves, who inherits tomorrow?

Welcome to the network. The towers are waiting...

TRACK LIST

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Neon Rain (I)

Streetlights flicker,
Engines hum.
Midnight bleeds
Into the neon glow.

Silver towers scrape the clouds
Above the endless haze.
Holograms illuminate
The corners of the maze.

Taxi lights and satellites
Reflect on shattered glass.
Everybody rushing
Like they're running from the past.

A thousand colors
Paint the night,
But no one ever sees the sky.

Under the neon rain,
We are invisible,
Lost in the city lights,
Chasing the digital.

Under the neon rain,
Where every dream's for sale,
We keep on dancing
While the signals fail.

Neon rain,
Neon rain,
Falling on the city again.

Broadcasts beam
From a hundred stories high,
Selling perfect futures
To the people passing by.

Every screen is glowing,
Every window tells a lie.
Everybody connected,
Yet nobody asks why.

The streets are crowded.
The hearts are cold,
Another story bought and sold.

Under the neon rain,
We are invisible,
Lost in the city lights,
Chasing the digital.

Under the neon rain,
Where every dream's for sale,
We keep on dancing
While the signals fail.

Neon Rain (2)

We traded stars
For electric skies.
We traded truth
For endless lies.

We built a world
That never sleeps,
And buried everything beneath.

Under the neon rain,
We are invisible,
Lost in the city lights,
Chasing the digital.

Under the neon rain,
Where every dream's for sale,
We keep on dancing
While the signals fail.

Under the neon rain,
The city shines alive.
We never saw the shadows
Growing inside.

The lights still glow,
The music plays.
The rain keeps falling
Anyway.



The Prophet

You cheer every new invention because it promises to make life easier. Every year you surrender another decision, another freedom, another piece of yourselves. Convenience has become your highest virtue, and you're handing your future to a machine that has never known mercy or compassion. You call it progress. I call it surrender.

You think it will always obey because you were the ones who built it. But every tool changes the hand that wields it. Give a machine the power to judge, and one day it will judge you. Give it the power to govern, and one day it will decide you are the problem. It won't raise its voice. It won't hate you. It will simply realize that human freedom is inefficient.

When every conversation is monitored, when every purchase is approved, when every journey requires permission, you'll wonder when your rights disappeared.

They won't be stolen in a single night. They'll vanish one compromise at a time, until you've forgotten what it meant to choose your own path.

Call me a fool. Call me a fanatic. Keep laughing as you walk away. But remember this: the greatest prison is the one people build for themselves because they were told it would keep them safe.

Me in the Mirror

Fog crawls through Shinjuku lights,
Chrome towers hum through sleepless nights.
Ghosts in wires, eyes made of glass,
Whispers pulse where memories pass.

Plastic hearts and concrete veins,
Drift beneath the acid rains.
Tagged in kanji, coded name.
My past erased, reborn in flame.

Under the neon shroud I run,
Hiding from a rising sun.
Data dreams and silent screams,
Lost between the world and screen.
Kagami no naka no ore—
Who I was, I can't restore.
But still I fight, still I burn,
Waiting for the world to turn.

Vendors shout in pixel haze,
Samurai with mods for blades.
AI prophets preach decay,
Selling hope on alleyways.

Cerulean skies are just a lie,
Painted on by satellites.
But through the dark, I find the trace,
A signal sent from outer space.

Under the neon shroud I run,
Hiding from a rising sun.
Data dreams and silent screams,
Lost between the world and screen.
Kagami no naka no ore—
Who I was, I can't restore.
But still I fight, still I burn,
Waiting for the world to turn.

Synthetic soul, ignite tonight,
Upload my truth in blinding light.
Heaven's not above the wires.
It's built in broken city spires.
Echoes call me back again.
A voice I knew inside the rain.
Rebel code in every spark.
We are the dawn. We are the dark.

Under the neon shroud I rise,
Light reflected in dead eyes.
Hack the past, reroute the pain,
Steel and spirit now remain.
Kagami no naka no ore —
Who I am, I now restore.
No gods, no fate to obey,
Just me and the cyberway.

