

# Poets Of The Fall, Revolution Roulette

If this machine doesn't stop, what will you do if it never goes out  
Never goes out of season

It never stops as it turns, there ain't no passion, yet it burns  
Introducing my prison

Losing myself in this place, soon I'm gone without a trace  
Freed with that final incision

Look my heart it's a bird, it needs to sing and to be heard  
Not this clockwork precision

And the machine grows idiotic  
Who's gonna be its ingenious critic

Everybody loves the perfect solution  
To beat the odds against the poorest possible substitution  
What you see is never what you're gonna get  
Everybody's playing revolution roulette

Leaves you no arguments to trade, you can try the key or you can wait  
But the lock will not open

So you're left with sanity to lose, cos the machine is a ruse  
Another invention to rule them

It's like a fistful of snake eyes, a hand grenade with bye byes  
Like a million spent on nothing

It's kinda like a pick in their lock, when you never went "knock knock, hello, anybody home? I  
With a touch of foreboding

And the machine grows parasitic  
Who's gonna criticize the good critic

Everybody loves...

Everybody has the perfect solution  
It's just hard to resist the sweet seduction  
There ain't no trick to winning double what you bet  
Welcome to revolution roulette

Everybody loves...