

Beneath My Hand

13 ENGINES

Something's moving round beneath my hand
And it's moving in a foreign land
And it's crossing ancient waterways
And it's making bold discoveries

Well I lean to make the incision
And I'm cutting off your life support
And you're living in your own stain
That's your own blood in your veins

Wake up from your wet dream
Did you choose this machine?

Well I found something permanent
It's the arc, curve, line and swerve
And the harsh world of injury
You're surrounded by savagery

Wake up from your wet dream
Did you choose this machine?

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And it's moving in a foreign land
And it's crossing ancient waterways
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As the room holds it's breath
Even the shadows listen to you

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Even the shadows listen to you

Wake up from your wet dream
Did you choose this machine?

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