

Beborn Beton, Lost Little Robot

Day in day out we serve our destiny but still don't see
A reason in these things, in orders we obey
A life's a fragment, too short to take a look behind
A subroutine that gets no intervention
The everlasting kind

The face in front of me, it offers me a smile
And takes my youth instead
A look into these eyes is far too painful
A stone abandons my hand to get that face out of my sight
And you are with me all the time, my lost little robot

Master you told me, I belong to you
Watch my words and cool my circuits down