

# The Church, Great Machine

A thousand beggars cram the streets  
You hit so deep into the sheets  
Pontoons buckle jungle beats  
The day they turned off the great machine

The overworld so slow with ice  
Contrary to the committees advice  
Oh baby did you look so nice  
The day they turned off the great machine

The gardens choke with bursting blooms  
Weddings frozen melted grooms  
Chasing you through endless rooms  
The day they turned off the great machine

The shadows run for phantom trains  
Slowly blowing out their brains  
Society dames down the drains  
The day they turned off the great machine

(The day they turned off the great machine)

Well I'm waiting for you in the square  
Everyone was meeting there  
Everyone, yeah, there, but unaware

The day they turned off the great machine  
(The day they turned off the great machine)