

The mouth full of dust and dare
To walk out to the void
Pressure six feed over producing shell moulds
What a tragic toil
Lasting memories on a world full of remedies
Transposing all humanities for cold Moon's Earth
Aseptic increase
Wake me up from the dead
They're walking in cadence instead
Slavery, veins not red
Lustrous alloys composing dread
Just another world to fall
Just another one to crawl
For a machine-age
Another's drama's stage
Just another thing to do
Another Hell to go through
It's the end and start
Another game of rage
Created by the ones to think
That man and sky collide
Like the deepest of emotions
Like the war of shore and tide
Lasting century without humanity
Times of dread and me
Just praying for torpidity
To stand machinery... exit: elegy
Break and stop, wake it up
Releasing Devil's final lock
Hell and Heaven to collide
Again the war of shore and tide
Just another world to fall
Just another one to crawl
For a machine-age
Another's drama's stage
Just another thing to do
Another Hell to go through
It's the end and start
Another game of rage
There was this desire
The control of fire
Developed to wire
You never knew
Devotion for sire
Exposing a liar
Mankind to expire
There's nothing to do!
Just another world to fall
Just another one to crawl
For a machine-age
Another's drama's stage
Just another thing to do
Another Hell to go through
It's the end and start
Another game of rage
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