

Clockwork

Angelus Apatrida

For those who thought despitefully
Even with a false appearance
Even if their hands were clean
For all of them I manifest I swear

In my world you're not a welcome guest
Time has you, you'd been sinking in quicksand
You were dead before your mother gave birth
I condemn you to roam around these words

For the ones who didn't trust me
Even if they said they did
Even if they're empty-handed
For all my rage I'll kick their ass I swear

In your world I am the god who pulls strings
Time is mine, I put sticks in your spokes
You have been caught by the wheels of the clockwork
Absolutely shattered turned into a relic

Can't collect the black ashes of scorn
Blown away you're
Nothing you're all doomed
By the gears of the clockwork

Infecting with the plague
Stinking up the atmosphere
Filthy trick to play the game
The golden rule is sentenced to death
I say

Kneel down before me, what you fear is what you see
Shaky hands to pray, clean your soul I'll rip your skin off
That's what you deserve for the years you laughed at me
Now I own your soul spinning as it bleeds