

# Machinae Supremacy, Kings Of The Scene

As time grows to be my reaper  
I leave my mark behind  
And history will be my keeper  
But I am still alive.

And where the ancient kings are buried  
New kings will rise and stand  
And so the torch is always carried  
Passed from hand to hand.

In the night it is all we care for  
And we all play our part  
Enslaved is our passion and therefore  
We hide it in the dark.

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