

## **The Cosa Nostra Klub "Inexorable Parade"**

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Here it comes the inexorable parade  
The vortex machine, unwholesome  
Cannot stop the relentless march  
Of the inexpressible crusher god

The land is desolate, empty,  
And full of people  
Nobody knows why they stand here,  
Eyes wide shut  
Nobody believes in the book of revelation  
But the machine is here,  
As the sword of judgement

White horizon is overcast by the evil gears  
Steamroller crushing eternally  
All what is standing here  
You'd better run but you cannot escape  
It has got no reason at all, apart from scrape

The inexorable machine  
The machine of God  
Europa, dead and gone  
Procession of the beaten ones

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