Controller

Aversions Crown

Drop pods impact, covering the surface
Hopelessly cower as the new king rises
With his foot pressed to humanity's throat
With his foot pressed to your throat

This is how they planned your life to end
This is how they planned the world to fucking end

Their world is spilling onto human soil
Staring into the mouth of the swarm
Humanity clings to its final moments, beg for mercy

You have been found
Scanning the surface of countless worlds
Human existence has been overthrown

An illusion to mask the reality
Nothing but a dream created to justify your worthless existence
The false begotten race
The failed masterpiece
The forgotten

From dust you have come and to dust you shall return
Without man the Earth began
And without man the Earth will end
We are the end

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