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## Mr. Gnome "The Machine"

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Alone they found me calling. Here I go down before Alone these hands are hollow, calming echo And now the night approaches, dark tide swallows The night it peaks to whisper, here I follow...

Slowly separate become machine, Marching one by one while washing clean.

Alone they found me empty. Here I go down before Alone with one eye open, capture my shadow And as the night approaches, dark tide swallows The night it peaks to whisper, here I follow...

Slowly separate become machine.

Marching one by one they're washing clean again
Slowly separate become machine...

Colors fade to numbers steal my everything

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