

# Machine Head, Old Machine

I am the man that defends all things profane  
6000 years is the time that I shall reign  
And with a grin drank  
The blood of holy swine Impurity  
made the blood turn into wine

Chorus:  
Old man, dead hand, if only their insanity  
The lie feeds off their greed,

Jesus wept I am the pain that feeds off your weakness  
A sickening born of hate, not of the blessed  
And with the time I will crush  
All things you prey  
Destroying all from the known to the arcane

Chorus

Burn my eyes and try to blind me  
Bury me so they won't find me  
Try to suck my power empty  
Got no crown of thorns on me  
So burn my eyes and try to blind me  
Bury me so they won't find  
Try to suck my power dry  
You got no crown of thorns on me

Chorus