

Xzoriath, Machinery Prepared

Machinery Prepared

Gathering

The fragments of bodies
Linking the words into statements
Machinery's prepared
Like a monster from necronish dimensions
Separating dust from sentiments
The Creator is forced to act

The power of beholding the whole
Though grounding on artificial truth
Is only doing its duty
For selling the perfect one in its kind

Distorted

Beauty in public service
So like a picture of a dead virgin
Carved above her watery grave
Try to force the will,
Will of your own

Direction

Wherein the lenses lie which brings
To daylight the Imperfect Crime
Through stirring at useful productions
Of the infected minds

The game has lost its purpose
Reproducing the hearts of a dying child
Acting in highest position of God
Thousands of coherent lies synthesised

Gathering

The fragments of bodies
Linking the words into statements
Machinery is prepared like a monster, directed
Towards the unknown species,
Species unknown