Diggers of Ditches Everywhere

These Arms Are Snakes

The mechanics of the machine are hard to desribe
in a word or a sentence, it takes a life time.
Trust me I ain't got one left to live
or give to explain the ways of how it works,
the gears the jerks,
the grinds the lines, the things that take time.
This is one of those things that take time.
Words couldn't make up a lie this big.
It was a machine.
A machine processing people through
like a assembly line crew would do.
Just pushing us through the fears and tears and years of our lives.
The pain the fits the things we miss we miss so so much.
Time and time again.
So would you if you could....
every single lie would you take it back,
every ounce of passion that you lack.
All of your lost pride would you want it back,
all your lost loves would you really want them back.
Just suck it in and get pressed through this machanic machine
thats rusted and cold and old.
You machanic machine.
Old and cold like the story of all of our lives.
You can see the wave of it coming in and it's full of disrespect,
well at least it comes with something that we have learned to accept.

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