

Lower World

Imperial Triumphant

You are machine
Blissful and grand
Nothing more
And nothing to us
Writhe below in stagnant exhaust
As we breathe in the light of god

Engines scream like steel horse
Of dying cavalry weaker than the last
The famine of existence
Devours us, all the same

Humani generis machinas, operari simul, et mortuus solus
Humani generis machinas, operari simul, et mortuus solus

Know your place in the grand machine
Know your place

Beg me no more, worthless machine
I have everything and nothing to give
No nothing to give
Nothing to give
Nothing
No nothing