

Behind The Scenery, No Sinners, No Saints

Factory of nameless terror
A clinical science against life
A new dimension of annihilation
Incarnated visions of an imminent immolation

Manifested - tendency to suicide
Conclusive embrace of decay
An immoral invention ends
Eternity - leaving a ruined posterity

Last dawn of a lost race
Oh pale moon hear the silent screams
Who shatter serenity

Crown of creation
Reach the shore of omniscience
And fall into oblivion

A weeping and dying race
Listen to the serenades
Of their artificial pestilence
Breathe the burning air
Infected flesh and blood

There are no sinners
There are no saints
There is nothing left to gain

A form of economic warfare
Modern tools of systematic devastation
A soulless chemical can't discriminate

A fate that all share...