

Mother Machine

Delain

Incomplete
As in burned concrete
Walk this empty street
Granite sky
My machine
 Built the factories
 Feed the worker bees
Get in line
Round and round and round
 The wheels come down
Dreaming of the steam, the pawning sound
 Round and round and round
 The wheels come down
 Wont you electrify my soul
 Intensify it all
 Little girl
 In a concrete world
 Artificial hurt
 In your eyes
 You wont see
 Any living trees
 Any flower field
Hypnotized
Round and round and round
 The wheels come down
Dreaming of the steam, the pawning sound
 Round and round and round
 The wheels come down
 Wont you electrify my soul
 Intensify it all
 I like the plastic people, paper world
 The silver moon, the iron sun
 Ill fold you paper flowers little girl
For youll never see a real one
Round and round and round
 The wheels come down
Dreaming of the steam, the pawning sound
 Round and round and round
 The wheels come down
 Wont you electrify my soul
 Intensify it all