

# Blood Red Throne, Slaying The Lamb

I reinforce the machinery playing with your mind, manage to climb all the way to the leader.  
Environment of perfection will never drift by the reason to create...

The energy.

Fuck the creations of the missile. Inscriptions speak your destiny.

Man and its contents. Never to rise again.

Energy hovered over the earth no more, machinery takes your pride, machinery takes your mind.

Minority rules the earth. Feel the rage pounding. Calculated to inject the poison.

Calculated to erase man. Modified to carry out murder.

Selected to be the one slaying the lamb. The flames touch your face.

Gun barrels making its way through your chest. Alive but no breathing.

Purity... History...

The clock ain't ticking.

The clock ain't real.