

The Machine

The Gates of Slumber

I look around and see that I'm not in some machine,
but surrounded by machines with wheel and gear.
Who dance around it seems to tiny whim and futile scream.
They live their very lives slaves to fear.

Futile grasping hands are yearning for their false plans
a million lies behind each grinning face.
Piss tears fill hollow eyes for each dream that slowly
dies.
And my pains to satisfy their hungry need, in this
machine.

I'm not falling down today, not falling down to die.
Won't see my tears when the die is cast.
Because I know my face and I know how victory tastes.
Sweet it is but the pleasure never lasts. In this
machine, no.

I look around and see that I'm not in some machine,
but surrounded by machines with wheel and gear.
Piss tears fill lifeless eyes for each dream that dies.
And my pains to satisfy your hungry need, in this
machine.