

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.