

# 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