

By break of day, the fields transformed
A feral roar from the depths of old
Iron canons rose before me
Heavens burned with their flame

Deliver me from the machine
The sorrows of man
The fall from our grace
Oh, let me lead them through searing and hell
Burning at last

By break of day, the fields transformed
The heaven's red from the blaze of gods
Iron canons stood before me
Heavens burned with their flame

Let it rain
Rip the earth asunder
Razed to destruction

Deliver me from the machine
The sorrows of man
The fall from our grace
Oh, let me lead them through searing and hellish
Burning at last

By break of day, the fields transformed
A certain doom for organic life
Iron canons stood before me
Corot was ablaze

I'll descend into their sphere to take their light
I resemble rage and ice, torment and their fears
Let them know