

Revolution Roulette (Live at Lost in Music)

Poets of the Fall

If this machine doesn't stop, what will you do if it never goes out
Never goes out of seasonIt never stops as it turns, there ain't no passion, yet it burns
Introducing my prisonLosing myself in this place, soon I'm gone without a trace
Freed with that final incisionLook my heart it's a bird, it needs to sing and to be heard
Not this clockwork precisionAnd the machine grows idiotic
Who's gonna be its ingenious criticEverybody 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 rouletteLeaves you no arguments to trade, you can try the key or you can wait
But the lock will not openSo you're left with sanity to lose, 'cause the machine is a ruse
Another invention to rule themIt's like a fistful of snake eyes, a hand grenade with bye byes
Like a million spent on nothingIt'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 forebodingAnd the machine grows parasitic
Who's gonna criticize the good criticEverybody loves...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 rouletteEverybody loves...

Songwriters

Saaresto, Marko / Tukiainen, Olli / Kaarlonen, MarkusPublished by

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patents pending.

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