# The W.I.R.E.

A blue horizon ends behind a condiment.
That feasts a specimen of digital demons in the free.
I see a system of electricity.
Connect the deviltry implanted to the human breed.

His digital word spreads through the wire,
towards the magical horizon.

No one knows what happens on that early morning;
a light of day that never came to be?

The frequent fire will sentence you all,
and in your misery repenting at command.

Now you are my religion, I'm changing the truth.
Heaven or hell; which will fall?

His digital word spreads through the wire;
"Your soul and mind belong to me",
towards the magical horizon.

No one knows what happens on that early morning;
a light of day that never came to be?

His frequence in flesh is giving him all his affection.
Preparing a virus at night,
now it will conquer, infringe, it will rule.

In the hall of electrical fire,
eerie visions, rough design;
the city of chrome.
Electrified they see his face
burning up with rage.
This is war.
How can we go wrong?

I leave my faith in you.

And for All the world that night, in deceit,
the beast is up streaming through the lines.

Burrows on the ground this night, the beast is retrieving his flesh at the s
ite.
Dance with me, we will leave the world in flames.
The devil said: this is our understanding;
do these atrocities, and hell shall be.

A field of monsters that grows into a regiment,
the evil operates on how to tweak the world to be.
I see a zip file extract its consciousness.
Its growing malcontent is threatening all that man once made.

His digital word spreads through the wire;
Your soul and mind belong to me
towards the magical horizon.

No one knows what happens on that early morning;

a light of day that never came to be.
Came to be....is it real?