

Kings of the Scene

Machinae Supremacy

as time grows to be my reaper
I leave my mark behind
and history will be my keeper
but I am still alive and where the ancient kings
are buried new kings
will rise and stand
and so the torch is always carried
passed from hand to hand in the night it is all we care for
and we all play our part
enslaved is our passion and therefore
we hide it in the dark

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