

Progenitor

Mechina

As specters fall from on high
Trails of fire, dividing the sky
Baptized within this moment
We have waited a lifetime

We stand upon the soil
In search of our glory
Sing to the titanborn
Sleeping within orbit

Consumed by the breeze
I fall to my knees
Never again will our home be condemned
The right to amend
This world we must defend

The soil beneath my feet
Breaking away from me
Tremors of the machine
The air of this world
Is now safe to breath

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In search of our glory
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