

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