

Entombment of a Machine

Job for a Cowboy

Blood! Lies!

What stands before us, is not a machine?
It breathes, it will bleed and it will dream!

Its body is covered in hundreds of wires
And a mouth that attempts to speak, it attempts to lie.

Only murmurs, collapse from its jaws.
And a world, a world without, a world without you.

But I rise, the dead will pride
It breathes, beyond this life,
So sleep, sleep among us, hesitate no more.

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We kneel and we plead for no mourning ahead of us,
With only delayed movements, from its figure, we all begin to strain.

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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 diffused once more.

Its body is covered in hundreds of wires.
Only murmurs collapse from its scream

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But I saw it die,
But I saw it dead,
But I saw it die.
I saw it die,
I watched it die!

Lyrics submitted by Reese.

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