

The Hyperion Threnody

Mechina

Cursed be the ones who believe in the fantasy we call peace
Bound by machines I am forced to believe that what I see is the
end of a breed
When will we see that the worlds that we dream and desperately
seek
Will never come to be as long as we spread like disease

The machine hear it sing
Like an anvil made of Cepheon steel
Astrea let the hammer fall
Its call will be heard by all

The only true destiny to find peace will be found in eternal sl
eep
Our fate destined to be absorbed by the stars
Consumed by entropy
If only the dead could see what these worlds have come to be th
ey'd close their eyes
And return to sleep

The worlds that we seed will fall like the leaves from a dying
tree
Cursed by the breeze

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