Devs Est Machina

Imperial Triumphant

The godmachine spurts blood
A life: a gear, a cog
Grinding minds to sow its lies
And feed them to its flock

Cyclic regurgitations
Of the inbred absolute
Construct a rigid gearwork
And mechanize indoctrination

Devs – est – machina
Rusting behemoth
Souls writhe in torture
Singing hymns of ecstasy

Devs – est – machina
Slave to its own rhythm
Mastered its creator
Society of helotry

The cross, bathed in blood, begins to rust
Through the hearts of zealots
Lust for a truth transcendent
Rots in its creator

Gears, caked with scum, shall collapse
Under will to the truth
Cognizant cogs grind to halt
Of the dooming mechanism