

Hyde, Dolly

It won't be long now till scientists
Program a soul into the A.I.
Accelerated by tools of war
Our science is religion

To bring you back into this world
I'd break every rule
Machines try to take me to hell
I don't really care - I do it for love

Build a tower tall and strong It will be beautiful
Using our technology Babel will stand anew

A clone created on English soil
Where does her soul come from, I wonder
No need to challenge the Cherubim
The fallacy, God's failure

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"My name is Dolly
Why was I made?
Where did my soul come from? Where will it go?
Oh, my creator, please tell me."

I'll take every blow that comes
Commit such unspeakable sins
They won't mean a thing

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