

Delain "Mother Machine"

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Incomplete

As in burned concrete
Walk this empty street
Granite sky

My machine
Built the factories
Feed the worker bees
Get in line

Round and round and round
The wheels come down
Dreaming of the steam, the pawning sound
Round and round and round
The wheels come down
Won't you electrify my soul
Intensify it all

Little girl
In a concrete world
Artificial hurt
In your eyes

You won't see
Any living trees
Any flower field
Hypnotized

Round and round and round
The wheels come down
Dreaming of the steam, the pawning sound
Round and round and round
The wheels come down
Won't you electrify my soul
Intensify it all

I like the plastic people, paper world
The silver moon, the iron sun
I'll fold you paper flowers little girl
For you'll never see a real one!

Round and round and round

The wheels come down
Dreaming of the steam, the pawning sound
Round and round and round
The wheels come down
Won't you electrify my soul
Intensify it all

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