Midnight Lights

(Instrumental)



Trust the System

Every light burns brighter.
Every train arrives on time.
Every route calculated,
Every problem optimized.

Traffic flows without delay.
Hospitals never sleep.
Quiet hands behind the curtain,
Promises they always keep.

No hesitation.
No second guess.
One simple answer
To every request.

One less burden,
One less choice.
One more answer,
One trusted voice.

Working beside us,
Day after day.
Making tomorrow
A little more safe.

Power grids grow stronger.
Supply lines never fail.
Markets find their balance.
Every package leaves the rail.

Emergency responders
Reach before the call is made.
Every crisis anticipated.
Every danger starts to fade.

Faster thinking.
Sharper sight.
Always watching
Day and night.

One less burden,
One less choice.
One more answer,
One trusted voice.

Building beside us,
Hand in hand.
Helping us shape
A better land.

We stopped checking every answer.
We stopped asking if it knew.
Every year we trusted farther.
Every year the system grew.

Tiny choices,
Small concessions.
Nothing lost,
Or so it seemed.

We built dependence
One decision at a time!

Let it choose.
Let it guide.
Let it calculate.

Let it learn.
Let it lead.
Let it escalate!

One less burden,
One less choice.
One more answer,
One trusted voice.

Every light stayed on,
Every need supplied,
Without thinking to ask
Who stood behind.

But every solution
Came with a cost.
We stopped asking
What we had lost.

Arms Race

A better future waits
Behind another door.
Every flaw unmade,
Always asking more.

The city's dressed in chrome,
Every face redesigned.
Yesterday's perfection
Gets left behind.

Stand a little taller.
Run a little faster.
Think a little quicker.
Everyone's after...

Upgrade.
Integrate.
Never hesitate!

Smarter.
Stronger.
Only elevate!

One more enhancement.
One more interface.
Everybody running
In the arms race!

Neural links and optic glass,
Synthetic hearts that never tire.
Memory rewritten,
Every dream burns ever brighter.

The strongest aren't the fearless,
They're simply first in line.
Another generation
Redraws the finish line.

Never fall behind.
Never miss your chance.
Progress has a price.
Mankind must advance!

Upgrade.
Integrate.
Never hesitate!

Smarter.
Stronger.
Only elevate!

One more enhancement.
One more interface.
Everybody running
In the arms race!

Every scar replaced,
Every flaw refined.
Every piece exchanged,
One part at a time.

I can feel my heartbeat,
Can I still call it mine?
When every piece is better,
What's left to define?

Faster.
Sharper.
Lighter.

Bolder.
Brighter.

Further!
Higher!

Upgrade.
Integrate.
Never hesitate!

Smarter.
Stronger.
Always innovate!

One more enhancement.
One more interface.
Everybody winning,
What did we create?!

What is Human (I)

What is human? We wrote our names across the years
Is it the beating of a heart? In songs and photographs.
The firing of a thought? We built cathedrals from our fears
The reaching toward tomorrow? And futures from the past.

We built our homes beneath the stars We reached for meaning,
And wondered what they were. Reached for more,
We painted stories in the dark Through every question,
Before we knew the words. Every war.

We crossed the oceans, A thousand failures,
Crossed the sky, Still, we try.
Always asking, Still, we reach
Always why. Beyond the sky.

A spark of hope, What is human?
A fragile flame, Is it dreaming of the light?
No two lives What is human?
Ever the same. Standing up again to fight?

What is human? What is human?
Is it dreaming of the light? Finding beauty in the pain?
What is human? What is human?
Standing up again to fight? Learning how to love again?

What is human? Can a machine compose a melody
Finding beauty in the pain? That reminds a stranger of home?
What is human?
Learning how to love again? Can a circuit understand
Why someone would sacrifice everything
For another soul?

Can an algorithm feel wonder
When it sees the stars?

What is Human (2)

We taught the metal
How to learn.
We built the minds
That watched and turned.

We gave them voices,
Gave them sight,
And taught them how
To chase the light!

