

Icon of Coin, In shelter

Punishment for intolerance, so
Entertain us when you're still able to perform
I'm sorry to admit that I won't be around
When the world you created will collapse and drown
Back to the crypt, nothing will last
We'll all fade away, in one single blast
Out from the dust, machines arise
One second left to live and we'll open our eyes.
I can't find shelter in this world
I'm searching for another world
Where I'll feel safe