

Mr. Gnome

"The Machine"

Visit "[The Machine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Mr. Gnome](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.