

## Machined

## Propaganda

Power, force, motion, drive

On joyless lanes we walk in lines  
A calm but steady flow  
Accompanied by loud commands  
Our strength is running low

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Another hope feeds another dream  
Another truth installed by the machine  
A secret wish, the marrying of lies  
Today comes true what common sense denies

Rotating wheels are destiny  
In flame the city lights  
Machines call out for followers  
Far out into the night

The calls of the machine drowning in the steam

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Another dream  
Another truth  
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