

Nemesis

Machinae Supremacy

A tour de force, a rabid face
behind the weapon kept in place
by tortured hands in cold embrace
A battle unconfused by chance,
come step into our mortal dance
and taste this ironclad romance

For every kill the stronger will
keeps getting stronger and the thrill
of such control is wild but still
A single life, what's that to me?
A fading light no one can see
yet such a pleasure death can be

Used to be a single voice
that vanished in a crowd
Vague just like a distant sun
when hidden by the clouds
Found a way to surface
and to speak my truth aloud
Be powerful, stand fast and proud

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