

Title : Misanthrope Magnifique

Composer : Stomping Ground

Lyricist : Zahid

A glint in my eyes Yes
A wicked glimmer A ray of unlight
Await not the grace of angels for supremacy is the just reward
For the efficient and the proud
For the thinkers with the swords
For the beings misanthropic
Blood flows free and the spirits soar high

A sign of the times
No
Just a reflection of the darkness
The darkness has passed
And the darkness that has yet to come

Bring out the knives
Synthetic anaesthetic
Purring sweetly with deadly intent
The engine necro egotistic
Awaiting to take the place of the mortal heart
And forever rage in its absence
Replacing humane essence
With the cold mechanics of math
Discarding the heart for what it is
A shrivelled organ yearning for falseness

How does it feel then
In place of a beating heart
To have an engine pumping
That ole time necro feeling is's back
Given a tech savvy twist of course
The misanthrope keeps up with research and development
And stays uncharacteristically in fashion

Necroteah industries