

Creation Level Event

Mechina

To vanquish fear and the loss of life
Reject the thought of needless sacrifice
A shapeless enemy, bound by a linear form
As time drains away, our purpose is born

With faces of stone
We prepare for the cold
With layers of steel
We stand stronger than most
Flesh joined by rivets
Without, we would fold
The weight of the sky
Would cripple our bones

Now, repel into darkness
Venture forth and abandon all fear
Succumb to the mist of this ghostly frontier

The gateway to amend our past
Gather yourself and decompress
Prepare for countless days without rest
Vanguards, time draws near
Use steel as your shield
Use hope as your spear

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