

On the last pneumatic encounter
100 years before you in time
Who'd have thought that we would go further?
Phonographs, machines that can fly

Found the world eclipsed by a fever
Cutting down the young in their prime

How it shudders from its expanding
How it trembles, lungs on the line
How convulsive, gasps of the modern...
Reaching out to grasp hands with mine

On our last pneumatic encounter
Men in metal fly through the sky
Find the world eclipsed by a fever
Striking masses down in their prime

How it trembles while it's unwinding
How it shudders, lungs on the line