

Looking for salvation, I'm blind.  
Thought contamination, I find.  
Greedy spiders talk to me in my head.  
I think I'm drifting.

I'm in the big machine. My next hero's calling.  
Who knows what he may bring to me?

Government intrusion, again.  
Cultural illusion, offends.  
Grain of sand in traffic jam, and I'm late.  
I think I'm drifting.

I'm in the big machine. My next hero's calling.  
Who knows what she may bring to me?

See the demons all around and sometimes  
I feel like one of them. Feel the rage is building inside,  
I walk to the final edge, I'm dreaming...

I'm in the big machine. My next hero's calling.  
Who knows what he may bring to me?