

# Resurrection Machine

Hate

In this sadness we rot  
In the graveyard of immortals  
We're reborn, we've seen the light  
Of the mourning sun-rise!  
Hold the curse of mortality  
Death comes down on the flesh  
Once we used to be tyrants  
Now we're icons of pain and regret

Tired faded words that once held identity  
Embrace now your destiny  
Lift your wings!

Let the drums play louder  
To the silence beyond our fate  
There's bloodshed up there  
On the cross to celebrate, yea!  
Our bodies lie cold  
Inside coffins of gold and silk  
Once we used to be tyrants  
Now we're icons of pain to be burned...

Tired faded souls come embrace now your destiny  
Cast down mortality, lift your wings and be free  
No death to come, wash away the agony  
Restore thy identity...

Awaken from mortality  
Let me be your crucified god  
Million souls to steal  
By the resurrection machine

We hail downfall! we hail the pain!  
We serve the rain of black tears  
And blood of the innocent spilled  
Without us you'll fade  
You'll not remain  
Cause we're one blood and soul  
Of the same machine  
Let me be your crucified god...

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