

Golden Age

Morgoth

What machinery can create (forcing bodies) to the rhythm
Be a part of it (it's your machine, life can be forever)
Deny all this, you used to live for and let your impulse go
(beshelter you grief, last miss the clue)
(and show your ears to the pain that rose)

Now (that I can walk) this way (power in spring)
(or mine and soon) will stay (wait for the crying line)

All that wasn't fun to be (decidable) is dead, is gone
Conform (a deep respect) for personality (is right, we're wrong
)
See my friend, what matters in this grief place is what you feel
Tell me, what do you feel
Just don't ask (and try) to look behind it all cause money
(just not the mountening) questions

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