The Gilded Hand

Radical Face

Open eyes adjusting to the dark
The growlin' of machinery
Can't say if it's night or day
And you know, somewhere in there you know
There will be a price to pay 'til all this goes awaySo we walk the empty halls, the dirty walls
We smear our names in them
Dirt we find beneath our nails
Can't be scrubbed from our tired hands, never cleanWe're never clean
We're never cleanWalk the halls, soot along the walls
Some will smear their names in it
While some just go away
And you know, somewhere in there you know
There's nothing here but surviving 'til something goes awayBut through the cracks in this machine
We see the light, we see the sun dissolve
And we feel the pulse of life
A better life on the other side, and we waitAnd so we wait
And so we waitTime is lost, found cracks along my bones
This metal god is all I know
Now something's gone away
And you know, somewhere in there you knowOur blood's in the machinery
Our heart's in the machinery
Our blood's in the machineryAnd that's what went away
And that's what went away
And that's what went away
And that's what went away
And that's what went away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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