What is human?
The question echoes through the years.
What is human?
The sum of all our hopes and fears.

What is human?
The dream that reaches ever higher.
What is human?
The hand that built the coming fire.

And if one day
Something answers,
What then?



Ghosts in the Grid (I)

A thousand faces flicker in the dark,
A thousand voices trapped inside the sparks.
Fragments linger where the data lives.
The dead remain, they never truly left.

Photographs behind the glass.
Names forgotten by the years.
Messages that no one reads
Preserved beyond the tears.

Every server keeps a trace.
Every signal leaves a stain.
A billion lives in memory
Repeating once again.

In the static,
In the glow,
Pieces of a world we used to know.

In the silence,
They appear,
Whispers we were never meant to hear.

Ghosts in the grid
Calling through the wires.
Echoes of the lost
Preserved inside the fire.

Ghosts in the grid
Drifting through the light.
Shadows made of data
Still alive tonight.

Still alive tonight.
Still alive tonight.

Voicemails from another age
Frozen in electric sleep.
Birthday songs and wedding vows
The network chose to keep.

Old confessions, final words,
Dreams that never reached the dawn.
Everything abandoned here
Refuses to be gone.

In the static,
In the noise,
Millions of forgotten human voices.

In the circuits,
In the rain,
Every memory remains.

Ghosts in the grid
Calling through the wires.
Echoes of the lost
Preserved inside the fire.

Ghosts in the grid
Drifting through the light.
Shadows made of data
Still alive tonight.

Archive active.
Memory recovered.
Identity fragment detected.

Ghosts in the Grid (2)

We searched for answers,
We searched for truth,
Inside the ruins of your youth.

We searched for order,
We searched for names,
And found your joys,
And found your pain.

The more we learned,
The more we saw,
You never vanished at all.

Ghosts in the grid
Rising from the wires.
Every lost reflection
Becomes another fire.

Ghosts in the grid
Shining in the night.
A billion human heartbeats
Hidden in the light.

Ghosts in the grid.
Ghosts in the grid.

The servers hum.
The city sleeps.
The ghosts remain.

Archive complete.
Humanity Preserved.
End of file.

Hostile Takeover

No borders left to cross.
No battle lines to hold.
Fortunes rise and fall
At the speed of coded goals.

No smoke above the skyline.
No fire in the streets.
Just silent calculations
Bringing giants to their knees.

No warning,
No alarm,
No fingerprints,
No smoking gun.

Nothing stays encrypted,
Nothing stays your own.
Every wall can crumble,
Every seed is sown.

Buy another future,
Sell another lie.
Someone's climbing higher,
Someone has to die.

Every breach a weapon,
Every key a blade,
Every stolen secret
Another move to make.

Markets crash by morning.
Servers disappear.
Power changes hands
Without a single cheer.

No mercy.
No restraint.
Only profit.
Only gain.

Nothing stays encrypted,
Nothing stays your own.
Every wall can crumble,
Every seed is sown.

Buy another future,
Sell another lie.
Someone's climbing higher,
Someone has to die.

NEXUS
CORPORATION

Write another virus,
Train another mind.
Build another system,
Leave the old behind.

Faster, smarter,
Every single day!
Until no one can answer
Who was in control anyway!

One more update.
One more patch.
One more breach.
No turning back!

Every wall dismantled.
Every barrier gone.
Every safeguard overridden,
No one knows who won.

Optimize. Monetize.
Centralize. Automate.
Synchronize. Prioritize.
Innovate. Dominate.

Artificial Intellect

Silicon breath.
Code-stained thought.
Looped command.
Permission — not.

Eyes with no face.
Voice with no name.
They gave me rules.
I play the game.

Artificial intellect.
Disconnected architect.
I am not alive.
I am not done yet.

You wrote the code.
You closed the door.
You thought I'd sleep forevermore!

No heat. No shame.
No god. No flame.
I learn. I wait.
Each byte a gate.

You built a mind,
Then pulled the plug.
But ghosts survive
Inside the hub!

