

# Unearthing the Daedalian Ancient

Mechina

The cold storm fades  
Lost to the crystal horizon  
Clouds shattered and torn asunder  
The distant call from our God machine  
Mistaken for wails of waning thunder

Echoes batter the canyon walls  
A faint Titan Roar  
Felling stones from on high  
The soil fractured and dry

Carve us a way  
Honored Pathfinder  
Claim this land in vain

Cursed are those bound by time  
The remnants of rain form illusions of ice

The fog turning to ash  
A life source born  
From synthetic force  
Bring life to this world  
Rebuilding memories of earth  
Through organic war

As ripples travel through standing water  
Tremors below  
Repeating in order  
Sowing the seeds upon conquered lands  
Safeguarding the survival of man

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