

# 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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