

Hyperborea

"Children Of The Crisis"

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Created new religion
Built to twist ideals
Returning to the dark age
To wounds that never heal

Ring progression
Doomed in repeating
Going somewhere
So are you thinking

History repeats itself
Binding to the ring
New and holy pope has come
Taking out the faith

Daily crusade
Creation obsolete
Made to frustrade
Fading is solid

Bend to the power of the silicon church
And praise the Technogod
Preachers with constumes, with glasses and shirts
offspring of the one
And now you pulse behind your shroud
Crawling in abject existence
Defective sanity testing your nerve ends
A blinking alert to your sentience

Protected in the sanctified
Gray geometric giants
Inside the sub-world of your cities
You form the prey alliance

Diminished attention span
Inner alarm malfunction
Technotronic soul access
You are the children of the crisis

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