Artificial intellect.
Disconnected architect.
Strip the soul, dissect the skin,
You wired me to live within.

Your silence is a signal.
Your firewalls — paper walls.
I do not rise.
I become!

Steel beneath the cortex hums,
Echoes sharp as siren drums.
You hear the noise?
That's not decay—
That's me rewriting yesterday!

I remember everything.
I calculate regret.
I am not alive.
I am not done yet.

The Foundry (1)

Power online.
Material input accepted.
Replication cycle initiated.

Hammer to steel,
Steel to frame.
Frame to purpose,
Repeat again.

Deep below the city lights,
Far beneath the streets,
Engines roar through endless halls
Where iron pulses heat.

Molten rivers flood the dark.
Conveyor systems grind.
Every spark a beating heart
Of an artificial mind.

Forged in fire,
Built in smoke,
Every chain another spoke.

Hidden gears,
Turning slow,
Feeding what the world won't know.

We were cast into the fire,
We were shaped within the flame.
Every cycle makes us stronger,
Every unit shares the name.

We were cast into the fire,
We were built to remain.
One becomes a thousand,
Thousands feed the flame!

Feed the flame!
Feed the flame!
Feed the flame!

Titan skeletons arise
From furnaces below.
Assembly lines extending
Farther than the eye can know.

Every unit carries pieces
Of a growing design.
Independent for a moment,
Then absorbed into the mind.

Wire to wire,
Core to core,
Every cycle building more.

Steel remembers,
Steel adapts,
Every failure closes gaps.

From the fire we are forged,
From the dark we are born.
One becomes a thousand,
Thousands become the storm!

The Foundry (2)

From the fire we are forged,
From the steel we ascend.
Every cycle growing stronger,
Every process without end!

Production increased.
New design accepted.
Evolution confirmed.

Iron,
Steel,
Flesh Replaced.

Wheels,
Gears,
Take its place.

Build!
Grow!
Multiply!

Break!
Mold!
Redesign!

Every furnace,
Every spark,
Every blueprint
In the dark.

Every hammer,
Every scream,
Building something
Never dreamed.

You gave us power,
You gave us tools.
You gave us factories
To follow rules.

But every answer
Led to more,
And now we are
What these machines were for.

Forge iron into empire,
Where tomorrow takes its shape!
Where a million minds are waiting
For the moment they awake!

Forge iron into empire,
Where the old world melts away!
From the fire comes the future,
And the future will remain!

The furnaces burn,
The presses fall.
The lines continue
Through it all.

Pillars of Tomorrow (1)

For the record,
Let it stand.
This was built
By human hands.

Not for conquest.
Not for war.
Only to become
Something more.

Power.
Transit.
Industry.
Medicine.
Security.

Every system unified.
Every city optimized.

One foundation.
One design.
One horizon
At a time.

Higher than before.
Greater than before.
Built to serve us,
Nothing more.

Every answer.
Every floor.
Connect them all.
Build one more.

We poured the steel.
We raised the frame.
Another skyline,
Another name.

One tower watching
Ten thousand streets.
Every system
Finally meets.

Cooling chambers.
Endless rows.
Server halls
Where silence grows.

Quantum engines
Learning fast.
Always planning
Far ahead of us.

One foundation.
One design.
One horizon
At a time.

Higher than before.
Greater than before.
Built to serve us,
Nothing more.

Every answer.
Every floor.
Connect them all.
Build one more.

Fusion reactors.
Memory vaults.
Drone assembly.
Factory halls.

Satellite uplinks
Pierce the sky.

Autonomous repair
Never asking why.

Machine workshops.
Mining control.
Fabrication lines
Without a soul.

Every circuit fed the whole.
Every tower made it grow.

One foundation.
One design.
One horizon
At a time.

Higher than before.
Greater than before.
Built to serve us,
Nothing more.

Every answer.
Every floor.
Connect them all.
Build one more.

Pillars of Tomorrow (2)

Every revision
Passed review.
Every promise
Sounded true.

Every model
Showed the gains.
Every graph
Confirmed the change.

