

First Time Believers

Seven Mary Three

I am a tiny machinist.
I have the smallest plans.
I have a mind television.
The gift of idle hands.
I've been re-educated.
To bleed technology.
Even more complicated than the machines who made me.
I'm a wasteland messiah.
I'm a train run off the track.
I'm a first time believer in.
What might never always does.
Come back...
There was a blackhole voice.
An interrupted transmission.
It said to free yourself.
And that fear is your submission.
I have the tiny tools.
To finish what I start.
I have the vacuum tubes to eat your little hearts.
I'm a wasteland messiah.
I'm a train run off the track.
I'm a first time believer in.
What might never always does come back.
I'm a ghost with a name.
I'm the now and never past.
I'm a first time believer in what might never always does.
Come back.
Yes, I want you.
Yes, I want your mind.
Blow it every time.
They say it's darker when a little light goes out than if it never had shone.
Of this I have no doubt.
I drove the 44.
To sun coming up sky.
And when I saw their cars,
I just smiled in my surprise.
Little wasteland messiahs.
Little trains run off the track.
Little first time believers in.
What might never always does.
Come.
Little ghosts with a name.
Little now and never past.
Little first time believers in.
What might never always does.
Come back.