## **Consumed By Silence / Ancestral Deceit**

## **And Hell Followed With**

Unlocked, the mechanism's gears turn in their graves of rust.

These ancient turbines will breathe coal—thick darkness again. The cryptic thing lurches forward, a rhythm set in motion amidst stillness and decay.

Those buried within its confines have long-since been dust-swallowed, withering amongst their inscriptions. These beings engraved this mockery of science deep within her flesh, the soil of earth.

Behind iron hide, the ghosts of their will remain. This structure of a lesser cause in making of a decadent vision.

Their will be served for the gears, they turn once more.

How could but men build this?

Its cause consumes my whole for it is unknown to me.
But this machine shall serve its purpose, whatever that may be.
Whatever hell I summon shall be wielded as my harbinger.

Devouring my self-worth in make of a greater cause, this thing shall be once more.

This legacy is ever mine for by my ancestor's hand am I bound to its hull, its frame.

This machine, my bloodline be