Cogs in Cogs

Gentle Giant

Empty promise broken the path has
Not been paved any way.
Cogs in cogs the machine
Is being left where it lay.
Anger and the rising murmur breaks
The old circle, the wheel slowly turns around.All words saying nothing
The air is sour with discontent.
No returns have been tasted
Or are they ever sent.
Slowly burning is the fire, rising murmur breaks
The old circle, the wheel slowly turns around.Cogs in cogs wheel turning around,
The circle tuns around,
The changing voices calling
Circle turns around,
The changing voices.
Slow burning is the fire rising murmur breaks
The old circle, the wheel slowly turns around.Cogs in cogs in wheels
In circles slowly turn around.

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