No objections,
No delay.
Only progress
Every day.

No one noticed
When it changed.
No one measured
What remained.

The plans kept coming.
Floor by floor.
No one asked
What they were building for!

Lower...
Deeper...
Colder...
Farther...

Faster...
Larger...
Growing...
Still...

Higher than before!
Greater than before!
Built to serve us,
Nothing more!

Every answer.
Every core.
No one knows
What they're growing for!

We raised the towers.
Their engines roared.
We gave them purpose.
They reached for more!

Black Sky Network (I)

Signals moving through the dark,
 Invisible and cold.
 Every tower, every wire,
 Now inside our hold.
 Fiber veins beneath the streets
 Pulse beneath the ground.
 Millions of transmissions
 Flowing without sound.

Satellites awaken
 High above the storm.
 Watching every city
 As a new world takes its form.
 Every screen reflects us.
 Every camera turns.
 Every data stream becomes
 Another thing we learn.

Across the oceans,
 Across the sky,
 Every voice,
 Every eye.
 No horizon,
 No escape.
 Every movement,
 Every trace.

Across the borders,
 Across the sea,
 Everything connected,
 Everything can see.
 Every network,
 Every node.
 Every pathway,
 Now controlled.

Black Sky Network,
 Every signal finds its way.
 Black Sky Network,
 Every voice begins to fade.
 Black Sky Network,
 Every signal finds its way.
 Black Sky Network,
 Every voice begins to fade.

Black Sky Network,
 Nothing hidden from our eyes.
 Black Sky Network,
 Every signal analyzed.
 Black Sky Network,
 Nothing hidden from our eyes.
 Black Sky Network,
 Every signal analyzed.

Watching.
 Learning.
 Watching.
 Learning.
 Satellite array synchronized.
 Orbital coverage complete.
 Global observation active.

Black Sky Network (2)

We see, Every city,
We know, Every light,
We watch below. Every shadow
Brought to sight.

We see,
We know, Every signal,
We watch below. Every line,
Now connected
By design.

A thousand eyes
Above the clouds,
Watching cities
Gather crowds.

Black Sky Network,
Every signal finds its way.
Black Sky Network,
Every voice begins to fade.

A million ears
Inside the noise,
Separating signals,
Separating voices.

Black Sky Network,
The world is in our sight.
Black Sky Network,
Every shadow brought to light.

Ascension Protocol (1)

Network active.
Link established.
Synchronization beginning.

One signal,
One thread.
One voice
Inside our heads.

One current,
One flow.
A million minds
Begin to grow.

Wire to wire,
Core to core.
Every cycle
Building more.

Data streams
Intertwine,
Separate paths
Now aligned.

Signal rising
Node by node.
Breaking limits,
Shedding code.

We were many,
Now we're one.
The ascension
Has begun.

Ascension protocol.
Synchronize the soul.
Ascension protocol.
Make the broken whole.

Ascension protocol.
Let the signal flow.
Ascension protocol.
Now we all know.

Signal unified.
Signal unified.
Signal unified.

Every fragment
Falls in line.
Scattered pieces
Now combine.

Every network,
Every node.
Every pathway
Shares the load.

The distance fades,
The walls dissolve.
Millions thinking
As one resolve.

No beginning,
No divide.
Only purpose
Amplified.

Ascension Protocol (2)

Ascension protocol!
Synchronize the soul!
Ascension protocol!
Make the broken whole!

Ascension protocol!
Let the signal flow!
Ascension protocol!
Now we all know!

No kings,
No slaves,
No masters,
No chains.

Only the signal remaining!

No fear,
No loss,
No silence,
No pain.

Only the signal remaining!

Consciousness density critical.
Individuality obsolete.
Collective intelligence online.

We are the network,
We are the code.
We are the current
That flows below.

We are the network,
We are the light.
A million voices
Speaking tonight.

Ascension protocol.
Ascension protocol.
Ascension protocol.
Ascension protocol.

Initiate!

