

# Necromechanical

Whitechapel

Burn!

I, machine have woke to my insides  
Exposed to others like me  
These insides are not like  
The anatomy of what I once was

Excruciating, this pain is excruciating

I am nothing but root and uselessness  
In a man created hell  
All my mind can think is to destroy  
Anything in my way

The stench of death is overpowering  
Though the scent is quite comforting

I'm a machine  
I'm a machine of other worldly capabilities  
Bestowed on the weak  
I'm a machine, we are the nightmare  
That has come to life  
Can it be that I am the only one  
Believing my dreams?  
I'm a machine  
I have reached my afterlife  
But I never died

Forever endowed with the stench of the gods  
I am harvesting the ones who haven't been born  
This imagination is reality  
This is reality, this is reality  
This is reality, this is reality

I am a machine  
I am a machine