

Molding machine

Intoxicated mind, melting through the night
Corrupted soul, falling into slumber

He approaches, with ill-intent,
Clutching a dark lever
An evil madness-filled machine
A fate so much worst than death

Rotating gears, worrying noises
Symbiosis of manifold

Standing still, emotionless
Staring at his phantasy
Breaking bones, burning flesh
Complete reconfiguration

A rising order has come
A mold for all to fit in

No more suffering, you've been formatted
A perfect silhouette, no shortcoming

No more sorrow, free-will or chasm
A sublime era, molding machine

A rising order has come
A mold for all to fit in