

Saints of Eden, Technochrist

It's kinda big this time, they got everyting right.

Left here by an illusion. Appaling fear, a mass confusion of energy, built to fury.

New chemistry, a diffirent story. You cornered life and so created.

As we follow longside our path is started. But is everything fine.

Should we have waited for the ultimate sign to resign.

I look and daydream, deep in her eyes, mesmerised, technochrist.

Never so blind to what she's saying. Even more drawn in by all the praying.

I'm lost outside, without a reason to hide my eyes.

I decide to push so far, a choice is given, but it's simplified to make me listen.

It's not my life that's being driven by terrified inside.

False prophets, uncovering the truth. Forever driven insane by the scene before my eyes.

Kill the sacred mindgames before the world awakes. Cradle my desire. Arise new empire.