

Zyklon, Psyklon Aeon

Congregation unity; faint as your ideology
Concentrate all in sterility
Morals runs riot in an endless variety
Of fragmentary post-solidarity

Never share the effort, symmetry in lines
Will the Providence ever grace you from all the lies?
Dishonour any corruption, favour only redemption
Voluntary subordination, engage in contemplation

You base it all on hierarchy
No wonder it'll turn into fucking anarchy
Detachment of continuity
Revolving around an ever growing susceptibility

Heading towards the Psyklon-Aeon
The last analysis will forever be perishable
That's how we would execute any cosmological society
On behalf of further reliability

This is all what your life is worth
You better pray it'll be short