

creating new world order  
plague on a fictive level still haunts  
computerized levels in the new world  
taken from the mind of the insane  
rose of orphans to fuel the creation  
a creation that is a ghost in mind  
miles and miles of the dead but alive  
I wander in the desert landscape,  
Formed by the hands of evil  
I hear the bell chime,  
Fed to the massive machinery,  
That keeps forcing  
Soft walls encaged within ourselves  
The coming of a new world  
Who are we?  
[Lead: Persson]  
Another mouth to feed  
Are we to walk the same path?  
Yanked from the machine,  
Which keeps me alive  
No air, no sight

Terminated, control denied  
Gave up without a fight  
You colony of my disease  
I wander in the destert landscape,  
Formed by the hands of evil  
I hear the bell chime,  
Ther time has come  
Fed to the massive machinery,  
That keeps forcing  
Soft walls encaged within ourselves  
[Lead: Holm]  
You make me tremble  
My complex from  
My disfigured body shaped  
I have drunk the blood  
I have eaten the flesh  
I wonder in the desert landscape,  
Formed by the hands of evil  
I hear the bell chime,  
Ther time has come  
Fed to the massive machinery,  
That keeps forcing  
Soft walls within ourselves