

Machines Live Like Ordinary People

Birdpen

Ticking so quickly I falter I can't breath or sleep now I'm falling so deeper
Life is exceeding exploding this mess overloading the station will fall
Coughing and splutter the machine is dying and crying alone in a hole
Cassette jam is killing the tape decks that hold memories for us all
Running and breaking the records they're making to win for complete control
Skylight is breaking and thunder is cracking it's the end for sure
Corrupting and twisting this system is bleeding and losing all thought control
Brothers and sisters we're missing existing the overall point of it all
yeah...

Machines live like ordinary people
Machines live like ordinary folk
Machines live like ordinary people
Machines for one and one for all
One for all

Coming and knocking at your door

Machines live like ordinary people
Machines live like ordinary folk
Machines live like ordinary people
Machines for one and one for all

Machine is dying, dying, dying
Coming and knocking at your door
Knocking at your door