

Gorod "State Of Secret"

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In the depths of rock and earth, I took shape
By my father's lunacy and genius, I built up awareness

Father, engrave, slit
Fill up my veins

My influence spread, my power soared, my legions
converted
Holy quest for some, mass grave for others, I eat them
all

Amount of learning for my power

Surrounded with legends, and distant from others, I
copied them yet
Trivial looking although nasty, I bowed to the criteria of
a changing world

Into which I fit unduly and prepare my predicted reign
Announcement of the saviours

Protected secret
Manipulated masses
Honored prophecy
Decimated enemies

This failing world
Will be the cocoon of my chrysalis

In search of a neverending evolution
This humanity that believes it's omniscient
Is getting ready to surrender

Exhausted resources, suffocating nature
Overcrowded areas, non existent tolerance
Ways to a total war with a unique survivor
... EDAENIA...

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