

# Fallen from Grace

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The wind of change transformed the plains into the desert  
And on the lower levels demons scream delight  
Places of worship have ceased to serve the purpose  
The age of reason took a ride into the night  
Where there were idols there is idleness  
Unholy churches light their fires upon the moor  
They sealed the pact with blood and honour  
The machine spits blood and lurches into war

We have fallen, it leaves such an embittered taste  
Erectus is now crawling, we have fallen from grace

There is a black tree in the wilderness  
Older than time itself and riddled with disease  
It feeds on clotted blood and rotting flesh  
The hunger we all seem too willing to appease  
When all before you lose their heads into the block  
When e'en the proudest bend their knees before the flock  
They seek salvation in the depths of madmen's eyes  
Knee deep in blood and gore they look toward the skies

They sought the means by which to transform the gods  
Burnt the books, created death camps on the way  
A new religion from the ashes of the old  
A social order one of masters and slaves  
They dreamt of everyman, we merely have regressed  
Into the animal that can't perceive the will  
Look at the embryo, so twisted and grotesque  
This is your superman, the legacy to kill

We have fallen, the losers in the human race  
Erectus is now crawling, we have fallen from grace