

On the Wings of Nefeli

Mechina

Tears the heavens
Bearing the weight of the sun
This hunter soars high
Above the shield of Apheon

Be baptized by the dust
Of what you once called home
Memories are easily lost
When they are buried in stone

How easy to see
That all humans would be
A tyrant or slave
In hopes to be free

Let the fires burn
To reach the highest heavens
Removing the imprint
Of both god and men

Taming the clouds
Dividing the storm
Bring your eyes down from the sky
To feast upon what's left of your kind

Be baptized by the dust
Of what you once called home
Memories are easily lost
When they are buried in stone

How easy to see
That all humans would be
A tyrant or slave
In hopes to be free

The air of which you breathe
Is both man and machines
Make haste and retreat
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