

# Revolution Roulette

Poets of the Fall

If this machine doesn't stop  
What will you do if it never goes out  
Never goes out of season  
It never stops as it turns  
There ain't no passion, yet it burns  
Introducing my prison  
Losing myself in this place, soon  
I'm gone without a trace  
Freed with that final incision

Look my heart it's a bird  
It needs to sing and to be heard  
Not this clockwork precision  
And the machine grows idiotic  
Who's gonna be its ingenious critic

Everybody loves the perfect solution  
To beat the odds against  
The poorest possible substitution  
What you see is never  
What you're gonna get  
Everybody's playing revolution roulette

Leaves you no arguments to trade  
You can try the key or you can wait  
But the lock will not open  
So you're left with sanity to lose,  
'Cos the machine is a ruse  
Another invention to rule them  
It's like a fistful of snake eyes  
A hand grenade with bye byes  
Like a million spent on nothing  
It's kinda like a pick in their lock  
When you never went  
"Knock knock, hello, anybody home?  
I'm coming in".  
With a touch of foreboding  
And the machine grows parasitic  
Who's gonna criticize the good critic

Everybody loves the perfect solution  
To beat the odds against  
The poorest possible substitution  
What you see is never  
What you're gonna get  
Everybody's playing revolution roulette

Everybody has the perfect solution  
It's just hard to resist  
The sweet seduction  
There ain't no trick  
To winning double what you bet  
Welcome to revolution roulette

Everybody loves the perfect solution  
To beat the odds against  
The poorest possible substitution

What you see is never  
What you're gonna get  
Everybody's playing revolution roulette