Sound Of The Machine

Pale Forest

Turn your head and face the hole
from where the white illutions shine
Cast a glance upon the mole
which taints the skin so pure, so fine
The garden hangs inside a room
so dark, yet brightly lit
The stain you poured from silver spoon
the poison stung and bitWith the sound of your machine
ringing in your wealthy dreams
You dance around the calf
and your mind is torn in half
Try to see how you will feel
when, at last you're left alone
Shoulder to the final wheel
in your machinery of flesh and bloodWith the sound of your machine
ringing in your wealthy dreams
You dance around the calf
and your mind is torn in halfGrinding and moaning
the thing comes to a halt
Grinding and moaning
as you pour the salt
With the sound of your machine
ringing in your wealthy dreams
You dance around the calf
and your mind is torn in half

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