

## Immaculate Machine

### "Statue"

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your hands were warm and dry  
placed lightly on my back  
we'd sit and watch the day  
slide out from red to black

when it comes to you  
you were always the first  
when it comes to you  
silence is the worst

these tumbleweeds roll by  
the memories we made  
and these deserted streets  
feel like they'll never fade

when it comes to you  
you were always the first  
when it comes to you  
silence is the worst

sun is shining but I don't feel warm  
I'm chilled right down to the core  
I reach to touch you but my hands are shaking  
you don't want me here so I'll go

standing still, tall and proud  
even you now turn to gold  
this statue I have built  
perfect, beautiful and cold

when it comes to you  
you were always the first  
when it comes to you  
silence is the worst

when it comes to you  
we were always the first  
when it comes to you  
silence is the worst

silence is the worst

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