

# Balance Of Power, Heathen Machine

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Find a way or make a way.  
There's nothing sacred  
Cut me off so amputate  
What you created  
Nothing here is made of stone  
Where's it all gone wrong  
Tear up the plastic corners  
One by one now

Enter the kindred where have you been?  
Welcome kindred come on in

Heaven stained is screaming lullabies around me  
Catch my spirit freaking as it dies without me  
Once inside there's nothing left  
To activate your soul  
The armoured hearts are melting  
One by one now

Breath out so I can breath you in heathen machine  
Heathen machine like no man can ever be  
Now long before your walls fall in heathen machine  
Without heart and soul  
You're dead to the world  
Stay heathen machine

I'm drawn towards the enemy  
Leaning in in spite of me  
Without a soul there's hollow hollow ground  
Breaking up in front of me  
Tearing the whole thing down.