

The Gilded Hand

Radical Face

Open eyes adjusting to the dark
The growlin' of machinery
Can't say if it's night or day
And you know, somewhere in there you know
There will be a price to pay 'til all this goes away

So we walk the empty halls, the dirty walls
We smear our names in them
Dirt we find beneath our nails
Can't be scrubbed from our tired hands, never clean

We're never clean
We're never clean

Walk the halls, soot along the walls
Some will smear their names in it
While some just go away
And you know, somewhere in there you know
There's nothing here but surviving 'til something goes away

But through the cracks in this machine
We see the light, we see the sun dissolve
And we feel the pulse of life
A better life on the other side, and we wait

And so we wait
And so we wait

Time is lost, found cracks along my bones
This metal god is all I know
Now something's gone away
And you know, somewhere in there you know

Our blood's in the machinery
Our heart's in the machinery

And that's what went away