

Vanquisher

Mechina

Bound by blood and steel
A world crushed, no chance to kneel
Falling embers turn to dust
As the air turns my flesh to rust

Severed nerves
Fractured by the inside out

Drowning in cold blood
They shall see a true machine

Here we stand, as Titans
At war with both gods and men
We will show them what it means to bleed
Reborn as a hunter of kings

A gentle breeze becoming the winds of disease
Let them reap what they sow

As long as we breathe
They shall never know peace
In their last breath
They shall see a dawn of a new machine

Drowning in cold blood
They shall see a true machine

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