

## The August Engine (Part 2)

Hammers of Misfortune

So you think that you know me  
Just like those below me  
And you think that your wise  
With those big, wide open eyes

So you won't play along, no  
You say that it's wrong, oh  
And you're seeing right through me  
And you dare to accuse me

So you no longer love me  
And you think your above me  
Yet you run when your able  
To fetch scrap from my table

So you've got me confounded  
But I've got you surrounded  
Where, where indeed  
Will you turn when you're in need?

If I'm a lie, and maybe it's true  
Still it is I that created you  
And when you die, I'd have you believe  
That even your ghost is shackled to me  
As are those who bear your memory

Within you live my manufactured dreams  
Soon we'll be repackaging your quaint rebellious schemes  
Within this august engine's power  
To vindicate or to devour  
As armies march and temples tower

Our golden glory shines before before you  
Our golden road opens for you  
Leave all your troubles far behind you  
Enter the light, though it blinds you