

Protomen, The "The Good Doctor"

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Tom:

My father worked the mines until the day it took his life.
It stole him from his only son and it stole him from his
wife.

And I swore upon his grave, someday I would make
things right.

So I learned how to bend steel. I learned how to make it
move,
and I watched as it withstood all the hell we put men
through.
With hands of iron, there's not a task we couldn't do.

They've waited so long for this day,
Someone to take the death away,
No son would ever have to say,
"My father worked into his grave."

Albert:

Tom, listen to yourself, then listen carefully to me.
If you replace the working parts, you get a different
machine.

The man who turns the wheels, they will follow
Anywhere he leads.

We've spent our whole lives searching
For a way to make a better world.
Giving everything to them, asking nothing in return.
Well here it is: our chance to take back everything
we've earned.

Tom: They've waited so long for this day
(Albert: They've waited so long for this day)
Someone to take the death away (There is no price they
wouldn't pay)
No son would ever have to say, (For someone else to
lead them)
"My father worked into his grave." (Don't turn your back
on me!)

What will I become with the things I will create?

I never said that men should bow. I never said that men
should break
I only want what's best.
The one I love, she works so hard, she works her
fingers till they bleed.
Some of the pain that she endures would bring a
strong man to his knees.
I only want to help.

(You are a fool.) You underestimate the character of
man.
(They are weaker than you think)
You think that they'll surrender if you bind their working
hands.
But they are strong (Just wait and see.)

We will build cities in a day (Man would cower at the
sight)
We will build towers to the heavens (Man was not built
for such a height)
We will be heroes! (We will BUILD heroes!)

They've waited so long for this day,
Someone to take the death away,
No son would ever have to say,
"My father worked into his grave."

Men sleep tonight with hands of bone.
They will awake with hands of steel.
And with these hands we will destroy.
And with these hands we will rebuild.
And we will stand above our city,
rising high above the streets.
From tops of buildings we will look
at all that lies beneath our feet.

We will raise our hands above us,
cold steel shining in the sun,
and with these hands that will not bleed,
my father's battle will be won.

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