

Warm Machine

The Bush

I memorize the basics
Making strange faces
Tread slowly for I know
There's a thousand miles to go
Without blinking
Gravitate space wards
Find a home for the head
From my basement
No darkness ever left
This is the night
This is the sound

Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
Feel warm
Some days are playful
Making play faces
But we will not let it through
Darkness and the sense
Being born to lose
This is the night
This is the sound

Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
This is the life
This is the ground
Here comes a warm machine
Such a warm machine

When I never know we can only feel
I'll take the help
I'll take a slice
Warm alright now
'Cos I feel alright

I memorize the basics, basics, basics
This is the night
This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
Such a warm machine

Such a warm machine
Machine, machine, machine

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