

The Machinist

MyChildren MyBride

We're approaching the gloating
Of another dealer's winning hand
The inspiring delusions
Living up to the dreams of modern man
And I swear we put our lives into everything, giving all we have
But we're lacking the reaping,
slaughtering the weakest of society's hard working calves

Trying to bring us down again
But we're still having the times of our lives
What we've lost we'll gain back again
The machine is tearing out our insides

We're picking up all the pieces, all life's thesis, that you've cast
aside
Insuring our victory from mighty death's harvesting clock of time
You're breathing down the neck of all our selfish insecurities
Birthing the fate of the hate that's been breeding all our perfect im-
purities

We're climbing, still climbing this mountain that you've set before u
s
We'll do whatever it takes not to make the mistakes,
but still this pressure's killing us

We're picking up all the pieces, all life's thesis, that you've cast
aside
Insuring our victory from mighty death's harvesting clock of time
Only time will tell if this hard life meant anything
We'll do whatever it takes not to make the mistakes,
but still this pressure's killing us

If all we have still isn't good enough, then what's left to give?
Breaking apart the nothing that's become our only incentive

So mark our words and build our graves
You're the excuse for all of our mistakes
The very reason that we turned out this way
All the failure and all the heartache

Asking, pulling, taking all that's left in our lives
The machine is tearing out our insides

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So mark our words, and build our graves
You're the excuse for all of our mistakes