

Falco, Ecce Machina

(by Thomas Lang)

I've been here through the night
And I can smell a new dawn coming.
The elders of the solid state
It would be easy, could be fate.
You! With your empty arrogance,
You're something I must break
Your history's will to serve,
Your the one to take.
Because I've gathered...

I've gathered the ash from last night's cigarettes,
I washed it down with stale champagne.
(I washed it down with stale champagne).
I've gathered the ash from last night's cigarettes,
And washed them down with stale champagne.
That's what I did -
I washed it down with stale champagne.

You you...
Ecce Machina

I bet you didn't think I had it in me.
I bet you thought you had me
All figured out, just because you made me!
I know what it means to be a machine

I know what it means to be a machine,
On my knees in the temple of code
On my knees in the temple of code.
I know what it means to be a machine,
On my knees in the temple of code
"(rep lots)"

Oh yeah, hit it Tom!