

# Seven Mary Three, First Time Believers

I am a tiny machinist.  
I have the smallest plans.  
I have a mind television.  
The gift of idle hands.  
I've been re-educated.  
To bleed technology.  
Even more complicated than the machines who made me.  
I'm a wasteland messiah.  
I'm a train run off the track.  
I'm a first time believer in.  
What might never always does.  
Come back...  
There was a blackhole voice.  
An interrupted transmission.  
It said to free yourself.  
And that fear is your submission.  
I have the tiny tools.  
To finish what I start.  
I have the vacuum tubes to eat your little hearts.  
I'm a wasteland messiah.  
I'm a train run off the track.  
I'm a first time believer in.  
What might never always does come back.  
I'm a ghost with a name.  
I'm the now and never past.  
I'm a first time believer in what might never always does.  
Come back.  
Yes, I want you.  
Yes, I want your mind.  
Blow it every time.  
They say it's darker when a little light goes out than if it never had shone.  
Of this I have no doubt.  
I drove the 44.  
To sun coming up sky.  
And when I saw their cars,  
I just smiled in my surprise.  
Little wasteland messiahs.  
Little trains run off the track.  
Little first time believers in.  
What might never always does.  
Come.  
Little ghosts with a name.  
Little now and never past.  
Little first time believers in.  
What might never always does.  
Come back.