

Pharaoh's Daughter

Secret Machines

Hold on!
The recent exchange
Is just another face arranged
By the knife edge of time
And just another waste of mine

I wonder
Was that the Pharaoh's Daughter
Or the wealth I still remember?

We were dressed in uniforms left over from the war
A tourniquet, an iron vest, our emblem was a star
The younger ones looked frightened
Left unguarded by the clouds
While sons of fire with trembling hands
Burned heroes to the ground

I wonder
Was that the famous daughter
Of the well-heeled revolving oh-so-fine?
While we were building caskets
For boys with leather jackets

The girl's quite familiar