

Machinery

"I Divine"

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Set me free as I plead for more from the poor
In the mane of Christianity
I am he the senseless man who sells his souls
So cry divine
Down the curb lies a man with aching pain
Gone insane for the love of Christ that binds our souls
He tells his tale with bitter taste with an ancient tongue
That twists his mind

Breathless
Why does he keep on fighting
Why does he believe in god
I can't believe his crying
Crying for the love of god
God almighty screams
God almighty bleeds
God almighty leaves us breathless...

I divine

They that hate shall be clothed
Clothed with shame as the shadow of death will soon
rise again
O' hear when I call o' god o' righteous one
There's a sign on the wall
Giving birth to a thought of a vision that clouds our
minds
Ancient curse quenches thirst for the taste of blood
and wine

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