

# Sunspot, Uncanny Valley

All circuits go and powered on,  
Reconstructed from the pieces that were left into,  
a convincing automaton,  
a believable facsimile, a six million dollar masterpiece.

oooooh I'm so close,  
you might not believe I'm a machine inside the ghost.

Machine,  
Machine,  
Forged from the wreckage of spare parts,  
This tin man doesn't want a heart.  
Machine.

Refurbished scrap without a soul,  
unconstricted by the defect of attachment.  
Programmed for perfect control,  
To smile is upgrade, this kiss is manmade.

oooooh I'm so close,  
you might not believe I'm a machine inside the ghost.

Machine,  
Machine,  
Forged from the wreckage of spare parts,  
This tin man doesn't want a heart.  
Machine.

In my nightmares, I'm still human,  
I don't dream electric sheep,  
In my nightmares, I'm still human,  
this cyber core only skin-deep,  
I welcome emptiness,  
I will seek the void,  
the uncanny valley,  
separates the men from the droids.

oooooh I'm so close,  
you might not believe I'm a machine inside the ghost.

Machine,  
Machine,  
Forged from the wreckage of spare parts,  
this tin man doesn't want a heart.  
Just like Data in reverse,  
this sentience is only a curse.  
Machine.