

T3chnophob1a, H.T.M.L. (Heavenly Territories M

Something's strange in the web tonight
Encoded paradise in a sinner disguise
In absurd routine I'm his prey
With my torn hands tied to the display
The crystal plumage on their backs
I suddenly understand it's only a fake
The more I walk with my key
The more the 404 appears
Cable strangler, feeble joke
Our death's design is out of control
Slit my screen, wrist of god
Pixelsplatter, in scarlet clad
Heavenly territories might lie
The last supper is cooling now
I feel the 33 A.D. bug
Mech-disciples programmed his plains
The server saviour without frames
And then this holy java script
Initialise when they're all fall asleep
Short circuit benedict the legs
Of Kazaarus, he walks again
Cable strangler, feeble joke
Our death's design is out of control
Forbidden applet, I taste the fruit
In the thurible reboot my ruin
Heavenly territories might lie
Cable strangler, feeble joke
Our death's design is out of control
Cable strangler, feeble joke
Christian watersports in my rom
Heavenly territories might lie
H.T.M.L.