

# Citizens Of The Cyclopean Maze

Coldworker

All is quiet here  
Now that we're used to fear  
Pitch-black skyline rules  
Oppressing walls enfold  
Beneath we walk in line  
Shadows out of time  
Labour the day away  
To rest in shallow graves

Citizens of the cyclopean maze  
Sterile breed that grace forgot

Lay down my fate  
Assimilate  
On the horizon the city awaits  
Relinquish the last shreds of humanity  
Towers of stone  
Built on my bones  
Carry the weight of indifferent souls  
Embraced by the chains of slavery

Artificial light  
Is our only guide  
Numb we play the parts  
Concrete surrounds the heart  
Structure mesmerize  
Rotting paradise  
The will begins to slip  
To fight the comas grip

Sewers below awash with our blood  
Black bled forth in putrid tides

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By our own hands the metropolis thrives  
Deciding the fate of us all  
Like rats trapped in labyrinthine decay  
Our industry precedes our fall

Lead: Anders Bertilsson

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