

## Machinage

## Visions of Atlantis

The mouth full of dust and dare  
To walk out to the void  
Pressure six feed over producing shell moulds  
What a tragic toil  
Lasting memories on a world full of remedies  
Transposing all humanities for cold Moon's Earth  
Aseptic increase  
Wake me up from the dead  
They're walking in cadence instead  
Slavery, veins not red  
Lustrous alloys composing dread  
Just another world to fall  
Just another one to crawl  
For a machine-age  
Another's drama's stage  
Just another thing to do  
Another Hell to go through  
It's the end and start  
Another game of rage  
Created by the ones to think  
That man and sky collide  
Like the deepest of emotions  
Like the war of shore and tide  
Lasting century without humanity  
Times of dread and me  
Just praying for torpidity  
To stand machinery... exit: elegy  
Break and stop, wake it up  
Releasing Devil's final lock  
Hell and Heaven to collide  
Again the war of shore and tide  
Just another world to fall  
Just another one to crawl  
For a machine-age  
Another's drama's stage  
Just another thing to do  
Another Hell to go through  
It's the end and start  
Another game of rage  
There was this desire  
The control of fire  
Developed to wire  
You never knew  
Devotion for sire  
Exposing a liar  
Mankind to expire  
There's nothing to do!  
Just another world to fall  
Just another one to crawl  
For a machine-age  
Another's drama's stage  
Just another thing to do  
Another Hell to go through  
It's the end and start  
Another game of rage  
close window  
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