

Automaton

Abney Park

Automaton fights for his family
Protecting them from the threats all around
But deep in his chest is one broken gear
It keeps his feet dragging on the ground

Well, it burns when he runs, and he coughs when he jumps
It grinds and it scrapes when he flies
He's not sure if he's got a better one around
And if he pulls it, he could die

Well, every year the gear gets looser
Shaking, rattling, rusty and bent
And every year automaton fingers the sore
And wonders if he will live through the rent

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