

# 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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You're the excuse for all of our mistakes