

Time Machine, Army Of The Dead

warm and safe at home, staring at the telly
their eyes are open wide and still they're blind
puppets of a show
a life they take for granted
they live a life that someone else controls

why do they never wonder
who's above and pulling strings

addicted to the thrill
of cyber-sexual dreaming
slaves to the harlots they will never have
prostitutes at work
all for their career
ready to be betray for a little more

victims of the wheel
children of the evil
standing proud of being nil
hanging on the wheel
creatures of the evil
time will lead 'em back to Hell

they're going round and around
and spending their life in the Army of the Dead
they keep spinning around and around
and die day by day
for the Master of Death

Sundays at the church
repenting for their sinning
speaking words of faith to pagan lords
profession of belief
in African starvation
banking fees are killing more than deeds

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aliger daemon
fulgores humanae gloriae
et ardentium
cupiditatum largitur