

Empty promise broken the path has  
Not been paved any way.  
Cogs in cogs the machine  
Is being left where it lay.  
Anger and the rising murmur breaks  
The old circle, the wheel slowly turns around.

All words saying nothing  
The air is sour with discontent.  
No returns have been tasted  
Or are they ever sent.  
Slowly burning is the fire, rising murmur breaks  
The old circle, the wheel slowly turns around.

Cogs in cogs wheel turning around,  
The circle tuns around,  
The changing voices calling  
Circle turns around,  
The changing voices.  
Slow burning is the fire rising murmur breaks  
The old circle, the wheel slowly turns around.

Cogs in cogs in wheels  
In circles slowly turn around.