

Head Machine

"Old"

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I am the man that defends all things profane

6000 years is the time that I shall reign

And with a grin drank the blood of holy swine

Impurity made the blood turn into wine

Old man, dead hand

If only in their insanity

The lie feeds off their greed

Jesus wept

I am the pain that feeds off your weakness

A sickening born of hate not of the blessed

And with that time I will crush all things they prey

Destroying all from the known to the arcane

Old man, dead hand

If only in their insanity

The lie feeds off their greed

Jesus wept

Bun my eyes and try to blind me

Bury me so they won't find me

Try to suck my power empty

Got no crown of thorns on me

So burn my eyes and try to blind

Bury me so they won't find
Try to suck my power dry
You got no crown of thorns on me
Old man, dead hand
If only in their insanity
The lie feeds off their greed
Jesus wept

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