

# Pharaoh's Daughter

## Secret Machines

Hold on!  
The recent exchange  
Is just another face arranged  
By the knife edge of time  
And just another waste of mine

I wonder  
Was that the Pharaoh's Daughter  
Or the wealth I still remember?

We were dressed in uniforms left over from the war  
A tourniquet, an iron vest, our emblem was a star  
The younger ones looked frightened  
Left unguarded by the clouds  
While sons of fire with trembling hands  
Burned heroes to the ground

I wonder  
Was that the famous daughter  
Of the well-heeled revolving oh-so-fine?  
While we were building caskets  
For boys with leather jackets

The girl's quite familiar

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