

Inside the foundry they have given birth
For the upheaval of a buried earth
The sanctified mechanic bends the axis of the world they mend
From the center of it all

They rise
They forge
Their thoughts
They breed through the machinery of faith
They scourge
They burn
And the wheel on the axis will turn

The gracious ambiance began to swirl
In raging winds of the inverted world
They would not to this dream awake
In time their shores they would forsake

They rise
They forge
Their thoughts
They breed through the machinery of faith
They scourge
They burn
And the wheel on the axis will turn

They rise
They forge
Their thoughts
They breed through the machinery of faith
They scourge
They burn
And the wheel on the axis will turn

Yes, they bleed
Through the machinery of faith
They yearn
And the wheel on the axis will burn