

Whitechapel

"Nercomechanical"

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I machine have woke to my insides exposed to others
like me

These insides are not like the anatomy of what I once
was

Excruciating this pain is excruciating

I am nothing but root and uselessness in a man
created hell

All my mind can think is to destroy anything in my way

The stench of death is overpowering
Though the scent is quite comforting

I'm a machine

I'm a machine of other worldly capabilities bestowed on
the weak

I'm a machine

We are the nightmare that has come to life
Can it be that I am the only one believing my dreams

I'm a machine

I have reached my afterlife but I never died

Forever endowed with the stench of the Gods
I am harvesting the ones who haven't been born

This imagination is reality
This is reality

I am a machine
I am a machine

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