

Zyklon, Wrenched

In the yard of the old man
The ruin's shimmering
The world's painted pale
The conditions are at stale
Flocks gathered from far away
Hiding, still overly aggressive
Generations they will slay
Not really regressive
A dead end cave
Home of the brave
The world fools no one
Grace me with hammering rest
Keep an eye on the sea
Imagine what we would be
Rushing to the shores
God of all damn wars
Wrenched beyond recognition
No such thing as human intuition
Feel free to turn the supreme ignition