

Hexagony

Hate

Time is a tyrant!
Life is a symphony of dust!
We're mechanized slaves withering in torment!
Trapped in a swing of a hexagonal prism,
In oblivion we're mystified and lost...

These wild hearts run like machines,
Even deeper, burning through until they die,
Their song remains insane,
It goes on!

Stuck in the now with no future,
Our will is dead, our will is lost...

[Solo: Destroyer]

All I hear is the symphony of doom, of dust, of roar!
My name is lost, my name is found, redefined in a
hexagonal prism,
Omnipresence of time? It's a trap! It's a dead end!
You cannot move these rocks, you will never find a way!

Time is a trap! Time is the eclipse of tainted lives!

Motivation comes from beyond,
The storms, you're riding the storms,
Enter the faith, penetrate thy wound, penetrate...
Faith! Faith is a weapon, a sharp blade, transgression
of the laws...

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Trapped in a swing of a hexagonal prism,
In oblivion we're mystified and lost...

In oblivion... You have become mechanized,
See the desert in front of your eyes, see the desert of
life!
So cold, cold is existence...
You're no longer born in flesh,
Seven hundred and twenty degrees of hexagon...