

The Secret Machines, Pharoah's Daughter

Hold on the recent exchange
Is just another face arranged
By the knife edge of time
And just another waste of mind

I wonder....ahhh...
Was that the Pharoah's daughter
Or the wealth I still remember

You were dressed in uniforms left over from the war
A tourniquet an iron vest
Our emblem was a star
The younger ones looked frightened
Left unguarded by the clouds
While sons afire with trembling hands
Burned heroes to the ground

Is it true
I wonder...ahhh
Is that the famous daughter
Of the well-heeled revolving oh so fine
While we were building caskets
ahhh...

The boys in leather jackets
The girls quite familiar