

MACHINEE

ionnalee

Working the wheel
One eye alert and one asleep
Mouth on me
Projected through the lens of your machine
I want to feel
You creep into the very core of me
Cause no-no-nothing
Is every enough machine

You
(M A C H I N E E)
Through hurt of steel

What is the melting point of my core
When is the song forgotten
What is unseen inside of me
Where does my conscience turn greed
Stay for the later applause
Might catch it if you linger
Wanna sit and do as your told
Your liquids turn my body cold

Working the wheel
A handful of thoughts I must conceal
Anything that bring me any sense of joy
They steel
I need to feel
You creep into the very core of me

Working the wheel, wheel
Creep into the very core
Working the wheel, wheel
A handful of sounds of joy
Working the wheel, wheel
Creep into the very core
Working the wheel, wheel
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