

Matthew Mayfield

"Man-Made Machines"

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I've got my heart set on the way
This world, it shines shimmers and pays
If I'm just a soul stuck in a cage
I sure as hell like the estate

This ain't no heart that you could redeem
I'm just a criminal fleeing the scene
My heart is cold and locked in the sea
I'm hoping God can throw me the key

And we line up, we line up in America, in America
We line up, line up in America, in America

To summon man-made machines
To silence the screams
Of the children in our dreams

Entire souls out on the line
A cigarette is burning some time
If 'I am lost, and I am no guide'
Like Eddie said, 'I'm by your side'

And we line up, we line up in America, in America
We line up, line up in America, in America

To summon man-made machines
To silence the screams
Of the children in our dreams
And we watch as God-fearing men
Open the gates
Just to close them in our face
[x2]

Just to close them in our face

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