

The Church, The Great Machine

A thousand beggars cram the street
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, unaware

The day they turned off the great machine