

# Pale Forest, Sound Of The Machine

Turn your head and face the hole  
from where the white illusions shine  
Cast a glance upon the mole  
which taints the skin so pure, so fine  
The garden hangs inside a room  
so dark, yet brightly lit  
The stain you poured from silver spoon  
the poison stung and bit

With the sound of your machine  
ringing in your wealthy dreams  
You dance around the calf  
and your mind is torn in half

Try to see how you will feel  
when, at last you're left alone  
Shoulder to the final wheel  
in your machinery of flesh and blood

With the sound of your machine  
ringing in your wealthy dreams  
You dance around the calf  
and your mind is torn in half

Grinding and moaning  
the thing comes to a halt  
Grinding and moaning  
as you pour the salt

With the sound of your machine  
ringing in your wealthy dreams  
You dance around the calf  
and your mind is torn in half