

# T3chnophob1a, H.T.M.L. (Heavenly Territories M

Something's strange in the web tonight  
Encoded paradise in a sinner disguise  
In absurd routine I'm his prey  
With my torn hands tied to the display  
The crystal plumage on their backs  
I suddenly understand it's only a fake  
The more I walk with my key  
The more the 404 appears  
Cable strangler, feeble joke  
Our death's design is out of control  
Slit my screen, wrist of god  
Pixelsplatter, in scarlet clad  
Heavenly territories might lie  
The last supper is cooling now  
I feel the 33 A.D. bug  
Mech-disciples programmed his plains  
The server saviour without frames  
And then this holy java script  
Initialise when they're all fall asleep  
Short circuit benedict the legs  
Of Kazaarus, he walks again  
Cable strangler, feeble joke  
Our death's design is out of control  
Forbidden applet, I taste the fruit  
In the thurible reboot my ruin  
Heavenly territories might lie  
Cable strangler, feeble joke  
Our death's design is out of control  
Cable strangler, feeble joke  
Christian watersports in my rom  
Heavenly territories might lie  
H.T.M.L.