

## Creation's Crowning Glory

Kromlek

Now stare beyond the abyss  
Deep into the future's eyes  
No scaldic verse will ever  
Foretell our lingering demise  
The soil suspires resigning  
While I solemnly despise  
And the copy of a fake oak's  
Seed is gonna rise

Throughout the urban canyons  
I will send my sonic waves  
I call from concrete towers to  
All yet unborn slaves  
My mind is like a climber  
Overgrowing iron gorges  
Nerve codes like lianas  
Entwine around the forges

So don't you bother  
To call me brother  
I'm not of your kin  
I save my own skin

Just stand in file  
Sick and vile  
In concrete cells  
Where no life dwells

Again I whisper  
In the ear of the blind  
There's no loophole,  
The myth must rewind  
Each step is fated  
This doom bound am I  
The well is dried up  
And the hostage will die

Through the ironwood a blight I waft  
Necropolitans awake by my draft  
Out of scorched earth a giant I craft

Into each crevice life I will graft  
An organic form of life I draft  
Out of scorched earth a god I craft