

Secret Machines, The "Pharaoh's Daughter"

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Hold on!
The recent exchange
Is just another face arranged
By the knife edge of time
And just another waste of mine

I wonder
Was that the pharaoh's daughter
Or the wealth I still remember?

We were dressed in uniforms left over from the war
A tourniquet, an iron vest, our emblem was a star
The younger ones looked frightened
Left unguarded by the clouds
While sons of fire with trembling hands
Burned heroes to the ground

Is it true
I wonder
Was that the famous daughter
Of the well-heeled revolving oh-so-fine?
While we were building caskets
For boys in leather jackets

The girl's quite familiar

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