

The Machine

In The Midst Of Lions

This is the root of all evil they say, but it is our master. It is a machine. It is a machine.

The gears are turning, controlling every thought in our minds. The gears are turning. We are consumed from the inside out. Our bounty is our hope. Never fulfilling. Ever pursuing.

The gears are turning. More is never enough. Never fulfilling. Ever pursuing.

The machine has masked our eyes with gold, blinding our eyes with desires of fortune. Moving forward with a craving for acquisition, this monster heeds nothing in it's path. Remove this veil; clearly see the course which lies ahead. Remove this veil from your eyes.

The gears are turning, controlling every thought in our minds. The gears are turning. We are consumed from the inside out.

This is the root of all evil they say, but it is our master. Defeat the machine. Defeat the machine.

Be warned. Be warned.
Stop the machine. Stop the machine.
Stop the machine. Stop the machine.