

The Engine Of Death

Nasum

The engine is alive
Fear it cultivates
Masses putrefy
Profit they create

The engine's working well
Iron glowing red
Masses put in hell
Piles of newly dead

A sickening steam is emerging from the pipes
-The engine of death
This brutal machinery is bound to take some lives
-The engine of death

The engine now evolves
Loads another game
Masses then revolt
The fear they will reclaim

The engine's running wild
Impossible to stop
Masses can't decide
They will stay as crop

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It's running on human fuel
Spawning black ash and toxic dust
Man against machine - a mighty duel

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