

Nercomechanical

Whitechapel

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
I am a machine
I am a machine