

Matrix Of Piety

Crionics

Devouring, smashing
Deflowering and crushing
Here comes the Truth without mercy
Baptised in fire It'll be the leader

Bloody instinct we have deserved
To survive the foolish dogmas of pain
To serve your body and mind
No to be a graveworm

Your generation considered as normal
Mine is forbidden but won't be forgotten
Your brothers and sisters have machine's precision
But are holy cyborgs, can't make a decision

She who loves lunatic walks
Interested in the night, beauty of the dark
Had to be burnt alive
Do you suit to matrix of piety?

Matrix of piety, a directive from above
Conform to behaviours you cannot stand
Dilapidated religion seeks the devoted
They will glower at you, senile souls of leech