

## Mis-teeq

# "Hands Of The Puppeteers"

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I'm the automaton of life  
The one which sleeps in each of us  
Who's talking, who's feeding, who is loving for you  
The one which sleeps in each of us  
Who's talking, who's feeding, who is loving for you

I'm your universal guardian angel  
An image of serviceable civilized man  
Is reached when you put the final touch  
To my mechanical minute detail embellishments

I'm you as automaton apostolic image  
Lead by your hands of puppeteers  
Yourself directed external  
From outer controlling all my deeds and motions  
I can do what you ever desire

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Lead by your hands of puppeteers  
Yourself directed external  
From outer controlling all my deeds and motions  
I can do what you ever desire

But what will you become  
Oh my master, my guide  
An eternal disguise being  
Lost among the humans  
Holding on my ties  
In the beginning you were coming in sight  
For the royal moments of ejaculation  
But soon all this will end in perdition

Every single thing annoying you  
Even the most macabre scenery

Lie in hidding, I became yourself  
You loose all your madness  
As marble with acknowledge depth

I totaly identify myself to you  
But now you are nothing any longer, not even yourself

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An eternal disguise being  
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