

## Automaton

Abney Park

Automaton fights for his family  
Protecting them from the threats all around  
But deep in his chest is one broken gear  
It keeps his feet dragging on the ground

Well, it burns when he runs, and he coughs when he jumps  
It grinds and it scrapes when he flies  
He's not sure if he's got a better one around  
And if he pulls it, he could die

Well, every year the gear gets looser  
Shaking, rattling, rusty and bent  
And every year automaton fingers the sore  
And wonders if he will live through the rent

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