Glampire
"Build A Machine"

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We are all perverted
Deserted souls in space
Suffering keeps all our hope in place
Hope keeps all the suffering in the human race
Hope keeps all suffering in place

Build a Machine
To make us love ourselves
To clean our vile hearts
To stop the ripping apart of our souls
And minds to make us color blind righteous and kind

We have been tainted and painted with a curse on our
backs
Somewhere between the big bang and the big buck
We fell out with luck and in with intellect
And what do you expect... life begets life and death =
death

Build a Machine
To make us proud and just
To harness our confusion of hate and lust
Based solely on trust

To save us from ourselves

Look what history taught us
Look what the money bought us
Look how history caught us
Look what the money bought us
Look what history taught us
Look what the money bought us

I see the death clouds from your money towers
I see the wasted minds from misuse of power
How about a computer vision with a dose of wisdom to
educate the children

Build a Machine to raise our conciousness
That will give us defense to fight against ignorance
To protect the hearts and minds of us all
To raise our conciousness

That will come to our defense
That will make us love ourselves