

## Beneath My Hand

13 ENGINES

Something's moving round beneath my hand  
And it's moving in a foreign land  
And it's crossing ancient waterways  
And it's making bold discoveries

Well I lean to make the incision  
And I'm cutting off your life support  
And you're living in your own stain  
That's your own blood in your veins

Wake up from your wet dream  
Did you choose this machine?

Well I found something permanent  
It's the arc, curve, line and swerve  
And the harsh world of injury  
You're surrounded by savagery

Wake up from your wet dream  
Did you choose this machine?

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And it's moving in a foreign land  
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As the room holds it's breath  
Even the shadows listen to you

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Wake up from your wet dream  
Did you choose this machine?

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Did you choose this machine?