

# Inhaling Disbelief

## Hour of Penance

Transformed into void  
I realize...  
[Missing lines]  
Someone made a hole  
in the sky, left us blind.

Tortured gear of the  
new millennium machine,  
awakening the monster.  
Tongue-torn oracle,  
yet my mouth is bleeding.  
Grotesque messiah  
in a living dead world.  
Living dead world.  
Falling deep.

[Missing lines]

Inhaling disbelief to run faster.  
Woe to the ones who ask why.  
The learning is complete,  
for we enclosure rage  
to draw death from death.

A new code from sadness.  
No one will ask why.

Inhaling disbelief to run faster.  
Woe to them.

Restart into  
new ways of misery.

We all invoke you, we still fear you.  
We all invoke you, we still fear you.

Mass-produced passions, fears scheduled.  
No one will rise from here.  
Buried alive, the painful gift of recognition  
burns inside me, burns inside me.  
I am awake.  
I am awake.

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No one will rise from here.  
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Solos:

We all invoke you, we still fear you.  
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