

T3chnophob1a

"Space Is Their Grave"

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Empty thermographic orbits
Marching putrid squad of corpses
Iron golems in slow motion
Rusty faces without emotions

Tonight the sky
Feasts with worms that crawl inside

Raised from labs
The space is their grave

Speechless bodies now are marching
From the ground undeads are rising
Electric caskets and frozen bones
No conscience, no remorse

Unclean and mean
Drenched in plasma and gasoline

Raised from labs
The space is their grave

Hunting their warm preys
The blood of living in cyber veins
Decaying creatures
Corroded features
A dead soul lives in their cold circuits
Awake!
From Mech-Beyond they came
Alive!
Z-Ohm-bie! Z-Ohm-bie!

Deep space riders resurrected
Putrified in their cradle
Pulsar brains and voodoo nights
The smell of rust is all around

Hunting their warm preys
The blood of living in cyber veins
Decaying creatures
Corroded features
A dead soul lives in their cold circuits

Awake!
From Mech-Beyond they come
Alive!
Z-Ohm-bie! Z-Ohm-bie!

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