Don't you see some sights darling? Don't you see some sights? Never start a fight When you're blinded by the sun Golden leaves and bright mornings Don't you see some sights? Falling beams of light Now I'm blinded by the sun Enough Too much You're cold Singing We are not machines There is blood beneath our skin I could hear the choir sing As the darkness settles in

You seem much colder As I lay on your sofa And I made my hands Into a four-leaf clover And you say you love me But I think you say that a lot Just for one second Time stopped Enough Too much You're cold Singing We are not machines There is blood beneath our skin I could hear the choir sing As the darkness settled in

Going home
And I just can't wait anymore
While I pick up my heart
From your bedroom floor
Going home
And I just can't take anymore
Going home
And I just can't take anymore
While I pick up my heart
From your bedroom floor
Going home
And I just can't take anymore

We are not machines
We are not machines
We are not machines
We are not machines
We are echoing eternal dreamers

Singing
We are not machines
There is blood beneath our skin
I could hear the choir sing

As the darkness settled in