

Cryptic Wintermoon "Thrashomatic Overdrive"

Visit "[Thrashomatic Overdrive](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Addicted to protoplasmic matter
I avail myself do that wide abundance

For I am the creator Â– they call me god
This naive rattle I just cultivated to quench my thirst
In my laboratory lovely named "earth" Â– your
incubator Â– you grow and wilt
Scrutinized and analyzed
And when my work is done I simple pull the plug

I am theory Â– and practically don't exist
Syntax error Â– the unknown force of downfall
My name a synonym for terror Â– my blood the elixer
of horror
I sustain all synthetic factors of physical composition

Archieving of all nocturnal phenomenons
The ultimate supervisor of statics Â– weaver of
dimensions

Listen to that voice so mellow Â– close your eyes and
fall asleep
But be on your guard not to go astray in the shades

Back to generation zero Â– thrashomatic overdrive
Enigmatic origin stain by hidden force
Extinguishing the flame of mortals Â– systematic
termination
Monumental patron of the unhallowed hordes

I sustain all synthetic factors of nocturnal grace

Visit [Cryptic Wintermoon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.