

# Revolution Roulette

## Poets of the Fall

If this machine doesn't stop  
What will you do if it never goes out  
Never goes out of seasonIt never stops as it turns  
There ain't no passion, yet it burns  
Introducing my prisonLosing myself in this place  
Soon I'm gone without a trace  
Freed with that final incisionLook my heart it's a bird  
It needs to sing and to be heard  
Not this clockwork precisionAnd the machine grows idiotic  
Who's gonna be its ingenious criticEverybody loves the perfect solution  
To beat the odds against  
The poorest possible substitution  
What you see is never what you're gonna get  
Everybody's playing revolution rouletteLeaves you no arguments to trade  
You can try the key or you can wait  
But the lock will not openSo you're left with sanity to lose  
'Cause the machine is a ruse  
Another invention to rule themIt's like a fistful of snake eyes  
A hand grenade with bye byes  
Like a million spent on nothingIt's kinda like a pick in their lock  
When you never went, "Knock knock  
Hello, anybody home? I'm coming in"  
With a touch of forebodingAnd the machine grows parasitic  
Who's gonna criticize the good criticEverybody lovesEverybody has the perfect solution  
It's just hard to resist the sweet seduction  
There ain't no trick to winning double what you bet  
Welcome to revolution rouletteEverybody loves

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