

## State Of Secret

Gorod

In the depths of rock and earth, I took shape  
By my father's lunacy and genius, I built up awareness

Father, engrave, slit  
Fill up my veins

My influence spread, my power soared, my legions converted  
Holy quest for some, mass grave for others, I eat them all

Amount of learning for my power

Surrounded with legends, and distant from others, I copied them  
yet  
Trivial looking although nasty, I bowed to the criteria of a changing world

Into which I fit unduly and prepare my predicted reign  
Announcement of the saviours

Protected secret  
Manipulated masses  
Honored prophecy  
Decimated enemies

This failing world  
Will be the cocoon of my chrysalis

In search of a neverending evolution  
This humanity that believes it's omniscient  
Is getting ready to surrender

Exhausted resources, suffocating nature  
Overcrowded areas, non existent tolerance  
Ways to a total war with a unique survivor  
...EDAENIA...