

## 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