

The Machine

Coldworker

So grand; my design
All vast and divine
Becoming my masterpiece
A carnal creation
A full-blown elation
My chores now commence with ease
Bring metal and tubes!
Bring blood as lube!
Gather all parts and flesh
My monster to be
Will change history
The bastard son of death
Behold! My pride, my ungodly machine...

Bolts and bones; skeletal blasphemy
Screws and joints; metallic monstrosity
Wired wounds; blood corroded and black
Leaded skin; riveted and cracked

Deep down in my lair
Working with care
Adjusting the final parts
The inanimate
Soon boiling with hate
Fueled up with human hearts
Construction's complete
So beautiful and sweet
But still there is more to do
I must be one
With my new son
Merge into something new
Alas! I've become god of the machine

Engine's churning
Liquids burning
Twisting and turning
This metallic monster is awakening
Monumental
Experimental
Fundamental
Arise to the day of reckoning

God in chrome
Home from home
Hear it roam!
Turning all life into coal
A sudden shock
Beast amok
Closed and locked
A rebellion that I can't control

An inner turmoil
Machine in rage
Patricidal development
Rejected by my creation
This is the end
The sky goes dark

Monolithic reaper
Dying through the metal death