

Entombment of a Machine

Job for a Cowboy

Breathes, bleeds
What stands before us is not a machine.
It breathes, it will bleed, and it dreams.
Its body is covered,
In hundreds of wires.
And the mouth it attempts to speak,
It attempts to lie.
Only murmurs,
Collapse from its jaws.
And a world, a world without,
A world without you,
Will rise. The dead will pride.
Brings it beyond this life
Sucks life. Sleep among us,
And hesitate no more.
Entombment of a machine.
We kneel and we plead for no,
Mourning ahead of us.
With only delayed movements,
From its figure,
We all begin to strain.
Entombment of a machine.
Entombment of a machine.
What stands before us,
Is not a machine.
What stands before us,
Is not a machine.
My legs weaken at the sight,
Of this damaged program.
This program kept you breathing.
It kept you alive.
These circuits diffuse once more.
Its body is covered in hundreds of wires.
Only murmurs collapse,
From its scream.
Entombment of a machine.
But I saw it die.
But I saw it die.
But I saw it die.
I saw it die.

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