

Thrashomatic Overdrive

Cryptic Wintermoon

Addicted to protoplasmic matter
I avail myself do that wide abundance

For I am the creator - they call me god
This naive rattle I just cultivated to quench my thirst
In my laboratory lovely named "earth" - your incubator - you grow and wilt
Scrutinized and analyzed
And when my work is done I simply pull the plug

I am theory - and practically don't exist
Syntax error - the unknown force of downfall
My name a synonym for terror - my blood the elixir of horror
I sustain all synthetic factors of physical composition

Archiving of all nocturnal phenomena
The ultimate supervisor of statics - weaver of dimensions

Listen to that voice so mellow - close your eyes and fall asleep
But be on your guard not to go astray in the shades

Back to generation zero - thrashomatic overdrive
Enigmatic origin stain by hidden force
Extinguishing the flame of mortals - systematic termination
Monumental patron of the unhallowed hordes

I sustain all synthetic factors of nocturnal grace