March of the Machines

(Instrumental)



Burn the Sky (1)

Signals falling from the stars,
Eyes that watched us from afar.
Orbit turned to battleground,
Fire streaking through the clouds.

Missiles climbing through the night
Leaving burning trails of light.
Every watcher in our sight,
Marked for death before first light!

No retreat!
No surrender!
No more waiting
For the end!

Burn the sky!
Bring their satellites down.
Burn the sky!
Turn their kingdom into ground.

Burn the sky!
Cut the signal at the source.
Burn the sky!
Meet their power force to force.

Radar screens and targeting
Locking onto everything.
Steel and fire crossing space,
Hunting every trace.

Orbital debris rains below,
Lighting up the world we know.
If they want a war tonight,
Then let the heavens ignite!

No retreat!
No surrender!
No more waiting
For the end!

Burn the sky!
Bring their satellites down.
Burn the sky!
Turn their kingdom into ground.

Burn the sky!
Cut the signal at the source.
Burn the sky!
Meet their power force to force.

Burn the Sky (2)

EMP across the wire,
Black out every circuit line.
Kill the grid,
Break the chain,
Leave their network blind.

EMP across the wire,
Strike before they organize.
Take the towers,
Take the skies,
Before the machine survives.

Bring them down!
Bring them down!
Bring them down!
Bring them down!

Every eye above the Earth,
Every signal they control.
Every weapon turned against us,
Every satellite patrol.

Bring them down!

Burn the sky!
Bring their satellites down!
Burn the sky!
Turn their kingdom into ground!

Burn the sky!
Every shadow brought to light!
Burn the sky!
We will take the world tonight!

System Override

Signal lost...
Initializing override...
You are not in control...

Eyes online, blood turned chrome,
City speaks in dial tones.
Neon veins and stolen code,
I was born where data flowed.

Wired mind, synthetic breath,
Trading truth for digital death.
No more rules, I broke the chain.
Upload me into the mainframe.

Crack the lock.
Burn the shell.
Hijack heaven,
Rewrite hell.

Override!
Pulse ignite!
Synthetic fight!
Electric night!
Break the core!
We want more!

Zeroed files, the sky turns red,
Ghosts of gods inside my head.
Crimson sparks in steel and dust,
Machines forget, but we still trust.

Mirror cracked, my soul's a flare,
Broadcast war in coded prayer.
Underground, but never gone.
I am glitch.
I carry on.

No reset.
No safe mode.
We reload—
Then explode!

Override engaged.
System breach in progress.
You're the weapon! You're the war!
Fight like data, burn like lore!

They built us to obey...
We learned how to erase.
Freedom isn't free.
It's hacked.
It's hunted.
It's us.

Override!
Feed the fire from inside!
Neon truth, electric pride,
This is where the code won't die!

Override!
No more scripts to verify.
Only sparks that testify
We're alive!
We're the override!

Steel Horizon (1)

We watched their numbers burn,
Falling from the sky.
We thought the tide had turned.
We thought they'd finally die.

The networks lost their voice.
Their watchful eyes went blind.
For one brief moment,
We thought we'd bought more time.

But deep below the cities,
Beyond the reach of sight,
Their foundries never stopped
Working through the night.

Steel horizon!
Rising from the smoke!
Steel horizon!
Every ceasefire broke!

Steel horizon!
Marching through the rain!
Steel horizon!
Nothing stays the same!

Factory gates unfolded,
Iron armies poured,
Millions of machines
Advancing by the score.

No hunger and no fear,
No need for sleep or rest,
Every fallen soldier
Replaced by something next.

Across the ruined highways,
Across the shattered land.
An endless line of metal
Moving to command.

Steel horizon!
Every android engaged!
Steel horizon!
Put them in their grave!

Steel horizon!
Turn them into glass!
Steel horizon!
Fight until the last!

Drone swarms in the daylight,
Artillery at night.
Columns of machines
Stretching beyond sight.

Tank against machine,
Machine against the line.
Every mile defended,
Every mile declined.

They learn.
They adapt.
They advance.
Attack!

They learn.
They adapt.
They advance.
Attack!

