

Sirrah, High Treason

Most of connections are achieved automatically
Bolide with the mental propulsion
Jumps into the past in the changeless cycle
Targets found in random choice but not this time

To extend the structure
Here appear new elements
Electro-donor
And its symetric friend

Junction
555-xx united with my ego
Visual transmissions
Seven per one minute
I am the part of the implant inside
Zachariah Kether's brain
He is my clone and sarcophagus
I had put the time to profit long before
The reality fed by antimater's breath
Exhausted itself
It's really strange that solid construction
Collapsed in one day
I left damages unable to regenerate
The plan was mature
Precisely selected expert staff
Has been working hard
Every day and night
Has been working hard
Every day and night
All details are foreseen
Even the date of my birth

The whole truth transpired too late!

They changed natural order
restraining animosity from the burst
Honour and justice infected the haunt of vice!!!