

# Yes, Machine Messiah

(Downes, Horn, Howe, Squire, White)

## Part I

Run down a street  
Where the glass shows  
That summer has gone  
Age, in the doorways  
Resenting the pace of the dawn.  
All of them standing in line  
All of them waiting for time.  
From time, the great healer,  
The machine-Messiah  
Is born.

Cables that carry the life  
To the cities we build  
Threads that link diamonds of life  
To the satanic mills  
Ah, to see in every way  
That we feel it every  
Day, and know that  
Maybe we'll change  
Offered the chance  
To finally unlearn our lessons  
And alter our stance.

## Part II

Friends make their way into systems of chance  
(reply- friends make their way of escape into systems of chance)  
Escape to freedom I need to be there  
Waiting and watching, the tables are turning  
I'm waiting and watching  
I need to be there.

I care to see them walk away  
And, to be there when they say  
They will return.

Machine, Messiah  
The mindless  
Search for a higher  
Controller  
Take me to the fire  
And hold me  
Show me the strength of your  
Singular eye.

## Part III

History dictating symptoms of ruling romance  
Claws at the shores of the water upon which we dance  
All of us standing in line  
All of us waiting for time  
To feel it, all the way  
And to be there when they  
Say they know that  
Maybe we'll change  
Offered the chance  
To finally unlearn our lessons  
And alter our stance.

Machine, machine Messiah.

Take me into the fire

Hold me, machine Messiah  
And show me  
The strength of your singular eye.