

Machinae Supremacy, Dark City

I can feel the fire deep inside, it's burning brighter
With but a raised fist and my pride,
I sway
to the beat of our decay, the horsemen on their way
And in this mob a crescent line to hide behind
Here in and of the dark, our city, its streets and walls
Here we live, we are, inside our homes and malls

I walk across the dead train yard,
remembering who we are
I look inside and in my heart,
we're never far apart

I can see the mountain over me, the Serpent Hollow
The silent fortress underneath,
I sway
to the beat of our decay, the light of other days
And fireside the black island, the toxic sand
Dancing city lights glowing against the sky
Snowing, shimmering, shinedust in our eyes

I walk across the dead train yard,
remembering who we are
I look inside and in my heart,
we're never far apart

And in the yellow belvedere
I carve my name without fear
A witness to the birth of me,
This garden of concrete

I walk across the dead train yard,
remembering who we are.
I look inside and in my heart,
we're never far apart

And in the yellow belvedere
I carve my name without fear
A witness to the birth of me
This garden of concrete