

New Victorians

"Ghosts In Machines"

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Desire comes, the body burns
Minds twist, clenched fists, we're into this
Move for move and turn for turn
I can feel, I can feel it coming

Head of steam, a heart of stone
Think lipped, tight skinned, impetuous
Young and free but far from home
I can feel, I can feel it coming

Chorus
We move like ghosts in machines
Creep in through every seam
We move like ghosts in machines

I study you, you're twists and turns
Feel the heat from above, there's no retreat
Unsatisfied, our masses yearn
You can feel, you can feel it coming

Building up the moment's come
Nightfall brings agony, ecstasy
Penetrate all your lines your borders
You can feel, you can feel it coming

Let go of a higher law
Nature red in tooth and claw
The ties that bind
The breaths we draw

Chorus
We move like ghosts in machines
Creep in through every seam
We move like ghosts in machines

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