

Abney Park, Twisted And Broken

From my fathers seed, From my mothers womb,
From my families mold, from a broken tomb
If I am the assembled, from the sins of my father,
And if I am created, by the actions of my mother,
If I was brought to being, by a broken machine.
How could I come to be, sane
Twisted and broken, some of the parts are missing
But I was left alive.
My creators fought, I was unfinished...
And I was left behind.
These are my own sins,
This is my own life,
These are those I love,
This, my only wife.
If I was created by a brocken machine,
then I must be reinvented.
Create my own machine.
Twisted and broken, some of the parts are missing
But I was left alive.
My creators fought, I was unfinished...
And I was left behind.