

# The Gilded Hand

Radical Face

Open eyes adjusting to the dark  
The growlin' of machinery  
Can't say if it's night or day  
And you know, somewhere in there you know  
There will be a price to pay 'til all this goes away

So we walk the empty halls, the dirty walls  
We smear our names in them  
Dirt we find beneath our nails  
Can't be scrubbed from our tired hands, never clean

We're never clean  
We're never clean

Walk the halls, soot along the walls  
Some will smear their names in it  
While some just go away  
And you know, somewhere in there you know  
There's nothing here but surviving 'til something goes away

But through the cracks in this machine  
We see the light, we see the sun dissolve  
And we feel the pulse of life  
A better life on the other side, and we wait

And so we wait  
And so we wait

Time is lost, found cracks along my bones  
This metal god is all I know  
Now something's gone away  
And you know, somewhere in there you know

Our blood's in the machinery  
Our heart's in the machinery

And that's what went away