

Blood Red Throne "Slaying The Lamb"

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I reinforce the machinery playing with your mind,
manage to climb all the way to the leader.
Environment of perfection will never drift by the reason
to create...
The energy.

Fuck the creations of the missile. Inscriptions speak
your destiny.
Man and it's contents. Never to rise again.
Energy hovered over the earth no more, machinery
takes your pride, machinery takes your mind.
Minority rules the earth. Feel the rage pounding.
Calculated to inject the poison.

Calculated to erase man. Modified to carry out murder.
Selected to be the one slaying the lamb. The flames
touch your face.
Gun barrels making it's way through your chest. Alive
but no breathing.
Purity... History...

The clock ain't ticking.
The clock ain't real.

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