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 unforms 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