

Consumed By Silence / Ancestral Deceit

And Hell Followed With

Unlocked, the mechanism's gears turn
in their graves of rust.
These ancient turbines
will breathe coal-thick darkness again.
The cryptic thing lurches forward,
a rhythm set in motion
amidst stillness and decay.

Those buried within its confines
have long-since been dust-swallowed,
withering amongst their inscriptions.
These beings engraved this mockery of science
deep within her flesh, the soil of earth.

Behind iron hide, the ghosts of their will remain.
This structure of a lesser cause
in making of a decadent vision.

Their will be served for the gears,
they turn once more.

How could but men build this?

Its cause consumes my whole
for it is unknown to me.
But this machine shall serve its purpose,
whatever that may be.
Whatever hell I summon
shall be wielded as my harbinger.

Devouring my self-worth
in make of a greater cause,
this thing shall be once more.

This legacy is ever mine
for by my ancestor's hand am I bound to its hull,
its frame.

This machine, my bloodline be