

Retainer Sacrifice

I Am Abomination

Rows of drones work in symmetrical methods.

Whips crack against their backs as the drudge towards the awn

.

Fever arrives from above as they're ascending towards the eye of Ra.

Appease the gods.

The river lifts the burden from the shoulders of the slave.

The gods devour art.

Artwork obscured by the mistrust of modern man.

The ode to the resilience of mankind is born.

Their faces in line with each direction.

Scattered all across the world.

Monuments of hope.

As men, we have created but as legends, we have defined the possible.

The rows on the earth have ascended the brick.

Rope glides over tree and stone.

The effort to please is nearing an end.

Still the eye provides what can not be seen.

The ode to the resilience of mankind is born.

Their faces in line with each direction.

Scattered all across the world.

Monuments of hope.

As men, we have created but as legends, we have defined the possible.

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Pull! Pull!

As braid burns flesh we must.

Pull! Pull!

To lay our king to rest.

Pull! Pull!

As braid burns flesh we must.

Pull! Pull!

Find faith in force.

The ode to the resilience of mankind is born.

Their faces in line with each direction.

Scattered all across the world.

Monuments of hope.

As men, we have created but as legends, we have defined the possible.