

Panic Generator

Ancient Dome

Silent echoes take the advice
Of a beeing still unknown to the light
Spirals grown from arid ground
He wrote the noble art of dying

Cryptic Numbers in a prism of flesh
It prints darkness on the paper
of Consciousness

He brings torment with laser sight
Breaking up his dome of the skull
His sign eternally remains
It has come to institute his blackening reign

Cryptic Numbers in a prism of flesh
It prints darkness on the paper
of Consciousness

Panic Generator!
Antagonist of order and control
Panic Generator!
Shares his deals of death
The goat is slaughtered,
Blood will flow from now

We're all going to attend
A Brutal open warfare
Through meteors and black holes
Eternal Battle in defense of love
The Chosen One's on our side
Returned to embrace the force of light
The Panic Generator plans
Human greed to tempt

[Solo:]

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