Machine Maker

Mimes On Rollercoasters

Stretched across, the vast expanse,
like rumbling clouds, in summer storm.
An industry, that is so advanced,
to set a record-breaking norm.

Golden days are long since gone,
Held with them are dreams of the past.
The bearing-race is grinding on,
Soon it will be going too fast.

Be careful not, to gaze too long.
For blinding lights, will take your site.
The distant sounds, of the machines' songs,
will keep, the rhythm through the night.

Blackened smoke, from chimneys billow,
Bring children, dreams of futures.
Working days, far from the blue seas.
Automation is their "Nature".

Lyrics Submitted by Mimes On Rollercoasters

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