

Revolution Roulette

Poets of the Fall

If this machine doesn't stop
What will you do if it never goes out
Never goes out of season
It never stops as it turns
There ain't no passion, yet it burns
Introducing my prison
Losing myself in this place, soon
I'm gone without a trace
Freed with that final incision

Look my heart it's a bird
It needs to sing and to be heard
Not this clockwork precision
And the machine grows idiotic
Who's gonna be its ingenious critic

Everybody loves the perfect solution
To beat the odds against
The poorest possible substitution
What you see is never
What you're gonna get
Everybody's playing revolution roulette

Leaves you no arguments to trade
You can try the key or you can wait
But the lock will not open
So you're left with sanity to lose,
'Cos the machine is a ruse
Another invention to rule them
It's like a fistful of snake eyes
A hand grenade with bye byes
Like a million spent on nothing
It's kinda like a pick in their lock
When you never went
"Knock knock, hello, anybody home?
I'm coming in".
With a touch of foreboding
And the machine grows parasitic
Who's gonna criticize the good critic

Everybody loves the perfect solution
To beat the odds against
The poorest possible substitution
What you see is never
What you're gonna get
Everybody's playing revolution roulette

Everybody has the perfect solution
It's just hard to resist
The sweet seduction
There ain't no trick
To winning double what you bet
Welcome to revolution roulette

Everybody loves the perfect solution
To beat the odds against
The poorest possible substitution

What you see is never
What you're gonna get
Everybody's playing revolution roulette