

## Morgoth "Golden Age"

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What machinery can create forcing bodies to the  
rhythm  
Be a part of it it's your machine, life can be forever  
Deny all this, you used to live for and let your impulse  
go  
beshelter you grief, last miss the clue  
and show your ears to the pain that rose

Now that I can walk this way power in spring  
or mine and soon will stay wait for the crying line

All that wasn't fun to be decidable is dead, is gone  
Conform a deep respect for personality is right, we're  
wrong  
See my friend, what matters in this grief place is what  
you feel

Tell me, what do you feel  
Just don't ask and try to look behind it all cause money  
just not the mountening questions

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