

Offspring Of Time

Burning the Masses

Rows by rows, headless statues resonating. This ceremony of cement resembles our thirst for humanity and feeling. My blind eye: the offspring of man.

The modern theory for viability, translucent from the eyes of command. This pattern in sound : the offspring of time. The modern theory for viability, translucent from the eyes of command. Imprisonment for the common man. Downgraded psychology. A lesser fate for heaven. The tentacles of control and visibility strangle hope and rape freedom.

Rows by rows, headless statues amalgamate. Part the mind of conclusive renaissance, and march as one as one towards the breathing mountain of mirrors. Atmospheric venom stains our sky with the preterition of tranquillity combined with the souls of the stillborn. My blind eye: a orator for ink. This pattern in blood: the offspring of.

Offspring of time, take my lead. Offspring of time, take my lead. Offspring of time. Child. Imprisonment for the common man. Downgraded psychology. A lesser fate for heaven. The Offspring of time.