

Rapid Fire

Manufactured Soul

Pounding the world like a battering ram
Forging the furnace for the final grand slam
Chopping away at the source soon the course will be done
Leaving a trail of destruction that's second to none
Hammering anvils straining muscle and might
Shattering blows crashing brow beating fright
Fast devastating and desolating the curse
Blasting the cannons of truth through each man of this earth
Wielding the axe comes the one culmination
That's always seemed certain to bring down the curtain on greed
Sifting the good from the bad it's the age for the rage
Of the dogs which must fall to the just and be free
Now grate for the vandals who trampled and sampled
Till this place conditioned brought forth demolition to war
The slipping and sliding corrosive subsiding
That withered and wained till the world seemed all drained fills the bay
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Second to none

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