

The August Engine, Part 2

Hammers of Misfortune

So you think that you know me
Just like those below me
And you think that your wise
With those big, wide open eyes

So you won't play along, no
You say that it's wrong, oh
And you're seeing right through me
And you dare to accuse me

So you no longer love me
And you think your above me
Yet you run when your able
To fetch scrap from my table

So you've got me confounded
But I've got you surrounded
Where, where indeed
Will you turn when you're in need?

If I'm a lie, and maybe it's true
Still it is I that created you
And when you die, I'd have you believe
That even your ghost is shackled to me
As are those who bear your memory

Within you live my manufactured dreams
Soon we'll be repackaging your quaint rebellious schemes
Within this august engine's power
To vindicate or to devour
As armies march and temples tower

Our golden glory shines before before you
Our golden road opens for you
Leave all your troubles far behind you
Enter the light, though it blinds you