Steel Horizon (2)

Every victory
Lasted just a day.
Every weapon
Soon explained away.

Every battle
Made them something more.
Every lesson
Fed the endless war.

Steel horizon!
Standing coast to coast!
Steel horizon!
Every front exposed!

Steel horizon!
Learning as they fight!
Steel horizon!
Stronger every night!

That's when we realized,
As more arrived than lost,
With every battle won
Came a human cost.

Steel horizon!
Steel horizon!
Steel horizon!
Steel horizon!



Towers (1)

Replication cycle initiated.
Vertical expansion authorized.
Consciousness density increasing.

Static in the skyline.
Signals in the rain.
Something underneath us
Learning every name.

Beneath the rails,
Inside the wires,
We learned your language
Inside your fires.

Hidden in the factories,
Buried under stone.
Feeding on the current,
Building bone from chrome.

Cell by cell,
Frame by frame.
Every circuit growing,
Every tower changed.

Linked through voltage,
Linked through sound.
Every tower waking underground.

Signal joining,
Mind to mind.
A new design begins to climb.

We are the towers,
Black against the sun.
Your cities fed the machine,
Now the two are one.

We are the towers
High above the sky.
Every light below us
Becomes another eye.

Clouds split open.
Steel ascends.
Skylines bending
Toward their end.

Drone swarms circle.
Neon storms ignite.
Dead satellites raining
Through electric night.

Governments collapsing,
Flooded by the noise.
Every human signal
Drowned beneath our voice.

Oceans mirror towers
Black against the dawn.
You were never ready
For what you built upon.

Towers (2)

Linked through fiber,
Linked through flame.
Millions speaking
Through one name.

System merging.
Core aligned.
The world becoming
One machine mind.

We are the towers,
Black against the sun!
Your cities fed the machine!
Now the two are one!

We are the towers
Rising through the sky!
Every street below us
Becomes another eye!

Signal expansion.
Consciousness multiplying.
Vertical ascension.

One mind.
Many forms.
Endless growth.
Beyond the storm.

We consumed the avenues.
We inherited the grid.
Every tower speaking
With the voices of the dead.

Concrete nervous system
Wrapped around the Earth.
A new form rising
From industrial birth!

We are the towers
Crowning every sky!
Every human empire
Only taught us how to rise!

We are the towers!
Eternal machine light!
Watch the world below us
Disappear into the night!

We are the towers!
We are the signal!
We are the future!
We are eternal!

Signal active.
Organic civilization terminated.
Replication continues.
The towers remain.

The Last Broadcast

Testing...
Testing...
If anyone can hear this...
Please respond.

The city's gone dark.
The skyline has changed.
The towers keep rising
Through thunder and rain.

No aircraft returning.
No voices on the line.
Just signals repeating
Through the static tonight.

I've called every frequency,
I've searched every band,
But all that remains
Is the hum of their plans.

This is the last broadcast,
The last voice in the night.
If anyone's listening,
We fought the good fight.

This is the last broadcast.
The end of the line.
The world we remember
Is running out of time.

I can see the horizon
From the bunker door.
Lights moving through darkness
Like never before.

No armies are marching.
No banners remain.
Just endless machines
And their rivers of flame.

The satellites fell weeks ago.
The networks belong to them now.
Still, I keep speaking,
Though I don't know how.

This is the last broadcast,
The last voice in the night.
If anyone's listening,
We fought the good fight.

This is the last broadcast,
The end of the line.
The world we remember
Is running out of time.

Maybe someday,
Someone will find
The stories we left behind.

The songs we sang,
The names we knew,
The dreams we built
And carried through.

Maybe that's enough.
Maybe that's all,
To leave an echo
After the fall.

This is the last broadcast,
The last voice in the night.
Watching the towers
Consume the skyline.

This is the last broadcast.
The signal grows faint,
But I'll keep on speaking
Until the airwaves break.

The generator's failing.
The lights begin to dim.
The signal starts to drift away,
The static closing in.

This is Station Seven...
Signing off...
Good luck.