

A Clockwork Apocalypse

MyGrain

Land of lost, mysterious and plain
The place so arcane and so strained
Risen from the ashes of grace

Slaves to the mortal crown
The lords of the cold and decadent ground
Decomposed generations... All consuming

Welcome to this counter-
clockwise evolution party of collapsed quality
Armageddon sun is colder...
The dead weight of my soul
A burden of my frozen heart

The pulse of demise, a few heartbeats away
Echoing flat-line silence that will stay
Ending miles of radiant smiles
Detach your holographic self
Fragmented dreams the world shall befall

Shallow graves in blistering surface
Permafrost era overdrive
All erasing phenomenon

Hollow faces with a blistering surface
Permafrost era overdrive
A clockwork apocalypse
The pulse of demise
Time is ticking away, day after day

Hollow faces with a blistering surface
Permafrost era overdrive
Mercury blood burning into the sulphur sky
Armageddon sun shining, blinding bright white light

Collapsed illusory order
Consumable time gets older
... Parasites in bias paradise

We're the army of ignorance...
Marching towards the dying paradise..