

Axis Of Advance, Foundation: Artifice Descends

The mist of war's lists; violent shadows of that century
Mankind's folly gives way as technology's mind awakens
Humanity's weakness lays the foundation;
New struggle begins against its own creation.

Nowhere to run, nowhere to go; surrounded, it will find you.
Blood and bone, replaced by plastic and steel
The new order doesn't care, nor does it feel.
Man becomes the slave, his master unyielding,
Ensnaring, ever hunting.

Your strength, your hunger, your power... you're nothing,
Name replaced by a number.
Your hopes, your dreams, your existence... you're nothing,
Your father's sold you;

Now you're mine.

A race built for fighting, surrenders a final time.
A race built for breeding, stripped and unvirile.
Too blinded by greed, too dirtied by blood; the ashes of your kind turn to mud.
Human coal, destined to burn
You had your chance, now it's my turn.

Smoke of artifice descends; mechanical purity of the future.
Mankind's use being phased out; technology rules supreme.
You're mine.