

A View from the End of the World

Machinae Supremacy

I battle with these demons
As I toss and turn at night
A bitter taste in my mouth
And then a blast of blinding light

I see it all laid to waste in a view from the end of the world
Five billion souls incinerated in the doom of the gods

600 years of progress lost because of you
Can I get reparations to make up for this abuse?
I want some flying cars, a ticket to the stars
Or even just a world without religious wars

But this bitch ain't stacked in my favor
We race towards the end of days
And while you pave way for your savior,
I fear the rationality of the faithfully insane

Still a credit to your ruse,
What a beautiful excuse
To never open up your eyes and see the things you lose
Just climb the beanstalk when you die and meet the giant in the
sky